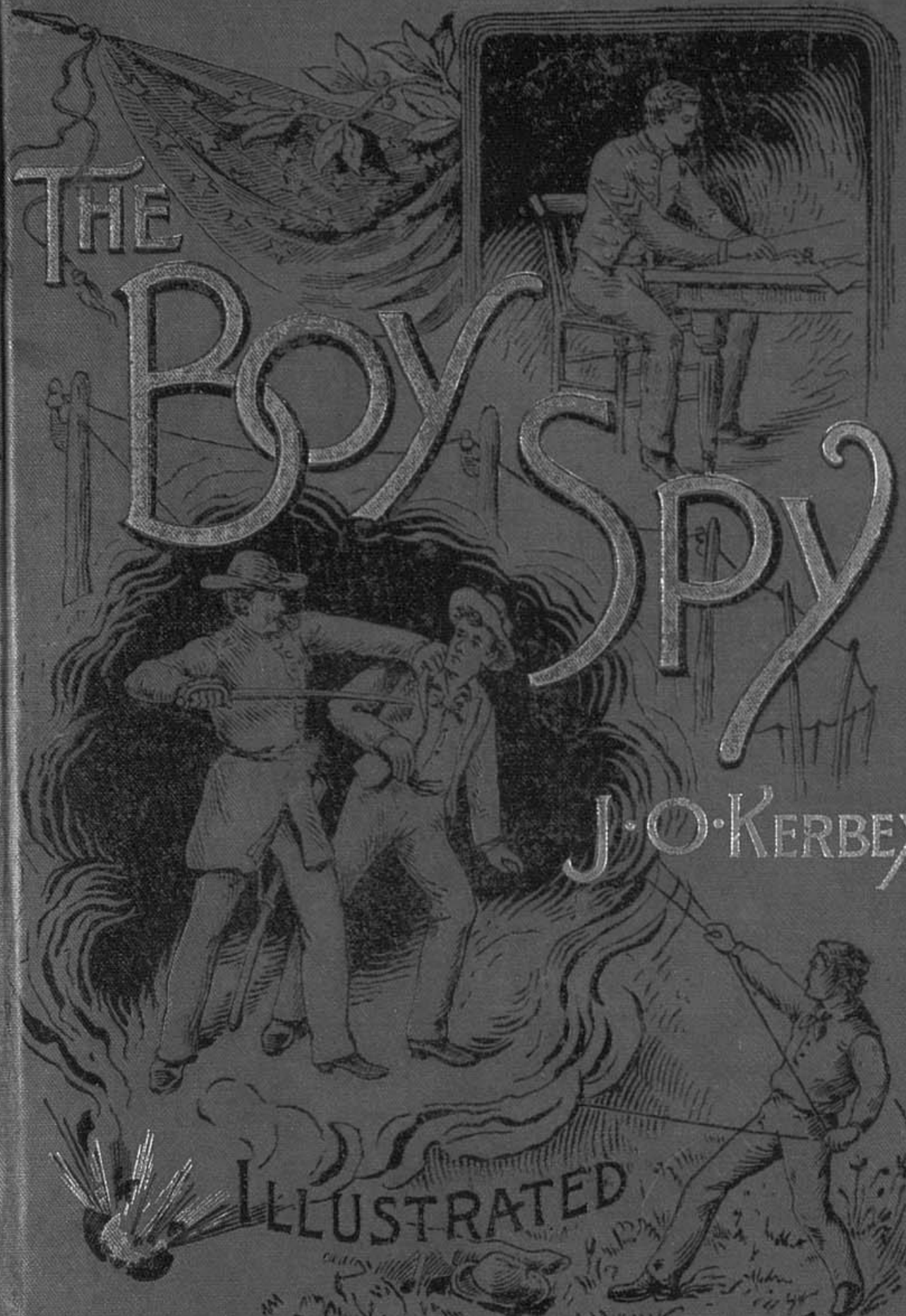
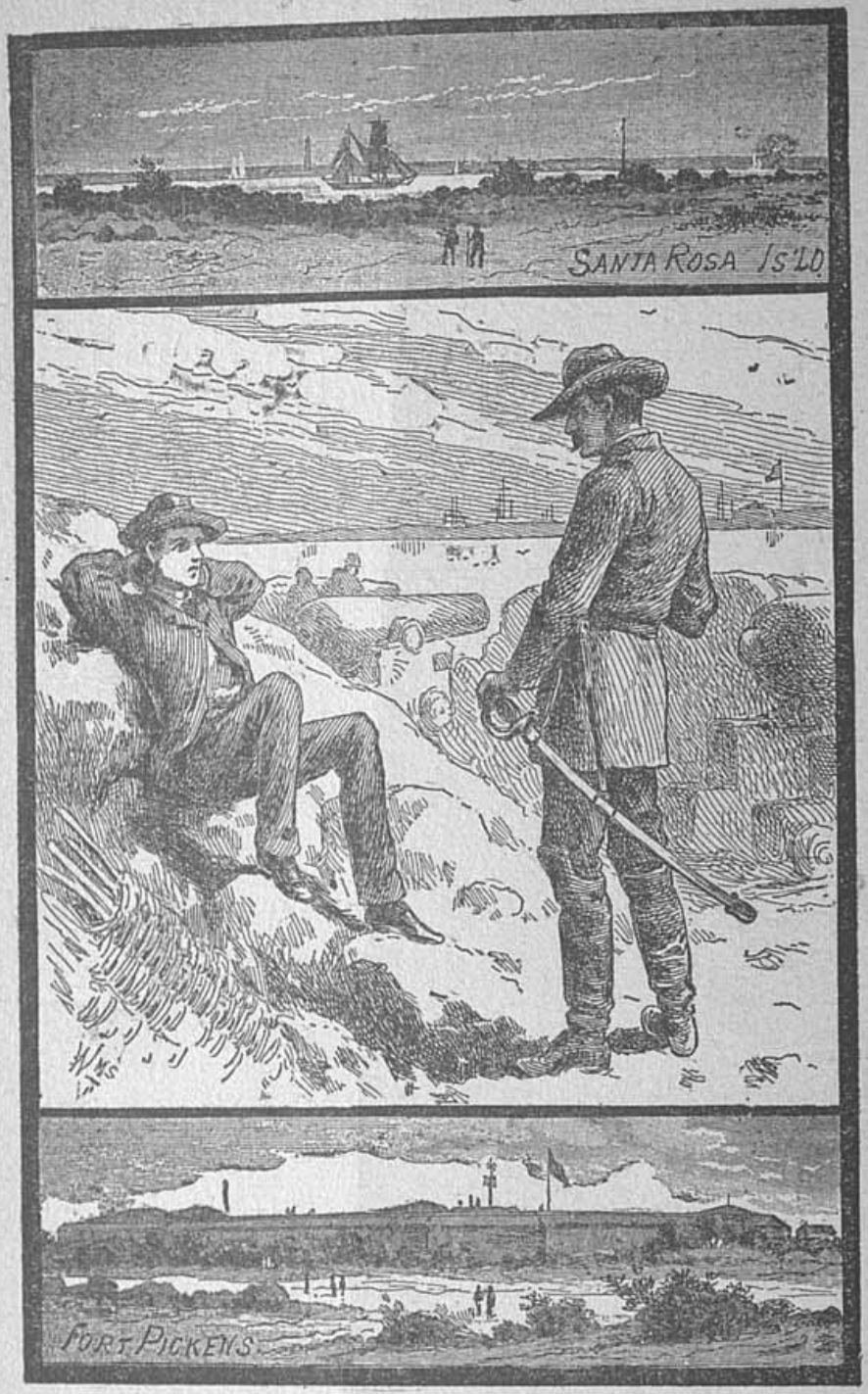
THE BOY SPY



J. O. KERBEY

ILLUSTRATED



"IF YOU ARE AROUND HERE WHEN WE BEGIN THE JOB, YOU WILL FIND OUT ALL ABOUT THAT."

THE BOY SPY

A SUBSTANTIALLY TRUE RECORD OF SECRET SERVICE DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF EVENTS WITNESSED BY A SOLDIER ATTACHED TO HEADQUARTERS

THE ONLY PRACTICAL HISTORY OF WAR TELEGRAPHERS IN THE FIELD — A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE MYSTERIES OF SIGNALLING BY FLAGS, TORCHES, AND ROCKETS — THRILLING SCENES OF BATTLES, CAPTURES AND ESCAPES

BY

MAJOR J. O. KERBEY

CHICAGO

DONOHUE, HENNEBERRY & CO.

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PREFACE.

The following unpretending narrative of some of the actual experiences of a boy in the War of the Rebellion is fraternally dedicated to my comrades of the G. A. R.

Part of these adventures were recorded in the press of the country at the time of their occurrence, and more recently, in detached and crude form, in different papers.

Through the kindly interest of many friends, and especially that of my relative and comrade, Col. J. H. Madden, of Danville, Illinois, the revised and collated Story is now offered to the public and corrected from the original notes and MSS.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE BOY SPY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A successful scout, or spy, is like a great poet in one respect: he is born, not made—subject to the requisition of the military genius of the time.

That I was not born to be hanged is a self-evident proposition. Whether I was a successful scout or not, the reader of these pages must determine.

It was my good fortune to have first seen the light under the shadow of one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley, in the State of Pennsylvania, near Mason and Dixon's line.

This same locality is distinguished as the birth-place of President James Buchanan, and also that of Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its system, under whom I served. Mr. Scott used to say he had leased this position for ninety-nine years with twice the salary of the president of the United States.

My grandfather, who had been an officer in the Royal Navy, of Great Britain, served in the same ships with Lord Nelson, had after the manner of his class kept a record of his remarkable and thrilling services in the British Navy during the wars of that period.

The discovery of this, grandfather's diary—amongst other war papers—after his death, I may say, here, accounts in a manner for the spirit of adventure in my disposition. I come by it naturally, and following the precedent, submit this unpretending narrative, as another grandfather's diary.

It appears that during the embargo declared during the war between the United States and England in 1812, my grandfather was caught ashore, as it were, in America.

His brother, George, was in the service of the East India Company, as a judge advocate, and lived on the Island of Ceylon at that

time. Desiring to reach this brother, by getting a vessel at New Orleans, he started to walk overland, through a hostile country, to the headwaters of the Ohio and Mississippi Valley at Pittsburgh, where he could get a canoe or boat.

It is a singular coincidence that this young English officer, in his scouting through an enemy's country, traversed substantially the very same ground—Winchester, Va., Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburgh, etc.—that I, his youthful grandson, tramped over as a scout in another war half a century later.

It was while on this journey that he was taken sick, and during a long illness he was nursed back to life by my grandmother, whom he subsequently married, and there located as an American citizen.

He became the schoolmaster of the community, and in course of time, Thomas A. Scott was one of his brightest but most troublesome scholars.

In the process of this evolution, I became a messenger boy and student of telegraphy in the office of Colonel Thos. A. Scott, who was then superintendent of railways at Pittsburgh.

In the same office, as a private clerk and telegrapher, was Mr. Andrew Carnegie, now widely known as a capitalist.

"Andy," as this distinguished philanthropist was then familiarly known, and myself were "boys together," and the reader is permitted to refer to him for—as he recently assured me, in his laughing and hearty manner—that he would give me a good endorsement, as one of his wild boys.

Under Mr. Andrew Carnegie's instruction I soon became a proficient operator, and when but a boy very easily read a telegraph instrument by sound, which in those days was considered an extraordinary acquirement. Through Mr. Scott's kindly interest in myself, I had been promoted rapidly in railway work, and before leaving Pittsburgh was chief or division operator. This gave me very large responsibilities, for a boy of my age, as the road then had but one track, and close watch had to be kept of the various trains moving in the same or opposite directions. It became a habit of Colonel Scott, on receiving news of any accident to a train or bridge along the road, to have an engine fired up and be off at once, with me along provided with a pocket instrument and a little coil of copper wire. It seems now to me that such trips usually began at night.

Arrived at the place of wreck, I would at once shin up a telegraph pole, get the wire down, cut it, and establish a "field station" at once, the nearest rail fence and a convenient bowlder furnishing desk and office seat, where I worked while Colonel Scott remained in charge of the work. He was thus at once put in direct communication with every train and station on the road, and in as full personal control as if in his comfortable Pittsburgh office. Such work perfected me in field-telegraphing. At times, when a burned or broken bridge or a wrecked train delayed traffic, trains would accumulate at the point, and the noises of escaping steam from the engines, the progressing work, and the babel of voices about me, made it utterly impossible to hear any sound from my little magnet, or pocket instrument. I then discovered, by sheer necessity, that I could read the messages coming, by watching the movement of the armature of the magnet. The vibrations of a telegraph armature are so slight as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, yet a break, or the separating of the points of contact, are necessary to make the proper signals. Further experiences developed the phenomena that when sound and sight failed I could read still by the sense of feeling, by holding my finger-tips gently against the armature and noting its pulsations. I thus became by practice not only proficient, but expert in telegraphy Telegraphers know, though the general public may not, that messages can be sent by touching together the ends of a cut telegraph wire, and can be received by holding the ends to the tongue. My tongue, however, has always been too sensitive to take that kind of "subtle fluid."

Telegraphers have many methods of secret communication with each other: rattling teaspoons or tapping knives and forks at the table, or the apparently aimless "Devil's tattoo" of the fingers on the table or armchair are common methods, and I have heard of one in a tight corner who *winked* out a message appealing for help. It might be well to avoid playing poker at a table where two telegraphers are chums, for it is possible that one might learn when to stay in a little longer for the raise and make a pot a little bigger.

When Colonel Thos. A. Scott became Assistant Secretary of War he called into his service the railroaders and telegraphers whom he knew would be serviceable and faithful to the government. I record

here the statement that the first to reach Washington upon Secretary Cameron's call, was Mr. Scott and his Pennsylvania railroaders and telegraphers, who rebuilt and operated the destroyed Baltimore & Ohio railways and telegraphs, that enabled the first troops to reach the Capitol.

It was on account of my supposed qualification as a telegrapher that I was subsequently detailed to enter the rebel lines and intercept their telegraphic communication at their headquarters.

On one occasion, mentioned further on in this narrative, I was lounging near the old wooden shanty near General Beauregard's headquarters at Manassas Junction. I easily read important dispatches to and from Richmond and elsewhere, and repeated the operation hour after hour, several days and nights. It was unfortunately the case, however, that I then had no means of rapid communication with Washington to transmit the information gained, although in later years of the war it would have been easy, as I was then a signal officer in the Army of the Potomac, and might have utilized some retired tree-top and signaled over the heads of the enemy to our own lines. This is rather anticipating my story, and, as Uncle Rufus Hatch once said, when I was acting as his private secretary, and he would become a little mixed in dictating letters to me, "We must preserve the sequence."

It is more than likely that I was too young in those days to properly appreciate the advantages of the rapid advancement I had gained in position and salary, especially as the latter enabled me to make a fool of myself; and here comes in my "first love story," which I tell, because it had much to do with the adventures of which this narrative treats.

"I loved a maid,
And she was wondrous fair to see,"

and I will designate her as No. 1, to distinguish this from numerous other such affairs — on both sides of the lines. This affair, which served to further train me for the duties that lay before me, resulted in a visit, during the winter before the war broke out, to Western Texas, where a wealthy bachelor uncle had a well-stocked plantation, between San Antonio and Austin. There I became associated with the young sons of the best Texas families, and acquired the ability—

I had nearly written agility—to ride a bucking broncho and become an expert shot with a Colt's revolver.

My experience as a rather fresh young Pennsylvania boy among the young Southern hot-bloods would make too long a chapter here, but suffice it to say that a youthful tendency to give my opinion on political questions, without regard to probable consequences, kept me in constant hot water after President Lincoln's election.

Among the young men with whom I associated, through my uncle's standing and influence, was a grandson of the famous Colonel Davy Crockett, with whom I became involved in a difficulty, and, greatly to the astonishment of the "boys," I promptly accepted his challenge to a pistol fight. Some of our older and more sensible friends quickly put an end to the affair. When my uncle (who was absent at Austin at the time) returned, he furnished me with a pocketful of gold double-eagles and shipped me off by stage to Galveston, whence I crossed the Gulf to New Orleans and came up the Mississippi to my home.

Immediately preceding the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, following closely upon my return from Texas, I came on to Washington City. The purpose of this visit being solely a desire to gratify an aroused curiosity, by witnessing the sights and incidents consequent upon the impending change of the administration, about which there was much interest and excitement. As I had plenty of time, but not much money, to spend, I looked about for a cheap hotel, and was directed to the St. Charles, which was then, as now, located on the corner of Third and Pennsylvania avenues. Here I became domiciled, for the time being, and it so happened that I was seated at the same table in the hotel with Senator Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, who was living there, and perhaps through this accidental circumstance it came about that I was so soon to be engaged in the government's service.

Mr. Johnson, it will be remembered, had obtained some distinction by his vigorous defense of the Union, in the Senate, at a time when nearly all the rest of the Southern Senators were either openly or secretly plotting treason. In my youthful enthusiasm for the cause of the Union, which had become strengthened by the Southern associations of the preceding months, I naturally gave to Mr. Johnson my earliest admiration and sympathy. One day, while

walking up Pennsylvania avenue, I was surprised to see standing in front of Brown's, now the Metropolitan Hotel, a certain gentleman, earnestly engaged in conversation with Senator Wigfall, whom I had known in Texas as one of the prominent State officials under the then existing administration of Governor Sam. Houston. This gentleman, whose name I withhold, because he is living to-day and is well-known throughout Texas, was also at that time a business associate and a personal friend of the Texas uncle before referred to.

I was pleasantly recognized, and at once introduced to Senator Wigfall as the "nephew of my uncle." Mr. Wigfall's dogmatic manner impressed me unfavorably, being so unlike that of Mr. Johnson.

I spent a great many evenings at Brown's Hotel, in the rooms of my Texas friend, where were congregated every night, and late into the mornings, too, nearly all of the Texas people who were at that time in the city. In this way, without seeking their confidence, I became a silent and attentive listener to the many schemes and plans that were brewing for the overthrow of the government.

Among the frequent visitors were Wigfall and Hon. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, both of whom are now dead; but there are yet among the living certain distinguished Congressmen, at present in Washington, who were of that treasonable gang, who will not, I apprehend, deny the truth of the facts I here state.

This gentleman's mission in Washington, as I learned incidentally during his interviews with Senator Wigfall and others, was to secure the passage through Congress of some appropriation bill of a special character, for the benefit of Texas, which, if I rightly remember, referred to lands or school funds, the object being to secure the benefit of the act before that State should pass the secession ordinance. It was understood and admitted during these talks of the plotting traitors that Texas should, as a matter of course, secede, but they must first take with them all they could obtain from the general government, the delay in passing the ordinance being caused only by the desire to first secure this money, which this agent had been sent here to press through Wigfall and others in Congress, and upon the advices of their success being reported to Texas, the act of secession would promptly follow this twin robbery and conspiracy.

I happened to be present, in the crowded gallery of the Senate,

when Senator Wigfall, of Texas, during a speech in reply to Johnson, in an indirect and insinuating way, while glancing significantly toward Senator Johnson, quoted the celebrated words of Marmion: "Lord Angus, thou has lied." This incident being discussed at our table one day, at which Senator Johnson occupied the post of honor, I took a favorable opportunity to intimate to him that I was in possession of facts that would show Mr. Wigfall to be not only a traitor, but that he was then scheming to first rob the government he had sworn to protect, and afterward intended to destroy, and in my boyish way suggested that the Senator should hurl the epithets back at him.

I did not for a moment consider that I was betraying any confidence in thus telling of the traitorous schemes to which I had been an unwilling listener.

Mr. Johnson seemed to be impressed with my statements, and for a while lost interest in his dinner. In his free and kindly way he was easily able to "draw me out" to his entire satisfaction, and secured from me the story with the necessary "authorities and references." As he rose from the table he walked around to my seat, shaking my hand cordially, while he invited me to his room for a further conference.

After that day, while I remained in Washington City, during the time preceding the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and for some weeks following, I became a welcome visitor at the Senator's room, oscillating between the headquarters of the rebel conspirators at Brown's and the private rooms of the leader of the Union cause, and thus was begun my first secret-service work.

I had brought with me to Washington some letters from Mr. Scott and other railroad friends, and also enjoyed through this connection a personal acquaintance with "Old Glory to God," as the Hon. John Covode was called during the war. This name originated from a telegram which Mr. Covode wrote to a friend, in which he intended to convey the intelligence of a great Union victory; but in the excitement of his big, honest, loyal heart over a Union success, which in the early days was a rarity, he neglected to mention the important fact of the victory, and the telegram as received in Philadelphia simply read:

"To JOHN W. FORNEY:

* * * * "Glory to God. "JOHN COVODE."

He spelled God with a little g, Philadelphia with an F, but he got there just the same.

My days in the Capitol at that time were usually spent in the gallery of the Senate, where were to be seen and heard the great leaders on both sides. Some of the Southern Senators were making their farewell speeches, the words of which I, in my youthful innocence, tried vainly to reconcile with their action, as well as with the proceedings of a peace Congress, which was being held at Willard's old hall on F street.

The evenings of these days I devoted to the observation of the operations of the Southern conspirators at the hotel, and watched with concern the preparations for the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, who had secretly arrived in the city.

In the course of my amateur work among the Southern leaders, it so happened that Mr. Covode and Senator Johnson had been brought together, and they became mutually interested in my services.

One day Mr. Covode said to me: "See here, young feller, you might do some good for the government in this way. I've talked with Johnson about you, and he says he'll help to get you fixed up by the War Department."

When I expressed a willingness to do anything, the old man said, in his blunt, outspoken way:

"Hold on now till I tell you about this thing first." Then proceeding to explain in his homely, honest words:

"There is a lot of money appropriated for secret service, and if you get onto that your pay will be mighty good; but," he added, "it's damned dangerous; for as sure as them fellers ketch you once they will hang you, that's sure as your born."

When I observed that I wasn't born to be hanged, he said further, as he fumbled over some papers in his hand:

"I don't know about that either, because Scott writes me a letter here that says, 'you are smart enough, but you have,' reading from the letter to refresh his memory, 'unbounded but not well directed energy'." Which I didn't know whether to consider complimentary or otherwise.

It was arranged that we should visit the Secretary of War together, to consult in regard to this future service. We called on General Cameron, the Secretary, one morning, to whom I was intro-

duced by Mr. Covode, who explained to the Secretary in a few words, in an undertone, what he deemed to be my qualifications and advantages for employment in the secret service.

There were no civil-service rules in force at that time. The Secretary's office was crowded with persons waiting an opportunity to present to him their claims. After looking around the room, the Secretary suggested that, as this was a matter he would like to talk over when he was not so busy, we had better call again.

In a few days afterward I went alone to the old War Department Building, where I stood about for an hour or two, watching the crowd of office-seekers, anxious to serve their country under the new administration, but without getting an opportunity to get anywhere near the Secretary's door.

This same operation became with me a daily duty for quite a while. One morning I went earlier than usual, and met the Secretary as he passed along the corridor to his office, and bluntly accosted him, handing him some letters. I followed him into the room, and stood by the altar, or desk, with a couple of other penitents who were on the anxious bench, while he put on his spectacles and began to read the papers I had handed him. Turning to me, he said: "Now I'm too busy to attend to this matter. I intend to do something in this direction, but I've not had a chance to look it up; suppose you come—" Here I interrupted him and said: "I'd like to go down to Montgomery and see what's going on there." This seemed to open a way out of a difficulty for the Secretary, and he at once said:

"That's all right; you just do that, and let's see what you can do, and I'll fix your matter up with Covode." Then turning to his desk he wrote something on the back of one of my papers in a handwriting which, to say the least, was mighty peculiar; something which I have never been able to decipher; it was, however, an endorsement from the Secretary of War.

When I showed the Secretary's penmanship to Mr. Scott, suggesting to him that I thought it was a request for him to furnish me with passes to Montgomery, Alabama, and return, Scott appreciated the joke, and promptly furnished me the necessary documents, saying, laughingly. "You needn't be afraid to carry that paper along with you anywhere; there isn't anybody that will be able to call it an incendiary document."

I transferred myself at once to the field of my observations from the United States Capital at Washington to that of the Confederate States of America, then forming at Montgomery, Alabama, traveling via Louisville, stopping a day to see the wonders of the Mammoth Cave; thence, via Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Augusta, Georgia, arriving late one night in Montgomery.

CHAPTER II.

ON DUTY AS A SPY AT THE REBEL CAPITAL, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA —LIVING IN SAME HOTEL WITH JEFF DAVIS AND HIS CABINET— CONSPIRATORS FROM WASHINGTON INTERVIEWED — BOUNTY OFFERED BY CONFEDERATES BEFORE A GUN WAS FIRED — FORT SUMTER AND FORT PICKENS.

I was quartered at the Exchange Hotel, which was the headquarters and home of the leading men of the new government then gathering from all parts of the South. Here I spent some days in pretty close companionship with these gentlemen, taking notes in a general way, and endeavoring to learn all I could in regard to their plans.

I had learned, while skirmishing about Washington, to know at sight nearly all of the prominent people who were active in this movement, and perhaps the fact that I had been somewhat accustomed to being in their society, and being quite youthful gave me an assurance that enabled me to go about among them in a free and open way, without exciting any suspicion.

There were among the guests, a recent arrival from Washington City, a gentleman of some apparent prominence, as I judged from the amount of attention he was receiving.

I made it a point to look closely after him, and soon gathered the information that he had been a trusted employé of the Government, and at the same time had been secretly furnishing the rebel leaders, for some months, with information of the government's plans. He was at this time the bearer of important papers to the rebel government. This gentleman's name, which has escaped my memory in these twenty-five years, was placed upon record in the War Department at the time.

Jeff Davis, who had been chosen President, and had but recently come from his Mississippi home to Montgomery, attended by a committee of distinguished Southerners, who had been deputed to notify him of his election, lived at the same hotel, where I saw him frequently every day.

There were also to be seen in the hotel office, in the corridors, in

the barbers' shops, and even in the bar-room, groups of animated, earnest, intensely earnest men, discussing the great "impending conflict."

I walked about the streets of the Confederate Capital with perfect freedom, visiting any place of interest that I could find. Throughout the city there was not much in the way of enthusiasm; indeed, the fact that was particularly noticeable then was the apparent difference in this respect between the people at the hotel and the citizens.

Of course there were meetings and speeches, with the usual brass-band accompaniment every evening, while, during the day, an occasional parade up and down the principal streets of the town, headed by the martial fife and drum, which were always played with delight and a great deal of energy by the colored boys.

There was an absence of enthusiasm and excitement among the common people, which was a disappointment to those who had expected so much.

The existence of an historical fact, which I have never seen printed, is, that before a gun had been fired by either party, there were posted on the walls of the Confederate Capital large handbills offering a "bounty" to recruits to their army.

In my walks about town my attention was attracted by a bill, posted on a fence, bearing in large letters the heading,

BOUNTY.

The word was at that time something entirely new to me, and as I was out in search of information, I walked up closer to learn its meaning, and was surprised at the information, as well as the advice the advertisement contained, which was to the effect that certain moneys would be paid all those who would enlist in a certain Alabama regiment.

Lest there should be a disposition to challenge the correctness of this somewhat remarkable statement, I will mention now that this fact was reported to the War Department, and a copy of this bounty advertisement was also embodied in a letter that was intended to be a description of the scenes at Montgomery, in April, 1861, during the firing on Sumter, which I wrote at the time and mailed secretly in the Montgomery Postoffice, addressed to Robert McKnight, then

the editor of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle*, to which I, with an apprehension of a possible Rebel censorship, neglected to attach my name. Mr. McKnight, the next time I saw him, laughingly asked me if I hadn't sent him such a letter, saying he had printed it, with comments, at the time, which, as nearly as I can remember, was between April 18th and 20th, 1861.

This was probably among the first letters published from a "war correspondent," written from the actual seat of war.

Mr. Davis occupied a suit of rooms at the Exchange, on the left of the first corridor, and there were always congregated about his door groups of men, while others were constantly going and coming from his rooms.

I was a constant attendant about this door, and witnessed the many warm greetings of welcome that were so cordially extended to each new arrival as they reported to headquarters.

It seemed odd to hear those people talk about the "President," but of course I had to meekly listen to their immense conceit about their "government," as well as their expressions of contempt and hatred for that to which but a short time before, when they had the control, they were so devotedly attached.

In the same room with myself was a young fellow who had been at the school at West Point, from which he had resigned to enter the rebel service. He kept constantly talking to me about "My State," and the "plebians" of the North, but, as he was able to furnish me with some points, we became quite congenial friends and talked together, after going to bed, sometimes until long after midnight. I was, of course, when necessity or policy demanded it, one of the original secessionists.

The attention of everybody both North and South was being directed to Fort Sumter, and a good deal of the war-talk we heard about the Rebel headquarters was in regard to that.

This young fellow and I planned to go together to Charleston to see the ball open there, and, with this object in view, he set about to learn something of the plans of the "President," which kindness I duly appreciated.

One day, while lounging about the hotel corridors, I learned from a conversation between a group of highly exuberant Southern gentlemen, which was being hilariously carried on, that President

Davis and his advisers had that day issued the necessary orders, or authority to General Beauregard, to commence firing on the Union flag at Fort Sumter the following day.

These gentlemen, none of whose names I remember, excepting Wm. L. Yancey, were so intent upon their success in thus "precipitating" the rebellion, that they took no notice of the innocent boy who was apparently so intent at that moment upon some interesting item in the paper, but I quietly gathered in all they had to say to each other, and at the first opportunity set about planning to make use of this information; but here I experienced, at the beginning of my career as a spy, the same unfortunate conditions that had so often baffled me and interfered with my success in the months and years following.

Though reckless and almost foolish in my boyish adventures, I was sufficiently cautious and discreet to know that a telegram conveying this news would not be permitted to go over the wires from Montgomery to Washington, and to have filed such a message would have subjected me to serious embarrassments.

There being no cipher facilities arranged so early in the war, I was left entirely without resource, though I did entertain a project of going to a neighboring town and from there arrange to manipulate the key myself, and in this manner try to give the information, but I was forced to abandon this scheme on learning, which I did by hanging about the dingy little Montgomery telegraph office, that all their communications were relayed or repeated once or twice either at Augusta or Chattanooga and Charleston before reaching the North.

I did the next best thing, however, hastily writing a letter to Washington, which I stealthily dropped into the postoffice, hurrying away lest the clerk should discover who had dropped a letter addressed to a foreign government without payment of additional postage.

Of those yet living who were witnesses of the "Great uprising of the North," after the fall of Fort Sumter, none are likely ever to forget the scenes which followed so quickly upon this first attempt of the Southern fire-eaters to "precipitate the Cotton States into the rebellion."

Solitary and alone I held my little indignation meeting in Mont-

gomery, the capital of the rebel government, where I was at the time, if not a stranger in a strange land, at least an enemy in a foreign country. When the news of Fort Sumter's fall reached Montgomery it was bulletined "that every vestige of the hateful enemy has been gloriously driven from the soil of the pioneer Palmetto State," and I recall, with distinctness, that the universal comment then was: "We will next clean them out in the same way from Florida," etc.

I felt that, in having failed to get this information to Washington in advance, I had neglected a great opportunity to do the government an important service, but in this I was mistaken, as events subsequently proved that the authorities at Washington were powerless to prevent the bombardment that was anticipated.

There was no person among that people to whom I dare talk, for fear of betraying myself by giving vent to my feelings, so I walked wildly up and down the one main street of Montgomery in a manner that at any other time would have been considered eccentric, but, as every body was wild that day, my actions were not noticed. Feeling that I must blow off steam some way or I should bust, I continued my walk out on the railroad track beyond the outskirts of the town, in the direction of Charleston. During my walk I met an old "Uncle," whom, from the color of his skin, I knew to be a true friend of the government, and into the wide-awake ears of this old man I poured a wild, incendiary harangue about what would surely happen to this people. This was not a very sensible thing to do, either, at that time, but I just had to say something to somebody, and this was my only chance. After having thus exhausted my high pressure on the poor old man, who must have thought me crazy, I discovered that my legs were "exhausted," too, and turned my face wearily back toward the city.

That night there were serenades and speeches, with the regular brass-band accompaniment impromptu processions up and down the main street, headed by the fife-and-drum music of the colored "boys," as all the "likely" colored men were called down South at that time, even if they were forty years old.

I had seen Jeff Davis once during the day, while in his room surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic friends, and, though I did not have occasion to speak to "the President," I was close enough

to him on the day he gave the command to fire Sumter, to have killed him on the spot, and I was about wild and crazy enough at the time to have made the attempt without once considering the consequences to myself, if there had occurred at the instant any immediate provocation.

Mr. Davis's manner and appearance always impressed me with a feeling of kindness and even admiration. In the years following it became my fate to have been near his person in disguise, frequently while in Richmond, and I could at any time then have ended his career by sacrificing my own life, if the exigencies of the government had in my imagination required it.

I took note of the fact that a greal deal was being said about what they would do next, at Fort Pickens, in Pensacola Harbor. To this point I directed my attention, determined that another such an affair as this at Charleston should not escape me.

One night, shortly after I had reached Montgomery, when my West Point companion and I had retired for the night, but were yet talking over the great future of the South, as we did every night, he almost paralyzed me by saying, "Well, stranger, you talk all right, of course, but do you know that you remind me mightily of the fellows at the Point, who are all the time meddling about the affairs of our Southern States." Fortunately for me, perhaps, the room was dark at the time, which enabled me the better to hide the embarrassment that day-light must have shown in my face and manner. After recovering my breath a little, I put on an indignant air and demanded a repetition of the remark. This served to allay any suspicions that he may have been entertaining, for the young fellow, in his gentlemanly and courteous manner, was at once profuse in his explanations, which gave me the time to collect my thoughts. I told him that I was the nephew of an English gentleman, who lived away off in Western Texas, who owned any quantity of cattle and niggers; I was then on my way, from school at the North, to my Texas home, tarrying at Montgomery, *en route*, to meet some friends. This was more than satisfactory to the young man, who seemed to take especial pleasure after this in introducing me to any friends that we would come across while together so constantly in Montgomery.

This mother tongue "provincialism" was one of the greatest

difficulties that I encountered in these Southern excursions, though at the time of which I am now writing strangers were not scrutinized so closely as became the rule soon after, when martial law was everywhere in operation, and provost-marshals were exceedingly numerous. I had endeavored to bridle my tongue as far as possible. My plan to quiet this apprehension was to play the "refugee" from Maryland, "my Maryland," or else, if the circumstances and surroundings were better adapted to it, I was an English sympathizer who had but recently arrived in the country. The Maryland racket was, however, the most popular, and it was also the easiest worked, because I had another uncle living in Baltimore, whom I had frequently visited, and, as has been stated, I was born almost on the Maryland line of English stock.

While in Montgomery it did not seem necessary to hang about the telegraph offices to obtain information. I availed myself however of this "facility" to learn something more definite about the programme they had laid out for Fort Pickens, in Pensacola Harbor, to which, after the fall of fort Sumter, the attention of both the North and the South was being directed.

The "Government at Washington" which was at this time cut off from any communication with its officers at Pickens except by sea, had, after the manner of Major Anderson at Sumter, secretly withdrawn their little handful of troops, who were under the command of Lieutenant Slemmer, a native of Pennsylvania, step by step, as they were pressed by the arrival each day of detachments of quite fresh militia from the sovereign State of Florida, to Fort Barrancas first, then to Fort McRae, on the mainland, and from thence to Pickens, which is located on the extreme point of Santa Rosa Island, on the opposite side of the bay or harbor from Forts McRae and Barrancas.

I was able to learn from the general character of its extensive telegraph correspondence, which was being carried on over the wires, that President Lincoln had in some way expressed, in the hearing of the secret agents of the rebel government (who were in Washington and in constant communication with the conspirators at Montgomery) an earnest desire to reinforce Fort Pickens, with a view to holding possession of that one point in the "Cotton State" that had seceded from the Union; and the Navy Department at Washington, especially desiring to control the harbor and navy yards located

there, had, if I remember aright, already dispatched by water a small fleet to their aid, but which would require a week or ten days to reach Pensacola, they having to go around by the ocean to Key West and up the Gulf of Mexico, doubling the entire Peninsula of Florida.

As I had left Washington some time before, and had not had any communication with the North while in Mongomery, all this information was derived entirely through Rebel sources, and more particularly by the noisy tongue of a telegraph sounder, which talked loud enough for me to hear whenever I chose to get within sound of its brazen voice.

I was exceedingly anxious to get back North, that I might take some active part in the coming struggle, but fate decreed otherwise; and, instead of getting out of this tight place, it was my destiny to have been led still deeper into the mire. I was within a day's travel of the beleagured little garrison at Fort Pickens, with a positive knowledge that the government was coming to their assistence, and also the information that at the same time the Rebel government had some designs upon them, the exact nature of which I could not ascertain.

In this emergency, while I do not believe that I felt it a duty, I am sure that I did think it would be a good thing for the fellows at Pickens to be informed of the intentions of *both* the governments toward them, and as I could not then communicate with Secretary Cameron, at Washington, I concluded to take the matter in my own hands, and find out, if possible, just what was proposed, and endeavor to communicate with Secretary Cameron.

By giving close attention to the guests at the hotel, who were mostly officials of the newly made government, I ascertained by mere accident that a cetain gentleman was at that moment getting ready to leave the hotel for the boat, on his way to Pensacola as a bearer of dispatches or as a commissioner—there were lots of commissioners in those early days—to settle the status of affairs at that point. This circumstance decided my actions at once, and as I had seen enough of Montgomery, and was besides becoming a little uneasy about my status there, I concluded to accompany this commissioner and, if possible, anticipate him in bearing my own dispatch to Lieutenant Slemmer, so I shadowed the ambassador closely and walked up the gang plank at the same time he did; as I remember very

well the plank was very springy and the ambassador of Jeff Davis and the secret agent of the Secretary of War kept step, and marked time on the gang plank, both bound for the same destination but on widely different errands.

CHAPTER III.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—IN REBEL LINES—FORT PICKENS—ADMIRAL PORTER AND THE NAVY.

The sail down the Alabama river from Montgomery to Mobiie was most agreeable.

I do not now recollect any incident of the trip worthy of mention. I did not, of coure, obtrude myself upon our ambassador's dignity, knowing that as long as the boat kept going he was not liable to escape from me.

There were some ladies aboard, and to these the gallant captain of the boat introduced his distinguished passenger, and among them they made up a card party, which occupied their attention long after I had gone to my room to sleep and dream of my home and "the girls I left behind me."

I became quite homesick that night, and would very much rather have been aboard a steamboat on the Mississippi river headed up stream than penned up in this queer-looking craft, loaded with rebels, which was carrying me, I imagined as I half slept, down to perdition.

There was a steam music machine on the boat somewhere, called a calliope, which made the night and day both hideous.

They played "Home, Sweet Home," among other selections, but even to my feelings, at that time, the musical expression was not exactly such as would bring tears to one's eyes.

The machine, however, served to rouse the lazy colored people all along the high banks of the river, who flocked to the shores like a lot of crows.

We reached Mobile in due time, and my dignitary and his "confidential companion," as I might be permitted to term myself, may be found properly registered in the books of the Battle House at Mobile, some time in the latter part of April, 1861.

I will mention how, also, that an account of this trip and its object was written on the blank letter-heads of this hotel, addressed in a careless hand-writing to Mr. J. Covode, Washington, D. C., unsigned by myself, and secretly dropped into the postoffice at

Mobile. I imagined that Mobile being a large city and having several routes of communication with the North, my letter might, by some possibility, get through, and, strange to relate, *it did*, and was subsequently quoted by Mr. Covode in the Committee on the Conduct of War.

I lost sight of my "traveling companion" while in Mobile. You know it would not have been either polite or discreet to have pressed my company too closely on an official character like this, so it happened that he left the hotel without consulting me, and I supposing, of course, that he had left for Pensacola, made my arrangements to follow. To reach Pensacola there was a big river or bay to cross from Mobile. When I got aboard the little boat, the first thing I did, of course, was to look quietly about for "my man." He was not aboard, as I found after the boat had gotten out into the stream, when it was too late to turn back.

An old stage coach or hack was at that time the only conveyance to Pensacola, except by water. The thing was piled full of humanity inside and out—young and old men, who were fair representations of the different types of the Southern character, all of whom were bent on visiting the next battle-scene—then a point of great interest in the South since the curtain had been rung down at Sumter.

They were all "feeling mighty good," too, as they say down there; every blessed fellow seemed to be provided with an individual flask, and during the dreadfully tiresome drag of the old coach across the sandy and sometimes swampy roads of that part of Florida and Alabama our party became quite hilarious.

Among them was a prominent official of one of the rebel military companies, then located about Pensacola, who was quite disgusted at the tardiness of their "Government" in not moving at once on Fort Pickens. He and a fat old gentleman, who was more conservative, and defended the authorities, discussed the military situation at length during the trip; and as both had been over the ground at Pensacola, and were somewhat familiar with the situation, they unintentionally gave me in advance some interesting points to look up when we should reach there. Among other things, they talked about a "masked battery" of ten-inch Columbiads. Now, I didn't know at that time what a "masked battery" could be, and had no idea that ten-inch Columbiads meant big cannon that would throw a ball that measured ten inches in diameter.

I had formed a plan of procedure in advance, which was to pretend, as at Montgomery, to be the nephew of an Englishman, on my way from school in the North to my Texas home, and was just stopping over at Pensacola to gratify my desire to see the "Yankees cleaned out" there. I had been carefully advised early in this undertaking not to attempt to gather information by asking questions, but, as a rule, to let others do the talking, and to listen and confirm by observation, if possible. This was good advice, volunteered by a discreet old man, who had bid me good-by at Washington some weeks back; and that beautiful spring evening, as I was being driven right into the camps of the rebel army, accompanied by men who were the first real soldiers I had seen, I recalled with a distinctness almost painful the words of caution and advice which at that time I had scarcely heeded.

When the old hack reached Pensacola all were somewhat toned down, and after a hearty supper and a hasty look around the outside of the dirtylittle tavern at which we stopped, I went to bed, to sleep, perhaps to dream of home and friends two thousand miles away. The distance seemed to be increased ten-fold by the knowledge that the entire territory between me and home was encompassed by a howling mob that would be only too glad to tear me to pieces, as a stray dog among a pack of bloodhounds, while the other path was the boundless ocean.

The soldiers who in the early days were not so well disciplined as in after years, took possession of the hotel, at least all the downstairs part of it, where there was liquor and eatables, and kept up such a terrific row that sleep was almost impossible. Early next morning I was out of my cot, and before breakfast I took a walk around the place.

The town of Pensacola is situated on the low, sandy mainland, on the bay, and lies some distance from the navy yard, or that portion of Pensacola which is occupied by the government for the Forts Barrancas and McRae. This government reservation is quite extensive, including the beautiful bay, navy yard and grounds, with officers quarters, and shell roads on the beach for some distance beyond the yard; on the further extremity were built Forts Barrancas and McRae, which were at this time in possession of the rebel soldiers.

Lieutenant Slemmer a short time previously moved his little force of regulars across the bay to Fort Pickens, which was on a spit or spur of Santa Rosa Island, almost immediately opposite, but I think about four miles distant.

This sombre old Fort Pickens is built upon about as desolate and isolated a spot as will be found anywhere on the coast from Maine to Texas, but viewed as it was by me that morning, from the camps of the rebels, standing behind their great masked batteries, in which were the immense ten-inch Columbiads, I felt from the bottom of my soul that I never saw anything so beautiful as the old walls of the fort, on which the Stars and Strips were defiantly floating in the breeze, right in the face of their big guns, and in spite of all the big blustering talk I had listened to for so many days.

How glad I was to see that flag there. I felt as if I could just jump and yell with delight and then fly right over the bay, to get under its folds once more. I had not seen the flag since leaving Washington, and had heard of its surrender at Sumter in the hateful words of the Rebels. I am not able to describe the feelings which came over me at this time, and after a lapse of twenty-five years, while I am writing about it, the same feelings come over me. Only those who have witnessed the picture of the Stars and Stripes floating over a fortress, viewed from the standpoint of an enemy's camp, can properly appreciate its beauty. All my homesickness and forebodings of evil vanished at the sight, and with redoubled energy I determined to discover and thwart any schemes that might be brewing in the Rebel camp to bring down that beautiful emblem. I became apprehensive lest I might be too late, and fearful that these immense Columbiads, if once they belched forth their ten-inch shells, would soon batter down the walls, and I determined that the presence of this masked battery must be made known to the Commandant at the Fort. It was upon this battery that the Rebels depended for success, as they had said it was erected secretly, and the big guns were mounted at night. Fort Pickens had not been built to resist an attack from the rear, as none such had ever been contemplated; and the Rebel officers knowing the weakness of this inside of the Fort, had erected their masked battery of great guns to play upon that particular point. They were all positive, too, that Lieu-

tenant Slemmer and his men were in total ignorance of the existence of this battery, which was correct, as subsequently demonstrated.

I became so much interested in the exciting and strange surroundings, in the very midst of which I found myself one morning at Pensacola, that I had almost forgotten about our commissioner, who must have left Mobile by way of the gulf in one of the old boats that plied between the two cities. Anyway, I had no further use for him now, as everything was right before my eyes, and I saw at once that they meant war.

It was understood, in a general way of course, that all these great preparations opposite Fort Pickens was for the purpose of driving off the "invaders" and capturing the old fort. That afternoon, after having tramped about over the sandy beach until I was thoroughly fatigued, I sat down in the rear of some earthworks that were being constructed under the directions of some of their officers. After waiting for a favorable opportunity, I ventured to ask one of them if there wasn't enough big cannon already mounted to bombard that fort over there, pointing toward Pickens. To which he replied curtly, "If you are around here when we begin the job you will find out all about that." I did not press the inquiry further just then, but I kept my eyes and ears open, and made good use of my legs as well, and tramped about through that miserable, sandy, dirty camp till I became too tired to go further.

The navy yard proper, which included the well-kept grounds around the officers' quarters, about which were growing in beautiful luxurance the same tropical plants of that section, was between, or in rear, of the rebel batteries and the town of Pensacola.

In my walks about the camps I strutted boldly through the open gates, before which stood an armed sentry, and walked leisurely about the beautiful grounds. I took occasion to try to talk to an old invalid sailor who had been left at the hospital at that point by some man-of-war. The conversation was not exactly of such a character as would invite one to prolong a visit in the place, as all I could get out from him was "Just mind what I tell ye, now, youngster, will you? The Yaller Jack is bound to clean out this whole damn place before very long; you better go home, and stay there, too." After this pleasant conversation he hobbled off, without waiting for any further remarks from me.

There was a telegraph office at Pensacola, which I visited. I learned of a dispatch making some inquiry of the officials about the probability of "reducing" the fort. I didn't exactly understand then what was meant by "reducing" a fort, and imagined for a while that it referred in some way to cutting down its proportions. On inquiry, however, I gathered its true import, and learned also, by way of illustrations from the lips of a Rebel officer, that "now that Columbiad battery, which is masked, and has been built at night without the knowledge of the enemy, is the machine that is going to do the 'reducing,' or, if you like it better, demolishing of the fort, because," said he, as he became enthusiastic, "that battery is so planted that it is out of range of any guns there are at the fort, and it will work on the rear or weak side of the old fort, too."

This conversation was held at the "tavern" during the evening, after this blatant officer had refreshed himself after the day's work. I ascertained that he had been an officer in the United States Army, and was of course familiar with the exact condition of the affairs at the Fort.

Each day, as soon as I had had breakfast, I would start out on my long walks down past the navy yard, through and beyond the rebel earth works. There was not a single cannon pointed toward the fort or the ships, which were lying out beyond, that I did not personally inspect.

I made a careful mental inventory of everything, and had the names of the regiments, and each officer commanding them, carefully stowed away in my memory, with the expectation, in some way not yet quite clear, of sending the full details across that bay to the United States commander at Pickens. That I was not suspected at all, is probably due to the fact that at this same time visitors were of daily occurrance — ladies and gentlemen came like excursion parties from Mobile and other convenient points, as every body expected there would be just such scenes as had been witnessed at Charleston a few days previous.

The earthworks, as will be understood, extended for quite a long distance on the beach and were intended also to oppose the entrance of hostile ships to the harbor, it being well understood that the fort could only receive their heavy supplies at the regular landing, or pier, which, as before stated, was on the inside of the bay

or the weak wall of the fort. Any light supplies, as well as men and amunition, must necessarily be landed through the surf, on the outside of Santa Rosa Island.

Fort McRae was an entirely round, turret-shaped old work, situated at the extreme outer point. Next to it, and some distance inside, was Fort Barrancas, while all along the beach — in suitable locations — were "sand batteries" and the great masked battery.

Here I saw for the first time piles of sand-bags laying one above the other, in tiers, like they now handle car-loads of wheat in California — wicker baskets filled with sand, which we used to see in the school-book pictures of the war with Mexico.

No persons were allowed to approach the masked battery, the existence of which was ingeniously concealed from view by a dense growth, or thicket, something like sage-bush, that had not been disturbed by the excavations.

Sentries were placed some distance from this, who warned all visitors to pass some distance to the rear, from which a good view could be had of the entire work. To better conceal this terrible battery, squads of soldiers were employed, diligently engaged in mounting guns on another little battery in full view of the officers at Pickens.

Lieutenant Slemmer told me, when I saw him a few days after this, that he had kept an officer on the look-out continually, and saw all this work, and though they suspected that larger guns would be put into use, they had failed to discover any signs of them.

I had formed an acquaintance with a young officer, I think of an Alabama company, in whose company I had visited some points that were not easily accessible to strangers. In this way, I got inside of "bomb proofs" and magazines, and went through Fort McRea, which was then being used as a guard-house or prison.

With my newly-found friend, I went in bathing in the evenings, and was introduced by him to others, who had the privilege of using the boats, and we frequently took short sails about the bay, but always back of the navy yard, or between that and the town. Looking toward Pickens we could see at any and all times the solitary sentinel on the ramparts, and occasionally some signs of life about the "barn door" that faced toward us. The number of vessels outside was being increased by new arrivals occasionally, when some excitement would be created by the firing of salutes.

One of the queer things, and that which seemed to interest the officers as well as every soldier in sight, was the display of signal flags at the fort, which would be answered by the appearance of a string of bright little flags from the men-of-war, which were constantly dancing up and down on the swell, while at anchor a couple of miles outside. Even the colored boys and cooks would, at the appearance of this phenomena, neglect their fires and spoil a dinner perhaps, to watch, with an interest that became contagious, the operation of this signaling. Many of them thought, no doubt, that this was an indication of the commencement of hostilities, and anxiously hoped to hear a gun next.

There was some apprehension among the officers that one of the men-of-war might run past the batteries at night and destroy the navy yard and town.

If there had been a signal officer on the ramparts of Fort Pickens with a good glass, advised of my presence on the sandbank (with my subsequent familiarity with army signaling), it would have been not only possible, but entirely practicable, for me to have signaled by the mere movement of my arms, or perhaps fingers, the information that was so important that they should have. These additional war facilities did not come into use for a year after, when the necessity arose for it.

There was loading with lumber at the pier at Pensacola a large three-masted English sailing vessel to put to sea, some arrangement having been made with the authorities on both sides to permit her to go out. I had been figuring on a plan to get a letter over to the Fort secretly. It did not at first occur to me that it would be possible to cross myself with safety, and knowing that in passing out, this ship would have to run in close by Fort Pickens, I set about to mature a plan to make use of this opportunity, and with this object in view I spent some time aboard the ship trying to make the acquaintance of someone.

But I found this to be too uncertain, and too slow besides. The infernal Englishmen were openly hostile to the government. It was my daily custom to sit on a sandbank right in the rear of my Rebel officers' camp, and, while not otherwise occupied, I would gaze by the hour toward that little band in the grim-looking old

prison of a fort, and wish and plan and pray that I could in some way have but one minute's talk with Lieutenant Slemmer.

I felt that I must get word to him at any cost. I could not risk swimming, on account of the numerous sharks in the water, which were more to be feared than the harbor boats that patrolled up and down between the two forces.

There were at Pansacola, as at all such places, small boats for hire to fishing and pleasure parties. I concluded that by hiring one of these boats for a few days' fishing, with a colored boatman to accompany me, while ostensibly spending the day in sight of the guard-boats fishing—innocently fishing for suckers—to disarm any suspicion, I might have an opportunity, when it became dark, to crowd toward the opposite shore of Santa Rosa Island, some distance from Fort Pickens; and once on the island I could, under cover of night, steal down the shore to the Fort, and communicate with the officers, and, still under cover of the darkness, return to the mainland and make tracks through the swamps towards Mobile or New Orleans.

In carrying out this plan, it was essential that I should find a colored boatman to pilot and row me out on the bay, on whom I might safely trust my return and escape from the place. By way of reconnoitering, or practice, I hired such a boat for a couple of hours' pleasure, taking a companion with me, and in this way I looked over the ground—or, rather, water—and concluded that the scheme was feasible, and determined to put it into execution as soon as possible.

In anticipation of this sudden departure, I made a final visit to the camp of some of the friends, with whom I had become acquainted, that night, to say good-by. In this way my Montgomery commissioner's errand was accidentally brought to view. While talking about leaving, one of the officers said, "You should wait a day or two and see the fun;" and when I expressed a doubt as to the early commencement of the ball, he continued, "Oh, but there is a bearer of dispatches here from Montgomery, who says those Texas troops have been ordered here, and as soon as they get here from New Orleans the plan is for us all to go over on the island, away back, and, after the Columbiads have battered down the walls, we're going to walk right into the Fort."

Here it was, then: the masked battery was to open the door and

the troops were to approach from the island, and this must succeed, as the officers in the Fort certainly had no expectation of this sort of an attack from the rear, and could not resist it.

The men must be prevented from landing on the island; I must go over that night to post them, and I got there.

CHAPTER IV.

CROSSING THE BAY TO FORT PICKENS, ETC.

Strategy was another of the new military terms which I had heard used a great deal by these Rebel officers during their conversations among themselves and with their daily visitors and admirers. The general subject of conversation was in reference to the plans to "reduce" Fort Pickens, which persisted so defiantly in hoisting in their faces at every sunrise the Stars and Stripes, and which was only lowered at sunset with a salute from the guns of the Fort and the ships, to be again floated as surely as the sun rose the next morning and the guns boomed out on the morning air their good morning salute.

This daily flaunting of the flag had became quite as irritating to these fellows as the red flag to a bull, every one of whom seemed to me to be impatient to take some sort of steps individually to at once end the war then and there and get home. In all their talks, to which I was an attentive listener during the several days that I spent in their camps, I do not now recall a single expression of doubt from any of them as to their final success in capturing the fort. With them it was only a question of time. The criticism or demonstration which seemed to be most general among citizens as well as the military was, that the tardiness or delay in ordering the assault, upon the part of the Montgomery officials, was "outrageous." But now that they had a knowledge of the recent arrival of the "Commissioner"—whose title was changed on his arrival at the seat of war to that of "General" and "Bearer of Dispatches"—all hands seemed more happy and contented.

It was well understood among the higher officers there that the plan of the authorities was, secretly, or under cover of night, to make a lodgement on the Island by the use of the shipping they had in the harbor, and, once securely established there, the masked battery would open upon the weak or unprotected side of the Fort, and open a breach through which the Rebel troops would be able to rush in and capture the little garrison, and "haul down the flag." I had obtained full information of the enemy's plans.

As I had so closely followed the course of events from Montgomery; had personally visited every fort and battery; had become familiar with the number and location of the troops, as well as with the character and calibre of every gun that was pointed at the flag on Pickens; and had, beside this — which was more important — secured valuable information as to the proposed surprise of that little garrison.

My only desire was to get this information to our commander at Fort Pickens, for their own and the country's good, coupled with a strong inclination to defeat these bombastic rebels. I had no thought of myself whatever, and did not, in my reckless enthusiasm, stop for a moment to consider that, in attempting to run the gauntlet of the harbor boats and the shore sentinels on both sides, I was risking my life as a spy. While I do not remember to have been inspired with any feelings of the "lofty patriotism," I am surely conscious of the fact that my motives were certainly unselfish and disinterested. That there was no mercenary motive, may be inferred from the simple fact that I have not in these twenty-five years ever claimed or received anything from the government in the way of pecuniary reward for this trip.

I began at once to make practical application of the strategy, about which I had heard so much in the enemy's camp, and which Mr. Lossing, the historian, says: "As an artifice or scheme for deceiving the enemy in war, is regarded as honorable, and which is seldom if ever applied without the aid of the scout or spy's service."

A reference to a map of the northwestern part of Florida will, at a glance, indicate the relative positions of the Rebel and Union forces with far greater distinctness than I am able to describe, though, after an abscence of twenty-five years, every point is as firmly impressed on my mind as if it were but a week since I saw it all, and I venture the assertion that, if permitted to revisit the scenes in Florida, I could locate with exactness the ground occupied by every battery at that time.

Of course it was out of the question to have attempted to cross the bay to Fort Pickens anyway near the batteries, or in proxmity to the navy yard, because that portion of the water lying within range of the guns was being very closely "outlooked" all the time, both by the sentinels and officers with their glasses at each of the

Forts. They had nothing else to do, so put in the long hours scrutinizing everything that made an appearance on the water. This part of the bay was also constantly patrolled by a number of guard or harbor boats, which were quite swift, well manned, and armed with what I think they called swivel guns, placed in the bow of the boat—a piece of artillery that may be best described as a cross between a Chesapeake bay duck gun and a howitzer.

I think, too, there were torpedoes placed in the channel, which they did not want disturbed by anything smaller than a United States man-of-war, if any such should venture to run past their batteries. I was not apprehensive of becoming mixed up with any of these myself, because my route would necessarily be some distance away.

The ships-of-war, which were anchored outside the harbor, had been detected by the Rebel guard boats in their attempts to run their small muffled gigs, as they called them, close to the shore batteries on dark nights. On several occasions these nighthawks came so close to each other in their patrols that the whispered voices of each could be heard over the water. This naval outpost, or picket duty on the water, was conducted pretty much the same as is the usage on a dark night in the woods—both sides being too much scared to move or speak lest the other should get the first shot, and mutually rejoiced when the sound died away in the distance.

The ships outside were being maneuvred or changed every day. Sometimes quite a fleet would be in sight, and the next morning half of them had disappeared. It was understood, of course, that, in attacking the fort, the men-of-war would at once come to the assistance of its garrison with their guns, but, if a battery could be placed on the island, the ships could be driven out of range of supporting distance, and, beside this, a storm would necessitate their all getting out to sea, so their assistance would be quite conditional.

This is why the government and naval officers especially desired not only to retain Fort Pickens, but as well to silence the Rebel batteries opposite, and to secure and retain that most excellent harbor and navy yard on the gulf, so convenient for future operations against Mobile and New Orleans.

My only hope was to cross to the Island, some six or eight miles above the Fort (Pickens) and nearly opposite the town of Pensa-

cola, whence, under cover of the night, I might crawl down the shore on the opposite side to the Fort. This scheme necessitated a good bit of boating, as it would be necessary to double the route so as to get back before daylight. In looking about for a boat, and a colored oarsman whom I could control or depend upon to get me over and back, and then keep quiet until I could get away toward New Orleans or Mobile, I selected a black young fellow of about my own age, and in whose good-natured countenance I thought I could discover a willingness to do anything he was told. From this chap I engaged a boat for a day's fishing, it being well understood at the time that no boats of any kind were permitted to be out after dark. I had, however, taken particular pains to let it be known at the boat-house, where the boats were usually kept, that myself and a friend, who was well known there as a rebel above suspicion, were going together to take a boat for a lark, and they should not be at all uneasy if we tied up for the night some place above town. I had, of course, no intention of taking my friend along, and this was just a little bit of "strategy" to deceive the enemy.

I had, in the hearing of a number of his comrades, directed the boatman to prepare enough bait and other little requirements for this trip to last us until late into the night. He was a jolly, good-natured, bare-footed, ragged fellow, the blackest I could find, and was tickled all to pieces with the taffy and little bit of money he got in advance, as well as with a prospect for something extra, if he should be detained very late that night.

In an apparently indifferent way I also took occasion to mention at the house where I had been boarding, that I was obliged to leave for Texas, and made all my preparations accordingly, but proposed to have first a day's fishing in company with some friend, and might possibly spend the night with them. I didn't have any baggage to bother about, having merely stopped off while *en route* to Texas.

When I got into that little boat that day, I doubt not that I looked as if I were desperately intent on having a day's fun and was fully equipped for handling any quantity of fish I had taken off my coat—the weather in Florida at that season being quite warm and pleasant—and as I sat in the stern sheets of the little boat, with a steering oar in my hand, dressed only in a collarless shirt, pants and shoes, with a greyish slouch hat tipped back on my head,

I have no doubt that my appearance was at least sufficiently careless or indifferent to disarm any apprehensions that might rise as to the real object of the trip.

It was necessary, in starting, to explain that my "companion" was detained, but would join us at a friends house some distance above the town later in the afternoon, in the direction of which I as steersman pointed the bow of the boat, as we pulled out from the shore, bearing purposely in a direction leading farthest from the Island and the Fort.

My recollection is, that it is about four miles across the bay to the Island and six or eight miles down the bay to the outside point on which Fort Pickens is located. With the exception of this garrison, Santa Rosa may, in the language of the school-books, be called an uninhabited island. At the present time, however, Geronimo and his band of murdering Apache Indians are, with their military guard, the only inhabitants of the desolate place, and they are prisoners.

When we had gotten out from shore a good distance, we stopped for a while, just to try our luck, but as it was not a satisfactory location, after a little delay, we moved further off, when we would again drop our little anchor, to go through the same motions and move out, just a little bit, almost imperceptibly to those on shore each time.

Of course, my colored boy had no idea but that I really meant this fishing excursion for sport. He was full of fun and really enjoyed himself very much. I was uneasy, and imagined that everybody on shore had conspired to watch our little boat, which was drifting about aimlessly on the tide, a mile or so out from the rebel shore. On account of this apprehension, I was more careful to so direct our movements that suspicion would be disarmed, and, as far as practicable, I kept the bow of the boat pointed in the direction of Pensacola, actually backing out into the stream, when the tide would naturally keep us out.

My object was to keep up this sort of an appearance all afternoon, and then toward dusk (as I had told the oarsman) we would land further up, where my friend was visiting, and where I had agreed to meet him.

A race over the bay to Fort Pickens with a Rebel harbor boat

was out of the question, even with a mile of a start, because they were not only quite fast and well manned, but their little cannon were entirely "too sudden" and could soon overtake us.

Did we catch any fish? will be asked. No, this is not a fish story, and I was myself too intent upon watching the movements of all the little boats along shore to pay much attention to the fish; in this case I was the sucker myself, that was hunting a hole in the meshes of the net that I might escape.

I had put the latest New York *Herald* in my coat pocket during the morning; this I got out and, as I sat in the stern sheets, I pretended in a careless way to become interested while the colored boy did the fishing. Along in the evening, about sundown, I saw with some alarm one of the little tug-boats come puffing around from the navy yard, and it seemed in my imagination that they were bearing directly toward us, as we were then far enough from the shore to have excited suspicion. To be prepared, I directed the boy to take the oars and we made a movement as if intending to return.

The tug came within hailing distance and, without shutting off their noisy steam-exhaust, hallooed something which I inferred was the patrol officer's notice that it was time to tie up. They passed on in to the pier at Pensacola, while we in the deepening twilight, while seemingly headed toward shore, were silently drifting with the tide further and further away.

Being in the stern, with a steering oar in my hand, the colored boy at the oars, with his face toward me and his back to the bow, he did not discover for quite a while through the now almost darkness that we were moving out to sea instead of going in to shore, as I had pretended. When he did get the bearings through his sluggish brain, he seemed all at once to have become awakened to a sense of the greatest fear. He stopped rowing abruptly and, looking about him in every direction, his eyes seemed to become almost wild with fright, showing a good deal of white through the darkness that seemed now to have come down upon us all at once; he said, huskily, as he attempted to turn the boat around with one oar: "Good Lawd, it's dark, and all niggers got to be in doors 'fore this. Ise gwine home, boss." When I tried to laugh him out of his terror, and explained that I had told his master at the pier that I was

going to keep him out late, it did not satisfy him. He insisted on going straight back over the course I had been leading all day. The poor slave said: "Boss, its de law, any nigger caught out at night gets thirty-nine lashes; and if dese soger-masters knowed I was over on this side, dey kill me, suah."

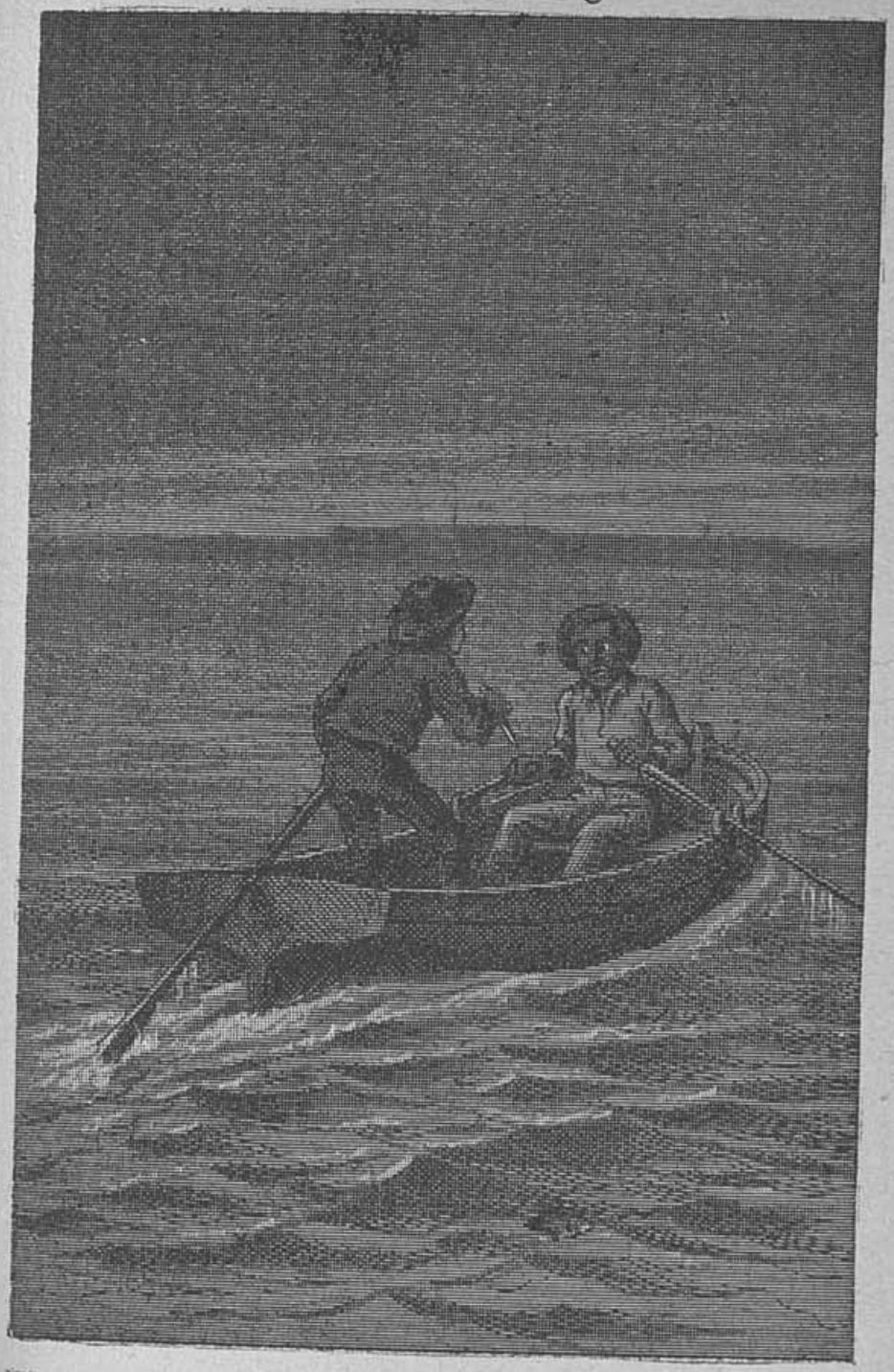
We were then probably a mile off the Island shore—the darkness and distance had concealed us from the rebel shore, and I must not, *would* not return then. I tried every way to prevail upon this poor ignorant slave to keep on rowing; that I would steer him to "my friend's house," which, in my mind's eye, had been Fort Pickens, but he wouldn't have it so; he knew, he said, "there wasn't nobody's house up on dat shore."

Under the circumstances, what could I do? He had the oars in his hands but wouldn't use them, while I, with my steering-oar, was helpless. I was within but a little distance of the shore that I had looked upon so often and so wistfully from the rebel side, yet this fellow could prevent my reaching it; and in attempting to force him to do my bidding I risked making a disturbance which would speedily bring the guard-boats to the spot. I do not claim that it was a brave act at all, but, realizing at the time that I must take command of the boat, I quietly reached for a stilletto, or dirk knife, which I had bought in anticipation of having to use or show as a quiet sort of weapon where any noises were to be avoided. With this bright steel blade pointing at the now terrified darkey, I ordered him to row, and if he dared take a hand off the oar I'd cut him and feed the pieces to the sharks in the bay.

I don't know what I should have done if he had resisted, but I think that at the moment I would have become a murderer, and, if necessary, have used not only the knife, but also the pistol, which I had by me.

Seeing my determination, and especially the knife, the "contraband" laid back on his oars and pulled for the shore lustily, looking neither to the right nor the left, but keeping both his white eyes riveted on my dagger and pistol.

I comforted him a little, because, you see, I'd got to get back, and it was necessary that he should keep still until I got away. I knew he would do this, because it would certainly have been punishment for himself to have admitted that he had been over to the Yankees.



I'D CUT HIM AND FEED THE PIECES TO THE SHARKS.

Now that I had committed an overt act in this attempt to reach the enemy, the die was cast for me, and I must carry it through. Imagine for a moment my feelings when the boy stopped rowing suddenly and, craning his neck over to the water in a listening attitude, said, huskily, "Boss, dats dem; dats de boat."

Great heavens, we were yet a long distance out from the Island, having been gradually working down instead of going directly over. My first impulse was to row madly for the shore, but the darkey knew better than I, when he said, "Best keep still, and don't talk, boss." Listening again, I could hear the voices distinctly, and it seemed to me through the darkness that they were right upon us; we floated quietly as a log in the water for a few terrible moments of suspense, I took off my shoes and stockings and propared to jump overboard and swim for the shore, if we came to close quarters. If they captured me I'd be hung, while the slave's life was safe, because he was valued at about $1,800.

Resuming his oar, the boy said, "That's at the navy yard." "Why," I said, "are we near the navy yard?" "No, boss; but you can hear people talkin' a mighty long ways at night; we niggers is used to hearin' 'em; we git chased in every night." After this scare I "hugged" the shore pretty close; it seemed to me then to have been a long ways down that sandy beach, because of the suspense and uncertainty, perhaps. We stole along quietly, not knowing but that some trap might have been set along the Island to catch any contrabands who might want to run off from their masters, and again I did not know but what the rebels themselves might have a guard out there; and if I did see any persons, how was I to be sure that they were friends from Fort Pickens.

There are some sensations that can better be imagined than described. To add to my discomfort on that most eventful night in my life, I witnessed for the first time the strange, weird phenomenon of the phosphorescent water, which is, I believe, quite common in the South. To me, at this time, it had almost a supernatural appearance.

While gliding along smoothly between life and death, my nerves strung to the utmost tension, suddenly I noticed that the oars, as they were lifted from the water, were covered with a strange gleam and that the water into which I was drifting had turned to molten

lead, without flame; and as we went along now quite rapidly, there was left in our wake a long, winding, wiggling, fiery serpent which, to my heated imagination, seemed to be a machination of the devil and his imps to illuminate our path for the benefit of his friends—the rebels.

If a picture could be made of this scene, which, I may say, was dramatic, it should represent our dingy little boat moving along a desolate shore in the darkness and solitude of a midnight in Florida; the black oarsman, with open mouth, the whites of his eyes showing most conspicuously, as he twisted his head around to look over the water in the direction of the Rebels. I sat in the stern of the boat, dressed in a slouch hat and open shirt, steering-oar in hand, looking back and around in a puzzled way at the glimmering will-o'-the-wisp trail in our wake. The distant background would show the grim walls of Fort Pickens, with a few vessels riding at anchor beyond.

On the other side would be the outlines of the Rebel batteries, with their sentries, while on the water, the guard or harbor boats.

My colored boatman, however, did not pay any attention to this play of light about our boat; grimly he dipped and lifted the oars, the blades covered with a peculiar yellowish light, while the water, as it dropped back into the sea, splashed and sparkled as I had seen molten metal in the molds of the foundries at home. In reply to my hushed expression of surprise, the boatman said: "O, dat ain't nothin'; it's the fire out of some of dem big guns, I'se lookin' aftah."

We silently crept along in this halo of light, during which time I took the opportunity to explain to my boatman that I was a Yankee soldier, going to the Fort to see my friends. The moment that fellow was assured of my true character his whole nature seemed changed, and, instead of the cowering, terrified slave, unwillingly doing the bidding of a master, he became a wide-awake, energetic friend, most anxious to do me all the service possible. I have forgotten the faithful boy's name, but I hope some day to revisit these scenes and shall look up his history.

Great Scott! While we were talking in this way, we were startled by the sound of oars regularly beating in a muffled way, and which we knew to our horror were coming in our direction. Could it be possible that we were to be baffled at last? The boy shifted his oars

one by one into the boat, laid his head over the water for a moment, when he whispered, "Dats a barge." I did not know what a "barge" was, while he explained that the sounds of rowing we were hearing came from a large, regular crew of disciplined boatmen in a big boat called a barge.

I judged that we could not be far from Pickens, but how could I tell whether the approaching boat contained our friends or our enemies. We all knew that the boats of both parties were engaged in prowling about every dark night. I had heard, while in the Rebel camps, that it was the only diversion they had, and volunteers for each night's adventure were numerous.

We kept "hugging the Island" pretty tight, and, as the sounds grew closer and more distinct as they came nearer and nearer, I again prepared to jump overboard and swim for the island.

As they came closer, I heard the suppressed voices, and was able to catch something like an order addressed to "Coxswain," which was the only word I could make out—that was enough, however. I knew that a coxswain was only to be found in an armed boat, and, of course, I believed they must be from the navy yard.

I slipped off my shoes and quietly dropped over the side of the boat into the water, being mighty careful, too, that the boat should be between me and the sounds, which were now quite distinct.

The boatman laid down in the bottom of the boat while I held on by both hands and paddled or towed it toward shore. Suddenly, as if a curtain had been raised, the barge, like a picture on the screen of a magic lantern, appeared and faded away, thank the Lord, some distance out from us, and the crew were rowing silently but swiftly in the direction from which we had just come.

I crawled back into the boat, my extremities dripping, and with reckless determination ordered the fellow to row right straight ahead. I was sick of this miserable agony of suspense and would end it, even if we ran into a man-of war.

The boatman expressed the opinion that the boat from which we had been concealing ourselves was from the Fort, or belonged to the shipping outside, and I afterward learned that he was correct.

When we got a little further down the island shore, voices were again heard, this time from the land. Now I was sure we were all right, but I kept along quietly and smoothly until we were in sight

of the old fort. I could now see objects moving about on the ground near the fort. We crept up still closer, and seeing a group of three persons standing together, a little ways back from the water, I rose to my feet and was about to hail them when we heard oars again from the outside.

I sat down again and begged the poor fellow to row for his life, which he did with a hearty good will; we then passed, without a challenge, a sentinel on the beach, and actually rode right up to the guard on the pier of the fort, and myself called their attention to our little boat.

A sergeant, who was within hearing, quickly ran up to the water's edge and roughly called a "halt," demanding to know our business; to which I replied: "I want to see Lieutenant Slemmer." We drew in shore; the sergeant took hold of the bow-string of our boat, and directed a soldier near by to call the officer of the guard, which was done in the most approved West Point style. All the same, however, I had gotten through their lines without a challenge, and if I had been bent on torpedo or dynamite business, it would have been possible that night to have surprised the garrison.

While waiting there, the old sergeant, who seemed to be very much incensed at my cheekiness, in running by his sentries, plied us with questions.

Pretty soon we were landed on the pier, and then I stood right under the gloomy shadow of the walls of Fort Pickens, talking with a young officer in the uniform of the United States service, and wearing the red sash of the officer of the day.

This young officer, whose name I have forgotten, received me cordially, and ordered the sergeant to take good care of my boatman. My idea had been, all along, to communicate with Lieutenant Slemmer, whom we had heard of in connection with the occupation of the Fort, and probably, also, because I had heard he was a Pennsylvanian, I imagined I should feel more freedom with him.

The officer of the day, to whom I expressed a desire to see Lieutenant Slemmer, said: "Certainly, sir, certainly. Will you please give me your name?" I merely said: "I am from Pennsylvania, and am going back soon, and wanted to tell him some news." The officer swung himself around and called to another sergeant "to make this gentleman as comfortable as possible till I return," which

was a polite way of saying "don't let that fellow get away till I get back." He disappeared inside the cave-like entrance to the Fort.

Very soon two officers came out, to whom I was politely introduced as a young man from the other side to see Lieutenant Slemmer—the officer of the day explaining to me that Lieutenant Slemmer would be out just as soon as he could dress.

It was late at night, and they had all been sleeping in peace and security inside the Fort, while I was getting down the bay. During this interim it will be noted that not one of these officers had asked me a question. Though their curiosity was no doubt excited, they were all gentlemanly enough to believe that my business was of a private character with Lieutenant Slemmer alone.

It appears that the Fort had been reinforced, probably about the time that the attempt was made to reinforce Sumter, and at this time Lieutenant Slemmer was not in command at Pickens.

During the wait and while we were talking about the war prospects, I incidentally mentioned something about Sumter's fall; this was news, sad news to the little group of officers, and for a moment seemed to stagger them. When one of them expressed a mild doubt, thinking my information was from rebel sources, the other said:

"Oh, yes, it's true; it couldn't be otherwise." When I gave them about the date, they all recalled an unusual commotion and firing of salutes by the rebels over the bay, which they did not understand at the time, and this news explained.

It soon became known in the fort that they had a visitor with great news, and every blessed officer must have gotten out of bed to come outside and see me. I wondered at the time why I wasn't invited inside, though I could not have been more courteously treated than I was. It was quite a long time before Lieutenant Slemmer made an appearance, and when he approached me and was introduced by the officer of the day with "This is Lieutenant Slemmer," I looked up in surprise to see a tall, slim man, wearing glasses and looking for all the world like a Presbyterian preacher. He was the most distant, dignified fellow in the lot, and my first impressions were not at all favorable.

However, I briefly explained my business, and told him of the masked batteries and the proposed attack from the island. Without

a word of thanks, or even a reply, he turned and told one of the officers, who had stood aside to permit us to talk privately, to call Captain Clitz; and while he was doing this Mr. Slemmer stood by me with his arms folded—the only words he spoke were: "Oh, that's it."

Soon Captain Clitz, who was a large, rather portly officer, approached, in company with my officer, and, without waiting for an introduction, he walked up to me with his hand out, smilingly saying, "Ah, how do you do?" and, turning to Slemmer, he said, "Mr. Slemmer, I'm very glad your friend called to see us."

There was a long, earnest talk on the wharf that night, which was listened to and participated in by all the group of officers. Lieutenant Slemmer—after Captain Clitz's greeting—said: "This is Captain Clitz, the commander here now." And to him all my communications were directed.

I was, of course, questioned and cross-questioned in regard to every point of detail which could be of interest to them, and I believe I was able to satisfy them on every point.

I had understood, and believed it true, that General Winfield Scott had joined the rebels, and when I mentioned this among the other items of news, my young officer of the day spoke up quickly, saying: "Oh, no, I can't believe that. General Scott may be dead, but he is not a traitor."

In comparison with Lieutenant Slemmer's dignified bearing, Captain Clitz's kindness and cordiality to me that night will ever be remembered with feelings of profound gratitude. While I was thus talking to the officers, the sergeant and his detail of men were busily engaged in questioning my colored boy, and from him they learned the story of our trip.

The sergeant was brought to task roundly, by the officer of the day, for the failure of his sentinel up on the beach to halt our boat before getting so close to the pier. His explanation was that they saw us but supposed it was the boat belonging to the garrison.

How long I should have been detained on that old pier, under the shadow of the walls of the fort, entertaining those officers, is uncertain, had I not had before me, like a spectre, the remembrance of the rebel sentries and guard-boats, that I must again run through to get back in safety. One of the officers very kindly proposed that they would man one of their boats and convey us as far up the beach

as they could go, and thereby relieve us of the tiresome pull on the oars. While this was being arranged, I gave to Lieutenant Slemmer a more detailed account of the honors that were being paid to him in the North, in connection with Major Anderson, for his bravery in saving Pickens. And I also told him about the attentions which were being showered upon his wife, who, it seems, had been permitted to pass through the Rebel lines to her home in the North soon after his moving into Fort Pickens.

To Mrs. Slemmer, it seems, was due some of the credit and glory of this movement.

After receiving from Captain Clitz his hearty acknowledgment, and a farewell shake-hands from all the officers, I got aboard the well-manned barge for a return voyage, our little boat being towed in the rear.

Getting into the boat seemed to bring to mind the shipping outside, and I incidentally asked if any of their boats might be going to Mobile soon, thinking that would save me the dangerous jaunt over the swamps. I had no fears but that I should land all right at Pensacola, but I did feel some apprehension about my boy being able to avert the questions that I knew he would be asked on his return.

Captain Clitz spoke up from the end of the pier, "There are no boats likely to go to Mobile, but one of the transports will return to New York soon; would you prefer to go that way?"

After a little explanation, it was settled that I should take the ship home, and my colored boy went back alone—at that time they were not taking care of contrabands—and I was rowed out to the shipping, and that night slept sweetly in a hammock on board Captain Porter's ship, the Powhattan.

CHAPTER V.

REBEL NEWSPAPERS—ON ADMIRAL PORTER'S SHIP.

While numerous newspaper attacks were being printed in the chivalrous press of the South concerning a defenseless boy who had succeeded, unaided and alone, in thwarting their plans to compel the surrender of Port Pickens, I, in blissful ignorance of it all, was quietly experiencing the daily routine life aboard the blockading war ship, which was anchored in full view of the Rebel batteries through which I had been scouting but a few days previously.

I was, of course, something new and fresh on board the ship, and the way those chaps went for me was peculiar.

Did you ever try to get into a hammock? I mean a *real* hammock—one of those made out of canvas cloth, which, rolled up—or slung, I think they call it—looks like a big pudding.

I was put in charge of one of the petty officers, as they call them aboard a ship, who correspond to the non-commissioned officers of the army. My particular guardian was, I believe, the ship-chandler, an old salt who had charge of a little den of a room, somewhere between decks, which was crammed full of lamps or candles.

They were crowded with men and officers aboard the Powhattan at that time, so I had to turn in with this mess. I was given a hammock—a nice, clean lot of bedding was bundled up inside; it had a number painted on it, to which my attention was carefully called; then I was shown the corresponding number on deck where that particular hammock fitted in like a chink in a log-house, and where, I was told, it had to be placed at a certain "bell," or when the boatswain would sing out a certain call.

When the time came to go for the hammocks the first night, I followed my leader, shouldered the bag, and marched down in line with the rest. I found afterward the most difficult thing to learn about the navy is to get *into* a hammock, stretched above your head, and the next difficult thing is to stay in it, while the third trouble is to get out of it without lighting on your head.

My old guardian was busy somewhere with his lights, and when

the signal came to turn in, every man of that immense crowd seemed to disappear, like so many prairie dogs into their holes, leaving me standing alone on the deck under my hammock. Then the petty officer, in his deep, bass voice, said something to me about clearing that deck. I made a jump for the thing, and hung half way across it, as if I were in a swing, able to get neither one way or the other—the hammock would move every time I'd move. Lots of bare heads were sticking out over the hammocks, offering advice of all sorts; one chap proposed to give me a leg, which I gratefully accepted, when he lifted me so quickly that I toppled over the other side of the hammock on to the floor, where I lay saying my evening prayers, while the whole lot of crows in the roosts above laughed at my predicament. The show was beginning to create so much noise down below that the fellow with the big voice was compelled to interfere and put a stop to it, which he did by ordering one of the men to hold my horse while I got aboard.

He kindly explained to me the *modus operandi* of getting into a slung hammock, which was, as we used to say in tactics, in one time and three motions; first, grab the thing in a certain way with two hands, put one foot in first, and then deftly lift the body up and drop in; once there, the difficulty was not over, as it required some practice to keep balanced while asleep, especially to a landsman like myself. I was cautioned to part my hair in the middle, and lie there as stiff as a corpse.

It was great fun for the sailors of that mess. In the morning, after a fair night's rest, I was awakened by the man-of-war's reveille, and literally tumbled out of the hammock, landing on all fours on deck, for the thing was as hard to get out of as it was to get into. But now the sailors, who had so much fun at my expense the night before, showed the greatest kindness and did what they could to teach me to strap or lash it up, and I was ready to take up my bed and walk with the rest of them, and stored it away while it did not yet seem to be daylight.

I was invited to the best mess for breakfast, which I was able to enjoy very much, and I spent the greater portion of the day on the big wheel-house of the ship, pointing out to the officers the location of the different batteries in the rebel line. The officers were quite courteous and kind, and, as may be imagined, listened

with the greatest eagerness to the news which I was able to give them. The New York *Herald*, which was the only thing in the shape of "papers" that I had brought with me, was eagerly read, the officers almost quarreling for its possession. It was finally settled by their cutting it up and dividing the pieces around.

The Powhattan was one of the largest vessels of the old-fashioned side-wheel class, and at that time was literally bristling with her armour, having been hurriedly fitted out at Brooklyn Navy Yard at about the same time the other vessels sailed to the intended relief of Sumter.

An old salt gave me his account of their trip out, which, as nearly as I can recollect, was something like this:

"We had just returned from a cruise, ye know, to China, and wanted to stay home a bit, because the Engineer Board condemned one of our bilers as dangerous, so, of course, no one aboard thought of going to sea again in her. Well, by thunder, one night they sent a draft of men aboard, and the next morning we were steaming out somewhere—we all thought to some other yard.

"The officers had what they called sealed orders, not to be opened till we were outside, don't you know. That black-whiskered chap" —pointing with his thumb toward Captain Porter's cabin—"was aboard, and we all thought he was our sky pilot, as he was dressed just like a parson or chaplain; but when we got out, and the orders were opened, he had changed his black duds, and, by gad, he took us in tow, just like a pirate king, and fetched us all down to this blasted hole to die of Yaller Jack.

"On the voyage down, every man of us was worked to death; day and night, all hands were going, unpacking boxes of arms that had been smuggled aboard, and them brass things you see back of the purser's 'cow-house'"—as he called the wheel-house—"we boxed up like dead men in coffins. Well, some of the men swore we were turned pirates; and a lot more of us was dead sure we were going out as a privateer for Jeff Davis. You see the sealed orders was to Captain Porter, and he had just come aboard at night, and they say he came right over from Washington City that same day, and, of course, he knew what was up, but no one else did.

"We found out, though, after that. The plan for us was to run down and go right straight ahead into the harbor, past the Fort—!

them Rebel Batteries. If we was inside once, we could drive them off and get the navy yard, you know, and they couldn't get onto the Island, don't you know. Well, when we got near Pensacola, what did they do but begin to burn some soft English coal, what was stored aboard, so's to make a black smoke, don't you see, and make them Rebels believe we were an Englishman going to Pensacola. Well, Porter was on hand, you bet, and every other fellow was on hand, too, and we were going to run right straight by the derned Batteries, without stopping or showing our colors; but the 'Old Man,' as we termed the admiral, or Senior Officer Alden, who had preceded us, as soon as we came up signaled to drop anchor; and the Lord only knows how long we will stay, if that condemned boiler don't bust.

"The old black-whiskered parson was mad, because he didn't get to go ahead, and he mopes in his den all the time, just like a bear with a sore head, cross at us all, as if we was to blame."

Rear-Admiral David D. Porter was, at that time, ranking as a lieutenant in the navy, though he had been selected specially by Mr. Lincoln to command the Powhattan on this relief expedition. As I saw him daily aboard his ship, he appeared, to my eyes, to be a hearty, blustering, handsome naval officer, in the prime of life, wearing a full, black beard, which, with his sharp eyes and commanding presence, impressed me with the idea that the old tar had suggested, as being a model pirate chief.

Those who have not been aboard a man-of-war while in commission and engaged in actual sea service, and have formed their impressions from casual visits to a ship in port, would scarcely realize the changed condition of affairs. The captain is a little king, with absolute power, and lives in great style, all by himself, in his beautiful den of a cabin, at the extreme aft-end of the ship. He *never* comes forward, I believe, and walks only on one side of the deck. I think he doesn't permit anyone to approach his highness, except through the regular channels.

He may be a good fellow ashore and will eat and drink with you at the hotel bars, like any ordinary bit of humanity; but dear me, aboard his ship he is a holy terror.

Not being an enlisted man myself, and only a sort of a refugee aboard ship, wholly unacquainted with the new order of things, I was constantly doing something or other that interfered with the

rules, and, as a consequence, was an object of disgust to the minor officers and, I suspect, a source of amusement to a great many others.

Naval officers, I understand, never like to have a civilian aboard their ships, probably because they are not amenable to the strict discipline, and another reason is, that a common landsman does not pay that homage and respect to their rank that is exacted of the seaman.

As I was promenading up and down the deck the first morning, an officer, whom I was told was Lieutenant Perry, the executive officer, sent one of the smartly-dressed marines to me, who approached pleasantly and said:

"The executive officer directs that you will please walk on the port side of the deck." Well, I looked at my feet, then at the grinning marine, and asked him what was the matter. I didn't know there was such a thing as a port side of a deck; but he explained that the one little place where I had been taking my morning air was reserved exclusively for the captain of the ship.

The captain sent his orderly to escort me to his presence in his cabin; the marine was, of course, all fixed up with his natty uniform, white-crossed belts, and little sword, and as we approached the lion's den, he knocked as if he were afraid somebody might hear him, and when a gruff voice within sang out "Come!" he stiffened up as if he had heard an order to "present"; then swinging open the door, swung around briskly and saluted; and before he could say his little speech, the captain spoke up.

"That will do, Orderly," when he went through the same motions as when we entered, and left me alone with the bear.

The captain astonished me by reaching for my hand, and, gently pushing me over to a huge sofa, sat down beside me, and began to talk in a most cordial manner about my adventure at Montgomery and Pensacola, which lasted quite a little while, and ended with an invitation to take something, which I was forced to decline.

My interview with the captain seemed to have a wonderful influence not only on the minds, but over the actions as well, of the petty officers and sailors, who had been guying me so mercilessly every hour of my stay among them. I was at once treated with the utmost consideration by everybody on board, and

it appeared to me that every old salt, who wore a piping whistle at the end of a white cord about his neck, was anxious to talk with me in confidence.

To excite the curiosity of a lot of old sailors aboard ship is like bringing a swarm of mosquitoes about ones head; and the way I was pestered with questions and cross-questions, as well as all sorts of surmises and hints, would distract any one, excepting, perhaps, the well-seasoned and tanned hides of their own kind.

Captain Porter is the only man on board the ship to whom I told my story, though questioned in a gentlemanly manner by the other officers. I was able to hold and keep my own counsel from them all. I was to them a refugee, and that was all the satisfaction any of them got from me, except that in a general way I was free to tell anybody all I knew about the Rebel batteries and forces; but why I had gone to Pickens was explained only to Captain Porter, who believed my story, from the interview with Secretary of War Cameron down to getting aboard his ship. Though I had nothing whatever to show as proof, having brought with me to the ship only the rather scanty clothing I wore, having almost stripped myself in anticipation of a swim for life while crossing the bay.

Right here I may mention that my family preserves with the greatest care a sailor shirt, on which is an elaborately embroidered star in colors, in each corner of the broad silk collar, also a pair of white duck sailor trousers. These useful as well as beautiful articles were presented to me by some of the men aboard ship, for which present, I have often thought since, I must have been indebted to Captain Porter's influence, as the articles are of such value that the old fellow who stowed them in my hammock would scarcely have parted with them without some remuneration.

The needlework on these articles was all done aboard ship by the stiffened and well-hardened fingers of an old sailor, and I do not exaggerate in saying, for rare and delicate workmanship, they are not excelled by anything I have seen in the same line since.

The monotony of life aboard ship was relieved somewhat by the every-day drill of the marines, under command of Lieutenant Broome, whose name I remember distinctly, as being associated in my mind with "a new broom," he always looked so sleek and nice in his fresh uniform. The sailors were also drilled at the big guns,

fore and aft, which they would pull and haul about for hours at a time under the commands of some officer.

One day Captain Porter astonished the Rebels, as well as our own officers, by a mock naval battle. At a certain hour and upon a given signal, all hands were called to quarters unexpectedly, Captain Porter appearing on the bridge with an immense big brass trumpet in his hands, through which he bellowed out something which everybody but me seemed to understand. Men went up the rigging like a lot of monkeys in trees; others yanked out the big cutlasses. At the command, "Repel boarders!" they would climb up the sides of the ship and cut and slash their invisible enemies at a dreadful rate. Then suddenly an order came to load the guns; and in an instant almost, men whom I had not seen popped up out of the holds and handed to others, who had evidently been expecting them, cartridges, which were rammed into the big mouths of the cannons; then all stood still as death—but for an instant only—when the brass trumpet belched out something about a "Broadside," and—Great Scott! it makes me tremble while I write about it—every gun on that big ship, great and small, went off at the same time, and almost lifted the ship out of the water.

They kept firing and loading in this way for quite a little while, Captain Porter, during this time, standing quietly and unconcernedly on the bridge, with his watch in one hand and the trumpet in the other When he was ready, another order was fired through his telephone, and the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

During all this hubbub, when every fellow had a place to go and stay, I was jumping around from one place to another, like a hen on a hot griddle, trying to find some spot where I might not be in anybody's way. When the firing ceased, the ship was rolling about and, as we were encompassed by the smoke, it seemed as if we were sailing in a cloud in mid air.

Captain Porter, from his position on the bridge, began at once to catechize the different officers, precisely as a school-master would a class, asking each in turn, as he pointed to him.

"How many rounds, Mr. Broome?" And if the answer was not satisfactory, an explanation was demanded. I remember that the assistant engineer's position was at the little brass pieces, elevated abaft the wheel-house, and their work was not at all satisfac-

tory to Captain Porter, who did not hesitate to so express himself, much to the disgust of the engineers and the amusement of the other officers.

When the cloud of smoke lifted and we could see over the water, we found all the other ships of the squadron watching us, while the ramparts of Fort Pickens was to be seen crowded with men, no doubt wondering what was up. They, no doubt, supposed the ship's ma gazine was afire. The Rebel Batteries were black with men, who imagined, of course, that the ship was fighting some of their own craft.

It appeared afterward that this trick of Captain Porter's came very near bringing on a conflict with the Rebs, as they prepared to open their batteries on the fort. If the drill had continued a little longer it would have resulted in bringing about a genuine fight. Perhaps this is what Captain Porter desired.

There was some influence that fretted him very much at the time, which I have never heard explained. It was well known that he was most eager for the fight to begin.

Early one bright morning our look-out spluttered out something, to which the officer on deck at the time—who was Lieutenant Queen, at present commandant at the Washington Navy Yard, and to whom I was talking at that instant—startled me by singing in my ear:

"Where away?"

The fellow above said something about two points on our port bow.

Mr. Queen left me abruptly to report to the captain, who soon appeared on deck. I climbed up to a good place from which to look out, and gazed in the direction in which Mr. Queen and the captain were pointing, but failed to see anything myself.

Orders were issued to prepare a little boat that was attached to the Powhattan, as a sort of dispatch boat, and an officer, whose name was Brown—a fat, jolly young man whom Captain Porter seemed to think highly of—was put in charge.

This little craft hoisted sail and went dancing about on the water like a sea-bird. By this time two steamers were in sight, approaching us.

Who they were and what they were after was just what everybody

wanted to know; the old sailors, who are always croakers, had any quantity of ridiculous stories about their errand and our rapidly approaching fate.

Signals went up on Fort Pickens, and I discovered, *first*, that signals were being made from the Rebel Batteries, in rear of their Forts, and reported the fact, the circumstance awaking in Captain Porter a lively interest.

The little sea-bird, with Mr. Brown, went out toward the approaching ships, as if to meet them; orders were given by somebody, I suppose, but I failed to hear them, to weigh anchor, which was quietly done; then, instead of the ships halting to communicate with Mr. Brown's signals, they went nearer to the Rebel Batteries, while the black smoke poured out of the chimneys, and the paddle-wheels whirled around.

All at once I jumped two feet high, because a gun behind me went off. Still the wheels went round and round, and the water was foaming in their wake. All hands and eyes were on the ship in the lead, when boom went another gun; and there is where I saw the first hostile gun fired. There was a splash in the water some distance this side of the ship, but in her front, then another splash on the same line further on; this was the first shot across her bow, and it had the immediate effect of stopping those paddle-wheels as suddenly as if she had been hit in the belly.

She "hove too" — there was a long canfab with the captain of the boat, which turned out to be ships from Mobile bound to Pensacola with supplies — appealed from Porter to the old admiral, and the end of it all was, the two boats loaded with supplies and probably amunition, were not permitted to go on past the Fort inside the bay to Pensacola, as Captain Porter decidedly protested against it, and they were escorted back to Mobile.

They were not war ships, and at that time some of our officers had peculiar ideas of the rights of Rebels: as, for instance, the refusal to allow my colored boy, Friday, to remain at the Fort because he was property, etc.

In our mess I think there were four of as jolly, good-hearted tars as may be found in any navy, who vied with each other in their efforts to make my stay with them as comfortable as possible. I presume my popularity was increased a little bit, from the fact that

I really couldn't swallow the gill of grog, nor use tobacco that was issued to every one who wanted it, and my portion was scrupulously drawn and assigned to our mess.

I was here first introduced to sea biscuit, which you know is the naval term of S. O. B. Every old soldier will know the meaning of those cabalistic letters.

One fellow, who was so droll that he kept the mess in a roar all the time, insisted that some of the sea biscuit then being issued by the commissary had been left over from the Revolutionary War. They were really as hard as a board; it was often as good as a show to watch the antics of Jack trying to weld them, like iron, at the galley range, or to put them under the rollers of the big cannon for a chuck stone.

The pickled pork he declared was alive with worms, and insisted upon taking me up the main mast, to prove to me that great chunks of it were able to crawl up the polished mast to the fore-top. While eating our grub (as they call it), when the cook had prepared a particularly nice dish of scouce (I think that's the way its spelled), Jack would pretend to be so hungry that he and another chum would get on all fours and squeal for all the world like a lot of hogs in a pen.

Every day there would be signals exchanged between our ship and the others, or with Fort Pickens, and occasionally boats from the other vessels would come to our side bringing officers to visit our officers.

For some days my daily life was spent in this way. I began to imagine, from some of the yarns that I was compelled to overhear from the sailors at night, that something was going wrong with me; nothing had been intimated to me directly by any of the officers, who were uniformly courteous, excepting, perhaps, Lieutenant Perry, the executive officer who had general charge of everything. On another occasion he had picked me up sharply for daring to handle a marine glass that I saw on the bridge one day and elevated toward the Rebels.

The sailors, who, of course went with the boats to the fort as oarsmen, must have brought back some exaggerated stories about me, judging from their actions and talk. If any of those who may read my story have ever been compelled to listen to old sailors'

or old soldiers' stories and croakings, they will be able to sympathize with me in my misery. I can think of no comparison that will approach so near my conception of the situation as that of being caged in an insane asylum with a crowd of cranky old lunatics, and being compelled to hear all they have to say without being able to escape from the horror.

This Lieutenant Perry was, I believe, a nephew of Commodore Perry, of Lake Erie fame, and perhaps a very capable officer, though I do not recall having heard his name during the war, which followed so closely. He was evidently prejudiced against me from the first day, probably because I declined to be interviewed by him.

One day I was surprised by having him call me aside and commencing a conversation about the war, during which I expressed some decided opinions about the earnestness and sincerity of the Rebels. And I probably gave vent to my disgust at the permitting my colored boy to be sent back to slavery and possibly punishment.

A short time after this I was invited to the captain's cabin. On entering, I found Mr. Perry and the captain in consultation. After a pleasant greeting, Captain Porter said:

"We have just learned that theRebels have a lot of big guns at Montgomery which they are to send to Pensacola." When he got this far, I interrupted him to say, "That is hardly correct, as I had been in Montgomery, and they had no guns of any kind there." Perry spoke up and said they meant Mobile. Porter continued, smilingly: "Yes, its Mobile, of course. Well, we want to spike those guns right there." Not for a moment thinking they were putting up a job on me, I looked anxiously in Porter's face for a clue to his meaning, in thus talking to me. Looking me squarely in the eye, he said:

"Now the government pays handsomely for this service," patting his pants pockets to make some keys rattle. Still I did not like the appearance of things, and perhaps too abruptly interrupted to say

"Yes, I know; but the Rebels aren't going to let any one do that."

Then ensued a long confab, in which Lieutenant Perry did most of the talking.

Captain Porter finally said to me, with a peculiar look:

"Now I have some little file-shaped things, just made for that purpose; all a man has to do is to quietly drop one of these into the vent, and they don't even know its there, till they want to fire the gun."

This looked plausible, and I began to feel as if I'd like to try that simple little trick, but I told him candidly that I couldn't undertake it; that they would surely hang me, if caught; and that it wouldn't be well for me to run the risk just then.

"Oh, says Perry, we will man a boat and land you on the beach ten miles from Pensacola."

"Yes," spoke up Captain Porter, "we will put you ashore any place you want to go."

Without a moment's thought, except a desire to do any service for my country, I said to them, "All right, I'll go."

I knew nothing whatever at this time of the demands that were being made by the rebel authorities upon the Fort to have me surrendered on a civil process, and on the same general principles that had induced the Fort officers to return the colored boy, was being brought to bear in my case. It seems the officers of the Fort got rid of the knotty point by informing the Rebel flag-of-truce boat that I was out of their control, and in the hands of the naval authorities.

Application had been made to the flag-ship of the squadron, that being the proper headquarters, but it seems that in some way Captain Porter's instructions were direct and more recent than had been received by the admiral, whose name, if I remember aright, was Adams or Alden; but of this I am not positive. However, there was some sort of a conflict of authority between Porter and the Admiral, and not altogether a cordial feeling between them, as there were no visits or courtesies being exchanged beween them, as was customary in such situations.

I had myself seen from the deck of the Powhattan a little tug-boat bobbing out to the Admiral's ship, but had no idea, of course, that I was being the subject of negotiations, which were being carried on by the opposing forces through their flags of truce.

The Admiral, who had desired the ships from Mobile to pass in unmolested, was quite indifferent to my fate, and did not deign to

communicate with Mr. Porter or myself. No doubt if I had been aboard his ship instead of Admiral Porter's, the true story of this episode would never have been written; as I should have been surrendered, as a matter of *courtesy* to the Rebels, who would have further extended the courtesy—at the end of a rope.

CHAPTER VI.

ADMIRAL PORTER SAVES THE BOY'S LIFE—INTERVIEW WITH THE REBEL FLAG-OF-TRUCE OFFICERS, WHO CLAIM HIM FOR A VICTIM—SCENES ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR—RETURN HOME BY SEA—RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—TELEGRAPH ACQUAINTANCES—NEW YORK PAPERS RECORD THE ADVENTURE IN FULL PAGE.

It will be seen that the Admiral was willing that I should be surrendered, and my life hung for several days in a balance, which, thank God, was held by Captain Porter.

Perry, knowing of these negotiations, was himself convinced that I was a Rebel Spy, whom they wanted to get back, and had kept a close watch on my actions; and, I presume, had set half the ship's crew to pick me up on any little circumstance which would serve to confirm his suspicions that I was in the service of the rebellion.

One day I was sitting on the "back stairs," or on the platform of the gangway aft the wheel-house, and, as the vessel had swung round, I could, from my location, see right over the water to the rebel lines. My position happened to be somewhat secluded, and I had in my hands a scrap of an old New York *Ledger*, that one of the tars had loaned me. I saw that I was being watched by Perry, who was in quiet consultation with the officer of the deck. A marine with a loaded musket had been ordered to look sharp that I did not fly over to the Rebs, I suppose.

While in this situation the thought burst upon me that I was a prisoner, suspected by my own friends of being a spy in their camp.

The interview that I had had in the cabin with Captain Porter and Lieutenant Perry, the proposed trip to Mobile, with a dozen other little incidents, rushed through my brain at once, but I was comforted by the thought that the War Department would acknowledge my services. After this feeling had passed away from my mind to some extent, I recalled with bitterness some of Lieutenant Perry's actions and talks with me. Carelessly glancing around to see that he was still on deck, I wrote on the margin of that old

paper some words that expressed, in language more emphatic than politic, the opinion I entertained of a certain officer, and whose conduct I should take care would be reported to the ears of the Navy Department. Before I had finished, a hand was laid on my shoulder; another reached down and snatched the paper from my hand; the young officer, whom I had seen talking to Perry but a few moments previously, said:

"Ah, sketching, are you?" as he took the paper and handed it to Mr. Perry, who was at his back, and he read with a flushed face the ugly comments on his brutality to a boy prisoner, who had done more for his country in one night than he would accomplish in his life-time.

For a boy, this was a pretty sharp trick, if it were not very discreet. Mr. Perry roughly said, as I put my hands in my pockets and looked at him defiantly.

"Take your hands out of your pockets when you talk to an officer, damm you!" "Go forward, sir!" "Don't you come aft again!"

Mr. Perry, as the executive officer, had the control and management of almost every detail aboard ship; and, of course, after his ridiculous failure to catch me mapping, or sketching, which had become known all over the ship, he entertained for me more positive and open dislike than ever, so that I was henceforth, practically, his prisoner. I had enjoyed full liberty to go about everywhere as I pleased, heretofore, and lounged or lay about in the warm sun most of the time up by the wheel-house; but now I understood that, by his arbitrary orders, I was not to be allowed to go aft; which I interpreted to mean confinement to the forecastle.

This was not so pleasant for me, as I could have no communication with the officers, and lost the opportunity of seeing the marine drill, which was a daily performance, that seemed to relieve the monotony of our every-day life, which was indeed becoming quite tiresome to me.

However, I consoled myself with the reflection that I should soon be able to get away to my home in the North. There had been a transport in the squadron unloading supplies, which I had been given to understand would take me off on her return to New York. I watched with eager interest the unloading of this transport, which

had to be tediously and drudgingly performed by the use of lighters and pulleys over the ship's side;—the rebs objected, you know, to our forces using the Fort's piers, which was within range of their guns, though it will be recalled that our Admiral did not prevent their ships going into the harbor to unload their supplies.

I think it must have been some of Billy Wilson's Zouaves, or their supplies, that were being unloaded. You will remember that about this time that regiment of the roughs and toughs of New York City had been sent down there, where they were permitted to encamp on the Island, between the fires of the two forces; being natural enemies of both, communication with them was necessarily limited.

Early one morning, one of the petty officers shook me out of the hammock, saying:

"Bundle up quickly, to go aboard the transport."

If I didn't get out of the hammock that morning very gracefully, it was because it was done suddenly. The man who called me stood by, as he said, to help me get ready, as the ship was to sail at daylight. I had no bag for my luggage, which consisted only of the gifts of the fine sailor suit, mentioned heretofore, and what I wore on my person, so we were not long in getting ready.

Hurrying up on deck, I went to the gangway aft, where the little gig, as they call the little boat, was bobbing up and down on the swell, as the waves beat against the ship's side. The sailor standing in the bow, holding on to the steps, or rope balustrade, helped me to make the little jump into the boat, which I felt was dancing with delight because it was to take me off that old ship.

As I passed to the rear seat, each old tar had a kind word of good-by for me, and I believe that I promised every one of them to go and see their friends and sweethearts when I should get home. We waited awhile for an officer who was getting the captain's mail ready. Soon Lieutenant Queen came down the steps and scrambled to a seat beside me, saying, pleasantly:

"Well, my boy, I wish I were going with you this morning."

He gave the order to let go and soon we were bouncing over the water toward the transport, which was smoking and hissing away at a great rate some distance from our ship but nearer the shore. When we pulled alongside I braced myself for the climb up her side, when

Lieutenant Queen should give the signal. He had gone aboard ahead and delayed sometime; presently he appeared at the ship's side and began to descend to our boat again; I thought his manner a little queer, as I watched him with astonishment; once in the boat, he was about to give the order to pull off, when the captain of the transport hailed him and said:

"I'm sorry, but don't you forget to tell Porter its not my fault."

After a little further talk in an undertone, Mr. Queen told the coxswain to go ahead, and then turning to me said:

"There's some mistake, they say they can't take you, they have no room."

My feelings may be imagined—they can not be described. I was so disappointed that I was literally struck dumb, and could not speak a word on our return to the ship, and was led aboard by the good-hearted old sailors as if I had just been rescued from a watery grave.

Going to our ship's side, I looked over the water in the early grey of the morning and saw the transport, on which I had built my every hope of home, slowly but surely steaming away toward home, and I still on the ship *and a prisoner*. How long I stood there I do not know; probably until the fast-sailing transport had almost gotten out of my dimmed sight. I cried, of course I did, like a big baby, and on board a man-of-war, too; and being too proud to show it, I kept my face resolutely set toward the receding ship that was going home without me.

I didn't even have such a thing as a handkerchief to dry those tears, bitter tears, which *would* run down my cheeks and drop into the sea below me.

Mr. Queen, who had reported his trip to Captain Porter, hunted me up to say that "the captain would see that I was taken care of and sent home all right."

Speaking in his kindly, sympathetic manner, seemed to renew my emotion, and turning my wet cheeks to him I said, I fear somewhat harshly, "I'll never again undertake anything that would get me aboard a naval officer's ship."

He laughed good-naturedly, while he told me of his many disappointments in not getting home from foreign countries, as he had

planned, while in the naval service. He said also that Captain Porter was mad about it, because some one seemed determined to interfere with everything or anything he wanted to accomplish, but he would fix me all right next time, and, pointing to another transport, he said:

"You will go on that ship in a few days."

Some of the talks and hints which the old sailors had been firing at me for days about a Rebel Spy, sent aboard to fire their magazine, or to signal to the Rebels any attempt to run inside, and which I had taken at the time as sailors' yarns, were now vividly recalled to my mind. These things, coupled with the recent interview between Porter, Perry and myself, in which I had been entrapped into an agreement to return through their lines to spike some guns, all came upon me with a sickening sensation.

I had been led by the talk of Perry, against my own judgment, and doubting the feasibility of his plans, to agree that I should put ashore alone, in a dismal swamp in Florida, ten miles from everything living but alligators and snakes, in the dark of midnight, to find my way across to Mobile to spike some guns.

Because I was willing to *do anything* for the benefit of the Union cause, not having a single thought of fear or danger to myself, this disposition had been twisted and tortured by Mr. Perry, a United States officer, into a virtual acknowledgement on my part that I was a Rebel and was anxious to return to their camps.

I do not believe that Captain Porter agreed with Perry in this conclusion.

If the object of these Rebels in their negotiation was to throw discredit on my reports of their operations and plans—which they knew I could correctly give—they succeeded only in the sense that I was personally discredited. The officers at the Fort were grateful and glad to receive my information. I know they were benefited by and acted upon it; but the poor spy who enabled them to save their Fort, or at least prevent disaster, was ignored. The officers, no doubt, took great credit to themselves in their official reports.

I may be allowed to say right here that the spy's work, though often most dangerous and important, is always thankless. That was my experience at the outset of my career, but (unfortunately for me perhaps) did not deter me from continuing in the same service.

I made up my mind to one thing, however; I stuck to it, and I was never caught on board a man-of-war again, but confined my operations to solid ground, where I could have more room and freedom, and be my own executive officer.

The next day on board the ship was Sunday, and an eventful one to me. As is customary aboard a man-of-war, it was inspection day. All soldiers and sailors know what a Sunday inspection is, so I need not describe it.

At a certain hour I was invited aft, with the drove of a crew—to "Meetin'," as the sailor said. All hands were congregated about the deck according to a drill, which all understood, at a certain, moment the officer of the deck stepped to the captain's door and, after saluting in the proper manner, invited the parson to the pulpit.

Captain Porter in full regimentals marched out in grand style, taking up his position, and gravely opened a book from which he read some prayers as effectively as a clergyman, after which there were orders read, and a dismissal for a general holiday—relief from drill and routine work for the balance of the day.

This was the first time I had been permitted to look at the captain since my disappointment, and I most eagerly scanned his face for some indication of his feeling toward me; once or twice I caught his eye, but I found little comfort there. He was a fierce-looking fellow, and particularly so when fixed up in his Sunday toggery.

The other ships of the squadron, as well as the fort and the Rebels, seemed to be putting on their best attire and were feeling comfortable in their Sunday dress.

Inside the harbor, the Rebels seemed to be enjoying Sunday excursions with their little boats; the officers on the ships and the fort were exchanging friendly visits.

I had, as a special Sunday privilege, I suppose, been told to resume the freedom of the ship as at first, and was lounging in my haunt above, where I could see all about us.

Along some time in the afternoon I noticed a little steam-tug steam out past Fort Pickens, puffing and dancing along in the direction of the admiral's flag-ship. The striking peculiarity about the little boat was, that at her bow she floated a white flag, not larger than a bathing towel, while on the rear staff were flaunted the Rebel colors.

My curiosity having been greatly excited by the sailors' talks of flags-of-truce to the fort, in which I was in some unknown way connected by them, I watched with intense interest every movement this little craft made; she came on, dancing along between the shore and the squadron until the flag-ship was almost abreast of her, then suddenly turning, the fluttering white flag pointed directly to the admiral's ship, and was lost to my sight behind her great sides.

Others on board were watching this also, and I could see that the glances of the men would turn significantly from the little truce boat to me.

Mr. Queen had gone off visiting, but Mr. Perry was on hand, sullen and disagreeable.

They stopped so long aboard the Admiral's ship that one of the younger officers ventured to say to me in a side whisper, feeling perhaps that I needed some comfort: "Oh, they are just over for a Sunday visit to the Admiral," and then walked briskly away from me as if afraid of being seen by Perry talking to the Rebel Spy.

He had scarcely turned away from me when, on looking in the direction of the flag-ship, I saw the white flag come bobbing out from under the stern of the big ship. Were they going back to their Rebel camps? *No!* they were bearing straight down on us, while they were waving adieus to the officers, who were looking over the bulwarks of the ship they had just quitted.

Great God! my heart sank within me at the thought that they were after me again, and the old Admiral had sent them to Captain Porter, with orders to give me up.

I reckon I turned pale. I know that I felt that I would die in the water beneath me before I would return with them to the Rebel lines. I was a boy of strong impulse, and, if I must say it myself, I was not afraid of death; but I determined in the instant I stood there watching that boat come toward us so saucily that I would die rather than return with them.

The slightest provocation at that time would have made me leap overboard. Luckily for me, the young officer who had spoken to me but a few moments previously, ran rapidly up the few steps, and called me quickly to him, saying:

"Captain wants you in his cabin, right away."

I nervously followed him, and as he opened the cabin door I stepped

inside and saw Captain Porter in the act of buckling on his sword belt; his face was strangely flushed, and, as he adjusted his sword into its proper position at his side, and buttoned up his coat, turned sharply on me, saying, as he shook his head significantly:

"Young fellow, that boat is coming after you; do you know that?"

I don't know just what I did reply, I was so stunned for a moment, but the gallant, glorious old loyal son of the navy put the answer into my head.

"You claim our protection, don't you."

"Yes, I do. I'll go overboard Captain, but I'll not return to the Rebel lines."

"You don't need to. You have claimed my protection; you are a boy away from home and among enemies; you are in my charge."

I tried to thank him, but he stopped me; abruptly, saying:

"Never mind; you claim our protection, and, by God, you shall have it."

With this he glared out of his little window like a wild beast in a cage, and I backed out of his presence with a heart overflowing with thankfulness and gratitude, rejoiced that I had found one officer who would use his authority to protect American citizens; who sought the good of the country and the protection of our flag.

I went back to my perch just in time to see the white flag run under our bow, and, looking down over the ship's side, I could see the tug was filled with Rebel officers.

The officer of the deck received them courteously, and, after reporting to Mr. Perry, they were invited aboard. Mr. Perry was most affable and pleasant with them, as were, in fact, all the officers, and the Rebels themselves seemed to be as jolly as if they were out for a frolic. There was nothing in their manner or bearing toward each other that would lead anyone to infer there was any prospect of a war.

After the preliminary courtesies had been exchanged, a couple of them went into the captain's Cabin; what occurred there I never learned; the interview, however, was a mighty short one; the Rebel emissaries came out and without any further parley got aboard their flag-of-truce boat and steered for their sand-banks.

I have a recollection of reading in our school histories an account

of one of our naval officers, while in an Austrian port, giving some such protection to a naturalized citizen of the United States, and great credit attached to this act; perhaps, I am prejudiced, but I doubt very much if that officer did as grand and heroic an act as that of Captain Porter in protecting a boy from the shabby, cowardly attempt of traitors in arms against his flag, aided by the more contemptible conduct of our own officers who were his superiors.

It required the nerve which subsequent events showed Captain Porter to possess, and his name and deeds are everywhere recognized while that of his superior, the Admiral, has been lost.

During the ten days I was anchored off Fort Pickens on board the man-of-war Powhattan my enforced sojourn may be likened to that of a "fish out of water."

In compelling an ignorant slave boatman to row me over the bay in the cover of the night to Fort Pickens with this valuable information, I was, according to law, as it was interpreted technically, guilty of a threat or attempt to kill. This, with the fact that the slave, like the boat and oar, was "property," added robbery to the indictment prepared against me.

But as the slave had been so heartlessly and almost cruelly sent back to his little boat, there was in fact no robbery, and all that could have been claimed was the intention or intent to kill, etc. I did not understand then, and have not since been able to learn, sufficient law to properly satisfy myself on this question, but the facts are as has been stated here.

On his return to the Rebels, the colored boy, no doubt, gave these officials an exaggerated story of his experience with the bold highwayman, or freebooter, in his boat on the bay, thinking in this way to obtain for himself some immunity from the terrible punishment that awaited all slaves who were caught out at night, which would be more especially severe at such a time and under such circumstances as had just happened to him.

The Rebel officers, of course, when they heard the dreadful story from the lips of my boatman, at once began looking up the details of the recent visit of the Texan among them, and readily gathered sufficient data from my week's companionship and intercourse in their midst to justify the conviction that I was a dangerous fellow, and had gone over to the Yankees, knowing their hand and game too well.

It is probable that the object of the flags of truce was, primarily, to create in the minds of our officers an impression that I was unworthy and undeserving of belief. Before leaving Washington I had, while in consultation with an official of the War Department, been given to understand that, as a matter of policy, it would be more to my credit to obtain information and report directly to the War Department; and I was cautioned *not to acknowledge to any person*—friend or foe—that I was on a secret errand. I had not, during my brief stay at the fort, mentioned to any of the officers the fact that I was visiting in the service of the War Department, and had only informed Captain Porter of my hasty interview with the Secretary, admitting to him that the present service was purely voluntary, but that I expected to be regularly engaged on my return home. I had no papers of any kind in my possession, and even if I had brought along with me the Secretary of War's endorsement on my application, no person would have been able to have read the Secretary's peculiar chirography.

Some of our officers, in April, 1861, were inclined to accept the Rebels' interpretation of the laws, and those at Pickens were, I fear, disposed, as a matter of mere courtesy to surrender on their demand my person a victim of their unholy vengance. At that time Ben Butler, Fremont, or General Banks, had not had the opportunity to lay down the law of the nation to the Rebels in arms against its authority; but, luckily for me, I was aboard the ship commanded by Captain D. D. Porter, and though I had in my uncertainty of mind for several days "been like Mahomet's coffin, supended between the earth and sky," I did not at the time these negotiations were pending know that my life was hanging by so slender a thread, or, more properly speaking, that I was liable to be suspended by numerous threads woven together in the more substantial form of a rope.

Captain Porter's interview, however, satisfied me at the time, but when I witnessed with what cordiality and heartiness the Rebel officers were being received aboard our ship, my mind was puzzled, and I recall now a feeling of uncertainty or misgiving.

In a day or so after Captain Porter's reception and emphatic rejection of whatever propositions the Rebel officers accompanying the truce boat had made to him, in regard to giving into their hands for trial the Yankee Spy, I bid Captain Porter and his ship a hearty

and thankful farewell, and the curtain was rung down on my Pinafore experiences.

The side-wheel transport steamer Philadelphia being ready to return to the North, a day preceding her sailing I was placed aboard of her as a dead-head passenger for New York.

There were quite a number of passengers aboard, among them Lieutenant Slemmer and one other artillery officer, whose name I have forgotten, who were going home for the benefit of their health; also a number of mechanics who had been employed about some repairs on the Fort.

As seen from the deck of the transport, as we weighed anchor and pointed her prow homeward-bound, I thought the sloop-of-war Powhattan, with her companion ship, the Brooklyn, with their port-holes and big guns and men aloft, to give us a parting salute, was one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. How much better pleased I was with the view from this standpoint than I had been with the sailing and saluting of the transport which had sailed a few days previous, under just such circumstances (except that I wasn't aboard of her on my way home).

Our captain had taken aboard some field-pieces of heavy artillery which had not yet been stowed below. While we were yet in that portion of the gulf where the water was comparatively so smooth, and the weather so fine, our civilian captain amused himself by calling on all hands to assist in mounting one of these guns on its field carriage, in the bow of his old transport, while he entertained himself and the ship's company with great stories of the danger from the newly-fledged privateers that Jeff Davis so promptly issued his letters of reprisal for.

We steamed along smoothly and slowly enough for a day or two without any adventure. I have often wondered since what would have been the effect on the old ship if that captain had taken a crazy notion to have fired one of those big field-pieces.

When we reached Tortugas, or Fort Jefferson—which I believe is the name of the immense affair which seems to rise straight out of the water—there was considerable saluting and signalling with the flags on the Fort as we approached the anchorage.

We stayed at Tortugas part of two days, storing away the guns, and I do think they were two of the most intolerably hot days that

I have ever felt. As we lay at anchor, and when the sun was highest, it was necessary to spread over the ship's deck the large canvas awning, which the sailors said was to prevent the pitch calking from melting out and to avoid "warping the ship."

Here I went ashore, if going inside an immense Fort can be called shore—there certainly was no freedom about it—but it was a great relief to one's legs to be able to stand and walk about on the ground once more, even though it was inside of great walls, and the only persons to be seen were the men of the garrison, their officers and a few families.

During our voyage—after leaving Key West—our Fort Pickens officers, Lieutenant Slemmer and his companion, had kept close to their rooms—probably they were too sick to make an appearance—but when the ship got into the bay, and as we ran up the river to the anchorage, Mr. Slemmer's sick companion made his appearance dressed up in full regimentals. As he sat on top of the pilot-house with our captain, with his mantle thrown back over his shoulder, and showing the brilliant red lining of the artillery uniform, he looked to me then as if he were expecting to be received as a hero.

Lieutenant Slemmer, on the other hand, modest and retiring, did not show himself at all; and, as soon as he got ashore, he scurried off to Pennsylvania to meet his wife, who had previously been highly honored and entertained after her return North through the rebel lines.

Your humble servant was not long in getting on solid ground, and, in company with a Spanish exile from Cuba, we drove at once to the Astor House. Here was lying in state, in their heavily draped parlor, the body of Colonel Ellsworth, the funeral cortege being on the way from Washington City to the burial place, somewhere east of New York.

It is not for me, in this narrative, to attempt anything like a description of the exciting times I was permitted to witness in New York City that Sunday. Those who have followed me in this effort to picture my solitary and lonely adventures, away off in Florida, when my attempts, voluntarily, to do something for my country, and for the people who were then so terribly in earnest at home, will appreciate my feelings of joy and happiness, over being once more among friends—and such great, hearty, fighting friends, too, as everybody seemed to be at that time.

The first thing I did was to go to a telegraph office; and, climbing up four or five flights of stairs, I found Mr. Porter in charge of the operating room, as chief operator and manager; and although I had never met him personally, I was well acquainted by wire, having often worked with him at the other end of a 300 mile wire.

Introducing myself, and briefly explaning my arrival from Florida, and a desire to announce myself to friends at the other end of his wire, he astonished me by at once saying:

"Why, bless me, is this *you?* There's been lots of talking over this wire about you, lately."

Then he related at length all he had seen and heard of my career through the newspapers during all the time I was a helpless prisoner aboard the Powhattan.

He had, as you may imagine, a great deal of news for me about myself, as reported by the Southern press and extensively copied in the North.

I was soon put in communication over the wire with a brother operator near my own home; and, strange as it may appear to those who are not familiar with the humors of the telegraph, an operator's "touch," even though a thousand miles distant, like the sound of a familiar voice, is recognized by some peculiarity that attaches to the operator's style.

My old friend at the other end of the wire, on hearing my "sending" at the New York end, told me afterward, that on that quiet Sunday morning, when all alone in his office, he had been reading at that very moment a newspaper account of my adventures, in which it was made to appear that our officers had, in reply to the demand of the rebels, informed them, that they—the Union officers—were going to hang this spy themselves; and while he was yet thinking that as between the two, there was no hope of my escape, his attention was called to the signal for his office to receive a message. Hastily answering to "G. A.," or the telegraphers go ahead, he pulled out a pencil to note down the message. The first words the brass tongue of the instrument sounded to his startled ears were:

"I am O. K."—this was my telegraphic signal—"Who are you?"

He said he knew as quickly as the words "I am," were sounded, that it was me at the key; but, in his present state of mind, could not resist the feeling that he was about to communicate with a spirit,

or the ghost of his friend, but, as the sounder became silent, or paused for a reply, he recovered himself, and answered nervously that he was my old friend Gilson.

Then we had a long, confidential talk in whispers, as it were, over the long wire, in which much that I have tried to relate in these pages was briefly gone over, while I was, in turn, informed of all that had been done and said during my absence.

Word was sent to my father and to my sweethearts and all my friends. As I rose to leave the office, and turned to thank my old fraternal companion for his kindness and courtesy, in giving me this opportunity to at once converse with my home, he suggested to me that, as I had been so grossly misreprented, I ought to see the New York papers and have my story properly given to the world.

At his request, I agreed to meet him at the office in the evening, when he would take me to the different offices of newspapers with which he, as manager of the Associated Press, had friendly relations, and introduce me to the editors.

Leaving Mr. Porter, I found my way next to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church, in Brooklyn, as being one of the necessary things to do in New York on a Sunday morning. Here I got a back seat, in a crowded gallery, and, as I had not yet gotten over the tumbling and rolling sensations experienced aboard our old tub of a ship, as I sat there and tried to ogle the pretty girls in the choir over Mr. Beecher's pulpit, the whole church persisted in rocking and rolling, precisely as the ship had been doing for a week.

The rest of the day I put in sending notes and messages to Washington, and to friends whom I had left at home, but many of whom, I now learned, were out in the army, at different points.

In the evening, I met my friend according to appointment, and together we called at the New York *Herald* office, where I was pleasantly welcomed as a "fruitful subject," and the shrewd city editor pumped me thoroughly dry before he let me out of that chair by his desk.

From there we went to the New York *Tribune*, where the same procedure was gone through but at somewhat greater length. The next morning, which, if I remember rightly, was May 28th, 1861, these two New York papers printed with bold head-lines a full account of my recent adventure.

The *Tribune*, I think, published one of their war maps, in which was located the different Rebel batteries, but in such a mixed-up way that I was unable to understand it myself.

However, it satisfied the people, and for a single day I was a greater hero in New York than Lieutenant Slemmer.

Luckily for me, perhaps, I was anxious to get back home to see my number one girl, and got out of the city before I could be wholly spoiled.

When I got over to Philadelphia, where I had some old railroad friends, upon whom I called for passes home, I was also quite a big fellow among my former railroad associates, and the passes were furnished without a question as to my claims or rights. Fortunately, I survived it all.

I reckon I should have first reported to the War Departmen, at Washington, but at that particular time I was much more concerned about what No. 1 would think of it all, than I was for the opinion of the War Department, so I first reported to her, and the first words I heard were:

"Why, I thought you were hung!"

What a deadener that was! The word *hung* fell from her lips into my heart like the dull, sickening thud of the dropping victim from the scaffold. But this isn't to be a love story, so I must pass over some of the most interesting little events in the career I am trying to describe, although they supply the motive for many of the acts and incidents which to all my friends seemed queer.

CHAPTER VII.

REPORTING TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR, AT WASHINGTON—ORDERED ON ANOTHER SCOUT TO VIRGINIA—IN PATTERSON'S ARMY, IN VIRGINIA, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

I was having such a pleasant time at my home and among my young friends, that I took no thought of reporting to the officials of the War Department, at Washington. One day we were advised by the papers that Senator Andy Johnson, the famous Unionist of Tennessee, would pass through our town on his way to the Capital. This was about the time of the outbreak of the reign of terror in East Tennessee, and the sturdy Senator, with many others of the same fearless build, had been forced to flee for his life. But while he was a hunted fugitive when south of the Ohio River, his progress through the loyal States to Washington was a right royal one.

As will be recalled, Mr. Johnson had been my first friend in Washington, and it was through my association with himself and Mr. Covode that I had entered the service.

When the train rolled up to the station, I was the first to board the car, and, in my rather boyish way, pushed unceremoniously through the crowd to where the Senator was holding an impromptu reception. He greeted me very kindly by a hearty shake, as he bade me sit down by him, and as soon as he found an opportunity, in his half-laughing, fatherly way, began to catechize the boy.

As I have previously said, up to the meeting with the Senator, I had been entirely neglectful of my proper duty of reporting to the War Department a formal account of my movements since leaving Washington. I assumed that, in a general way, the newspaper comments, which were quite flattering in the North, would be sufficient.

This fact, with the frank confession that I really felt myself under greater obligations to a little girl, and was more willing to do her bidding than that of the Secretary of War, explains another of my many mistakes during the war.

When I told Senator Johnson that I had not heard from the War Department since leaving Washington in March—it was early in June now—he said at once:

"Why, you had better come right along with me to Washington. You ought to be there now."

Just then the train began to move off; a friend standing near me who had heard the Senator's suggestion, emphatically seconded it, by saying:

"Go on; now is your chance; you might be too late if you wait here longer."

I had no opportunity to say good-by to my folks, my friends, or my sweetheart; but went off as impulsively as before on a scouting campaign that, in effect, lasted until the close of the war.

During that night's railroad ride over the Alleghany Mountains, as I sat alongside Mr. Johnson, as we sped along the Juniata, I told him my story. The Senator was an attentive listener, and, before going to sleep, directed that I should at once put myself in communication with the War Department, and refer the secretary to himself and Mr. Covode.

In those days I did not consider a birth in a sleeping-car a necessary condition for a night's ride, but found an empty seat, curled my five feet six and-a-half inches of body into three and-a-half feet of space, and slept the sound sleep of youth, while the train rapidly rolled through the darkness toward the sunrise and daylight.

On my arrival in Washington, I went directly to the Seventh Avenue Hotel, located at the northeast corner of Seventh and Pennsylvania avenues and Market space. This was Mr. Covode's quarters when in the city.

The clerk directed me to the parlor, where Mr. Covode was at that moment receiving a delegation.

Recognizing me at once, he collared me as a school-master would a truant boy whom he had caught unexpectedly. I was pleasantly hauled across the room and introduced to Mr. John W. Forney, as a "young man from our own State who had been down amongst the Rebels, and they couldn't catch him; and if they had, he wouldn't be here now.—Ha! ha!"

I found myself quite well known in Washington wherever introduced by Mr. Covode and his friends. It will be remembered that

Mr. Forney was then a prominent newspaper man, and no doubt he found in the boy, who had just returned from a trip through Rebel armies, quite an interesting news source for his papers.

I had been compelled to go over my story so much that I really became quite surfeited with the whole business, and was glad enough when evening came, that I could go off alone and have a nice little time around the corner at the "Canterberry" Every old soldier who spent a day or night in Washington will laugh when he reads anything about the "Canterberry." I confess that for a time I became so greatly interested in the famous bouffe singer, Julia Mortimer, that I had nearly forgotten No. 1, and was becoming quite indifferent in regard to my appointment or business with the War Department.

I found that it was about as difficult as before I left the city for Montgomery to obtain a private hearing with the Secretary.

Upon the suggestion of these friends, who had interested themselves in me, I was advised to make my application personally to the Secretary of War for a commission in the regular army; all agreed that this would be about the proper thing to do, it being understood that, in case I should secure this, which would be a permanency, that I could, of course, be detailed in the customary way, on special staff duty, in the field, where there would be opportunity for me to make some use of the information I had obtained of the Southern country and their armies.

With this object in view, I called at the War Department one day in company with Mr. Covode.

Mr. Cameron was, as usual, very busy. There were a great many persons waiting their turn for an audience. Mr. Covode was admitted out of the regular order, because he, being a Congressman, had stated to the attendants, in his positive way, that his business was most urgent, and that he *must* see the Secretary. Mr. Cameron received us at first rather gruffly, when he learned that the object of this visit was to secure an office; but, upon being reminded of a former appeal and promise, and my recent services being brought to his attention in Mr. Covode's glowing style, the Secretary turned to me laughing, in his quiet way, and said:

"Well, there's no doubt but that you have the pluck necessary for the army."

Then turning to Mr. Covode, abruptly interrupting him, as if to ask a question:

"We would like to find out just now what the Rebel Johnston is doing down in front of Pennsylvania."

Covode was ready to change the subject, and follow the Secretray's lead, and at once spoke for me:

"We'll, here's the boy to find out all about it."

He didn't seem to think it necessary to consult me about the matter at all. Mr. Cameron, looking at me quizically, said:

"I will have you in mind. and get you *something* as soon as I can find a suitable place."

Then turning about, as the attendant brought in a message from another urgent Congressman, he said, in an authoritative manner:

"Covode, you go to Army Headquarters and tell them I sent you there with this young man. They can use him to advantage, perhaps. I will see you again."

I wasn't exactly satisfied with this outlook. I had thought that I was through with the spy business, and had no desire to undertake any more lonely and isolated trips through the enemy's country.

Since my return I had found that nearly all the young fellows of my acquaintance were either in the army, or about to enter it, and I had naturally imbibed the military fever which prevailed at this time. I reckon every one of us expected, as a matter of course, to become colonels or generals in short order, for gallant service in front of the enemy, so it was not at all to my liking that I was being steered in the direction of the rear of the Rebel lines again.

In my case, it was a doubly-dangerous undertaking, as I had so recently been well advertised all over the South in their papers, and was, of course, liable to be recognized and hung as a spy if I should be captured any place in their lines. As I walked with Mr. Covode from the old War Department Building I said something to him about my misgivings, but in his hearty way he assured me by saying: "Oh, this isn't going to last long." And then in a confidential manner he said: "Old Simon wants to find out something; you just go ahead and do as he wants you to, and it will be all right."

When we reached Army Headquarters we encountered a sentry

on duty at the door—a soldier of the regular army, who did not show Mr. Covode any particular attention, not recognizing a Congressman in his rough exterior. After some dilly-dallying we were admitted to the presence of a military-looking fellow whose name I can not recall. Mr. Covode introduced himself, and presented me as being sent by the Secretary of War. This announcement at once seemed to put the officer in a better humor with himself and his callers. Mr. Covode brusquely stated his business; the officer attentively listened and sharply eyed me while Mr. Covode went through with his story about my services at Pensacola.

"Does the Secretary want to procure any information as to General Patterson's movements?"

(It will be remembered that at this time General Patterson was being urged by the War Department to make a demonstration on Johnston, to prevent him reinforcing Beauregard at Manassas.)

Mr. Covode answered: "We want all the information we can get from all quarters, and he can get it too."

The officer said, smilingly: "Oh yes, of course; the young man is in the secret service of the War Department."

Returning to the Secretary's office for some written authority to present to General Patterson, we were directed by Mr. Cameron to one of the clerks, who, after a short private conversation between Mr. Covode and Mr. Cameron, was authorized to prepare a note of introduction. As he handed the official envelope to me, he took occasion to observe, in a very pleasant way:

"I would suggest that this young man should not permit any persons to become acquainted with his business; the department prefers to hear from their special agents in confidence, and *not through the newspapers.*" This hint given in this pleasant manner, I did not forget in following months or years.

To my friend and tutelar saint, Mr. Covode, I again expressed my doubts about any secret service, after returning from our brief interview with Mr. Secretary-of-War Cameron and the official at Army Headquarters. Mr. Covode apparently agreed with my conclusions, saying, as he reached for the official-looking letter which the War Department clerk had given me, and that I hesitatingly held in my hand: "Lets see that letter."

Putting on his old-fashioned round-eyed spectacles, he read half

aloud, in his deliberate way, as if studying out some hidden meaning:

"This will introduce to you Mr. O. K., a young man who has gained some personal knowledge of the plans of the Rebels, and who, I hope, may be of service to you in the same direction, etc.

(Signed), "SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War.*"

He read it over a second time, and then looking at me, as if he had suddenly solved a problem said: "Didn't he tell you to report *direct* to the War Department?"

"Yes," I remembered that I was advised to report to the War Department first and not to the newspapers.

"Well," says Mr. Covode, "that's all right; you go up there and find Patterson and present that letter, and he will give you authority to go wherever you please, and you let us know here what's going on."

When I left the old man, I ventured a word as to my prospects for a commission in the regular army, to which he gave the usual answer: "Oh, that's all right," and added—

"Come and see me to-morrow and I'll give you some more letters to some friends in Patterson's army."

After a restless night, I was early at Mr. Covode's room receiving a pleasant good-morning. He said in a confidential whisper, but which was loud enough for any person to have heard had we not been alone in the room:

"I saw some of those people last night, and it is all right." That wasn't very great encouragement to be sure, but, he added with a significant wink, "You go up there at once and find out all you can, and report *to me* what's going on, particularly if there are any Rebels going to attack Patterson's army," and he added, again with emphasis. "Report to me here, quick as you can."

"Yes, but this letter is to report to General Patterson."

"That's all right; you are to report direct to the War Department, too."

I began to feel considerably mixed up by these contradictory instructions, but all the satisfaction I could get from Mr. C. was—"That's all right," to which he added, as I was leaving, "You tell me all you can find out, and I'll make it all right at the War Department."

As this letter had been prepared and signed by a clerk in the War Department, the penmanship was, of course, in the regulation copper-plate style, wholly unlike the former endorsement that I had received in Mr. Cameron's own handwriting.

Though Patterson's army was in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry and Williamsport, Maryland, about fifty miles distant in a direct route from Washington, I concluded that, with such a recommendation in my possession, the furthest way round might be the nearest way home; I would not risk the capture of that note by taking a short cut, so I made a safe detour, going due north to Baltimore and Harrisburgh, Pa., distant over a hundred miles; thence I came back south west through the beautiful Cumberland Valley to Chambersburg and Hagerstown, about seventy-five or eighty miles more ground.

Here I was almost literally dumped from the car into the midst of General Patterson's army—a lively host of the gallant and patriotic boys who had rushed to arms at the first call of President Lincoln for the three-months men.

There have been books upon books published giving the history of this campaign, any one of which probably contains a more satisfactory description of the camp-life of those days than I would be able to give here. This effort is necessarily a personal, and, to some extent a private history only, of the campaigns of an individual scout, but I may be indulged in the hope that some of the old boys, who will take the trouble to follow me in these wanderings, may have been among those who were in camp near Hagerstown along in June and July, 1861. With what tenacity the mind clings to the remembrance of those early days of the great war.

I recall, as if it were but yesterday, this first hunt through the different camps for "Headquarters."

Jolly soldiers were to be found everywhere, either walking about the roads in hilarious squads, or assembled in groups under the shade of trees by the roadside, or perhaps crowding the porches and occupying all the chairs in the neighboring houses. In after years, when provost-marshals and camp-guards were established, the sky-larking was not so common, and the crowds, then, were usually to be seen only around some spring or well of water.

I recall now with amusement how ignorant some of the three-

month boys of '61 were about their own army-headquarters. Many to whom I applied for information about the location of headquarters, referred me severally, to their own colonels, while one young officer, I remember, pointed to a mounted officer just riding past as the "General's Assistant."

I tramped through miles of dust that hot afternoon before I could get onto General Patterson's track, and, when I finally discovered headquarters, I learned that the General with some of his aids were attending a dinner-party in the town and could not be seen before the next day.

I did not deliver my letter of introduction to the officer, who I thought at the time rather impudently demanded to know my business with the General, but merely told him that I should call again to see the General.

Having tried to perform a duty, and attended to business first, I set about enjoying the holiday which it seemed to me the boys were having all around. How like a circus it all seemed; some of the scenes then enacted might be compared to that of a country fair, at which there was being held, as an additional attraction to the country people, a militia muster or a prize drill, such as we see now when the State troops assemble one week in summer for their annual camp and drill. There was so much free and easy mixture of civilians and ladies with the soldiers—especially the officers—all were being constantly stirred up by the bands, that seemed to break forth in melody from every grove. There was, of course, the dust on the roads; the processions of thirsty crowds to and from the springs or wells; it all seems now like an immense picnic. Dear me, what bass drums there were in General Patterson's army; wasn't there one to each company? The old-fashioned bass drum, too, as big as a barn door, and noisy in proportion, and to which was usually assigned the biggest fellow in the company the duty of beating on both sides.

A Rebel officer once told me that they were able to estimate the strength of McDowell's army before Manassas by the beating of bass drums at parades each evening.

Along about sundown the usual preparations were made in all the camps for the dress parade—the great feature of the day—which was being witnessed by hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of ladies,

old men, and children, who would drive out from the town and surrounding country for miles to witness it, to the delight of the soldiers. What a beautiful sight, in June, 1861, was a full regiment of 1,000 freshly-uniformed, healthy, fresh men in line on dress parade, with their gayly-attired officers (staff and line), going through the "retreat" with fine musical accompaniment. How smart the adjutant was, and what a tremendous fellow the drum-major! On Sunday evenings, at this parade, the chaplain took a hand in the drill, making a prayer, while the long line of the full regiment stood at "parade rest," uncovered, with heads bowed, their little fatigue caps being placed on the muzzle of the gun; the band played "Old Hundred," and perhaps a chorus of a thousand male voices sung the soul-thrilling melody of the grand old tune, which is sung in Heaven. So it was in front of Hagerstown in June or July, 1861.

It was the fortune of war for me to be with the Army of the Potomac again before Hagerstown in July, 1863—a week after the battle of Gettysburg. But—ah, yes—the conditions were sadly changed; scarcely a brigade of that army could muster then as many men as were in each regiment in 1861. There were no visitors in camp; not a lady was to be seen, except, perhaps, the hospital attendants, and the music was confined to the tiresome routine of the "Reveille," "Tattoo" and "Taps."

My first day in General Patterson's army was so full of new and soul-stirring, sensations, as compared with the same experiences in the rebel lines, that I was all in a ferment, and forgot about being tired, hungry and worn out, until the evening parades were all over, and the soldiers began to prepare their camp suppers.

While trudging wearily back to the town, some miles distant, to find some supper and a bed, I had the opportunity to reflect seriously in my own mind over the work that I had undertaken.

I wondered to myself if there were not Rebel spies in our army there. It occurred to me at once that there were no obstacles for them to overcome—the entire camp was free; everybody was welcomed indiscriminately to the camp by the good-hearted soldiers; and officers were only too eager to talk with every caller about all they knew of the plans and strength of their own army. This, notwithstanding we were then encamped in Maryland, among a peo-

ple who, if not openly hostile to our cause, were generally in sympathy with the secessionists, whose army was within fighting distance and communication with their headquarters was only a question of an hour or so.

Our officers and soldiers had certainly taken Hagerstown, Md., as I found to my disgust when I reached the hotel after dark, finding every bed and every corner of the old tavern was literally in possessions of our forces, though, through the kindly interest of a citizen, I was luckily provided with half a bed in a private house. Of course I slept well, except that I was disturbed by a horrid nightmare. I had somehow been transformed into a big brass drum, which a brawny fellow insisted upon pounding upon my stomach, which probably hadn't succeeded in digesting the cold supper.

The first thing next morning was to try and find General Patterson. My experience of the previous day enabled me to steer in a straight course this time, so I was not long in getting to headquarters; but seeing General Patterson was not such an easy matter. His staff officers volunteered to attend to business for their General, but I wouldn't, of course, allow *any* person to learn the character of my business. It was only after I had written a note, stating that I had a letter from the Secretary of War which I desired to present personally, that I was permitted to approach the Commander.

I need not describe the old Philadelphia militia General. He had, as is well-known, achieved some distinction during the Mexican War, and since that had enjoyed a life of leisure in his native city, where he had, by means of his wealth and accomplishments, become connected with the aristocratic families of the Quaker City. He was, besides, a patron of the military and the clubs; and being so favorably endorsed by prominent people of the State, he was selected to command the troops of Pennsylvania, then operating against General Joe Johnston of the rebel army.

After some further delay, I was admitted to the presence of the old general, who, I imagined, was surprised at my youthful appearance and wondered that I had the temerity to beard such a grim old soldier as himself in his den.

There were several other officers present, and also two gentlemen in civilian's dress, one of whom was quite an elderly-looking gentleman while his companion was a young fellow, whose appearance

struck me at once as being that of a Southerner. While General Patterson read my note of introduction from the Secretary of War, I embraced the opportunity to more closely observe the visitors, who were being entertained so pleasantly by the officers.

I quickly gathered from the conversation that the elderly gentleman was applying to our officers for some protection from our own soldiers, for his property. He probably owned some cherry trees in the neighborhood of the camp, or, perhaps, it may have been that the soldiers insisted on using some of the water from an overflowing spring somewhere on his ground. Whatever it was, he was receiving from the staff officers quite emphatic assurances that he should receive all the protection he wanted, and, moreover, the men guilty of trespassing on his ground should be severely punished. The young fellow whom I assumed to be the son had nothing to say.

After General Patterson had finished reading the note, he turned, and, after looking me all over, through his glasses, as if I was some kind of a curiosity who stood meekly and innocently before him, said: "Why, take a seat." Then, turning to one of his aides, he said something in an undertone as he handed him the letter. The aide, after reading it carefully, stepped up to me and pleasantly but coolly invited me outside, when he said: "The General requests that you will come to his quarters this evening."

This wasn't exactly satisfactory to me, but I was glad enough to get from the presence of the General's visitors, because I was apprehensive that something might be said in their hearing that would identify me as a scout.

My visit to General Patterson occurred about the time that General Joe Johnston was maneuvering in his front, with the object of getting away from him to reinforce Beauregard at Manassas, in anticipation of the impending battle there. Our Washington officials were uneasy as to the outcome of this movement, and had been almost daily urging General Patterson to make some demonstration in front of Johnston that would prevent his leaving for Manassas.

Though I did not know it at the time, I have since learned that the War Department, at Washington, while they would not employ scouts themselves over the head of the Commander of the department, yet were willing enough to avail themselves of the informa-

tion of the scout who could make his reports in an unofficial manner, through Mr. Covode, without compromising the courtesy or etiquette of the War Office.

The whole country seemed to be alive with soldiers, all in a jolly good humor, nicely dressed, well fed. Their camps were models of tent life.

There did not seem to me to be any preparation whatever for marching to meet the enemy.

There was an immense amount of talk about what they intended to do. General Patterson's army did move, of course; but—Well, to go on with my story: I was most anxious to do something great myself, being so filled with military ardor by the bass drums; perhaps the probability of the war being closed before I should have the pleasure of participating in a real fight with guns, was more constantly before my mind than any other danger.

It seemed a long wait until evening, when I could again see General Patterson, and unfold to him a plan I had formulated, to go inside the Rebel lines that very night, and before morning find out, from a visit to General Johnston's army, what he was likely to do. In my youthful ardor I hoped I could return to General Patterson before breakfast time, that he might have the fight that same day before dinner.

These were the wild feelings that were swelling in my breast when I approached headquarters to meet General Patterson's appointment. I walked boldly up to a group of officers who were loafing around headquarters; a sentry challenged me; nothing daunted, I pointed to one of the group—the same officer who had directed me to call—and asked to see him.

My running into the sentry had made some little commotion, which served to call the attention of the officer, who recognized me and ordered the guard to allow me to pass. Meeting me half way, we walked to one side. I believe this officer was Fitz-John Porter, who was then chief-of-staff—I am not positive; anyway, I was courteously received, and, after being seated, was put through a course of cross-examination as to my recent experience in the South, pretty much—as I now recall it—after the manner of a witness in his own defense.

Being satisfied that General Patterson had referred the whole sub-

ject to this officer for his action, I told him briefly and pointedly that I was willing and ready to undertake the service I proposed, and believed that it was possible to ascertain the movements, and perhaps the plans of General Johnston; that I could at least gather from their telegraph communications to Richmond and Manassas the purport of any instructions which were, of course, being sent to Johnston in that way over the wires. I was perfectly willing, for the good of the cause, to undertake the dangerous service of getting back through the lines with the information.

Whatever may have been thought of the feasibility or propriety of this project, Mr. Porter could scarcely have doubted my motive, but he apparently looked upon me as a youthful enthusiast, or, as we term it nowadays, a crank. He said:

"The General is not disposed to make much use of the service of scouts; he thinks it altogether unnecessary in this instance."

If Fitz-John Porter had dashed a bucket of cold water in my face, it would not at the time have had a more chilling effect than his few hard words he uttered in this contemptible manner.

My proposition was not visionary, but entirely practical, and I venture now the opinion that had the service been accepted in the proper spirit it is possible that the despised spy might have brought to his shiftless headquarters some reliable information of Johnston's proposed movement to Manassas, which might have prevented his escape, and thus have turned the tide of battle at Bull Run, which followed soon after the interview.

It is likely that the headquarters of the army were a little over-sensitive on account of the well-known or the imagined interference or meddling of the Washington authorities with their military prerogatives. It has been fully explained in the "Century" history, (since this story was first told) that General Scott, through the proper channels, had been for days urging General Patterson to look carefully after Johnston, and to prevent at all hazards his junction with Beauregard.

The urgency of the Washington officials, taken in connection with the letter I brought from the Secretary and Mr. Covode, may perhaps have caused them to infer that they were considered neglectful and needed some prompting and investigation; perhaps it may have been thought that I had been sent out as a spy in their

own camps. Any way, I was not a willing party to any such schemes; my only object and desire was to accomplish something for the benefit of the cause, and in this I had not a thought of myself.

Returning sorrowfully and with my heart laden with disappointment to my bed, I pondered long before sleeping as to my proper course. The longer I considered all the circumstances connected with my being sent up there, I realized more clearly the real meaning of Covode's words:

"Old Simon wants to find out something; you go ahead," and the repeated hints to report "direct," came back to me with a greater significance than when uttered by Mr. Covode in Washington.

My humiliating reception at headquarters had deeply affected my rather sensitive feelings on the spy question. I had decided in my own mind to return to Washington at once; but after reflection, while on my bed, there was a revulsion of feeling from humiliation to anger; and, after taking all things into consideration, I decided for myself, without consulting any one, that I should, on my own responsibility and without aid from our own officers, pass through our lines, enter the rebel lines, ascertain their plans, and go direct via Manassas to Washington, and report *personally* to the Secretary of War.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT'S SCOUT IN JOHNSTON'S ARMY—REBEL SIGNALS—VISITORS FROM THE UNION ARMY HEADQUARTERS REPORT TO REBEL HEADQUARTERS—GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON'S ESCAPE TO BEAUREGARD REPORTED TO GENERAL PATTERSON—FITZ-JOHN PORTER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN, AS HE WAS CASHIERED FOR THAT OF THE SECOND BULL RUN—AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR HISTORY OF THE TIME—THE STORY SINCE CONFIRMED BY THE "CENTURY" HISTORIANS OF LINCOLN, SECRETARIES NICOLAY AND HAY.

In the morning I mailed a hastily-written note to Mr. Covode relating briefly the result of the interview with General Patterson's principal aide, and stating further that I would return to Washington via the Rebel lines at Manassas, and report "direct" on my arrival.

I hunted up in one of the regiments a former acquaintance, who had some knowledge of my Fort Pickens adventures through the papers. As our talk naturally turned in this channel, he expressed a lively desire to engage with me in any further undertakings of this character, and, before we parted, it was mutually agreed that, if the arrangements could be made, we should travel together as scouts.

I told my chum of my intention of going to Washington via Winchester and Manassas, and suggested that he secure permission from his colonel to go part of the way along; that he might return with any important information that we should gather, while I should go on through to Washington. It was agreed that he should be granted a leave of absence for a certain time, but he was cautioned by all his friends not to follow my lead, as it would surely result in his getting hanged. The warnings served only to increase his anxiety to get started on a real adventure.

As we could not get authority from our officers to go outside of our lines, it was necessary that we should run the gauntlet of both the picket lines; our own were in sight and could probably be easily

managed, but we did not know anything whatever about the other.

I proposed that we should make the crossing of the river early in the evening under pretence of bathing, swim to the other side of the river with our clothes concealed in bushes held above the water. We were to assume the character of Baltimore refugees desirous of entering the rebel army. With this plan matured, and all the little minor points agreed upon between us in case of capture or separation, we were both eager for the night to come, that we might start upon the journey.

We both studied the Virginia landscape carefully during all of daylight, and when evening began to draw its shadows around the hills and trees our hearts beat quicker, in anticipaton of the forthcoming adventure.

After sundown we joined a crowd who had permission to bathe. There were, probably, a dozen or more in the crowd. We quickly undressed; scarcely speaking a word to each other, we joined in a general way in the sport and antics that soldiers love so much to indulge in when off duty.

My wardrobe was done up in as small a bundle as was possible, and while the others were fully immersed in their sport, I slipped both bundles further down the shore; my friend watching the movement from among the crowd. At a hint from me he swam down the stream and, quickly picking up the two bundles in the darkness that had now come upon us, safely towed them to the other shore, where he waited for me. I joined him as soon as possible, without being missed; we hastily dressed and ran back from the bank into the bushes to finish our toilets, and take an observation and both laughing at our success in escaping from our friends.

We thought it best to avoid the public roads after passing our pickets, so kept to the fields and woods, we cautiously moving along, stopping every now and then to listen and peer through the darkness for some signs of life. We crossed field after field and passed through strips of woods that seemed to be miles in extent, carefully avoiding all houses in our path.

The tramp became lonesome and tiresome—our nerves were at the highest tension, as we expected at every step to meet with something, we didn't know exactly what. Without a sign of any-

thing alive except the crickets and frogs, we finally became indifferent and careless, having about concluded in our own minds that the rebels had left that part of Virginia. One fact was certainly established early in the scout, there were no signs of an enemy in General Patterson's immediate front that night, and probably there had not been any regular force near him for several days; yet every soldier in our army was positive that the woods right in front of them where we had been tramping were full of rebels. General Patterson's official reports will show that he entertained this erroneous opinion; yet he had no desire to avail himself of the service of scouts.

Becoming convinced that we should not meet with any opposition, we became bolder the further we went, and at last took the public road, trotted along leisurely without much attempt at concealment for some distance; we had almost became disgusted, not meeting with any fun, when we stumbled right into a barricade, which had been placed across the public highway by the rebels. Luckily for the two foolish scouts, the enemy was not there to secure the game that had blundered into their trap.

It is doubtful if it had ever been occupied at all, being probably placed in that position as a blind. This blockade, however, would have answered the purpose of obstructing, for awhile at least, a cavalry raid, or charge. Most likely it had been placed there to protect a retreating army.

It did not have the effect of stopping us, however, and we moved on further south. As we emerged from a deep wood, we were at last rewarded by seeing a light on the top of the hill beyond, but yet some distance to the side of the road; we made this out to be a light in the window of some farm-house, but my comrade, who was a farmer boy, suggested that it wasn't the right thing for a farm-house to be lighted up that way at midnight.

Looking at it from our uncertain standpoint, we concluded to approach it cautiously and see if there were anybody stirring around about the light.

Climbing over the fence into the field, we approached that light by the cautious, engineering tactics, using a zigzag stake and rider fence for our sap. For the first time, that night we felt for our pistols, which were the only weapons we had. The oppressive

silence was broken by my farmer comrade's voice startling me by a husky.

"I'll bet we'll find the dogs at home, anyway."

We crawled up that fence in single line, heads and bodies bent, something after the style of pictures of Indians about to attack a pioneer's log house. Stealthily we moved along, pausing every moment or two to listen and look about. We had some dispute as to which of us should take the advance. I reasoned with my friend that he was the better countryman, and more familiar with stake-and-rider fences and dogs than I; that it was his place to go ahead; but he wouldn't have it that way, insisting that I was the captain and must lead; so I reluctantly went ahead, insisting that he should follow his leader close enough to be touched. While talking in hushed voices, I stepped abruptly right onto something soft and round, which jumped up as suddenly as if I had loosed a spring, and with an unearthly snort and grunt began to scamper off. I was so startled, and became so nervous from the suddeness of the encounter, that I must have jumped around as quickly as an automaton pulled by a string—my comrade being close to me, as directed. I had by my quick turn knocked my head square against his with such force that we were both stunned. It was only an old hog that we had roused from the innocent sleep of the country, which, at any other time, would have been awfully funny, but we were both too badly hurt to laugh, and too much scared to swear out loud.

This one hog started up some others, the whole herd scampering over the fields snorting, which in turn routed out the dogs from the house, that came tearing out toward the sounds. Luckily enough, there was a picket or garden fence between us and the house, which the dogs didn't get over, and, before they got around it, their attention was drawn away from our location toward the hogs that were still running away from us. While my companion and I were comparing notes we were further startled by hearing a soud of voices, which were apparently coming from the same direction we had just passed over. Now we were in for it. There were dogs in front of us, hogs to the side of us, and voices to the rear of us.

The lights at the house had disappeared suddenly when the dogs began their uproar—there was nothing to be seen except the

outlines of the grove surrounding the house. While breathlessly considering what would be the next best move, the sound of voices was again heard, seemingly closer this time. Straining every faculty, I imagined that I could also distinguish footsteps; that there were more than one person was evident from the conversation; but whether they were colored boys, returning from a night out, or white men and enemies who, like ourselves, were on a scout, armed and liable to go off at half-cock on the slightest provocation, was the one thing we would have given anything to have found out.

We couldn't run, as our retreat was cut off, and, if we moved at all, we were likely to start up the pack of infernal dogs, so we did the only thing possible under the circumstances—kept still.

The footsteps came on up the road, the voices getting closer. We made out that there were three persons, all talking earnestly together. If they had discovered us we would probably have carried out the Maryland refugee plan, and have joined them and have escaped detection. *But what if they should be our own men?*

I imagine that I can hear better with my hat off, so putting my head close to the ground, and in such a position that I could see over the lower fence rail, I waited with beating heart the coming footsteps. It was soon evident that they were talking about the light in the house that had disappeared, and I soon learned from the voices and the language used that they were not colored men. As the trio came nearer, one voice said:

"Well, we'd better wait right here."

"Oh, it's all safe enough; let's go on!"

"But," said the first speaker, "they said not to come to the house at night, unless there was a candle light in that far-corner window."

The third, who had not yet spoken, was nearest me, and was looking into the field right over where I lay. I thought that through the darkness, to which our eyes had become accustomed, that I recognized a face and form that I had met some place, but was not able to clearly distinguish.

While there had been nothing said to indicate their errand, it became pretty clear from these words that they were enemies, as there was apparently an understanding about the light in the window.

Was it possible that there were other men from the house skirmishing around in the darkness to our rear, and aided with guns and those dogs, would they run us down?

The third person, stepping a little in advance of the others, said: "Get back to the fence; there's somebody up on the road."

They scattered, and in a moment more suppressed voices were heard coming from an opposite direction, or *down* the road.

We were between two enemies, but, fortunately, for us, on the opposite side and behind a big fence crouching in some elderberry bushes. My companion, as still as a log, was probably, like myself, so badly scared that he couldn't trust his voice to whisper a thought.

Two men—one in his shirt sleeves, and the other in rebel uniform, which I so well recognized, as the same old grey I had been familiar with at Pensacola and Montgomery, came cautiously down the road. As they were almost directly opposite me, one of the three who had come *up* the hill, accosted them familiarly:

"Helloa, Billy; you like to scairt us to death. I thought the Yankees had put you and your light out sure."

At once there was mutual hand-shaking, laughter and general hilarity, that served to draw attention away from ourselves and the dogs. The man in his shirt-sleeves explained that he had kept his light in the window all right, until a little while previously, when the dogs scared up something, and he took it down, until he was sure everything was all right.

So here was a signal station, and a rendezvous. I took courage when the party began to move off toward the house, and, as they passed my loophole, *I discovered, to my astonishment, that one of the three who had come up the road was none other than the young man I had seen in General Patterson's headquarters,* accompanying the old gentleman, and both of whom were so cordially entertained by our General's staff. Here he was, a *direct* messenger from headquarters of our army, meeting, by a concerted signal, a Rebel officer in the enemy's country.

That was news, sure enough; and they had hardly gotten out of sight before I shocked my torpid friend as I, with an emphasis he did not understand, told him that we must both skin back to our army headquarters *at once*.

I wouldn't leave him to return alone with such important information, but together we would go direct to General Patterson's presence, and tell him that there were no Rebels confronting him; that the enemy had positive and direct information of his position and probable plans.

"The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley."

As previously indicated, I had intended to go straight through the rebel armies to Manassas, and so on to Washington via General McDowell's army and the Long Bridge. In pursuance of this plan, we had cleverly escaped from our own pickets during the early hours of the night, successfully tramped miles into the Rebels' country without meeting a challenge—eluding any pickets or outlooks the rebels may have had out, by a careful avoidance of all the roads or other usual routes of travel. But I had no intention of putting myself any closer to the fellow whom I had met the day previously at General Patterson's headquarters, and whom I had just discovered to be a Rebel spy, in communication with the man in the rebel uniform, and the farmer in his shirt-sleeves. Had I tried the Maryland refugee dodge on this gathering of scouts, who were familiar with all the border, he would have recalled having seen me at General Patterson's headquarters, and an explanation would have been embarassing.

Luckily for the two scouts, who were lying in the bushes within sound of their voices, there was such an exuberance of good feeling among themselves over their meeting, after the little scare, that it had the effect of putting the entire party off their guard for the moment. No attention was paid to the antics of the dogs, which were whining and nosing around, uncomfortably close to our hiding-place in the fence-corner. The farmer, growing impatient at their noises, which interfered with the conversation; greatly to our relief, drove them back toward the house.

The only enemy we had expected to find were the rebel soldiers in gray uniform, with muskets in their hands, standing on guard. We had not calculated on their,

"Letting slip the dogs of war,"

or else we might have provided ourselves with a few poisoned dog

buttons; of course, we couldn't use our pistols on the dogs, as that would jeopardize our lives; the report would arouse the country and locate us; so, like Lear,

> "Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire."

The five men and the—I don't know how many dogs—had scarcely gotten out of sight when my comrade and I energetically started on the back track. I am ready to admit that we ran, that we ran fast, even though we didn't see where we were going, in the dark; and I confess that I was in the lead, but my comrade kept up with me pretty well. We ran over the soft, grassy fields in the direction from whence we had come, for a long time without either of us speaking a word. When nearly out of breath and exhausted we let up a little, to get our second wind for the final run, if any more miserable dogs should get onto our scent.

"Say," gasped my comrade, breathing hard, "I think you cut my head open when you jumped onto me, when that hog scared you; it's all bloody, ain't it?"

I didn't stop long enough then to examine his head; I was in too much of a hurry, and, besides, it was too dark to distinguish blood. I replied to him rather testily, perhaps, as I didn't quite relish the reminder of being scared by a sleeping hog.

"I wasn't scared at all—just merely *startled*—and if you hadn't been holding onto my coat tails so closely, you wouldn't have been hurt."

"Oh, hell! did't you tell me to keep close to you?" he retorted, savagely, as he rubbed his head, and looked at the moist hand to see if he could distinguish the color of blood.

"And you wouldn't go ahead, either, unless I was right on top of you, and, if I did get behind a little, you stopped for me to catch up."

I forged on ahead sullenly, too mad to continue the conversation further, except to say, petulantly:

"I believe I am bleeding at the temple myself, from having bumped your thick head so hard when I turned round to caution you not to tramp on that hog."

But my companion was in too bad a humor—we both were—to laugh over the ridiculous mishap, which I am sure was as painful to myself as to him. We trudged along in the dark in sulky silence for some distance further, each nursing his sore head in wrath.

I ventured the suggestion, by way of a compromise to my cross companion, that if he had taken the lead in our approach to the house, as I had earnestly urged upon him, I might have been in as bad a fix as himself. To this offer of a compromise he curtly replied:

"No; I wouldn't have tried to jump out of my skin, just because I had kicked a sleeping sow in a fence corner." He had scarcely finished speaking when he stumbled square across the back of an old cow, that was quietly lying in the grass chewing her cud; but cows, you know, are not so sudden in their movements as hogs, when they are startled out of their sleep. This one, anyway, didn't make any unearthly noise or snorts, nor attempt to jump up and run off, but lay still, quietly chewing away, apparently perfectly unconcerned.

I believe she would have allowed a whole army to have crawled over her without disturbing her repose, but the incident served to put us both in a laughing humor. I concluded, however, that I'd had enough experience with the hogs and cows of Virginia, while we were trying to navigate the fields, and I would take to the highway and risk the short cut back.

The night was dark, very dark, having become more so than when we were on the way out. Clouds had obscured almost every star, and, to make it still worse, we heard at times distant thunder. "The lowering elements scowled o'er the already darkened landscape," compelling us to almost grope our way along the old country road; but, luckily for us, we were now on the broad, well-traveled country road between two lines of fence, which served to keep us in the right course, as we cautiously felt our way with outstretched hands, and eyes peering into the darkness ahead, fearing every moment to come in contact with *something* that would give us another "start."

To the sounds of the thunder, which were not now so remote, were added occasional flashes of lightning; these, had I been at home in a comfortable bed, would probably have only produced the agree-

able influence of lulling me into the enjoyment of a more snug sleep, but out there, on that road that night, the effect was quite different on both of us.

We were yet a long way from our camp—how far we had no means of knowing, as our route into Virginia had been somewhat circuitous, on account of the necessary aviodance of all the roads.

Pretty soon the big drops began to fall over us; the lightning flashes were more vivid and frequent; the thunder seemed to be all around us; then it rained in earnest, an old-fashioned, Virginia, summer-night's rain, wetting the two miserable scouts to the skin in a little while. It was no use to look for shelter, and we both resolutely made up our minds to grin and bear it; pulling our hats down and shrugging up our shoulders, we sullenly tramped along that Virginia highway, two as forlorn-looking objects as may be imagined.

In this frame of mind we stumbled right into another road obstruction. We had come upon it in this raging storm from the rear, and found the place vacant. We captured the fort, which we could see from the now frequent flashes of lightning was simply a slight mound of earth thrown across and extending some distance to each side of the road, in the form of a rifle pit; embrasures were made for cannon, and through one of these peered a log, or stick of wood, shaped like an iron cannon, the rear end or breech of which was supported on a saw-horse platform of crossed sticks. On the crest of their "works" were placed some fence rails, while in front, and some little distance down, some trees had been felled over the road, their branches being stripped of the leaves to answer the purpose of an abatis. In the darkness, we were unable to discover any signs of the place having ever been occupied by the rebel forces.

My companion recklessly began striking matches, which he had been able to keep in a dry place on his person, but, luckily for us, perhaps, had there been any one set to watch the place, and who might be only seeking a temporary shelter from the storm, his attempts to illuminate were frustrated by the gusts of wind and rain, which blew the light out as quickly as it was born.

Tired, wet, hungry and disgusted with ourselves, we sat down there in the enemies camp to rest—if sitting on a log in a blind-

ing rain-storm for an hour may be called resting—but we could do nothing else; the night was too dreadfully dark, and the wind and rain too blustering to allow us to safely travel on the winding roads, which lead through long strips of woods that seemed to paint everything, if possible, with a deeper gloom; beside this, we had discovered, by the lightning flashes, that the road in our front was blockaded by fallen trees, and the thought occurred to us that on this road there might be some Rebel guards seeking protection from the storm in some sheltered places.

My companion was so utterly discomfited and dejected that he refused positively to move a step further, saying:

"I'm going to stay right here till somebody comes and takes me away. I don't care whether its Rebels or not."

So we held the fort, he finally succeeding in lighting up a little fire against and under an old log that had covered some little twigs from the storm.

"There's no danger of anybody coming out here to-night to see our fire, or bother us," said my comrade. "No body would be as foolish as we are, to be caught out to-night."

If we had been surprised in that condition, it's probable enough we could easily have palmed off the Maryland refugee story, and have obtained credit for our self-sacrificing devotion, in trying to overcome such dreary difficulties in getting into the Confederate lines.

I reasoned that this would be all right for him, if I were only sure of not running across the chap who had seen me at General Patterson's headquarters while I was presenting a letter from the Secretary of War proposing the spy service. My companion, who had not so much to risk, continued growling:

"Why, if we should get to the river, or run across some of our pickets in this darkness, they'd be sure to go off at half-cock, and shoot us before we had a chance to say beans."

This was a convincing argument with me. We were still between two fires. I agreed to wait for more light. I was anxious, however, that our officers should have the information we had obtained—that General Joseph E. Johnston's army *was not* in General Patterson's front, and the dreadful masked batteries, which were so much feared by our generals, were merely bush fortresses,

thrown across the roads, or laid out shrewdly to deceive our officers. There were no soldiers and no cannon near them; and, moreover, the enemy was in communication *direct with General Patterson's headquarters*, as we could prove, and probably knew all his plans, while he was wholly ignorant of the probable escape of Johnston's whole force.

As I sat there, like a disconsolate toad, on that log, in the pelting rain, I pondered these things in my mind, until I became so nervous that I could scarcely keep still. Every moment was valuable. I determined to start again as soon as the rain would let up a little. But the elements seemed to be against us; it not only rained, but it poured, for the balance of the night, making the daylight later than usual.

My companion became sleepy and dreadfully stupid, and was apparently lost to all fear for his own safety. My time was pretty much occupied in trying to keep our little bit of fire from going out. Before I was fully aware of it, the grey daylight was mixing with the black, which was beginning to thin out as the rain slackened off somewhat. I soon began to distinguish objects in the landscape short distances away. A large farmhouse situated only a short distance to our rear was revealed, but being off the road, as is the custom in that country, we had passed it in our tramp along the road during the night.

If there were any guard at all for that place, they were probably comfortably housed there while the storm raged without, but they would probably be aroused bright and early in the morning, to look after their wooden guns. I kept my eyes strained toward this house for some sign of life, but not seeing anything, not even smoke from the chimneys, nor a dog in the yard, I turned wearily for a lookout in the direction of our own country, to try and discover, if possible, how far we were yet from our friends.

The rain had now ceased. My comrade, leaning against a log, was sleeping out loud; he didn't present a particularly attractive appearance, either; though a handsome young fellow, with black hair and eyes, and a fine form, he certainly was not a sleeping beauty; but, lying against a smoky old log, his eyes closed, but a capacious mouth hung wide enough open to have answered for the mouth of a cannon, the whole side of his face smeared with blood, that had

oozed from the head, after the concussion over the hog, while the other half of his handsome face, being next to the smoky fire, over which he had been nodding in his sleep, was begrimed with the smoke and ashes that had adhered to his wet skin; the wet, dripping clothes were, of course, clinging to his manly form in anything but an attractive style. I felt that if I were nearly as ugly as he, the appearance of two such objects would be sufficient to frighten off anybody that might approach us, and I took renewed courage from this fact.

I turned from the contemplation of this ludicrous scene to again take an observation. In the direction of our lines this time I thought I discovered something moving along the edge of the wood. I was about to conclude that I had been mistaken, when I was startled by the appearance of two men, standing together some distance below, apparently talking earnestly, as one of them pointed up the road toward our Fort.

I was in a condition of mind and body to be chilled by anything at that time, and imagined that we had been discovered and were being surrounded to prevent our escape. Running back to my partner, I roughly shook him up, saying we had to move quickly. The stupid fellow, opening one eye, refused to stir. Giving him another good shake, I again repeated the warning. He slowly realized his position, and stared wildly about.

I dragged him over to where he might see the two men who were standing down the road, and endeavored to point out the danger; apparently not yet fully awake, he cooly crawled up on the felled tree, which was lying across the road, as if to get a better look at them, before I could pull him down. We were in for a run or a fight sure. I suppose my freely-expressed indignation at his absurd conduct had the effect of rousing him from his lethargy, as he seemed suddenly to come to his senses and was now ready to move off quickly enough.

To be caught by the Rebels attempting to go toward our line would put us in a bad plight. The men whom we had seen had disappeared at this ugly apparition on the log as suddenly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them up; whether they would come on up, or go for reinforcements, we didn't know.

We evacuated that fort, our line of retreat being in a course

bearing toward our own lines, and leading us further from the two men.

We scampered through the wet underbrush and grass of the woods, every step being a slosh to the shoe-tops, while every bush dashed against our already well-soaked clothes all the water it had gathered in its leaves and branches from the rain of the night.

Early morning is the safest time for a scout to do his traveling, and we went straight along unimpeded, save by the wet undergrowth, and the disagreeable necessity of clambering over slimy old logs and fences, reaching the place where our pickets should have been while it was yet quite early. Here we made a mistake. Instead of attempting to pass back through our lines, as we had escaped out in the early evening previous, we thought that, being so tired, and wet, hungry, and so generally used-up, we might just as well approach boldly and surrender to our own pickets, knowing that we should be all right when once within our lines and our story of Johnston's retreat was told.

My companion being a member of a regiment that had performed picket duty, had some practical experience with the boys, and was, in consequence, quite uncertain as to the manner in which our flag-of-truce would be received by the men on guard; he said that, while on that duty himself, his instructions were to "fire at anything he saw moving, no matter what it was," and he was apprehensive the members of his own regiment would immediately bang away at us if we made an appearance out there.

"But, we will show them a flag-of-truce.

"Oh, that's nothing; there's some fellows in my company crazy to shoot at something, and they don't know a white from a black flag."

As it was daylight, there was no other way to get in, except by laying over in the woods till night, and this we couldn't think of doing in our miserable condition; beside this, we were hungry.

Feeling it to be a duty to risk even a fire from our own green pickets, to get in quickly with our information for General Patterson, I concluded to try the flag-of-truce project. Looking carefully about to see that we were not liable to an attack in the rear while making this advance, I picked up a stick in the woods, and tied to it, in the form of a flag, an exceedingly dirty, white handkerchief,

and, after all was ready, with my hat in one hand, the flag well advanced in the other, I started out to make the communication, my comrade keeping close to me, there being no danger of tramping on a hog in broad daylight.

We had scarcely gotten out of the woods when I began waving the old handkerchief so wildly that the stick broke in two, dropping the flag on the ground. I grabbed up the remnant, nervously, for fear they might fire, and again waved it as we moved forward. We saw a commotion among our men—one or two blue coats were running around, as if to report the phenomenon that appeared before them. Walking ahead more rapidly, as we gained confidence from their not shooting at us, we were soon within hailing distance, and walked into their line nervously, and watched a half dozen fellows clutching muskets which we knew were loaded, and might go off. Suddenly we were surrounded by all the guard who were not on post, who were anxious to see some real live, repentant rebels come into the Union again. That army had not yet seen a Rebel.

What a sorry looking couple we were to be sure. Dirty faces, and bloody heads, smoked about the eyes in a manner to make us ludicious indeed, our clothes wet, dripping wet; and clinging to our bodies in rags, our tramp through the bushes having almost torn them off us.

The boys were cooking their early camp breakfast; through their kindness we each had some coffee and bread. I am a coffee-drinker now, and am, perhaps, a little cranky on the subject. I buy the best coffee, and have tried every patent coffee-pot that has ever been brought out, but I have not yet been able to find as delicious a cup of the beverage as was given me in a quart tin cup, with brown sugar and no cream, on the banks of the Potomac, in July, 1861.

While we were enjoying the hospitality of the boys, all of whom were greatly amused at our absurd appearance, and interested in our night's adventure, which my companion could not resist the temptation of exaggerating to his friends, the officer of the guard had reported his catch to his colonel, who peremptorily ordered us into his presence. Without allowing us an opportunity to wash or clean up, we were marched, like two prisoners, between two files of soldiers with fixed bayonets, through several camps, amid the laughter and jeers of the crowds which were attracted by the odd show.

Approaching the Pennsylvania-Dutch Colonel's tent, we were ordered, in a rough, dogmatic way, to make an explanation of our being in the enemy's lines. I was offended at the rude manner of the officer, and my feelings had been sorely wounded by being marched in this humiliating way through his camp; being resentful, I spunkily informed the Colonel that I should not report or explain anything to him; that my report would be to *his superior only*—General Patterson.

A crowd had gathered about us, whom the arrogant Colonel had proposed to entertain by an exhibition of his authority and our discomfiture, and my speech so angered him that he was ready to run me through with his sword. He swore in Pennsylvania-Dutch, and again demanded my explanation, which I firmly declined to give.

He was too angry to appeal to my comrade, but, in high military dudgeon, ordered us both to the guard-house, saying to the officer who had brought us there:

"Those two men had been on a drunk, and had been fighting each other, as any fool could see from their black eyes and bloody noses—put them both in the guard-house;" and he did.

There we remained nearly all that day, denied, by the stupidity and offended dignity of the Colonel, the permission I begged of being allowed to communicate with General Patterson.

I presume he sincerely believed we had been off on a regular jamboree *en tare* during the night, but it was a terribly rough joke on me, and the second time during the first four months of the war that I had been held a prisoner by our own officers while engaged in the performance of an exceedingly dangerous duty for the benefit of the Union cause. I again resolved, in my own mind, more firmly than before, that I should never again undertake any secret service.

My interview with General Patterson's Chief-of-staff—Fitz-John Porter—on presentation of my note of introduction from the Secretary of War, had been so unsatisfactory, that I naturally felt some misgivings as to the outcome of a second attempt in the same direction, particularly as this trip had not been authorized, but was, in fact, carried out independently and almost in opposition to the expressed disapproval of headquarters.

I felt, too, that being escorted to the General's presence, between

two soldiers from a guard-house, without the opportunity to repair my dress and appearance, would not help the doubting and disdainful Chief-of-staff to a more favorable opinion of myself; and the recommendation the Dutch Colonel would be sure to send along with me would not be likely to create in the minds of the General's advisors a flattering opinion as to the reliability of our story.

I could get no satisfaction from the officers in charge at the guard-house as to our ultimate disposition. In reply to my appeals to be permitted to report to headquarters in person, I was directed to state my case in writing, and it would be forwarded through the regular channels. I knew very well that this circumlocution meant delay—that in this case delays would be dangerous, as any papers filed would have to be inspected by the officer of the guard, the captain, colonel, brigadier and major general, probably requiring a day at each of these headquarters before it would reach the Assistant-adjutant-general at headquarters.

Beside, I had no intention of submitting my special business to an inspection by every officer in camp before it should reach the proper authority, and so informed the officer who had been sent by the Colonel to obtain from me information as to my business with the General.

My comrade had been separated from me early in the day, and sent to his own company in arrest and disgrace; he had probably told his story to his own officers, who, knowing something of the young man, believed him, and in this way my case, which promised to be a lonely imprisonment for some days, was more speedily brought to the General's notice.

The young officer who had been sent to gather from me the account of our trip seemed to be favorably impressed by my urgent prayer to be permitted to report to General Patterson, and kindly offered to do all he could to gratify my desire. It was a long time, however, before I was able to hear from anybody outside of the sentry, who stood guard over me with a loaded musket.

During all those anxiously waiting hours, when I lay in the guard-house, Rebel General J. E. Johnston was rapidly getting further away, or at least making himself more secure with fewer troops in his present position, and I was brutally denied the privilege of informing our headquarters of the facts we had obtained,

after a night of hard work, danger and misery combined. At last, about 4 P. M., I was notified to accompany my young officer to headquarters, to report. The young gentleman courteously granted me the privilege of washing and dressing myself up in the best way I could—he generously aiding me by the tender of a collar, brushes, etc. After a long walk, which was quite tiresome after the exercise of the night previous in the rain, we reached headquarters, where I was met at once by General Porter, who politely enough heard my story through, questioning me closely as to several points in a manner which, I augured, showed some interest in the work we had undertaken.

With a simple word of thanks he was ready to dismiss me, and the subject, as a matter of no consequence, when I ventured to ask his opinion as to the value of our researches.

"Well," he replied, "as I told you previously, the General does not place any reliance upon information of this character; we have had conflicting reports, and do not rely upon it."

"But," I said, "it is undoubtedly true that there are no rebels near us."

"But we have *reliable* information to the contrary, and more recent than yours."

This was indeed a stunner. How could it be. I was positive there had been no enemy near during the night, and mildly suggested that, if there were any Rebels there, they had come while I was confined in the Dutch Colonel's guard-house.

Porter merely laughed in a patronizing way, as he dismissed me, saying:

"You can make that report to Washington; it won't do here. We know all about Johnston."

"Well, one thing is sure, Johnston knows all about you, too."

I left headquarters in a frame of mind closely allied to frenzy. I was beginning to think that I must be crazy, because the general headquarter's atmosphere and style seemed to have about it an air of authority that could not be disputed; and when Porter said he had information, *reliable and more recent* than I had tried to give I began to feel that he *must* be right, and we all wrong.

Walking off, dejectedly, but again free to go as I pleased, I hunted up my companion of the night before, to offer any assistance

in my power to secure his release from confinement. I found his company, and had a general consultation with him, in the presence of some line officers, in which it was agreed that our report of the situation was generally believed throughout the army; but, said my comrade:

"There were two other fellows out last night, and they came back right after we did, and reported that they had found a big Fort on top of a hill; that there were camp fires blazing all around it, and six men jumped up on the works and chased them two miles.

It flashed upon me in a moment, and I said, laughingly:

"Why they must be the two fellows we saw while in the Fort, and that you scared off when you got up on that log."

After a further comparison of notes, it was agreed by all that this was the more *reliable* and recent information General Porter had obtained. Our little smoky fire had been magnified into a hundred rebel camp fires, and the blunder of my comrade in mounting the parapet had turned to our benefit, in frightening off two of our own scouts. We were not aware, however, that we had chased them through the wet woods—it being our purpose and intent to run away from them; and we believed we were going in an opposite direction all the time.

I was abundantly satisfied with the night and day's experience; and leaving my friend to make any further explanations to General Porter, or headquarters, I availed myself of the opportunity to take an evening train, which carried me to Chambersburg, where among relatives and friends I was able to replenish my scanty wardrobe.

The following Sunday, First Bull Run was *fought* and *lost*.

There have been many reasons given the public, officially and otherwise, in explanation of this disaster, one of which has not been officially mentioned, and is in brief—that General Patterson, through his Chief-of-staff, persistently declined to avail himself of information concerning Johnston's movements, that had been voluntarily obtained, after some hardships, by a scout, who had been endorsed to him by the Secretary of War as being relible and trustworthy.

I have not seen General Fitz-John Porter since July, 1861, that I know of. We all know he was a gallant soldier, whom I should honor as a native of my own state; but, without questioning his

loyalty, I venture the opinion that General Patterson (who was 69 years old at that time) was by his (Porter's) influence or over-caution prevented from pressing General Johnston, as he had been ordered; and is, therefore, indirectly, responsible for Johnston's timely reinforcement of Beauregard, which made the rebel victory possible.

And I believe the same over-caution or influence was brought to bear on General McClellan at the critical hour at Antietam, and prevented his following up the victory at that time.

CHAPTER IX.

REPORTING TO GENERAL BANKS' HEADQUARTERS FOR DUTY—THE LIFE OF JEFF DAVIS THREATENED—CAPTURED AT HARPER'S FERRY—INTERESTING PERSONAL LETTERS CORROBORATING THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF THE "BOY SPY."

The Sunday of July, 1861 (21st), on which the first battle of Bull Run was being fought, found me quietly recruiting from the tiresome adventure in Virginia in the quiet little hamlet of Pennsylvania, in which I was born, situated at the foot of the Cove Mountain, almost within hearing of the cannon.

I had gathered from General Porter's manner as well as from his words, while talking to me only a day previous, that a battle was not imminent, and this opinion was seemingly confirmed by my own observations both in the Rebel country and while coming through General Patterson's army. There were, to my mind, no signs of a movement among our forces; the two armies were too far apart to be quarrelsome; our headquarters presented an appearance of satisfied security.

In our obscure village there were no telegraphs in those days, the mail facilities being limited to a daily trip of the relic or remnant of the old Bedford stage-coach, which rambled into town on the Monday evening following, and brought us the first intelligence of a battle—and a defeat which was being magnified every mile the old stage traveled into a terrible disaster.

This startling news spread about the village like wild-fire, reached me at the tea-table, and, to my untrained, impulsive disposition, had pretty much such an effect as the lighting the fuse of a sky-rocket. I went off like a sky-rocket—disappeared in the darkness that night, lost to the sight of my friends for months. The rocket hovered over the rebel hosts so long that I was almost forgotten in the excitement of the time. I came back as suddenly as I had left, like the stick from the rocket that drops down from above.

It is the purpose to tell in this chapter, for the first time, the

secret story of those months in Rebeldom, which has remained a mystery even to my family for twenty-five years. I had never intended to print these experiences, but hoped that I might find time, when I should grow older, to prepare for my children only, a memorandum of the trip.

An hour after the receipt of the news, I was *en route* for the nearest railroad station, at Chambersburg, my first impression being that, as the rebels were victorious, they would, as a matter of course, move right on to Washington City and drive the Union officials off.

Entertaining this feeling, my first impulse was to get somewhere in their rear. I felt in my heart that *something* must be done to prevent Beauregard and Jeff Davis from driving us all out of the country, and I was frenzied enough at that time, by the excitement that was everywhere prevailing—overcoming the reason and judgment of the most conservative as well as the mercurial temperament—that, if an opportunity had presented itself, I might have been foolish enough to have attempted an assassination of Jeff Davis, sincerely believing, in my youthful enthusiasm and indiscretion, that such an act would serve to defeat their plans. That I entertained seriously and determinedly such a chimerical scheme will probably be surprising to those of my acquaintances now, but the confession will serve in a manner to explain some of my movements, which, at the time, puzzled even my best friends, who generously accounted for my queer actions by the indulgent—if not complimentary—reflection that I was a "reckless and adventursome boy."

The same night I reached Chambersburg, and the next morning took the first train for Hagerstown, Maryland, where I learned there that Harper's Ferry was headquarters; and, as there were no public conveyances leading in that direction, in my eagerness to reach there I decided to walk ahead the same day.

I tramped out through the same neighborhoods in which our camps had been located only a few days before, finding them nearly all deserted, and in the evening reached a farmhouse on South Mountain, where, tired and sleepy after the fatigue and excitement of the day, I begged for shelter for the night, and was put to sleep in the garret with a son of the farmer, whom I found was in sympathy with the rebels.

Early the following morning I was again on foot, climbing the dusty mountain road. It was a long, tiresome walk, and, as I met with no signs of troops, I began to fear that I had gotten off the right road; toward evening my path led me through a valley or ravine, emerging from which I was suddenly brought into view of the river and hills about Point of Rocks, or perhaps it may have been near Sandy Hook. Here I found plenty of soldiers, who were dotted around the hills so thickly.

I had expected to report in person to General Fitz-John Porter, to gather further from him some advice as to the *reliability* of his more *recent* information about Johnston's escape. I learned that General Patterson had been relieved. General N. P. Banks was in command, and had his headquarters in a tent on a little plateau above, but convenient to the railroad track and the river, from which he could look into the Virginia hills, which were within rifle-shot of his tent.

I had no letter of introduction to General Banks, but, presuming upon my previous services, boldly ventured into his presence unannounced, except by the unarmed soldier who stood as an orderly outside of his tent.

I was invited into the tent, where I found the General had been lounging or dozing on his camp bed. Rising, as I entered, he apologized for the unkempt appearance of his quarters, shaking hands cordially as he invited me to a seat on a camp-stool.

Then sitting in front of me, looking straight into my eyes, I told him briefly my past experience with Patterson and Porter. He listened attentively and commented, in his affable way, on the disaster, and expressed, in a way that was most comforting to me, his belief that it would all end right anyway.

I explained to General Banks my supposed qualifications as a scout, being able to read the enemy's telegraphs, which immediately impressed him as quite an important feature, as it would enable me to procure reliable news from the highest sources of all information.

I again volunteered to enter the enemy's lines in the guise of a Maryland refugee and, if possible, attach myself to headquarters of Rebels at Manassas, or where there were telegraph instruments, without, of course, disclosing my knowledge of the mysterious art.

The General thankfully accepted my proposal, and seemed eager that the service should be undertaken at once. His words to me, uttered in that deep but pleasant voice so familiar to American people: "Well, now, I am right glad you have come to see me, sir."

After a moment's reflection, he continued: "I have no definite instructions now. I beg that you will be kind enough to come and see me in the morning again; in the meantime I will try and arrange a plan."

I presume the General desired—very properly—to make some inquiries as to my loyalty and past service. As I prepared to leave, he again took my hand, and in a kindly manner, which impressed me so pleasantly that I shall never forget it, as he bowed me out of his tent. "I am very glad too have met you, sir."

How different from the reception I received from General Patterson and his Chief-of-Staff. The balance of the evening I put in pleasantly enough after this agreeable reception in visiting the different camps in the neighborhood and in peering through the twilight over the Potomac toward the Virginia side, endeavoring to find a hole somewhere in the hills that I might get through safely.

After the tiresome tramp on the dusty Maryland Pike, on that terrible hot July day, I was glad enough when night came to accept the supper and lodging that were offered—for a consideration—in an old half-stone and half-frame house, situated close by the river bank.

The crowd of men who were gathered about the old house were dressing for dinner, or supper, out in the yard, using an old stump for a toilet stand and the lye soap (which had been manufactured by some sort of process through the barrel of ashes that stood on a sloping bench close by), and, throwing my hat and coat on the limb of a gooseberry bush, I plunged into the water, like the rest; but I reckon they all thought I was putting on airs when I declined to use the one towel that had served for all, using instead a dirty pocket handkerchief on my face.

The next morning I was out bright and early. Unfortunately for me, but perhaps better for the story, I was just too late to see the General, who had ridden off but a few minutes before I reached his headquarters on a general tour of inspection through the army.

The orderly did not know when he would return, or, if he did, was not disposed to tell a stranger of his intentions; but, it was intimated that I should hardly be able to see him at headquarters again during the day.

As I turned to walk away, undecided as to the next step I should have to take, an officer observed in a jocular way: "You might see the General up there," as he pointed to the highest peak of the hill. He imagined that the unforbidding appearance of this height would deter me from an attempt at climbing it, but the hint was sufficient. I at once made up my mind, excelsior like, to crawl over the rocks and blackberry bushes to the very top of the mountain to find the General, and, if he were not there, I should at least have the satisfaction of being able to see all over the country without walking any further.

From the top of Maryland heights, while sitting alone a short distance in the rear of one of our masked batteries, the guns of which were pointed over the river so as to cover the broad plateau above the old town, I looked in vain for some appearance of rebels on the other side of the river. There was not to my eye, which I flattered myself was pretty good and educated to the sight of rebels, any appearance of life, either on the valley side or on the opposite mountain, which were quite heavily wooded.

I formed from that point of observation a plan to cross the river and climb up on the other hill or mountain, thinking, perhaps, I might have a more satisfactory outlook from that point.

Not finding the General, I retraced my steps down the mountain in the direction of the town of Harpers' Ferry.

There was at that time a temporary railroad bridge over the Potomac, over which I was able to pass the guard on pretence of being a railroader. Once in the village, I looked about for an opportunity to get over the Shenandoah river, which was yet between me and the big hill I desired to climb.

I had fully determined in my own mind, after the experience with the running mate or companion of the former adventure, that I should not attach myself to anyone or permit any association in future movements, but the pleasure of meeting with a pleasant friend overcame my resolution, and about the first thing I did after becoming well acquainted was to propose that we should together go

over the Shenandoah and climb that big hill, to try if we couldn't "see something" by daylight. My newly found chum eagerly assented to the proposal, and, as I have previously said, for me to decide was to act, in those days.

It was expected that we should be able to return before dark, and I hoped in an indefinite way that I might be able to bring back to General Banks, when I should see him in the evening, some information that would impress him with the idea that I was competent to undertake and to carry out the plan of going through our own and the enemy's lines to Washington.

In my first talk with General Banks, to whom I was an entire stranger, he had made a remark about a decision to issue no authority to go outside of his lines, to which I had replied that I did not ask any passes; that, if he wanted to avail himself of the service, I should be able to get outside ours and inside the Rebels' lines, and did not want to carry any paper passes.

My chum and I followed the same tactics in crossing the Shenandoah that we had practiced in crossing the Potomac on the former occasion. With an apparent intention of bathing we found a good place to "go in," as we boys used to say about swimming time; undressing in a careless way, we were soon splashing about in the shallow water in sight of our pickets. It was a hot, sunny July day, and at our bathing place the sun poured down upon that portion of our bare skin that was exposed above the water his fiercest rays. This fact served as a pretext to ask the guard's permission to cross over to the shade on the other side. The permission was reluctantly obtained.

Bundling up our clothes we waded over the slippery rocks, in sight of our picket on the shore. Once well over the river, which is neither deep nor wide, we puttered about the other shore long enough to allow any one who had felt disposed to watch our movements to become satisfied that we were only out for a little fun. During all this time, however, we had slowly, almost imperceptibly, moved further and further away; and, upon reaching a portion of the bank almost covered with willows and undergrowth, we silently stole away from the water, and, like a pair of guilty boys escaping from an orchard, we ran as fast as possible through the under-

growth along the side of a road which led up a little stream that emptied into the river.

We were again in Virginia, but this time in daylight; and, hastily putting on our clothes, I, for the first time, took note of the unfortunate circumstance that my comrade's clothes were all of the regulation blue of the Union army, which would be difficult to reconcile with our stereotyped story of being Maryland refugees, in case we should be captured.

We satisfied our fears on this point by the hasty conceit that we were not going to be caught on this trip, as we only proposed to climb to the top of the big hill.

Ascending Bolivar or London Heights is like climbing up the others, and has been well described. When we reached the summit, we found a clearing of a couple of acres which had the appearance of having been very recently occupied, and the discovery of the ashes and blackened places on the rocks where camp-fires had been —we knew not how recently—burning served to make us the least bit nervous. We were disappointed in the expected view of the rebel armies, as the heavy growth of trees in that direction wholly obstructed the view; but we were rewarded with a most atisfactory observation of our own troops and camps on the Maryland side of the river.

Satisfied with having scaled the mountain, and a little bit uneasy, we soon began our descent, taking a different course from that we had followed in coming up.

When we had about reached the road that leads along the water at the base of the heights, my chum startled me by grabbing frantically at my leg as I was about to climb over the fence into the road, shrieking, like a scared girl: "There's a man." And before I had time to look in the direction indicated, he continued, excitedly: "Great Scott! there's a whole lot of them."

He started to run back as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving me almost pinned to the fence with astonishment.

His movement had the immediate effect of causing a half dozen armed men to rush suddenly from their ambush, straight down the road toward us.

My companion, in grabbing me by the leg as a fierce dog would a tramp getting over the fence, for the moment so startled me that

I lost my head, and, thinking something was coming at us from behind, I jumped over the fence toward the danger while he ran off on the other side.

On finding myself confronted by three Rebels in uniform, two of whom had guns, the third, being an officer, gesticulated in a threatening, inelegant sort of style with the hand in which he carelessly held a cocked revolver; I at once walked toward them and, with a suddenly assumed air of relief, said:

"Thank God, I am safe among my friends."

This vehement observation rather nonplussed the officer, who, seeing that I was unarmed, walked up to me and accepted my outstretched hand in a dazed sort of way. He hurriedly directed the men to follow my entreating comrade, saying, as they ran down the road.

"Remember, now, you are not to fire unless you meet a lot."

I was rejoiced to hear this, and at once told the officer that my comrade, like myself, had intended to come into their army, but he was scared and ran because he thought they were our own scouts.

"Are you both Yankee soldiers?"

I repulsed the base insinuation with scorn, and told him we were both dying to join the Rebel Army.

"But that fellow has on the blue uniform."

Sure enough, I had forgotten all about that, but told him that was no difference—that half the men in Banks' Army were only waiting a favorable chance to come over and join them. The officer, who was a conceited fellow, who had been placed in charge of the pickets or cavalry scouts on this outpost for the day, eagerly swallowed this stuff. It will be remembered that at this time—only a week after their victory at Bull Run—the Rebels were prepared to believe almost anything reported to them from our side and were, of course, somewhat lax in their scrutiny of refugees, who were actually going over the line daily to unite their fortunes with those of the South, whom they were sure after the first battle must be victorious.

We had quite a pleasant talk as we stood together by the roadside awaiting the result of the chase of my comrade. It was explained by the officer that their instructions were not to fire except in certain emergencies; the object of their being there was

to quietly observe the operations of the Yankees from their points of lookout on the heights, from which a full view of everything transpiring on our side was to be had.

This was an item of news from the Rebel officer which I should like General Banks to have been advised of. He further astonished me by saying:

"We have been watching you two fellows all the afternoon; we saw you cross the river, and when you came up the hill our men up there came in and reported that you were two scouts, and could be captured, so I was sent down here to gather you in."

I was able to force what I am afraid was rather a sickly laugh at this exhibition of our "prowess," and, as a further earnest of our good intentions; I volunteered to accompany the officer down the road, with a view of meeting my running comrade and signaling him it would be all right to come in.

Accepting this service, we walked rapidly together in the direction taken by the two men with guns, but as all three had stopped to hear my story, my chum had probably been making good time along *his* side of the fence, which, with the undergrowth, had served to keep him out of sight, and had stretched the distance between him and the Rebels, but, as the river was still to ford, I feared, for my own safety, that he might yet be captured.

We had not gone far when we met the two men returning alone. To the eager questioning of the officer the foremost one replied:

"We been down to the river and he ain't thar." The second Rebel joining in, said: "That fellow's in the woods, sure—he never went to the river."

After a little consultation, in which I took part, it was decided to wait and watch till he should come out of his hole. With a view to making myself more solid with the officer, I volunteered to assist in the hunt by proposing to call loudly on my friend to come out of his hiding place and join us. The proposition was, in a courteous manner, conditionally accepted, the officer being fearful that any loud calls might be heard by the Yankee's outposts and endanger their secluded outlooks, advised that I should be moderate in my outcry. Climbing up on the fence and putting both hands to my mouth to form the trumpet boys use when hallooing to their playmates, I sang out as loudly as I could, "H-e-l-l-o-o-a, B-o-b!"

All eagerly listened for the echo in reply, but I, fearful that he might answer, continued in the next breath:

"All right," and as I forced a little choking cough, to disguise and smother the words, like the robber in Fra Diavalo, "Come on!"

All waited quietly for an answer, but only the echo "on" came back. Bob was too far off to have heard my voice, and I realized I had been left alone in the hands of the Rebels. I was a prisoner.

There is among some old letters that my sister has religiously preserved—one from a stranger, signed with Bob's correct name and address, describing in feeling terms our adventure, and my capture, bewailing my sad fate, and tendering his heartfelt sympathy, pretty much in the same form of letters from comrades in the field, which became frequent in the families of the North and South announcing the death or capture of sons and brothers, in which it is stated that, as my companion heard shots after he left me, and he supposed, of course, I had been killed. I may as well state that this letter was written by Mr. C. W. Hoffman, who is now a resident of Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

Comrade Hoffman served subsequently with distinction as a scout, being detailed as one of a party to approach Fort Sumter previous to the attack made there.

A pleasant renewal of the old war acquaintance has recently been brought about. I give herewith a recent letter from Mr. Hoffman:

J. O. KERBEY. LATROBE, PENN., March 29, 1887.

Dear Old Friend: I often thought of you. I learned your present address from your brother at Wilmore. What are you doing? Let us hear from you. I am the fellow that run away from you on the mountains, in Virginia, in August, 1861. I went on quite a distance that day. I slept on that mountain all night. The next day I returned to the hotel at Sandy Hook. I had quite a time of it: I saw several Rebel cavalry men, but I always made it a point to keep out of their way, as I had the blue pants and blouse on. Those fellows made their headquarters next to where you made the inquiries at the old woman's log house. It was a wonder they did not take me a prisoner, as at times I wandered out in the country very barely. Wasn't there a Rebel camp near Leesburg, or was that the name of the town near that mountain? I suppose it is about eight miles from Harper's Ferry. I could hear drums beating plainly—I was not far from the town. I had quite a time of it when I returned

to Sandy Hook—I was arrested as a spy, was thrown into the guard house, but finally got out all right. I was a scout and had papers to show to that effect, but never did much at it. Hoping to hear from you.

Yours truly, C. W. HOFFMAN.

As a further evidence of the correctness of my narrative, and with a view of adding interest to the story, I publish herewith a private letter from my brother, Spencer, who was at that time in the Military Telegraph Service. My aunt Ruth, to whom it was addressed, and who was a mother to us both, passed many sleepless nights on account of my wanderings, has recently resurrected some interesting testimonials.

CAMP UNION, NEAR BLADENSBURGH, MD., September 9th, 1861.

Dear Aunt: By some unaccountable reason your letter was delayed. It was handed me by an "orderly" this evening. I presume it's beyond the possibility of a doubt that poor Joe was killed at Sandy Hook. My grief can better be imagined than described. None but those who have suffered the severing of ties of a loving brother's affection can form an idea of my heart's affliction. My dear sisters, how deeply and sincerely I sympathize with them in the deplorable loss of an ambitious brother. That letter must have almost broken Hatty's heart. It must have been a violent shock to father, but why should I so write and rouse within all of you the bitter renewal of your grief? We have for our support, that brother Joe fell nobly in the cause of his country, lamented by an affectionate and loving family, relatives and friends. It is to be hoped that when the keen sensibilities of our passions begin to subside that these considerations will give us comfort. I pray that the Almighty may give us (particularly father) fortitude to bear this severest of strokes, is the earnest wish of a Brother in affliction, SPENCER.

CHAPTER X.

AT BEAUREGARD'S HEADQUARTERS — ON DUTY AT MANASSAS.

I didn't report to General Banks *that* night — circumstances entirely beyond my control prevented me from doing so. I was, by the "fortunes of war," or my own carelessness, denied the privilege of proving to the General that I was "smart" enough to get through his own lines and back again from the enemy's country without the use of passes from his headquarters. If this should reach the eye of General Banks, he will, for the first time, read my official report of the scout, which I had proposed to him in July, 1861, and will, I am sure, in his courteous manner, accept, even at this late date, this apology or explanation for my failure to keep my engagement with him.

Luckily for me, at that particular time I did not have in my possession any passes from General Banks, or letter of introduction from the Secretary of War, endorsing me as a competent spy. These I had left with General Patterson a few days previously.

Leaving the two soldiers to further look after the road, in hope of enticing my friend in—not that they were so anxious for the person of a prisoner—but, as they said, it was important no one should escape to report the fact that a station for observation was being maintained on the heights.

Alongside of my officer I walked for quite a long distance, talking in a general way upon the subject which was then uppermost in everybody's mind—*i. e.*, the recent battle of Bull Run. For good reasons, I heartily agreed with his absurd conclusions. I knew full well the importance of creating upon his mind the impression that I was a *bona fide* refugee, and with the instinctive shrewdness partly born of my former experience I was successful in fully satisfying the officer that the Southern army had secured another hearty supporter, or zealous recruit. It was scarcely possible to undo the thing at that time, as the whole South were wild in their enthusiasm after Bull Run, and to this fact I may partially ascribe my escape from detection and execution.

The only fear that I entertained was, that I might meet either with some Maryland refugees who might cross-question me too closely, or perhaps I might again encounter the Rebel Spy I had met at General Patterson's headquarters; or, worst of all, that some of those Pensacola troops, or Texas acquaintances, might have been transferred to Beauregard's army, and would recognize me.

A captive is always an object of curiosity. I must expect to be gazed upon, stared at, and scrutinized wherever I should be taken.

I might explain away any objections that would offer to the refugee story, as there was no evidence existing that I had recently acted the part of a scout; but the Fort Pickens episode could not be so explained. The mere discovery of my identity meant a speedy hanging, without the form of a court-martial.

I believe I have not yet tried to describe my personal appearance at that time.

I had, from a mere lad, been wearing my hair long, combed back of my ears; despite the jeering remarks of my companions, my "back hair" reached my shoulders, where, truth compells me to admit, it lay in better curls than Buffalo Bill's, Texas Jack's, or, more recently, that of "Jack Crawford," the cow-boy scout.

Probably my long hair was in part accepted by the rebels as an evidence that I naturally belonged to the South, where the style was more common than in the North. It will be remembered, too, in extenuation of my fancy, that I had spent the previous winter in Texas, the climate of which is favorable to the growth of hair on the cow-boys.

My dress, at the time of our surprise, consisted simply and only of a fine, colored, traveling shirt with open rolling collar, red loose necktie, dark trousers, and a coat of the same, topped off by a small, soft, slouch hat; of course, I had shoes which were pretty well worn, and my feet had become quite sore from so much walking. This was not a very complete wardrobe out of which to fashion a costume for a disguise.

My face had become very much sun-burned, and, in bathing, while exposed to the hot sun, my shoulders had become blistered, so that the flannel or cloth overshirt peeled the skin off in a most uncomfortable way.

Reaching the advance of the Rebel outposts, which were located

at an old house—half farm and half tavern—situated on the bank of the little stream at the ford or point where the highway or pike crossed which led to Manassas, we found assembled quite a number of Rebel cavalry soldiers, who were entertaining in their exuberant, self-satisfied way, quite a crowd of civilians who had been attracted to the place.

Into this group of eager, inquisitive Rebels I was, to their surprise, introduced as a "prisoner who wanted to join our army."

It may be surmised that I had, with as great eagerness as themselves, anxiously glanced among the faces, that were all turned towards us as we approached, to discover if among them were any whom I had ever seen before.

Providence, on this occasion at least, was not "on the side of the heaviest battallion," but with the solitary "refugee," who breathed a sigh of relief upon failing to discover one familiar face.

Unfortunately for my peace of mind, there were among the civilian visitors to these soldiers one of those pompous Virginian 'Squires of middle age who, though attired in a fancy grey uniform coat and civilian's pants and hat, was not, I was informed, really in their service. The patronizing manner peculiar to this class of gentlemen was, by reason of his age, indulged by the young officer in command, who permitted him to dictate, like a country 'squire, the manner in which the "culprit" should be disposed of.

It was arranged by my captors, through this meddlesome old 'Squire's influence, that I should be escorted to General Beauregard as a prisoner, leaving for him or his officers to decide upon the advisability of accepting my story and services.

The pompous old Virginia militia Colonel was merely gratifying his own selfish vanity by securing me as his prey, proposed to take me in his buggy direct to the General, whom he wished to communicate with personally.

"How is it that your companion in the uniform ran away on the approach of our troops?" said the old wind-bag, addressing me in a manner so haughty that I immediately resented it, and replied in a tone that some of the bystanders rather enjoyed:

"Oh, he was one of the Bull Run fellows; I am not responsible for him."

I did not relish the idea of going into General Beauregard's

presence in this old Colonel's charge, lest he might, in trying to magnify his own importance, so represent my capture as to create in the minds of the officers at headquarters a suspicion or doubt as to my motive.

The young officer was convinced that I was O. K., and to him I privately expressed the wish that he would not report me an unwilling prisoner, or that I had tried to escape, assuring him that if such had been my intention I could easily have accomplished it. He agreed with me, and, at my further request, actually gave me, privately, a little note to present in my own defense, if I should need it.

So it came about that I shared the hospitality of the Virginia gentleman's buggy, as we drove along the road that evening *en route* to General Beauregard's headquarters with a pleasant note of introduction from a Rebel officer in my pocket, in which was recited his belief that I had voluntarily entered the lines as a refugee.

We spent the night in that vicinity, at some neighbor's farmhouse.

When the old gentleman and I were again alone on the road, I began to work on his patriotism a little, but it was not exactly a success. His manner was not congenial at all. He had with him a fine English repeating rifle, which he placed between us, with the butt resting on the floor of the buggy, and, as we drove along that day, I had it in my mind for the first time in my life to commit a murder.

As we were slowly ascending one of the mountains, I remarked to the Colonel that I believed I'd walk up the mountain, stretch my legs, and relieve the horse for awhile, when he glanced at me and, with a hateful, overbearing sneer on his face, said:

"You wont get out of this buggy until I put you into General Beauregard's hands."

I felt a wicked sensation dart through me that I had never before experienced, and instinctively my own eyes rested on the gun; the Colonel saw my face, and reached for his gun not a moment too soon; my self-possession came to me, and I merely said:

"You're not driving a nigger now."

I still had my loaded pistol concealed in a belt under my clothes. I had acquired while in Texas the Southern accomplishment of

learning its use, and was expert and quick enough to have put its contents in the blatant old fool's ear, and would probably have done so had I not been restrained by the fear that the report would bring about us a crowd of Rebels.

For an hour after this incident we drove along in sullen silence. I felt in my soul that I was being driven like a condemned criminal to the gallows, and this old Colonel was merely my hangman, whom I ought to shoot like a rat.

After cool reflection I concluded that, with the officer's note in my possession, I would be able to counteract any unfavorable impressions he might try to make. I had not attempted to commit any act in Virginia that he could prove which would operate against me. The only matter I had to fear was the discovery of my identity as the person who had played the spy in Florida; but as that was many hundred miles away, I felt that I was comparatively safe.

Beside this, I wanted most earnestly to see General Beauregard myself, and to visit his army at Manassas, and pretended that I was glad to have the use of the old man's buggy, instead of having to trudge along on foot.

The approach to the outskirts of the Rebel army was evident from the frequent appearance of men in gray clothes, who were apparently straggling along the road bound to their homes. A great many of them seemed to have formed the conclusion that, having whipped the Yankees at Bull Run, the war was over, or, if it wasn't, it ought to be, and they could return to their homes in peace, at least until wanted again.

At certain points along the highway, such as bridges, toll-gates and cross-roads, we were halted by guards, who, like the stragglers, were quite communicative to our Colonel, and were of the general opinion that there was no longer any necessity for any particular stringency in enforcing orders, as the war would soon be over; we were, in consequence, permitted to drive ahead without delay.

My old Colonel had taken occasion at several points to call attention to his "prisoner" in a patronizing way. I was pleased and encouraged to note that the air of importance with which the old man attempted to surround himself did not evoke the laudation that he expected.

As we drove up to a house by the roadside to water the horse,

I mildly suggested that I should like an opportunity to wash some of the dust and perspiration from my face and brush up a little before being presented to the General. My guardian angel, probably thinking it would serve his purpose better to show me up in as unfavorable an appearance as possible, bluntly refused to accord me this privilege, saying, as he drove off:

"I'm in a hurry to get there, as I don't want to have you on my hands all night."

We were now close to the railroad tracks, along side of which were numerous camps, or those that had been abandoned for more comfortable location out toward the front. I need not tell old soldiers how uncomfortable and desolate the rear or outskirts of an army are, especially in the miserable country about Manassas.

The roads were crowded with all sorts of vehicles, from artillery and ammunition wagons, driven by colored boys and guarded by frisky black-horse cavalry men, to the two-wheeled carts run by decrepit old colored people who were peddling "truck" for the benefit of their Virginia-Yankee owners, whom, by the way, the real Southern people from the South said at that time were worse than any other sort of Yankee.

Of course the road was dusty—Virginia roads are either dusty or muddy, and, being so much crowded, our progress became a little slow. As we drove along through that Rebel army that evening, I am sure there was not a face in all the crowd that I did not eagerly scan, in nervous anticipation of meeting some one who might recognize me. When the old man was told we were off the road to headquarters, I felt as much annoyed as himself at the delay in reaching General Beauregard's headquarters.

I observed particularly an entire absence of anything that looked like preparations for an advance. Of this I became more satisfied the further on we got, both from the appearance of men traveling to the rear and from the careless appearance of the troops toward the front.

Artillery was parked in shady places; the horses were not corralled close to the guns; in fact, everything was very much in the same disordered condition that I had observed in our army.

About an hour before sundown we reached Beauregard's headquarters. As we drove up to the fence the old man hailed a col-

ored boy, and bade him tie his horse; then, turning to me with a smile of relief, he said:

"Here we are; get out!"

I obeyed with an alacrity that caused him to stare at me in wonder, as he stretched his sleepy legs and got out after me, walking beside me with his gun in hand until suddenly halted by a sentry on guard, to whom my Virginian said:

"I want to see General Beauregard," and proceeded to walk ahead, as if he was a privileged character, but the sentry called down the old fool's dignity by peremptorily ordering him to "halt," as he brought his gun to a carry. There were some sharp words spoken, but the guard understood his business, and gave the old man his first lesson in military etiquette, that no doubt lasted for all the war. An officer near by, who had been attracted by the slight rumpus, approached the sentry, who properly saluted him, and, in answer to the officer's questions, began to give an account of the trouble, but had barely begun to speak when the old farmer, swelling like a turkey-gobbler, ignoring the soldier, and endeavoring to talk over the head of the officer, in a loud voice said: "I want to see General Beauregard *at once*, and I'll have this fellow punished for insulting a gentleman."

The officer, who was a gentleman, mildly suggested that the man had been only doing his duty and obeying orders, but my friend's choler was up and, refusing all explanations, demanded an immediate interview with the General.

The officer now began to get mad and, in a commanding tone, inquired: "What is your business, sir, with the General?" to which the old gentleman replied: "I will explain my business when I see the General."

"Well, sir, you will have to give me your name and the nature or your business, and I will advise you as to the General's pleasure."

"My name, sir, is Colonel ———, of Virginia, by gad; and my business is to turn over a prisoner whom we caught prowling in our county, sir; there he stands, right there, sir."

Turning to look at me, the officer said to the Colonel: "Well, you should escort your prisoner to the provost-marshal. General Beauregard is not entertaining prisoners."

After a few more passages at arms it was settled that I should be

left in charge of the guard while the *Colonel* and the *General* had an interview.

While he was telling *his* story to General Beauregard, which, I suspect, referred more to the "insult" to himself than to my dangerous character, the officer, who had returned to me, politely said something about "old fools." I agreed with him, and took occasion to add my mite of experience with the old fool, and saying that I had merely come from a patriotic impulse from my own home to do something for *the country*, but had been treated with so much indignity by this old man I was sorry I had left home.

In his state of mind my interpretation of the story had a most agreeable effect, which was further strengthened by the note from the officer who had captured me. As soon as he read this, turning to me, he politely asked to be excused, as he returned to the General who was being bored to death by my Colonel.

In a moment more General Beauregard and my Colonel made an appearance, the latter still talking earnestly. The General was bare-headed, his coat unbuttoned, and presented to my vision the appearance of a pleasant Jewish gentleman. He looked at me while the old gas-bag was exhausting itself, but did not speak a word either to me or the Colonel until my young officer spoke up and said:

"I think, General, I had better relieve this gentleman of the responsibility of the care of the young Marylander," at the same time handing to the General the note I had given him.

General Beauregard again looked at me as he finished reading it, and, turning to the officer, said:

"Yes, yes, that will do."

And bidding the Colonel a good evening, as he excused himself, walked off.

It must not be thought that the Virginia Colonel believed, or for an instant suspected my true character; *his* only object was to secure some attention for himself by pressing me upon the General personally; and his own egotism defeated his purpose, to my very great relief.

The Colonel being thus summarily disposed of, the officer, who introduced himself to me as an aide to General Beauregard, began to apologize for my ungracious reception in the Southern Army.

I told him my desire was to connect myself with some of the Baltimore refugees, and I was informed that I should have the opportunity soon; but at that time I think there was no distinct Maryland organizations in their Army. When I suggested that, as I was without money, I must work to earn a living, I meekly observed that being a railroader at home I should like an opportunity to be employed somewhere in that capacity, as I should be able to do justice to myself and my employers better there than elsewhere until I could be able to unite with the army.

"Just the thing; we need experienced men on the roads here now as much as we require soldiers," and, turning to an orderly, he directed him to accompany me to a certain official who had charge of the railroad transportation with the *request from General Beauregard that his services be availed* of, as he is an experienced railroad man.

It was after dark when I became finally located, and, singular as it may seem, I was that night an occupant of a couch in the railroad depot, *within sound of the telegraph instruments operating between Manassas and Richmond,* and this by *express* authority of *General Beauregard,* instead of being a prisoner in a guard-house waiting for execution.

I have been careful to give all the details of this day at perhaps tedious length, not that it was interesting, but because of the bearing on the subsequent events, which I believe are as remarkable as anything yet recorded in the secret service of the war.

CHAPTER XI.

IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS INTERCEPTED AT MANASSAS, WHICH ESTABLISHED THE FACT THAT THE REBEL ARMY HAD NO INTENTION, AND WERE NOT ABLE TO ADVANCE AFTER MANASSAS — THE REBEL ARMY DEMORALIZED BY SUCCESS, AND TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. ABSENT FROM EPIDEMIC — ON THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE—OBSERVATION INSIDE REBEL CAMPS—TALKING WITH RICHMOND BY WIRE — CAPTURED BY REBEL PICKET IN SIGHT OF THE SIGNAL LIGHTS AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

I was always particularly careful to conceal from every one with whom I was in contact when scouting that I was an expert telegrapher. As such I was able, without any apparent effort at listening on my part, or in any way indicating by my manner that I was paying any attention to the monotonous clicking of the instruments, to interpret every word or signal that they gave out.

I had studied this part carefully, realizing fully that upon my successful concealment of this accomplishment everything depended.

I now found myself—through a train of events that seemed almost providential—in exactly the position inside the Rebel armies from which I could best accomplish the objects that I had set out to undertake when I first presented the Secretary's letter to General Patterson and General Porter.

I might have been there before the battle, if Fitz-John Porter had not delayed me. A few days after, I was at the old shanty of a railroad depot from which the trains and telegraph communication were had with Richmond, Gordonsville, and the Valley; the armies of Generals Beauregard and Johnston, were encamped some distance in advance of this point, but my situation was exactly suited to my purpose, which was to intercept communication over the wire to and from Richmond between the Rebel Government and their Generals in the field. I might learn more by sitting still or loafing around listlessly in one day at that point than could be accomplished by a week's tramp through every camp of the Rebel Army.

When I reached the railway station, in charge of one of General

Beauregard's orderlies, it was quite dark. The gentlemanly Rebel soldier, at the direction of the staff officer, escorted me thither from headquarters, politely presented me to the agent or officer in charge, as a "Maryland refugee, whom General Beauregard had sent to him to make use of until such time as he could join with some other Marylanders, who were to come in soon." I was also further recommended as having been connected with railroads in the North, and, continuing, he said:

"Mr. Wilmore" (I had assumed my mother's maiden name) "is willing to undertake any work you may have for him."

"Yes," I spoke up; "I shall be obliged for any employment that will enable me to even earn my rations until I can meet with some friends, whom I expect."

I was cordially received and hospitably entertained as one of the exiled refugees from "Maryland, my Maryland;" in fact, I became somewhat embarrassed by the generous attentions that the attachés about the place were disposed to give me, on account of my being a youthful exile from home.

The station-house was an old frame structure, such as one sees on second-class railways in a new country. One portion was assigned to the offices, in which were crowded together the ticket-sellers, the agent, clerks, and the three telegraph operators. There had not, of course, entered into the plans of the builder of the road and station-houses any calculations for the increased facilities demanded by the presence of a large army at that point, and, necessarily, everything was exceedingly cramped and crowded, which uncomfortable fact served all the better for my purposes.

There was a squad of Rebel soldiers detailed at the depot for the protection of property and to guard the employées. The measly old shanty was more correctly termed a "depot" than are some of those elegant railroad structures which have recently been erected over the country, which, properly speaking, are "stations," even if located at a city terminus—a depot being correctly defined as a storehouse, or base of supplies for an army.

This depot, like all the country stations, had a broad platform around two sides of it. At the rear of the office portion was a window looking out on this platform. Inside of the office, against the wall, immediately under this window, was an old deal table or

shelf, on which was placed two complete sets of Morse instruments, while scattered about over this desk in a telegraphic style was a lot of paper neatly done up in clips, an old inkstand, half a dozen pens, short pieces of lead pencils, while behind the instruments a meerschaum pipe nestled in a cigar box half filled with tobacco. There were a couple of glass insulators for paper weights, and an immense six-inch glass jar, or battery cup, which the operators used for a drinking cup.

The fact that this cup had recently composed part of his battery and contained a strong solution of nitric acid, did not, that I ever noticed, deter the thirsty telegrapher from taking a long swig out of it after "Jimmy," the little messenger, should bring it in full of water fresh from the spring.

The wires, covered with woven thread, were leading down the sides of the window, under the table, where they were taken up in an inexplicable net, and drawn through gimlet holes in the desk, and curled into their proper place in the instruments.

One of these instruments communicated with all the railroad stations on toward Gordonsville and the valley; the other was the direct line of communication with Richmond, and as this machine did most of the business, its voice, or tone, was permitted to sound the loudest, and partially drowned the other; but if an operator's educated ear detected the signal for attention from the railroad instrument, he could, by a mere twitch of the finger, accord it the prominent place, until its wants were attended to.

All the telegraph operators engaged there were clever gentlemen, who were, of course, as full of the Southern enthusiasm as were their soldiers, and to the end gave to their cause that zeal and devotion, protecting, as far as lay in their power, the important secrets and confidences which necessarily passed through their hands, without a single instance of betrayal of the trust.

Like the telegraph corps of the Union army, they served without rank, and for small pay, and no hope of achieving for themselves any of the glory of war. To-day the army telegraphers are not even accorded the privilege granted enlisted men and teamsters. Their names are, unfortunately, not enrolled among those of the "Grand Army."

Of course, I cultivated the friendship of the boys; I flattered

myself that I knew some of their vulnerable points and was able to approach them in the proper way.

What operator has not been "made sick" by the stereotyped observation of visitors, who so often observe, with a superior air, perhaps, while he is showing his girl the telegraph office for the first time, while questioning the courteous and long-suffering operator as to the never ending "curiosities of the telegraph?"

"I once began to learn to telegraph, and knew the alphabet, and could write ever so many words, but I gave it up."

Too bad they all give it up. I've heard the remark in my time on an average of about once a week for twenty-five years, from educated men, too, and have been just that often made sick at the stomach. Any school boy can learn the alphabet from his book on philosophy; so he can learn the alphabet of the Greek, but it requires close application for months to make a mere "operator," and it usually takes years to make a telegrapher, while those who have studied the art and science of electricity longest say they know the least of its wonderful possibilities.

The very first act on my part was to question in this way the operator who was on duty the next morning. I had proposed to the station-master to sweep out for him, and endeavored, in a general way, to make myself a man of all work about the place, so that I might be allowed to remain there instead of being put on the road as a brakeman.

With a broom in my hand, I observed to the operator, who was at that moment leaning over and peering under his desk cleaning his local battery, or rather bossing an old negro who was down on his knees trying to do this work for him: "I came near being an operator once."

I had not time to say that I had learned the alphabet when the young man straightened himself up and pleasantly observed: "The *hell* you did."

I turned my back and began sweeping vigorously, and, if the young man had seen my face, it would have shown a suppressed laugh instead of anger.

That remark fixed him. I know that he for one would never suspect me of being an operator. As the old colored uncle was not doing his work properly at the local, I volunteered to help; and,

taking hold of the wires, I handled them in a clumsy way that was amusing to myself, and, under his direction, for my willingness to aid, I was told that I should have the nasty job of cleaning battery every day after that.

The first day passed without anything of especial interest occurring until about sundown, when a message which I had not heard was received for "headquarters."

It was the duty of one of the mounted orderlies to deliver all messages, but at that time there did not happen to be any orderly about, and, noting their hunt for one, I volunteered to perform the duty and on foot. My services were accepted without question, and I became the bearer of a dispatch to the Rebel headquarters.

The operator placed in my hands an enveloped message for an officer whose name I have forgotten, but it was addressed to the "Headquarters of the Army," remarking, as he carelessly handed it to me: "It's an important message from Richmond and must be answered right away, or I should let it lie over until one of those orderlies got back, because its an awful long walk from here."

Anxious to get the important paper in my hands, I did not think or care for that at all, and told him with an earnestness that I could hardly suppress that I'd rather walk a little than lay around there idle so much, especially as I hoped by getting out to be able to meet some of my Maryland friends in the camps. They all looked upon my proposal as being prompted by my zeal or my "willingness" to be of any service possible to the cause generally and the telegraph people personally.

The Rebel armies had been advanced somewhat during the few days. We all know how difficult it is to find a certain regiment or brigade which we had left perhaps in a snug camp in a well-known location only the day previous, rigged up and beautifully laid out and decorated as if they intended to make it a winter quarters, but had been suddenly ordered during the night, perhaps, to some distant point on a picket detail or wagon guard. These sudden changes in the camps and of the headquarters to a straggling cavalryman or infantryman seem to alter the entire topography of the country in one day, and is very confusing to anyone.

I concluded, however, to take the general course which had been indicated, and to depend on further inquiries as I went along.

With this important dispatch in my pocket, my curiosity burning with an intense desire to learn its contents, I started off briskly, determining in my usual reckless manner that, if it should turn out to be important, that I'd deliver it to *our* headquarters, instead of to the Rebel's, that night. It did not in those days occur to me very often that there might be obstacles in my path. I presume that I felt if there were that, as a matter of course, I should be able to overcome or crush any attempted interference with my plans.

I had not gone far when I was startled out of my reverie by a "helloa," from the rear. Looking around in a frightened way, as if I had been detected in the very act of opening the envelope, as the subject was in my mind, I saw trotting up after me a neatly-dressed soldier on horseback, whom I recognized on a closer approach as one of the orderlies detailed for duty at the railroad station.

His laughing question assured me that I was not to be arrested, and, recovering myself, I was able to receive him calmly and pleasantly, as he said:

"I got back shortly after you had left, and they sent me out to relieve you. I'll take that dispatch out; why, its five miles almost; we're much obliged to you, though."

I rather reluctantly handed over the envelope, which, perhaps luckily for me, had not been tampered with; the natty orderly slipped it under his belt and, after a few more pleasant words, rode off.

In a disappointed mood I retraced my steps to the telegraph station, walking along at a much more leisurely gait than when starting out. I had the leisure to think over my future operation, and before I had returned to the office, had about resolved in my own mind that there was not any use in longer staying about there. But, remembering my experience at Fort Pickens and in Patterson's army in getting into our own lines from that of the enemy, my mission in both cases being misunderstood and my object mistrusted by our own officers, because I had only my own word to support my reports, I fully determined that, without regard to the risk of carrying papers, I should not again return to our lines without taking with me some documentary or other proof to sustain my obser-

vations. I had thought, while in possession of the official dispatch, what a pleasant gratification it would be to my old friend Covode to be able to show him an intercepted dispatch from Richmond to the commander of the Rebel armies in the field; and as the thought of this performance dwelt in my brain as I walked along, I formed a hasty plan, which I believed I could mature and carry into effect—of securing from the files or papers in the telegraph office a number of copies of the most important dispatches, either in the handwriting of Generals Joseph E. Johnston or Beauregard, addressed to Richmond, or at least signed by them officially.

At the particular time during which I was at this point, it seemed to me that the burden of the wires was the messages of inquiry for the sick and wounded, mixed up with florid dispatches of congratulation, coupled almost always with expressions of the great possibilities of the South.

There were but few official messages of any importance that I was able to hear; those carried to and fro by the orderlies, and to which I gave my personal attention in a quiet way, would turn out to be generally some Quartermaster's or Commissaries' orders or requisitions, and I became nervous and tired over the strain or tension I had been obliged to maintain in order to overhear the instruments in the midst of the confusion always existing about the place.

As the telegraph table was jammed up tightly against the board wall of the house, under the window, it became my favorite place for loafing when outside of the office. I could sit on the board platform and, with my back against the boards under the window, distinctly hear every word that went over the wires, the thin partition between my head and the inside answered as a sounding-board, really helping to convey the signals by vibration.

If the reader is anxious to try an experiment, let him place an ear against even a thick wall and allow some person with a penknife handle to tap or knock ever so softly, but quickly and sharply, in imitation of a telegraph instrument's click, and you will be astonished at the distinctness with which the wall will carry the sound like a telegraph wire.

There was always about the place a lot of idle loafers—Rebel soldiers off duty, who naturally gravitated toward the railroad

stations, where the little stores or sutlers were usually to be found, dealing out commissary whisky and tobacco.

Every day, and for every train, there would be crowds of sickly-looking soldiers at the station in care of friends, who were taking them to the trains for their homes. Dear me! I recall it as if it were but yesterday, how the hundreds of poor fellows looked as they were helped aboard the crowded cars by their poor old fathers, or perhaps younger brothers. I always associate in my mind a sick Rebel, with his big eyes and sallow face, with a resemblance to a crazy tramp one sees sometimes nowadays, injured while stealing a ride on a freight train, gazing at everything in a stupid sort of way, clothed in a pair of butternut pants and coat, and big gray blanket over his shoulders even in that August sun. I saw lots of them go away from Manassas that I felt sure would never return to trouble us. They were not all sick, not by any means; some of the chaps that gathered about our place were about as lively and fractious as one meets at an Irish picnic.

One evening while sitting in my favorite place under the window, apparently dozing, but wide enough wake to take in every sound of the instrument which I knew emenated from the fingers of the operator at Richmond, my quick ear caught a message addressed to a prominent official. As it was being spelled out rapidly, promising something rich in the way of news development, I was eagerly straining every nerve and sense to catch every word of it. The instrument had ticked out the name and address, which had first attracted my attention, and I had read—"We have information from Washington that Banks—" when some big fellow among the crowd on the platform, of course not knowing of my intense earnestness at that moment, began a jig-dance on the board platform; and as his boots were at least number nine, and he weighed 200 pounds, of course the vibrations from that source smothered the other sounds. So intent and eagerly had I fixed myself on catching that message, and was so absorbed in my purpose, that, when the fellow made his first jump, I impulsively cried out: "Keep still a minute."

This was a dead "give away," or would have been to any person who had known anything of the telegraph business and my recent

connection with the place; but, quickly recovering myself, I said, "All right; I thought the operator was calling me."

He went on with his dancing but I lost the message.

I afterward carelessly walked inside and tried, without exciting any suspicion, to ascertain what the information about Banks amounted to. I was not successful at the time, but kept the matter in my mind constantly during the evening, and the more I thought about it the more eager I became to know its purport.

I was satisfied fully, from personal observation, that there was no thought of an advance on Washington. I could see from the number of leaves of absence, and the great crowds of soldiers leaving by every train, that no forward movement was then contemplated. Besides this, I had heard on the wire message after message of an official character from quartermasters, commissaries and others interested in the movement of an army, of sufficient character to satisfy me of any projected advance. I decided to go to Washington and report thus much.

It had been arranged that, as Beauregard (or Johnston) had advanced his line to near Fairfax Court House, the telegraph office would be moved the next day, so as to be more convenient.

Late in the night, when the only one on duty in the office was the operator with a guard or sentry outside, I lay on the floor of the office affecting sound sleep, but wide-awake. Knowing that it was the last opportunity to get hold of any papers, I became anxious and almost desperate. A long message had been sent to "S. Cooper, Adjutant-General, Richmond," giving a full and detailed account of an epidemic that had apparently broken out in the army. The dispatch was important I knew, from the fact of its being addressed to S. Cooper, who I knew was Adjutant-General for Jeff Davis, and was, I think, signed by Dr. Cartright. It was quite long; the only part of it which I distinctly remember was the astonishing statement that twenty-five per cent., or one-fourth, of the Rebel Army were sick or unable to do any active duty on account of this epidemic of dysentery or diarrhœa. This was an important admission in an official form, and I decided that it was the message in writing that I must carry with me to Washington. I observed carefully where the operator placed the original copy after it had been sent.

It was his duty to have remained there all night, prepared to receive or send communications that might chance to come, but we all know how soundly the night-owls can sleep while on duty, and I knew, or hoped, that this young fellow would soon take his chance and drop asleep, when I could abstract that Cooper message from his files.

I did not have to wait for him to sleep; he did better than that for me; he went out of the office and left me inside alone, and I, moving vigorously, with one eye watched his every movement; he further favored me by turning all his lights down before leaving. I inferred that his purpose (as all was quiet on the wire) was to go to his bunk and take a regular sleep like a Christain and a white man, and not like a common soldier. I heard his footsteps on the long platform grow fainter and further off, and then the sound disappeared as he jumped onto solid ground. Now was my chance to get that message.

Realizing that it might be my only opportunity, I quickly determined to take the risk of his returning soon and, perchance, missing the message from his file—it being conspicuous because of its bulky appearance. I silently stole up to the desk and slipped the big piece of paper from his hook and put it—not in my pocket, not by a good deal—but I carelessly laid it "aside," where I would be able to reach it, and where the operator could find it if he should return and take a notion to hunt it up.

Pleased with my success, and emboldened by the continued absence of the operator, I thought of looking further for a copy of the message about "Banks" that I had heard come over the wires that afternoon, but abandoned it, remembering that, as it was a received message from Richmond, that probably there was no copy of it retained in the office and the original had been delivered.

Everything seemed to become oppressively as still and quiet as death outside—the office was dark; the instrument only ticked an occasional "call" from "Rd;" but as the operator was not there to answer the "call" the "Rd" operator no doubt thought him asleep, and with that feeling of fraternity and consideration for which the craft are noted, the man at "Rd" undoubtedly turned in himself. It's probable the feeble call was merely a desire to assure himself that the man at the other end was drowsy and ready

to go to sleep. I understood all their little tricks. I had been there myself often, and, as I lay on that floor, I fully sympathized with the boys.

Feeling that it was to be almost my last hour in the telegraph service of the Rebels at Manassas, I became bold and reckless enough at my success, and the hope of getting away soon, to undertake a very foolish piece of business.

In the darkness, which comes just before daylight (when I should leave), I learned the Cooper message. At the same moment, almost involuntarily, I placed my hand on the "key" of the telegraph instrument and softly called, "Rd-Rd-Rd," several times; there was no answer to my first feeble call. The operator was probably asleep. I was turning away, abandoning the attempt, when I was thrilled through and through by the click of the instrument answering in a slow, sleepy way, "I-I-I," which is the affirmative signal in answer to a call for attention to receive a message. Glaring about wildly in the darkness in search of the voice of the Rebel spectre I had aroused, and who was speaking to me from Richmond, I took hold of the key and said, in nervous haste and desperation:

"What was that message you sent about Banks?"

There was a moment's silence. "Rd" did not seem to comprehend, and made the telegraphic signal for interrogation (?) or repeat. I said more deliberately:

"That message about Banks—is there anything important?"

"Oh, yes; why, you sent the answer to that."

"I forgot it."

"Yes," he answered; that "a Confederate Company could take care of Banks."

"O. K., O. K."

I had just laid down when footsteps were heard advancing toward the office door, and, in another moment, to my great relief, not the operator, but the colored servant or porter, tumbled in for an hour's sleep before it was time to sweep and clean up the office preparatory to the coming day's work. There was no more sleep for me. I was wide awake to the importance of getting away from there as soon as possible. With the intent of throwing everybody off their guard, or to avoid any suspicion that might possibly attach to my sudden departure, I had made up, and had been careful to

tell all the listeners I could get the day previous, that I was going out to Fairfax C. H. to find some friends whom I had understood were in camp there, and I might be away all day and night. Also, that I was tired of civil life about the railroad and anxious to enter the army, and would do so if I found my friends.

I knew that the operator who had been on duty, or supposed to have been on duty that night, would be relieved by the regular day man in the morning, so, of course, the man coming on duty would not be likely to know anything about the night messages, or to miss any messages that he himself had not sent. I therefore took the last opportunity te collect from the files of the office several interesting "documents," which I knew would be valuable souvenirs to show my friends when I should get back to Washington.

Early in the morning I secured a note from the Superintendent requesting a pass through the army for myself, to enable me to look up a friend. With a few further words of good-by to one or two companions, with whom I had been so singularly associated for a few days, I left the place, with the expectation of being able to reach Washington the same night.

The distance was but twenty miles, I think, to Alexandria. My plan was, during the daytime to travel openly under protection of my pass, in a course leading to the front. From the best outlook that I could reach, I hoped to place myself convenient to some unguarded point, through which I could escape from the Rebels, and in safety reach our own lines under cover of the darkness. It was not a particularly dangerous undertaking at that time, because the Rebels—officers and soldiers—whatever may be said to the contrary, were demoralized, and had become quite careless and almost indifferent to their surroundings.

I was now going into the very heart of the Rebel army. I think that I saw all that was to be seen in a day's scout. They had, what I thought at the time, an awful lot of cannon; and cavalry men in bright gray uniforms were flying about everywhere, mounted on their own fine horses, and stirring up a dust in such a way as to impress me with the idea that the woods were full of horsemen. The infantry camps were, for the most part, pleasantly located; in fact, everything looked brighter from the midst of the army than it had from its rear; but there was everywhere present—along the roads, or in the yards of

convenient houses—the same groups of sick-looking soldiers and officers, who were probably awaiting their turn to get home to die.

There were numerous fortifications, earth-works and masked batteries to be seen, and when I got on to the battlefield of Bull Run what a disgusting smell filled the air; the very atmosphere seemed to be thick and heavy with the odor of half-buried and half-burned horses and mules, the bones of which were to be seen in many places covered with carrion crows, which would fly off making their ugly noises as they hovered about in a way to make the heart sick. You all know how we used to "bury" the dead artillery and cavalry horses, by simply piling a few fence-rails over the bodies and then setting fire to the pile, and then ride off and leave the coals of the fire baking the carcass. Whew! the smell of those half-burned old horses sticks in my nostrils even after twenty-five years.

I have not much to say of the many poor fellows whose toes were to be seen above ground; and now and then a piece of blue cloth showed through the thin covering of earth, and one hand laid above the grave, from which the fingers had been actually rotted or eaten off. It's an ugly subject to write or think about now, and I dismiss it from my mind with the same feeling of disgust and sickness that I experienced that day I walked along the fields and fences in August, 1861. Under the pretence of looking for a sick comrade, whom I pretended might have died at one of the hospitals or private houses in that direction, I moved about unmolested. There were plenty of civilian visitors beside myself, who were readily granted the privilege of going over the battlefield; their army friends were glad of an opportunity to escort them, so it was not thought at all out of the way for me to be prowling about there alone in search of a sick or perhaps a dead friend. In this way I got beyond the battlefield without any trouble, and along the railroad toward the station from which a road leads up to Fairfax Court House. Here I began to encounter some difficulties in the way of guards and sentries which were placed about the railroad bridges and at the cross-roads. Their purpose was, as a general thing, I imagined, to prevent their own soldiers from roaming or straggling about too much.

I knew that the railroad track would lead me in the most direct route to Alexandria, and soon to our army on that line; but I under-

stood, also, that it would be more carefully patrolled and guarded than were the country roads; and for this reason I preferred the woods in which to make my final dash for liberty, and the Union, and home.

The critical moments in a scout's experience come just at this point—after successfully passing beyond one line and *before* reaching the other; then occurs the time when capture means his sure detection, either as a deserter or a spy, with its terrible punishment; and it is extremely difficult to tell from appearances whether those you meet or see are the friends you hope to find or the enemies you desire to leave behind.

I had traveled openly and boldly all day through the Rebel Army, carrying inside the lining of my cap the official papers I wished to get through. I had placed them in my hat because I calculated that, in case of a pursuit and probable capture, I might be able accidentally to "lose" the hat in a way that would not attract any particular attention, and a search of the regulation place for a spy to carry papers—in the shoes—would reveal nothing to implicate me. Night and darkness was rapidly coming on, yet I continued boldly to advance right along to the front, and, in the gloaming, I reached a little house setting back from the road, where I applied for supper and lodging. There were several soldiers about the yard, and officers were inside the house, as I judged from seeing their horses tied in the barnyard. An old bushwhacking proprietor, to whom I addressed myself, said that he couldn't keep me, as these officers had engaged the only accomodations he had. Turning to the officers I explained in a plausible manner that I had been hunting all day for a sick comrade, who had been left at a private house; that I was unable to find him—his name and regiment I was then able to furnish, knowing very well from their distance back, where I had located them, these man would not detect me—and as I was too tired and sick to go back that night, I must rest till morning, and so I would take a bed in the barn. I showed my request for a pass, across the face of which I had carefully endorsed in bold handwriting, in red ink, before leaving the office, the official words, "Approved, R. Chisholm, A. D. C."

That was a clear case of forgery, but "All's fair in love or war," and "desperate cases require desperate remedies."

The officers were of that kind who are easily impressed by an endorsement, especially if it is written across the face of the papers in red ink; and without any further question I was invited to sit down while a warm supper was being prepared for them.

I gathered from their conversation that the Rebel outposts were still some distance beyond. Though their own regiment was on this picket duty, their presence in the house was explained by the sickness of the younger of the two officers, the older having brought him in off the picket line. There were also in addition to this line of pickets, a cavalry detachment that were supposed to be constantly moving up and down the roads in front of or between the two armies. So I was still a long way from our lines, and had yet some serious obstacles to overcome.

It wasn't exactly a pleasant evening for me, although I was so near home again. I lay there in that hay-loft or horse-shed, planning for the last dash for liberty; I knew that I must not attempt to move out of the barn until everybody was sound asleep; I had also some fear of a couple of dogs, that I'd seen running about the house rousing the folks when I should stir; I realized that I had a serious night's tramp ahead of me; my path must necessarily lead me over the fields and through the woods in tiresome detours that would be necessary in avoiding the road. For this reason I was anxious to to make an early start from the barn; and just as soon as everything became quiet I silently groped my way out of the loft and slid myself down on the manure pile; crouched a moment to nervously listen and learn if the way was clear, and not hearing a sound of life, I started off cautiously on the last quarter-stretch of my night run for "liberty or death."

Keeping to the fields and woods, but in sight of the fence along the road as a guide, for some distance without meeting anyone or the hearing of a sound except the crickets and frogs, I became more emboldened and climbed over the fence into the road, striking out at a lively gait down a long hill. At the bottom of this hill, or rather in the valley between two hills, flowed a little stream which was spanned by one of those old-fashioned stone bridges. When I came close I discovered that a sentry was standing on it. I thought it was a picket; I could discern a moving object that looked to me through the darkness sufficiently like a soldier and his gun, to

cause me to get back over the fence and make rapid tracks through the field to his flank. Almost exhausted, I found myself on the bank of the same little stream at a point where there was neither bridge or pickets.

I had learned enough about the military way of doing things to understand that, topographically, this little stream of water probably represented the Rebel picket-line, and I surmised that if I were able successfully to pass this point, that I should meet with no further danger from the infantry, and that cavalry could easily be avoided by keeping away from the roads, as I could travel over the routes where the horses could not be used.

I waded right in fearlessly; there was but little water running, but, oh dear! there was lots of mud concealed under the little bit of water, and when I pulled out, on the other side, I had gained several pounds in weight which had to be carried along up the next hill by a pair of legs already nearly exhausted. I got over that hill and passed down into another valley, and had, as before, become so emboldened by not meeting with anything in my path to relieve myself of the extra labor of climbing fences and crawling over logs, as well as scratching through briar bushes and tramping ploughed fields, I again took to the road.

All that day and most of the night I had now been going steadily in one direction, as I believed toward our lines, which I had figured could not be more than twenty miles distant from my starting point in the morning. Feeling that I could not be far from rest and glorious relief from the dreadful strain or suspense in which I had placed myself since leaving the barn, I recklessly pushed along the open road. Up to that point I could have retreated and saved myself, but now that I had gotten outside of the lines, no explanation would answer, if I were captured.

I was so fully satisfied that I was outside the Rebel lines and became so exhilarated with the feeling that came over me upon the thought that the next soldier I should meet would be our own boys in blue, that I started up the hill at a brisk dog-trot, feeling almost as fresh as when starting out in the morning.

This road was through a strip of dense pine woods. You all know how dismally dark the path seems which leads through a deep and dark, lonely wood on a cloudy night. I felt, as I forged

along, like the ostrich with her head in the sand, that, as "I could see nobody, nobody could see me," and was feeling comfortable enough, notwithstanding the dreary loneliness of the time and place, to have whistled Yankee Doodle, even although I was not out of the woods.

I wasn't afraid of the Black-Horse Cavalry in that darkness and gloom, because I knew very well that afoot I could easily hear the approach of horses along the road in time to get out of the way by running to the adjacent dark woods. In my mind I planned my forthcoming interview with the surprised officers of our army, whom I would soon meet face to face.

It's a rule or law that scouts or spies must report direct to the General commanding, and not talk to anyone else. I was going to do better than this, and report to the President and Secretary of War, and show the evidence that I carried—that there were twenty-five per cent. of the Rebel Army sick with this epidemic, while probably another twenty-five per cent. were absent on sick leave or straggling, and no advance was possible, while an attack by Banks on their rear would demoralize them all badly.

"Halt!"

That's the word I heard come from the darkness and interrupted my plans, which shot through me as if it were uttered by a ghost or spirit from another world, and put me in a tremor of dismay. The voice came from the side of the road, and *from behind.* I was so taken by surprise that I could not at the instant see the object that spoke like a deathknell this dreadful word.

In another instant a *soldier in a blue uniform* appeared, pointing his gun at me, as he said "Stand there!" Then calling to a comrade, who had evidently been asleep, as he did not immediately answer, I recovered my voice sufficiently to say to the soldier in the blue blouse.

"You scared me half to death, until I saw your uniform."

He replied to my observation:

"Yes; where did you come from?"

I had not yet seen his face distinctly, but his voice and dialect at once aroused my doubts, and again put me on my guard, and I said:

"I'll tell you all about it when your officer comes," and I braced for a run.

In another moment the rattling of a sabre was heard, coming from the direction of the woods, and, peering through the darkness into the grove, I was able to distinguish the outlines of a house.

When the officer with his rattling scabbard got up to us I was almost paralyzed to see him dressed in the grey uniform of a Confederate cavalry officer. Addressing me courteously, he said:

"What in the name of all that's good brings you out on this road on such a dark night, disturbing our sleep?"

He laughed, as if he thought it a good joke on himself; it was only a trifling little laugh, but it gave me some encouragement.

"Why, I have been hunting the house where a sick friend of mine was left after the battle, and, being unable to find him, I went to sleep in a barn, but I couldn't stand that sort of a rest, so I got out and started back home, and I *guess* I'm lost."

"I *guess* you are."

The use of this word nearly gave me away.

"What regiment was your friend in?"

"I don't know for sure, but think its a Maryland company. I knew him in Texas, but we were both from Maryland, and maybe he went with some Texas acquaintances."

"Well, my friend, this is rather a singular place and time to be found hunting a sick friend."

"Yes, I know; but, as I tell you, I am lost in the darkness, and must have taken the wrong road when I left the barn. I will show you my passes."

"Oh, you have passes, have you? Come into the house and we will make a light; we can't make a light out here because we are right on the line."

As we turned to leave, the sentry or guard who had halted me whispered or spoke in a low tone to the officer. I suspected that he was telling him that I had expressed my relief at seeing his blue uniform. The officer merely nodded assent, as he invited me to walk alongside of him into the house.

I took occasion to say to him that when I saw the blue coat I was sure that I had been caught by a Yankee soldier, and expressed my great pleasure at having met such courteous Southern gentlemen.

"Well, you came very near going into the Yankees' hands; why,

their cavalry come out here every day, and were away inside of this point to-day, but they generally go back at night, and we come out to spend the night on the road."

Then stopping in his walk he turned and, after peering through the trees, he pointed to a couple of dimly flickering lights and said: "Those lights are in Georgetown College."

Great God! I was so near and yet so far; and as I looked at the lights I was almost overcome with emotion to think that I had so nearly succeeded and was now a prisoner in the sight of home and friends; that I had, in fact, passed the last picket and had been halted from the rear, but realizing that I must, under the trying circumstances, keep a stiff upper lip, I might yet get free.

My surprise at hearing the lights pointed out as Georgetown College was so great that I must have expressed in some way my feelings, as the officer looked at me quizzically. I ventured to express myself in some way about being so near the Yankees, as I thought I was nearer Fairfax, in a manner which probably implied a doubt as to the lights being so close at Georgetown, when he spoke up:

"I know they are, because, you see, I was a demonstrator of anatomy and a tutor at that college, and we all know about it." And as a further proof of his assertion he incidentally observed: "If you are around this country in daylight you can see the Capitol from some elevated points."

In the silence and gloom that had settled down over me, like a cold, heavy, wet blanket, we walked together to the house.

Along the fence and hitched to the posts were several horses, already saddled and bridled for sudden use, while in the porch of the house were stretched in sleep the forms of two or three men in gray uniform, with their belts and spurs buckled on.

Inside the house a tallow candle was found, and by its dim light, the Confederate officer scanned my pass, and then, turning, gave me a most searching look by the light of the candle, as he said: "This pass is all right for the inside of our lines."

"Oh," said I quickly, "I don't want any pass anywhere else. I'm glad that I found you here, or I'd have gone into the Yankees' hands, sure."

While talking to the sentry, when waiting for the officer to come

up to us, I had not thought it necessary to attempt to destroy or "lose" the papers in my old hat, as I supposed him to be the Union picket; and, since the officer had joined us, there had been no opportunity to do anything with him, without exciting suspicion, which was the one thing to be avoided at that time.

When we went into the house I had, of course, taken off my hat, and as I sat there under the scrutiny of that fellow's black eyes and sharp cross-examination, I held my hat in my hand, and everytime my fingers would touch or feel the presence of the paper in the hat I was conscious of a little flush of guilt and apprehension, which happily the tallow candle did not expose.

The officer, at my request, hospitably accepted the suggestion that I be permitted to stay there under their protection until daylight, when I could return to "our army," supplementing the arrangement by the kind observation.

"We will see you back safely."

Then rousing one of the sleeping soldiers, whom he called aside and gave some private directions as to my care and keeping, he courteously told me to make myself comfortable, and apologized for the accommodations.

I was a prisoner, and I knew full well that to be escorted back through the Rebel armies with this officer's report that I had been "found at their outposts going in the direction of the enemy," would excite a suspicion that would be sure to set on foot a closer examination, and this would result in my certain detection; because the first thing they would do would be to show my forged endorsement from General Beauregard's, Chief-of-Staff for his further endorsement; and I could not, of course, stand an examination into my immediate antecedents, nor explain my statements, and this would also discover my operations in the telegraph office.

As I lay down alongside of the armed Rebel trooper for a rest, I resolved that, come what might, I should not go back a prisoner — that it would be preferable to be shot trying to escape rather than to be hanged as a spy.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER ESCAPE, ETC.

As I lay me down to sleep on the front porch of the little old house, close beside an armed Rebel soldier, and not very distant from two other aroused troopers, I realized in a manner that I can not describe that I was not only a prisoner, but that I was most likely suspected of being a spy who had been captured in the very act of escaping from their own into their enemy's lines. I felt all the worse from the reflection that my unfortunate predicament resulted solely from a want of caution or discretion; that had I been content to suffer more patiently the delays and annoyances which were necessarily to be encountered while tramping in the darkness through the fields and briar bushes in avoiding the highways, I might have passed the danger line a moment later, to have reached our own lines safely enough a little later in the night. I had actually passed all the Rebel pickets, both of infantry and cavalry. I learned from the talk of the men into whose hands I had run myself, that they were merely a detached scouting party, who were at that particular point at night, as I surmised, to receive communications from their friends who were inside our lines during the day time.

This arrangement was for the accommodation and convenience of *their* spies in our army—enabling them to come out to this rendezvous under cover of the night to deliver their mail or supply information.

I gathered these facts from the big fellow who had me in charge, who, it was courteously observed by the officer, "would make me as comfortable as possible," after the manner of a jailor the night before a hanging.

The outpost was not only a branch postoffice for the Rebel couriers, but there was a previously-arranged system of signals with some one at the college, by which any important advances or other movement of our forces could have been quickly announced, and that would have been well understood by the party stationed there to observe this.

As I have said, I fully determined in my own mind not to go back to the Rebel headquarters as a suspected spy. The forged endorsement, or request for a pass, which I had voluntarily relinquished to the Rebel officer, while it seemed to allay any suspicions that might have been aroused in his mind, had the opposite effect with me.

It was the one little piece of paper out of my hands that was sure to be closely scrutinized by the officers. It would supply documentary evidence not only of my guilt as a spy, but of forging a Rebel General's endorsement.

I had not yet seen any chance to make away with the other dreadful death warrant, in the form of the stolen telegram that was concealed under the lining of my hat.

While passing into the house from the road I might have thrown my hat down, but I knew they would hunt it up for me, and, in handling it, be sure to discover the concealed papers. I could not get them out of the hat, even in the dark, without attracting attention that might result in an exposure; and, besides all this, I knew full well that any pieces of white paper, if torn into ever so small fragments and scattered on the ground, would be sure to attract notice and be gathered up at daylight. I was suspected, and, as such, every action and movement was being closely scrutinized and noted. My only hope was to delay the exposure that must eventually come; that I must keep still and trust to luck for escape; or, if an opportunity offered me, while pretending to sleep, I could eat and swallow the papers.

The horses of the troopers were already bridled and saddled and hitched to the fence-post. It occurred to me, in my despair upon seeing this, that, if I could only succeed in throwing these people off their guard for a moment, I might find an opportunity to seize one of their own horses, upon which I could ride defiantly and wildely down the road into the darkness, trusting to night and the horse to carry me beyond reach of their pursuit.

These were only a few of the many thoughts that rushed through my brain that night, as I lay there on the porch, so near home and friends on one side, and so close to death and the gallows on the other. It is said that a drowning person will think of the events of a life-time in one short moment. I had *hours* of agony that night that can never, never be described.

As I lay there looking up into the sky, perhaps for the last time, I thought I'd soon have an opportunity of finding out whether there were other worlds than ours. I was, indeed, going to that bourne from which no traveler ever returns.

The clouds, which had darkened the sky a little in the early part of the evening, were now slowly rolling by. I lay as still as death for an hour perhaps, watching the movements of the clouds, and thinking of my friends at home.

I wondered what each and every one was doing at that particular time, and imagined that most of my youthful associates were having a happy evening somewhere, while I, poor fool, was lying out on a Virginia porch in this dreadful fix, without a friend to counsel or advise with, while I might just as well have been at home and happy with the rest of them. If they thought of me at all, it probably was as a prisoner still about Harper's Ferry; but I would never, perhaps, have the satisfaction of knowing that my work in the Rebel camps had been understood. While cogitating in this frame of mind the moon began to show through the breaking clouds, and, as suddenly as if a face had appeared to my vision, the Southern moon looked straight down on my face, flooding the porch for a moment with a stream of mellow light.

I was lying partly on my side at the time, my head resting on my arm for a pillow, as was my habit; my hat, which yet contained the tell-tale papers, was under my face. I was almost startled from my reverie, as if by an apparition, and, looking around hastily, I saw standing, like an equestrian statue, on the road the mounted sentry, while along side of me, but to my back, was *seated* another fellow apparently wide awake, who looked wonderingly at me as I raised my head so suddenly. I was closely guarded, and my heart sank within me as I again dropped my head to my favorite position on my pillowing arm.

The moon still shone clear, and as I looked with heavy, moist, downcast eye, I became suddenly thrilled through my whole being on discovering by the light of that indulgent old moon that right alongside of my hat was an open knot-hole in the floor of the porch.

I 'm not a spiritualist or even a believer in the supernatural, but I must assert, upon my conviction, that some unseen influence must

have directed and placed that ray of moonlight at that particular time, for the express purpose of enabling me to safely deposit the tell-tale papers. If it had not been for the timely rift in the clouds, I would never have discovered the little opening in the floor. Another fact which confirms me in my theory of the supernatural influence is, that, immediately after I had been so strangely shown the place of concealment, the light faded as suddenly as it had appeared, and for some time afterward the surroundings became obscure in the darkness.

There may have been, but I don't think there was, another hole in that porch floor, and this one was quite insignificant.

In the darkness I could barely insert my two fingers into the opening, as Mercutio says in the play:—"No, 'tis not as deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door: but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

I don't think a hunted rat or fox was ever more grateful for a hole than I was for this; it was my only chance to get rid of the papers unobserved, and I at once took the hint from the sky and began silently to finger them out of my hat.

Unfortunately, they were quite bulky; the official paper which had given a tabulated statement of the epidemic and absence of twenty-five per cent. of the Confederate Army, was on foolscap paper, which *would* rattle everytime it was moved; but by turning or scraping my shoes on the boards every time I touched the papers deadened the sound, I was enabled, after a good deal of nervous twitching, to get them into a roll sufficiently small to poke down the hole. That's what I thought; but when I attempted to drop them the wad wouldn't fit; and, to add to my consternation, the guard at this point was being relieved. I lay still for awhile in a tremor of excitement lest I should be detected; it occurred to me, also, that though the moon had kindly shown me the way to get rid of my burden of proof, the sun might, also, in the hours following, expose, from the front part of the house, the presence of a roll of white paper under the porch. I had not satisfied myself that the opening at the front was closed. To prevent the roll of white paper being too conspicuous, I tore from my hat the black silk lining, and, at a favorable opportunity, I re-rolled the little paper into the black silk stuff in a smaller package, which allowed of its being deposited in the Rebel signal station, and "let her drop."

It reached the ground about two feet below, and, being dark in color, was assimilated so closely with the black earth as not to attract any notice, even if there had been an opening to daylight. This package out of my mind and off my hands safely, I breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief and thankfulness, and uttered a solemn prayer. "That I'd be hanged if I ever touched another paper."

When I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and looked around and saw daylight breaking, my heart again sank within me as I realized my position.

Through a misty, drizzling daylight in August, I saw preparations of the rebel outposts to "pack off," and was hurriedly ordered to get up behind one of the troopers whose horse would "tote double," and instead of a gallant dash down the road to our lines, followed by howling and shooting pursuers, I was being "toted," back to the Rebel Army, "on behind."

It seems very funny now to have to describe my inglorious position, as compared with the novelist's idea of a dash for liberty. I was riding lady fashion on the rear end of a rebel cavalryman's horse, holding on around his waist for dear life, like a girl at a picnic, as we trotted ingloriously back toward the headquarters of the Rebel Army. It was quite unbecoming I know, and if I had been in a camp meeting crowd I should have enjoyed the ride; just at this particular time I was obliged to be satisfied with the facilities, and pretended that it was fun. I was smart enough not to allow those people to discover, by any words or actions of mine, that I objected to going back in this way; though I would have given worlds to have had a chance to delay them, in hopes of relief coming up from the Union Army that would compel them to give me up in order to save themselves.

I had two chances for my life: I could not be expected to fight the whole Rebel Army single-handed and escape unhurt; the only thing to do, was, so to conduct myself that I might throw them off their guard and quietly get away, and thus have an opportunity to try again to reach our lines. The other alternative was, that if this chance of escape did not appear, that I might so conduct myself toward my captors as to win their confidence, and have the forged pass disposed of and not be carried to Beauregard. If conducted to headquarters, I might, by cunning stories, try to

impress on the minds of those who would have my examination in charge the truth of the story that "I had become lost in the night, while searching for the house in which my sick friend was reported to have been left."

This was plausible enough, and I hoped from the general demoralization prevailing after the battle, that they might be careless, or at least indifferent, enough to let me off easy on this statement.

The forged endorsement on the pass, which had gone out of my hands, was the serious *evidence* against me, coupled with the fact of having been captured while trying to go to the enemy.

There was, also, of course, always before me the great danger of a discovery of my identity as the Fort Pickens Spy.

I had ample opportunity to consider all these things as we trotted along back over that portion of the road that I had tramped out in so lighthearted a manner the night previously. The soldier who "escorted" me was a jolly, good fellow, and felt disposed to make my ride as comfortable as possible, but as there were eight in the squad beside the officer in command, we had to keep up with the rest and, as our old nag was a rough trotter, it was a little bit uncomfortable at times. They seemed to be in a hurry to get away. Perhaps something may have happened while I was asleep that made it necessary for them to whoop things up a little that ugly morning.

The unpleasant jolting of the horses, and the rattling of the sabers and horses' tramping feet, prevented an easy flow of language—in fact, I could not talk at all; it required all my time and attention to keep my place on the rear of the saddle. I did not dare to drop off the horse, because the officer in charge had been careful enough to place us in front.

We reached a bridge on which was stationed a picket, who halted us; the officer rode up, dismounted, and gave the necessary countersign and ordered us forward.

I had only seen the bridge at night, and from the other side, where I had discovered a soldier with a gun walking about, when I broke for the field and flanked him. We were halted for a moment while the rebel officer of the guard, with our officer, walked a little distance to one side to consult with some others, who were in a drowsy way, lounging about a camp-fire.

I looked about to gain some idea of the topography of the country over which I had traveled in the night.

Several officers approached us, accompanied by our commander. I was requested to dismount, when our officer politely introduced me to the other, saying:

"The Colonel is anxious to know how in the world you could have gotten by his picket on this bridge last night."

"Yes" says the Colonel, "I've had men on post here who declar that no one passed them during the night."

I was taken all aback, because I had told the party who had captured me that I had followed the road right along.

"Well," said I, "I walked right over this bridge last night, and saw no one here at all."

What a whopper that was; but I knew that I'd got to go through with it. Turning abruptly away from us, both the officers walked off a short distance and brought a sergeant forward to hear my statement; luckily for me, he admitted that at a certain hour he had been obliged to leave the bridge in charge of one man alone; but he insisted that it was for a short time only. After this admission the sergeant and his officer had some interesting talk, in rather an emphatic tone of voice, in which my officer and our squad seemed to take a lively interest. They evidently felt that they had found a weak spot in the infantry line of pickets, and rather enjoyed the honor of having caught the fish that had gotten through the net.

After this little affair had been so happily passed, to my great relief, they all seemed to be in good humor with themselves and with me, and were rather inclined to give me credit for having passed through their infantry successfully. As my escort's horse was having to carry double, and could not be expected to travel as fast as the others, the officer in command directed a second man to stay with us, while himself and the rest of the body-guard rode ahead.

They assumed that, being again inside of their picket line there was no danger of my getting out to the Yankees—if I had wanted to try to escape from them.

We were directed to hurry to a certain house, where they would order breakfast, and very considerately urging us to hurry along, so we could have it hot. I was apprehensive, from this talk of a breakfast in a house, that I should be landed back into the old bush-

whackers shanty, where I had taken a greasy supper the night before, and had been put to bed in his barn.

I was not sure of the road, nor would I recognize the house, as I had seen it only at night when approaching it from the other side. I felt relieved when we turned out of the broad road into one not so well traveled, which led to the left or south, in the direction of Fairfax or the railroad. To a question as to our destination, my man said: "We are to go to Headquarters, I reckon, but we are to stop up here for a rest and feed."

Sure enough, after passing only a short distance up the side road, we came in sight of an old tumble-down looking house on one side of the road, while across from it was the identical barn that I had crawled out of a few hours earlier. The house and necessary outbuildings of the farm were located between these two roads. I discovered by the daylight, also, that there were quite a number of rebel soldiers encamped in a wood close to this fork of the roads; there was, probably, a brigade of them, or at least a couple of regiments, bivouacking there, as I judged from the smoke of their numerous camp-fires. They were preparing their early breakfasts. These troops, I learned from my companion on our horse, were detailed for the Rebel advance picket duty, and were scattered in detachments all along the front in the best shape to protect their line.

Riding up to the gate, I jumped off the horse with alacrity, and seeing the old bushwhacker in the door, I rushed up to him as if I had found a long-lost father, and began to tell him how glad I was to be safely back there again.

"But," said the old scoundrel, "why didn't you stay here last night?"

"Why, I couldn't sleep in that old barn for the rats, and so I got out; and as I didn't want to waken you all up, I walked off quietly alone, but I got started on the wrong road in the night and came near getting into the Yankee's hands."

"Too bad," said the old rascal, with a sneer and a knowing wink to a group of officers who had gathered around there for a breakfast and had heard my story from our officer. I saw at once that I was a goner, and that my story wouldn't go down here; but, keeping a stiff upper lip, I assumed an air of cheerfulness that I did not at all feel in my heart. I was disturbed, too, to observe that my

commander was being questioned earnestly by several officers, who would every now and then glance significantly at me; from their gestures and manner I knew instinctively that my case was being discussed, and every sign indicated that the verdict would go against me.

This sort of a reception was not calculated to whet my appetite for the breakfast awaiting us. The Georgetown tutor, whom I have termed "my Rebel," was a perfect gentleman, and whatever may have been his own convictions as to my being a spy, he most considerately concealed from me any indications, and refrained from the expression of a suspicion as to the truthfulness of my story. He assumed in my presence that I was a straight refugee; and I inferred, from his intercourse with the officers whom he had met at this old house, that he had defended me as against their suspicions.

A young enlisted man from one of the regiments camped about there had been brought to the house to confront me on my "Maryland story," he being a Marylander. It was supposed he would be able to detect any inaccuracies in my account of Maryland; but I soon satisfied him, and showed the officers who had gathered about that I knew as much about Maryland and Baltimore as he did, and more about the Rebel country. I had fully crammed myself on that subject, in anticipation of being questioned on it.

I have often thought since that, had I fallen into the hands of those infantry officers, after having successfully passed through their lines, they would have been tempted to hang me without trial, and the old bushwhacker would have been glad to have acted hangman. He looked like a veritable Jack Ketch. They well knew that the report of the cavalry officer to headquarters would expose the weakness of their line.

I took occasion at the first opportunity to have a little talk with my officer, to ascertain what he intended to do with me. With a sigh of relief, he said:

"Why, sir, I shall have to leave the matter entirely with the officer who gave you this pass."

That wasn't very comforting, but I didn't say that I felt it was the very worst thing that could befall me; but, instead, I spoke up: "That will be all right. I shall be glad to get away from this place as soon as possible."

"Oh, yes; we will see you safely to our headquarters."

Then giving some directions to the sergeant of his squad to get ready to move, he turned again to me and said, kindly:

"I am sorry that I have no horse for you, sir; and, as we are now detained considerably, I will ride on ahead. These two men will come on more leisurely with you."

That was one good point—the chances for escape were increased three-fourths, or in direct ratio to the reduction of my body-guard, or escort from eight to two.

I was inside the Rebel pickets again, and *they* had been made more alert, and would be more watchful after their carelessness of the night previous. This, with the fact that I had been scrutinized by so many soldiers on that morning ride through their lines and camps, would make any attempt to escape in that direction doubly dangerous; therefore I concluded I should try to quietly get away from these two soldiers at the first favorable opportunity; if I succeeded, I should not dare to attempt passing *that* picket line a second time, especially in daylight.

It was quite a relief to me to say good-by to the old bush-whacker and his crowd of Rebs from my seat on the rear end of the horse. He had something to say about "not coming back that way again," as we rode off. They detained our companion a moment or two, while I imagined they poured into his head some cautions or directions about taking care of me. When he caught up to us, he said, laughingly: "Them fellows think you are a bad man."

This was thought to be too funny for anything; and to keep up the joke, I grabbed my man around the stomach and called on him to surrender to me at once, or I'd pull his hair.

We trotted along the road in this laughing humor for a mile or so; my heart was not in the laughing mood, but I, like the broken-hearted and distressed comedian on the stage, was playing a part, and, in a greater sense than theirs, my "living" depended upon my success in acting the character well.

At one point in the road my comrade had dismounted for awhile, and kindly gave me the bridle-rein to hold. I was then in possession of the horse, he was afoot, his gun standing by a fence-corner, and himself on the other side of the fence. This was a pretty good chance for a horse-race with the other fellow, who was still mounted,

but he had the advantage of holding a carbine and a belt full of pistols, while I was unarmed. I wasn't afraid of *his* guns. I took in the situation at once, and would like very much to be able give the reader a thrilling account of a race inside the Rebel lines, but the hard facts are—I was afraid to undertake it. I had discovered at the foot of the hill, near a stream of water, in the direction in which we were going, the smoke of a camp, and probably a road guard was over the little bridge.

These soldiers, I knew, would halt me with a volley from their muskets, especially if I should come tearing down with an armed Rebel shouting after me. On the other side, toward the out lines, the course would lead me back into the Rebel camps and past the old bushwhacker's house we had recently left, and I preferred going to headquarters to getting back into their clutches again.

When my man remounted and I surrendered the reins to him, I observed that, if I had wanted to have gone back, or to run off with his horse, I could have done it, and at least had a race with our companion; they had not thought of the danger at all, and were both tickled at this evidence of my good intention; neither of them had seen the infantry guard ahead of us, which was the *only* obstacle to my attempting to carry out this "good intention."

We trotted and walked further down the hill and passed inside the guard; in going up the next hill, I proposed relieving the horse by walking a little; this was readily granted, and I slipped off on to the road and stretched my legs in training for a run, if a chance offered. I remarked jokingly to the soldiers, who rode along leisurely, that they had better watch me close; that, as we were now inside of about three lines of pickets, or road guards, being such a dangerous fellow, I might fly back over their heads into the Yankee's lines.

This sort of pleasantry seemed to keep them in an easy frame of mind, and they began to act as if they were ashamed of the fact, that two heavily-armed men on horseback should be necessary to guard one unarmed boy on foot. One of the men discovered a house standing back from the road, at which they proposed getting water for their horses and ourselves, so we all turned into the little road leading right up to the place.

Our first inquiry was met at the kitchen door, in answer to his

request for a cup to drink from, by a real neat, young, colored gal, whose laughing, happy face showed a mouthful of beautiful teeth while the red struggling through the black showed a beautful cherry color in her lips.

Both the boys were attracted, and began immediately, in the true Southern chivalrous style, to make themselves agreeable to the "likely gal." I didn't have anything to say. The other two fellows kept up the fun for quite a little while, becoming every moment more and more interested, and actually became jealous of each other. I saw that this was likely to be my opportunity and encouraged the performance. While they were both dismounted and "resting" on the old back porch buzzing the gal, I carelessly observed that I'd go around to a little out building. They had gained so much confidence in me that my proposition was assented to without a word, or even a nod; and the boys both sat still, while I unconcernedly walked around the corner of the house.

How long they sat there and talked I do not know, and what became of the two good boys in gray will never be told by me.

As far as their history is concerned in this story, it closes with this scene on the back porch of the old house.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE MORE ESCAPE—"YANKING" THE TELEGRAPH WIRES—"ON TO RICHMOND!"—A CLOSE SHAVE.

Apparently there were "no men folks" about the house at the time of our morning visit. However, through a window, I saw the white cap of an old lady, whose bright eyes shone through her large-rimmed specs intently on the group that sat on her back porch.

I had taken observations every foot of our march during the morning, with an eye single to the main chance, when the opportunity should offer, to escape from the guard—either to run or to hide from pursuit. Under such conditions, one's wits take on a keen edge. Directly back of the house, but on the other side of two open fields, was the edge of a wood that extended a long way in both directions. This wood was the timber or inclosed land down in the "hollow" or bottom, as they term the low lands, while the road on which we were traveling stretched in almost a straight line over the higher ground.

Once around the corner of the house, I stopped a moment to take in the situation. I saw at a glance that the wood was my only chance, because cavalry could not follow me on horseback through the undergrowth, where I could go on foot. I felt equal to both of them—except the guns.

A dividing fence ran along the fields toward the house, and quickly scaling this, I turned for a look back, then thinking of the doubly dangerous risk of a second capture while attempting to escape, being actually in the enemy's army, I was nerved to desperation and made a break for liberty, feeling that I could almost fly. I ran like a pursued deer.

I took off my hat—I don't know why, but I always take off my hat when anything desperate is to be attempted. I didn't stop to pray in a fence-corner, but, in a half-stooping position, so as to keep under cover of the fence, I ran like a deer along that old stake-and-rider fence, and I made, I know, as good time as ever boy did in a race after hounds. In the middle of the field an old negro man was working alone. I stopped for a moment when I saw him, but

as I was, luckily, on the opposite side of the fence from him, he did not see me. This old moke had a dog along with him—they all have dogs. I was more afraid of the dog than of guns. This black apparation in my path to the woods necessitated a slight change of direction, to avoid him, as well as the scent of the mangy-looking old dog, that I imagined was "pointing" me.

I was soon under the hill, from where I stopped a minute to look back. I could see only the top of the house that I had just left, and I knew they could not see me; so, leaving the protecting shadow of the fence, I struck boldly across the field in a direction leading furthest away from the old coon and his dog, in a course toward headquarters, the same in which we had been traveling. I knew, or at least imagined, that, immediately on discovering my escape, they would naturally think that I would return, or that I should at least try to make toward their front, and again try to escape into the Yankee lines.

This was their mistake. My plan had been deliberately formed before hand to do precisely the opposite thing—which was to run ahead, or toward the Rebel headquarters, trusting to the chances of putting pursurers off my scent, and hoping to lose my identity in the crowd among the Rebel camps.

Like the hunted fox, my tracks zigzagged me back to the road we intended to follow, but brought me out ahead of the house. Before risking myself on the road a second time, I peered through the fence cautiously, from whence I could see up and down the road for a long way. The coast was entirely clear; and, cautiously crawling through the lower bar of the fence, I did not run across the road; no, indeed, I *crawled* across on my hands and knees, like a hog, so that I might the better avoid any chance of observation, and, in the same ignominious style, I hogged it through the lower panel of the fence on the other side. Once safely over the road, I quickly changed my character from the swinish quadruped to the biped; and, without turning to look either to the right or to the left, I crawled along that fence right alongside of the road, in as speedy a manner as was possible.

It was more luck than good management on my part that I had been forced back on to and over the road by the presence of the black man and his dog. In pursuit they would naturally follow,

but the old man would be sure to swear that I had not gone in the direction that I had been obliged to take, because he had been there all the time and had not seen me.

While the two clever cavalrymen were probably skirmishing around on their horses along the road, or through the fields to their front, looking after me, I was rapidly traveling in a course directly opposite, and they would not be likely to suspect that I had crossed the road.

There were no woods on the side of the fence or road on which I had placed myself, and I was obliged to keep close to the fence, and followed right alongside of the road for quite a long way.

At the bottom of the hill was a dry run; that is, there was a gravelly bed over which a small stream should have coursed, but the water was not there in August, 1861. The banks were, however, pretty well shaded or covered with a light undergrowth of willows, or some such trees as usually are seen in these situations. It was a good chance for me to get away from the road fence, so I ran along the run-bed toward the south, under the protection of the shady undergrowth. There were no signs of life along this stream; it was deserted both by the water and the things that live in and above the water.

Its course led me a long way from the road. After successfully passing a house, which was near the top of the hill, at a safe distance, unobserved, I got into a second wood and lay down on the ground for a much-needed rest.

I did not dare to stop long in any one place, knowing only too well that, when my guard should report that he had lost his prisoner, the Rebel cavalry about headquarters would be sent out to search for me, with probable orders to all guarded points to keep an especial lookout for a person of my description. I could not stay in the wood, though I could best conceal myself there, because I knew that I would famish. I was already in real distress for want of a drink of water, and, as I lay there in the wood, my brain began to conjure up all sorts of torments. I imagined that the dry bed of the stream over which I had been stumbling was mocking me with an appearance of moisture.

If any who chance to read this have ever had a couple of hours violent exercise in a dusty country, on a hot August day, and longed for a drink of water, they may appreciate my misery. I

don't imagine that I can convey in words any conception of the suffering, the intense suffering one may experience for a drop of water, when they can't get it. The experience will almost drive one wild. I believe this, because, on more than one occasion, I have seen the demon of this anguish look into my eyes with the wild glare of the frenzied maniac.

The drizzling rain of the morning had given way to a sultry, close noon, and as I lay panting in the shade of the wood, the sun hung out like a huge, blazing copper ball, and poured down his fiercest heat. I thought of the beautiful, clear, cold spring on the hill-side back of my father's house, in Pennsylvania, where I had so often, when a boy, been sent for a bucket of water, and had so reluctantly obeyed, thinking it a great hardship to be compelled to throw out a whole bucket of *good* water just because it wasn't fresh and cold. I would have given anything in the world for just one chance to be a better boy at home, and solemnly pledged myself never to kick again on my turn at going for water.

I called up involuntarily all the soda fountains I had ever seen in the cities, and became frenzied over the idea that I began to hear in my mind the buzzing noise of the little sprays of water that were always to be heard dashing against the glass case. Unable to stand it any longer, I got up and made a break for water, determined that I must find it at any risk.

In this condition of mind I trotted along slowly, like a hunted wolf, with his tongue hanging out. Let's see. I've compared myself to a monkey riding on the rear end of a horse; a deer stalking behind the fence; a fox with zigzag tracks being chased by a dog; a hog under a fence; and now it's a chased wolf. I hope to exhaust Noah's Ark before I complete the story, and am trying to keep the score in view.

I found a pool of water on the outer edge of the wood. There had been a spring about there some place at some time. If there had been any hogs about they would have found it first and utilized it as a bath; as it was, it was partly covered with a greenish slime. I had spent some time in Texas, where it only rains once in seven years, and had learned, while traveling about that country, that the green scum is considered an indication of *good water*. That's a fact. A Texan will always prefer to take a drink from a

pool on which there is this scum. So, in my distress, for the want of a drink — of anything, so it was water or something wet — I eagerly skimmed a place large enough to poke my nose and mouth into, and sucked into my parched throat a long drink of the warm stuff.

I had also learned another drinking trick in Texas, which is — always to hold your breath as long as possible after taking a drink of what they call water, in order to conceal as far as possible the taste in the mouth which necessarily follows the nauseous dose.

But we must hurry along and get out of the woods with the story. I reached, after considerable dodging, a railroad. I judged it was the Manassas road, leading from Alexandria past Fairfax Station back toward Manassas. I was not sure of my location, but I was glad enough to strike a railroad-track, because I knew that cavalry could not travel on ties as fast as I could, and I hoped, too, that it would afford me some chance to get away from the cussed country more rapidly.

I didn't dare walk the track, but I followed along it for quite a long way. At one point, where there was a long, straight line, I discovered some distance ahead a soldier on guard. I imagined it was a bridge or culvert guard, and I knew that I could not pass that point. While getting ready to go around them, I observed that the telegraph wire, which had become destroyed and was repaired at one point, was quite low; the men who had done the work had evidently not been able to climb a pole, and had left it hanging over the bushes. The sight of the wire in this shape, put into my head the idea that it would be well enough to destroy their communication right there, and prevent the use of *that* means of spreading information about a spy being loose in their camps.

Getting to one side of the bushes, I easily got hold of the wire from my position on the ground, and, hauling it as far as possible to one side, after hastily glancing up and down the road to see that no one was near to observe me, I "yanked," or by a dextrous "twist of the wrist," which a wire-man understands, I was able to break the wire, which, the minute the tension was removed, suddenly flew apart, making the adjoining poles resound with the vibration. I was frightened at the consequence of my act and dodged hastily into the shelter of the wood.

It was possible for me, as an expert telegrapher, to have drawn the ends of the wire together, and, by simply tapping them together, to have sent by this simple method a message of defiance to General Beauregard. I suspect that this story would be enlivened somewhat by such a trick, but it don't come in here. It was successfully played *afterward* while I was on Stoneman's raid to Richmond's outskirts; but the truth is, that I was too badly scared to think of such a thing at this time. The accident, if I may so term it, served me a good turn in one or two ways; first, it destroyed communication for the time, and it brought about a valuable means to the end of assisting my escape, but it was not a safe place to loiter.

It occurred to me that I might be able to pass the bridge, and thus get over the stream safely, by assuming the role of a telegraph line repairman, carrying some loose wire. The wires were being frequently broken by the rough pounding of the poles by mule drivers, and repairmen were no doubt often being sent out to fix up the breaks. In this capacity I knew I would be looked upon as belonging to a sort of privileged class, as they now are, riding free on the rear end of the railway trains, while we all know a telephone man will walk right through the best and biggest house to get on to the roof to fix a break, as if he had an inborn right to go anywhere he chose.

Breaking from one of the hanging ends of the wire a long piece, I coiled it in shape that linemen carry, and putting it over my neck, I started boldly down the track. I had no climbers, but I was able to personate an amateur repairman who had been suddenly pressed into the service, on account of a great emergency, who must travel rapidly as possible in search of a broken wire.

My story passed me safely over the bridge and past the guards stationed at several points on the track. I traveled rapidly in the direction farthest from the break. By the same bold trick I was able to get through several camps that were close by the tracks.

There were no trains running on that part of the road at that time, or I should have, probably, been tempted to boldly stop an engine and get on; as I had often seen linemen on the Pennsylvania Railroad thus picked up from the road by accommodating engineers. I knew, of course, that the trick would not last long; that the

moment the wires had seperated the operators would know of some sort of a break out on their line, and would at once take the neccessary steps to test for the location of the accident; and, of course, men would be sent out as speedily as possible to repair the damage. I ran the additional risk, too, of meeting with some of those *bona fide* linemen, who would question my authority.

In the manner in which I have tried to describe, the greater part of this eventful day was spent, until along about an hour before sundown, when I came to a road crossing the railway. I now seemed to have gotten through, or beyond, Manassas, in the rear of the Rebel Army, toward Richmond, as there were no further guards at the crossings. I discovered, by encouraging a trackman in a short talk, that the road crossing the tracks led off in a direct course to Falmouth and Fredericksburg and Richmond. After a little further inquiry as to a suitable house at which to apply for something to eat, I left the track, taking the dusty summer road "on to Richmond."

I felt, as I walked along this narrow road, which was seemingly cut through a thicket of small saplings, so common in that country, that I had escaped, and was safe once more. My belief was, that I had not only eluded pursuit but that I had put those whom I knew would be sent to find me on the wrong scent.

I was tired, *very* tired, and as I had eaten nothing at all since the hasty breakfast at the bushwhacker's house, when I didn't have appetite enough to swallow a mouthful, I was, of course, hungry. I hadn't a cent of money, either, and what could I do but beg, and this I *would not do*. Again my good angel came to my relief by suggesting a ruse, to further aid my escape and, at the same time, perhaps, create a sympathy for myself.

I had, in assuming the character of a lineman, thrown away my coat, in order to relieve myself of the burden of carrying it along in the hot sun, and to further carry out the impression that I was a workingman without a coat.

I had walked so much and so rapidly that my left foot had become swollen, so that I was obliged to go along at a limping gait. I took advantage of this accident to further add to the change in my appearance, by assuming a lameness that apparently obliged me to depend upon the use of two sticks to hobble along.

I had been obliged to take off my tight left shoe, and around

the swollen foot I tenderly tied the greater portion of my shirt, which I had, of course, first torn off the narrative end. In this shape, walking between two sticks, with my foot tied up as if it had recently gone through a surgical operation, I jogged along down the sandy, dusty road which was leading toward Fredericksburg and Richmond.

Along in the evening I ran into a clearing, at the far end of which was nestled a little old-fashioned house. It was one of those country farm houses where the roof extends down beyond the house and forms a lower shed or porch roof, which runs along, both at the back and the front, the whole length of the house.

Opening on to the roof were two dormer windows of the old-fashioned kind, that we don't often see nowadays.

I marched boldly—if limpingly—through the picket gate, up the straight path in front of the house door, and, assuming to be suffering dreadfully from my "wound," I asked the old man—another old bushwhacker—for a drink of water. He didn't fly around with any great alacrity to wait on the "poor soldier,"—that isn't the style of hospitality for poor whites in Virginia—but the old cuss did order a colored boy to bring some water.

"Right away; do you hyar?"

I was just dying for a chance to operate on the old fellows sympathy, with a view to "accepting his hospitality" for the night, or to the extent of a supper, at least, but I had come up to his door a poor wounded soldier on foot, and the second-class Virginia gentleman has no use for a poor man, even if he should be a wounded Rebel soldier, who had come all the way from Texas to defend his home, etc., etc.

If I had ridden up to his house as a blatant Rebel officer, on horseback, everything his house contained would have been officiously placed at my disposal without a word of question.

As it was, the old rascal began to ask questions, and was so disagreeable, too, in his manner, that a young man, who had come up from the barn, and who I judged to be his son, found it necessary to answer for me, and in a way that put the old man down.

Being thus encouraged by the son, the old lady took a hand in behalf of the "poor soldier," and endeavored in a kind, motherly way to make me more comfortable. I had told them that I had

been slightly wounded in the foot, but the wound did not properly heal, and I had been tired and sick lying about the hospital camp, and had determined on my own account to get out to the country some place, for a day or two. I was particular to impress on the mind of the sour old man, that I was not a beggar—that I'd pay for all I got, etc. Now, I didn't have a cent of money, and if that old man had demanded a settlement after supper, I should have been sadly left; but I was going to stay all night, and return to camp *for a pass* the next day. The old man had said that they all had their orders from the army officers not to entertain *any* soldiers who couldn't produce passes. To this I replied that, "I had thoughtlessly overlooked the matter, but could easily fix *that* the next morning, when I'd return."

We had a *good* supper; the old lady's sympathies were aroused, and she set out her little delicacies for the

"Poor Texas boy, who was so far from home."

I was just hungry enough to have eaten everything they had prepared for the whole family; but, as I was on my good behaviour, you know, by a mighty effort and struggle with the inner man I was able to postpone my appetite. There was only the old man, his wife, and the big lubberly son, and a colored mammy in the house. They were evidently "poor white trash," but they owned one slave, so old that she was like a broken-down horse or cow—very cheap.

I heard the old man talking earnestly to the son, and I imagined, of course, that the conversation was about myself—at such a time one's fears are aroused by every little incident.

"Trifles light as air, become proofs as strong as Holy Writ."

"Oh, no; you're mistaken, Father! Why, the poor fellow can't walk."

"But," replied the gruff voice of the old man, "he don't know where his regiment is."

Without further words the young fellow walked off. When the old man came back to the porch, where I had been sitting telling the old lady a sorrowful tale about my home, etc., he began:

"Where did you say you got your wound?"

"Why, it was a trifling hurt on the instep; it only became troublesome because I couldn't keep from using my foot."

"Then the old lady chipped in with:

"Shall I send Mammy to help you bathe it with warm water, before you go to bed?"

I declined this with profuse thanks, and begged that they would not trouble themselves about it; it was a mere trifle.

After some more questions from the old man, which I was able to parry, I was ready for bed, glad enough to get away from him, and determined to clear out as soon as possible. They put me into a room which was in the attic, which extended across the width of the house; from this room there were windows opening on to the roof before described (two dormer windows), one in front and the other directly opposite, opening on to the roof of the porch. Before getting ready to lie down, I took a good look at the surroundings from both of these windows. I had become so accustomed to this, going to bed in the enemy's country, not knowing the condition in which I should find myself when I'd waken, that it became a sort of a habit with me to take my bearings, that I might be able to escape in case of fire.

I didn't "dress" my wound exactly, or undress myself for bed; in fact, there was nothing that I could strip off but the trousers, one shoe and a hat. With these all on, I lay down on top of the old-fashioned, cord bedstead, and, as described by some of the smart sayings that we used for texts in our copy-books at school—"Consider each night how you have spent the past day, and resolve to do better the next." Its awfully easy to get up these texts, but it's sometimes a little bit troublesome to apply the same thing to every-day life. I "resolved" easily enough to do better the following day—if I could. I wanted to get out of that country very badly, because I knew, as before stated, that the whole Rebel Army at Manassas would be on guard for spies at once.

My one hope was to get to Richmond and escape by some other route. While "resolving" further in my mind how to get along down that road in the morning, without this old man getting after me for my supper and lodging bill, I almost fell asleep. I was so tired that I could scarcely keep awake, yet I was afraid to trust myself in sleep.

The folks in the house had all been in bed some time; the lights were out, and everything became ominously quiet. My quick ear detected horses neighing and tramping, and an occasional voice in the night air reached my ear; but, as the sound seemed to die away so soon, I began to think myself mistaken, and was about to surrender myself to sleep, when aroused again by what was unmistakably horses galloping along the road. I quickly, but painfully, jumped up from the bed, and stole quietly over to the front window just in time to see a troop of horsemen come up. They were about to ride rapidly past when one of the fellows in the rear file called out: "Here's a house."

There was the jangling that always follows a sudden halt of cavalry, especially when following each other closely on a dark night. Some voices, in the nature of interrogations from an officer to his command, and a halt was made some little distance down the road past the house.

Two of the men wheeled and rode toward the front of the house, and, after looking about the grounds, talking in a tone of voice that did not admit of my getting distinctly the purport of the remarks, they both galloped back together to the command, which they had left standing in the road. I breathed freer, hoping they had decided to let us alone.

It would never do for that old man to have a chance to explain, in his way, my presence in the house. I felt devoutly thankful for the lucky escape I had again made, and had about concluded in my own mind to clear out silently, without the Virginia formality of saying good-by to my host, when I saw, with horror, that the whole troop had turned about and were walking their horses slowly back toward the house. I stood by the front dormer window of the old house, and you may imagine how eagerly I watched their every movement.

The officer in command halted his troop and, calling a trooper by name, said:

"Sergeant, you go up to the house and ask if they have seen any strangers along this road."

That was enough for me. I left that window as suddenly as if a gun had been pointed at me, and ran across the little room to the back window; it was open, the night being so warm, the sash held up by the customary window-stick. I got myself through the

window with celerity and was about to let myself slide down the roof slowly to the eaves, so that I might catch on there and allow myself to further gently drop down on to one of the supporting posts, where I could slide down to the ground. Stretching myself out in a feeling way on the roof, still holding on to the window sill, almost afraid to let go, when down came the window-sash striking me across the wrist so suddenly and severly that I involuntary let go my hold and, of course, slid down the roof feet formost like a sled on an iced track, landing kerslop over the side on to the ground. In my sudden descent I had caught hold of a lot of Virginia creepers that were trained up to the side of the back porch and had pulled them down with me, and lay for an instant all tangled up in them.

If there is anything that will startle a man or a woman it is the sudden fall of a window-sash, because, in most cases, it makes such an infernal noise and does so little damage; but, in this case, luckily for me, perhaps, my poor hand was made to answer the purpose of a buffer and deadened the sound of the falling sash, otherwise it might have fallen, as sashes always do, and the noise have attracted the notice of the cavalrymen, who were on the road at the other side of the house. My quick shute from the up-stairs of the little old house to the ground was softened a little by the mass of vines that I had carried down with me.

The house only stood between me and a troop of pursuing cavalrymen. Quickly realizing my precarious predicament, I gathered myself up, and, for a poor wounded crippled Texan with two canes, I made most elegant time, considering the darkness, straight back to the barn-yard into the wood beyond. What happened at the house I never learned, as I did not stop to hear another word spoken.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON TO RICHMOND—A NIGHT OF TERROR—A GHASTLY FIND IN THE WOODS—ATTACKED BY BLOODHOUNDS—OTHER MIRACULOUS ESCAPES—FIRST VISIT TO FREDRICKSBURG—A COLLECTION TAKEN UP IN A CHURCH IN VIRGINIA FOR THE "BOY SPY"—ARRIVES IN RICHMOND.

When I heard the officer in command of the cavalry party give instructions to his Sergeant to inquire "if any strangers had been seen about there," I jumped to the conclusion that it was a detachment of Rebel cavalry that had been sent after me. It may have been that this party had received general instructions only—to look out for all strangers traveling over the roads; but I knew full well that the old man would make such a reply to any inquiries as would excite their suspicion and put me to the dangerous test of an examination.

In sliding off the back-porch roof so suddenly, I had further injured my already tired and swollen foot; but I seemed to forget all about it for the time, and ran off as lively as if I were just out of bed after a refreshing sleep.

I believe that they did not discover the "presence" of an enemy for some time after I had gotten off, or until the old man had been roused from his sleep; and I imagined, after a parley with him, the officer would accompany him to my room in the garret for the purpose of interviewing their guest.

What they thought when they found the bed empty, and nothing left of the poor Texas cripple but his two improvised crutches, I must leave to imagination.

I ran through the darkness wildly, recklessly, as fast as I could, scarcely knowing whither I was going, only feeling that each jump or step led me further from the cavalrymen. The night was quite dark. My course led me across a plowed field to a fence over which I climbed quickly, and plunged into a thicket or wood of small pine trees.

Once into this cover, I plodded along slowly, being obliged to

pick my steps. It was blind traveling, and I avoided running into the briar bushes that are so plentiful in that part of Virginia. Through this thicket, every step, to my frightened wits, seemed sure to betray my presence by the breaking or snapping of the twigs and bushes.

I didn't know where it would lead me, but I could not for the life of me keep still a single moment. I felt impelled by some unseen power to keep going on, on—how long I dodged and scratched through the bushes and briars can not be told. I only remember that every few steps I would be obliged to halt, having run my face against some low, thorny limb of the heavy growth of saplings, that would almost bring the tears to my eyes from the smart pains inflicted. I carried my hat in my hand, as I always do when I'm hard pressed, and my long hair, like that of Absalom, gave me a great deal of additional trouble.

I was soon beyond sight or sound of the cavalrymen, whom I had left in the road. I desired to keep near the roads leading toward Fredericksburg. I assumed that, in pursuing, these men would naturally imagine I had taken the back track to reach the railroad.

I sometimes almost despaired of getting far enough away from the house to prevent capture before daylight would come. When I'd stop for a few moments to untangle myself from the bushes, or to feel my way over a fallen tree, I'd imagine that the curious noises that every one hears in the stillness of the night in the woods were the echoes of the pursuing Rebels.

I feared above all things else that they would procure from some of the neighboring houses some dogs—bloodhounds, perhaps—that would be used to track me through the thicket. In this way a most miserable night passed.

Though I say it, who should not, I had less fear of the Rebels in arms than of the dogs. In all my adventures in their camps, I had preserved secretly, next to my body, the little Colt's five-shooter revolver. I knew how to use it. There were the five loads yet in it, that I had put in before leaving Pennsylvania, and I had resolved that four of them would be used against either Rebels or bloodhounds and the fifth would relieve me from further pursuit.

I admit freely that I was frightened; indeed, I was scared half to

death, and would have given the world and all that was in it, if it were mine, to have gotten out of the miserable scrape in which I had voluntarily placed myself. Under such conditions even a frightened boy will become desperate.

I had deliberately determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, and, if they had not killed me, I should most certainly have done the business for myself rather than take any further chances in their hands. This is the way I was feeling while resting for a few moments on an old log.

A picture of myself would show a smooth-faced youngster sitting "like a knot on a log," dressed in three-fourths of a shirt, a pair of torn trousers, one shoe and a half, bare-headed, long tangled hair, and I imagine an expression of countenance that would closely resemble the "Wild Boy of the Woods." I had torn off the greater part of my shirt to bandage a sore foot the evening previously.

When a person is hunted down he can accomplish some wonderful feats in quick traveling, even if the difficulties to be overcome are distressingly innumerable.

I had forgotten all about the sore foot, on which I had limped to the house the night before. My wrist, on which the window sash had fallen, was most painful and threatened to give me trouble. Though I had been on a terrible jaunt for twenty-four hours previously, I did not at that time feel tired, sleepy, or even hungry.

There was the one idea in my head—to make all the speed possible, and increase the distance between myself and Manassas. I had come upon a peculiarly sickening smell, that made me a little sick at the stomach, when all of a sudden I was startled, and my blood chilled, by a rustling noise in front of me; glancing ahead, in a terror of fright, I saw gleaming through the darkness something that I thought and believed might be the glaring eyes of a blood-hound. That dread was in my mind, but in the next instant the eyes had disappeared; with a rushing, rustling noise, the object, whatever it was that owned the terrible eyes, ran off through the woods.

For the moment I was so stunned that I could scarcely move forward or backward; but, on second thought, realizing it was probably some wolfish dog that I had surprised while feeding upon the carcass of a dead sheep, I gathered courage to move ahead. As it

was in my path, I was obliged to approach it, despite the sickening odor which was everywhere around. In a hot, sultry August night it was like—well, old soldiers can imagine what it was like. Desirious of avoiding the stench as much as possible, I was climbing over a log rather than walk too close to where I supposed the eyes had been; hurrying along, holding my breath, with one hand to my nose, what was my horror to find that I had stepped from the top of the log right down on to the decaying body of—*a man!* O, horror of horrors! I can not write of it. I've never even told the story to my best friends. It has been too dreadful to contemplate; but the naked, disgusting facts are, that I stepped down on to the soft object—my foot slipped, as it would from a rotten, slimy substance, throwing me partly down, as I had one hand on my nose, and, in my efforts to recover myself, plunged both my hands into the soft, decaying flesh of the head, causing the hair to peel off the scalp.

What did I do? What would you have done? I was, for that moment in my life, as wild as ever lunatic could be; and can not remember further than that I ran straight ahead toward the road, which I had been so careful to avoid, and, after reaching it, I scaled the fence, like a scared dog, at two bounds, and ran—oh dear me—I didn't care what I should meet after that. My steps were long and quick, and it was not until I was completely exhausted that I stopped for a rest. I rubbed my hands in the dusty road; I polished the shoe in the dust of the road that had slipped off the slimy bones, but the smell would *not* out; it seemed to penetrate everything; and I became deathly sick from the exhaustion. The experience of that hour had so turned my head and stomach that I was as weak and helpless as a child. In this condition I lay down in a fence-corner, not able to hold my head up another moment. Perhaps I fainted, but I claim never to have fainted.

I know that the dreadful object was a half-buried man. I know this, because some of his hair was in the sleeve of my shirt the next day. I don't feel like writing anything more about it, and will dismiss it with the theory which I subsequently entertained: that it was most likely the unburied body of a wounded Rebel, or, perhaps, an escaped Union prisoner who, like myself, after the recent battle of Manassas, had concealed himself in the thicket, and while in that condition he had probably taken sick, and being unable

to procure any assistance, or to make his presence known, had died this lonely and unhappy death; and the wolves and dogs only had found his resting place—the log his only tombstone.

I lay curled up in the fence-corner for an hour or so. I imagined *everything*. Dear me! I might fill a book with the thoughts that whirled through my excited, feverish brain that dreadful night. I felt that this would be my fate. Every stick of wood became a snake, and they soon became so numerous that I was surrounded by them on all sides. The trees were a mass of living, laughing, bowing giants, who were there to laugh at my misery; and the noises—well, all know how a little frog can scare a big man when it darts into the puddle of water with a thug, especially if it's at night and he alone. I've often been scared by the suddenness of their jump, but that one night in particular it seemed as if all the wild animals in creation had gathered about that country, attracted by the smell from the distant battlefield of Manassas.

There were plenty of unburied and half-buried bodies all over the country about Manassas—the very air was laden with the odor from decaying horses, mules, etc. One can imagine far better than I can describe the sensations of an over-sensitive youth as he lay in a fence-corner of Virginia, forced to inhale the odor and obliged to hear all the dreadful noises that came out of the dark woods, and add to this the certain knowledge that, if I should become prostrated, then all hope of any relief for me from this veritable hell in Virginia would disappear.

As I lay there to add further to my cup of misery, I heard coming along the road, the tramp and gallop of horses. Lying on the ground one can hear the horses' feet a long way off, and I suffered in anticipation just so much the more. I imagined these were the same cavalrymen I had left at the house. This new danger served to rouse me partially, and raising, my head a little, I got my trusty little Colt out of its concealment, and was ready for the end.

In truth I did not then care, and had become so perfectly desperate that I was ready and indeed almost anxious to be out of my misery.

They approached rapidly. I raised myself to a sitting posture, placed my back against the fence, cocked the pistol, and waited for

their appearance. They trotted up, talking gaily among themselves and without seeing me, as their horses shied past. That was not very wonderful, because I was so close to the fence as to become covered by the shadow; the night was still too dark for objects to be seen at a short distance, especially from a rapidly-trotting horse.

The passing of this cavalry detachment before me, as I sat in the fence-corner, served to arouse my drooping spirits somewhat. The dust which they had raised had scarcely settled, and the sound of their horses' hoofs were yet to be heard, when I became imbued with a new strength and hope, realizing that there was yet some hope for my escaping.

I knew that it would be safe enough to follow along the road in the wake of that troop of cavalrymen; and the fact that there were no infantry pickets further along this road, was evident from the fact of the cavalry being out on this scout.

I stepped out into the road with renewed energy, glad enough to be moving to any place that would take me from the sight and smell of such scenes.

I don't know how long I walked. I remember very well that I found it necessary to stop every little while to rest. I was becoming so weak that I could scarcely hold my head up, and every time I'd sit down I'd involuntarily drop helplessly, and soon find myself going off to sleep on the road-side, being lulled to obliviousness by the queer, unearthly sounds from the wood—the effect being pretty much the same that I once experienced when taking laughing gas in a dentist's shop.

I roused myself often, each step with a greater effort, and had the daylight been delayed but a little longer I should have been obliged to succumb. The appearance of the gray dawn in the East seemed to me as a sign or token of encouragement, and from its appearance I took fresh courage and kept moving, as if impelled by an unseen power "on to Richmond."

It is said the darkest part of the night is just before the dawn; so I have always found it; and it has been my observation, too, that the safest time to scout is just before or at dawn; then all animal nature seem to sleep or, at least, be off their guard, thinking, perhaps, everybody else like themselves are sleepy.

This was one reason why I was able to travel some distance after the Rebel cavalrymen in such apparent safety. I knew that, if they returned along this road, I should be able to discover their approach a long time before they could get up to me, and could get out of the way. I judged rightly, too, that they would be the only trouble I should have to overcome, as it was evidently their assignment to look after that particular section.

Why didn't I get ahead of them? I didn't have a horse, and it was safer to follow them than have them follow me. They would ask at every house if a stranger had passed. In this way they had caught up to me once. Now they will be told at each house ahead of me that no one had been along that way.

That's the way I was arguing the question in my own mind that morning. I moved along rather hopefully, not intending under any circumstances to approach a house or to allow myself to be seen by any one.

But I was tired, weak and so hungry; and the best resolutions can be broken down by the pleasant odor of good cookery from a farm-house, especially when it's wafted out to a poor hungry devil on the road.

I had discovered about sunrise some blue wood-smoke curling up over the tops of a little growth of trees to the side of the road yet some distance ahead. Knowing that I dare not approach from the road, I crawled wearily over the fence, and rather reluctantly began my old tactics of flanking the place and advancing in the rear of it. When I got through the woods and came to the opening nearest the house, I found myself almost behind it.

The house was larger than any that I had seen the previous evening, and I gathered from the appearance of several little out-buildings, which I judged were "quarters" for the negroes, that the place belonged to a well-to-do Virginia slave-owner. There was no smoke coming from the large house; it was from one of the little buildings that I supposed was an out-kitchen. The proprietors, or white folks, were evidently still asleep. An old aunty was prowling about the wood-yard gathering up chips.

The pangs of hunger and thirst were driving me pretty nearly wild, and, being so dreadfully weak and exhausted, I felt that I *must* have something to eat; that only a cup of coffee would do me

for the rest of the day. But I *must* have something to eat to keep me alive. Desperate, and believing it to be the safest time to take the risk, I walked boldly out from my hiding place straight up to the quarters, determined to appeal to the old aunty, for a bite of something. She had gathered her apron full of chips and had gone back into the kitchen with them, so that I was able to follow her to the house unobserved, and was flattering myself that I had succeeded so well when all at once two dogs that I had not seen rushed savagely down the back yard toward me. I raised my two arms in a frightened way as they rushed on me; the foremost one sprang up, placing his feet on my breast and tried to reach my face or throat, but only succeeded in inserting his teeth in the fleshy part of the muscle of my left arm. As I had only the thin covering of the shirt, he tore this in a distressingly painful manner. I have the marks yet on that arm. The wound has been a painful one at many times during these twenty-five years; but the Pension Office regulations do not "compensate" for the bite of a *bloodhound*, so I have not mentioned it outside my own family.

The old colored woman rushed out, followed by her old man, who grabbed the dog by his hind legs and threw him over; the two other dogs, attracted by the scent of the dead man on my shoes and trousers, could scarcely be driven away from me.

The old woman kindly took me into the kitchen and washed the bloody arm, and bound it up with a piece of turban which she tore off for the purpose. Without asking any questions, I was given a cup of good black coffee and some hoe-cakes, which I gulped down with a relish.

These poor, ignorant, black people knew instinctively that they were succoring a friend, and at a very great risk to themselves; and to relieve them of any fear for their own safety, should their conduct be discovered, I told them the old, old story about being lost on the road, etc.

The old man, who had been watching out of the doorway as I ate my breakfast at the hearth, observed, knowingly:

"The master's folks isn't out of bed yet, but I specs dem sogers will want dey hosses, so I'se gwine along to de barn to feed, Liza."

The hint was sufficient, and to my hurried inquiry:

"Are there any cavalrymen at the house?"

"Yes, 'deed; dahs a whole company sleepin' on de front poach over dar."

"How long have they been here?" said I, putting down my cup.

"Dey comes hyar most every night, and sleeps on dat poach tel they get over breakfast."

That was sufficient. I had lost all pain in my arm; my hunger had been satisfied with less than half a breakfast, and, hastily thanking the old aunty, I made an excuse about not wanting them to know I was out of camp, and left—the shortest cut for the woods.

I was up to my pursuers, and had left them asleep on the porch, awaiting their breakfast. This would give me an hour's start ahead of them, and I gathered renewed courage from the belief that they would *return* from that point.

As I have heretofore said, I am not a believer in Spiritualism, but I have always felt convinced in my own mind that the dog was sent by a higher power to prevent me going up to the house where were sleeping a half a dozen or more Rebel cavalrymen.

I struggled along through the dreary, desolate, pine woods, skirting the roads and avoiding houses, suffering with my wounded foot, wrist and arm; fortunately the houses were not many, which allowed of my using the road more freely. It was along about noon, I think, when I reached the top of the hill at the old town of Falmouth, which overlooks Fredericksburg and vicinity. Here was an obstruction in the shape of the Rappahannock river, which had to be crossed by a ferry into Fredericksburg. Of course, everybody who crossed there would be scrutinized closely, so that their identity could be traced.

It may be asked, why did I not attempt to reach the Potomac from this place at this time. I don't know exactly why, except, perhaps, that I felt I was being impelled by some mysterious power to go to Richmond.

The Potomac was only about ten or twelve miles distant, but it was also four or five miles in width, and the Rebels controlled all the means of communication across to Maryland. Richmond was forty miles distant, and a railroad ran there from Fredericksburg.

Luckily for my purpose, a drove of horses, being steered by an old farmer and two colored men, made an appearance at the top of

the hill leading into Falmouth. Seeing my chance, I asked one of the drivers to be allowed to ride an "empty" horse over the river. He consented, and in this way I rode down the hill, and we crossed the Rappahannock and entered Fredericksburg in August, 1861.

I had intended to stop at Fredericksburg and run the gauntlet of the railway trains into Richmond, but I found myself so comfortable, seated on the bare back of a horse, that I concluded to stay with the drove the balance of the day, so we passed right through the town and on down the main road to Richmond.

I felt reasonably safe from pursuit. Bloodhounds would not be able to track me that night, as they most certainly would when my presence at the colored shanty should become known.

The old uncle told me that the dog that bit me was a young bloodhound, and that the proprietor of the house *kept a pack*, and I suspected that the object of the officers in visiting him was to secure their use. But, in getting on a horse and crossing the river, I had eluded their scent, and felt safe enough from further danger in that direction. It was also fortunate for me that I was further able to disguise myself, by traveling the road in charge of a couple of colored men with a drove of horses that were being sent to Richmond for the army.

That evening, without further adventure or trouble, except that I began to suffer from my foot and arm, we reached an old-fashioned, out-of-the-way stopping place, called Hanover Court House, where the colored boys had been ordered to keep the horses over night.

They found entertainment in the quarters. I was received into the house as a wounded refugee soldier *en route* to Richmond, and treated in first-class shape by the old landlord and his kind wife.

I had a new story for them that took real well.

I slept soundly in a nice bed between the clean, white sheets. I am sure that I felt devoutly thankful for the home-like, pleasant change in my surroundings from the two preceding nights.

The agreeable change in my surroundings that remains most grateful in my memory is, that the kind-hearted and motherly old landlady, seeing my wounded, bleeding arm, which had soiled the whole side of my already pretty dirty shirt, at once waddled off to fanthom from the depths of some bureau drawer a nice, clean, white

shirt, and with it across her arm she marched back to my room almost out of breath, because she was so stout, saying:

"My dear, you must take off that shirt, which seems to be soiled by your wound; here is some fresh linen that you will please use."

The old gentleman, who though not so rotund as his wife was fully as kind, approvingly observed: "Why, of course, mother, that's right;" addressing me courteously, "Is there anything else we can do to make you comfortable, sir?"

Thanking them profusely and perhaps tearfully, I asked only for a little warm water, before retiring, that I might bathe and dress my wounded arm—to which request the old lady called ou

"Chloe, have some warm water brought here at once—you hyar?" She "hyard." While I was yet telling these dear old people some of the most bare-faced lies about myself being a wounded refugee from Maryland, etc., Chloe waddled into the room with a bowl of water in one hand and a couple of towels across her black arm.

Her appearance interrupted for the time the flow of yarns, as both the old gentleman and lady excused themselves, first directing "Aunty" to help the "young gentleman to dress his wound."

Aunty stood up in front of me with both slveeves rolled up, as if ready for a fight, when I should strip off the old shirt, which was sticking closer than a brother to the sore spots. But Aunty very kindly helped me as tenderly as she could, and when my torn, inflamed arm was exposed she could not refrain from uttering a cry of sympathy, and wanted at once to go down to bring up the "Missus" to see it. I would not allow her to do that, and, with her aid, I washed as well as I could, and was about to pull the shirt on over it, when, without asking my consent, old Aunty marched out of the room, saying: "Ise gwine get Missus put sothin on dat arm," and disappeared. Very soon the old lady embarrassed me by walking boldly into the room; and, after a few motherly words of sympathy, she took hold of me, as if I were a half-naked baby, and turned me around for her inspection. Then giving a few words of direction to "Aunty" to bring certain articles, she took motherly control of me, and for the time I became as a child in her

hands, and was put to bed after my wound had been carefully dressed and wrapped by her own kind hands.

The old gentleman made an appearance, too, with some medicine for the inner man, which I swallowed like an obedient child.

We had, previously, had some supper. I was, of course, profoundly thankful for their kind attention, but was at last ordered, in the same kindly way: "Don't talk another bit, but go to sleep!" and I did not require much inducement to court the drowsy goddess. That night no unpleasant dreams disturbed my heavy slumber. The ghost of the horrible, unburied soldier, on which I had stumbled the previous night, did not haunt me. I was dead to everything for the time, and slept as soundly as a child.

The sun was shining brightly through the windows of my bedroom, on a beautiful Sunday morning, in August, 1861, when I was roused from this refreshing slumber by the voice of the old "aunty"—

"Missus says you'd better have some toast and egg, and a cup of coffee, den you can sleep some moah."

There is nothing that will rouse a sleeper so quick as the invitation to breakfast, especially if the sleeper has not been over-fed and surfeited. Toast and egg is a weakness with me even now, and when I heard the delectable words, "toast, egg, and coffee," I was wide awake in an instant. But when I attempted to turn myself, so that I could see who had spoken these magic words that suggested such an agreeable aroma, I found that I was so sore and so much bruised that the attempt to move started through my whole frame twitches of sharp pain. "Aunty," seeing that I was awake, came closer to my bed, and, in a kindly way, asked:

"How is you dis mornin'?"

In attempting again to move, I was forced to cry out with the pain which the exertion caused. Aunty bade me, "Jis you lie dar; I'll fetch your coffee!" And walked out leaving me alone; and for the few moments all my distress and trouble came upon me like a sudden cloud, as I realized upon waking that I was yet in the enemy's country, far enough from home, while between us was almost the insurmountable obstacle of the Rebel Army. I saw, too, that the heretofore unexpected danger of a spell of serious sickness was now liable to be added to my other troubles and difficulties. These gloomy

forebodings were dispelled for the moment by a gentle knock at my door and the kindly appearance of the mother of the house, upon my invitation to come in, who, with a pleasant "Good-morning," walked up to my bed and placed her hand upon my forehead. Without asking a question, she said:

"Why, you are ever so much better than I expected to find you this morning."

This was pleasant news for me to be sure, as I had not speculated at all on being sick. When with a few more kind words she left me, I heard the landlord say:

"Mother, don't be in a hurry; wait till I give the young gentleman his medicine, before he takes breakfast." When he came into my room a moment later—I was trying to bathe my face—with a cheery "Good morning, sir; I hope you rested well, sir; just take this if you please, sir;" and I had to obey; "We will send over after the doctor to come and attend you, sir."

I became alarmed at this, fearing that their kindly feeling toward the distressed refugee would cause them to introduce to me some Confederate surgeon from the neighborhood, who might make a correct "diagnosis" of my case and expose me. I begged that he would not put himself to that trouble; that I should go right into Richmond and would soon be among plenty of friends who would take care of me, etc. He rather insisted that it was their privilege to care for me, and that they could not consent to my undertaking to travel to Richmond until I had sufficiently recuperated. I thanked him; but am afraid that I did not convince the old gentleman that it was not necessary. He left me with the understanding that it should be "As mother says about it."

But the circumstances rather dissipated my appetite for the breakfast, as I saw at once that it would be necessary for me to get away from them as soon as possible. A new trouble seemed to rise from the kind attention of this old couple. While I feared capture and detection on my account, I actually think that I dreaded most of all lest an exposure should happen while I was enjoying their hospitality. I could not think of having to confront these kind people, if I should be brought to bay, so it was that I made up my mind that I must leave their house the very first opportunity. I had not been questioned in the least particular except as to my com-

fort and health. These people were too cultured and refined to pry into my history before granting any aid; it was enough for them that I had stated that I was a Maryland refugee, who had been wounded and was *en route* to Richmond to find friends. They saw my crippled condition, and they gave me all the aid and comfort that was in their power.

Seeing an old-fashioned ink-stand and quill on a small table in my room, I had the aunty draw it up close to my bed, from which I was to eat my breakfast. The drawer contained a supply of paper, and, taking advantage of the first favorable opportunity, I wrote, when alone, the form of a pass, such as I had seen in general use, and signed it in an official way with the name of a well-known Chief-of-Staff.

There was unfortunately no red ink with which I could further add to its apparent official character. Looking about the room in the hope of finding some, my eyes rested on the bandage on my still bleeding arm. In another moment the pen was cleaned of all the black ink stains. I gently dipped it into my own bandaged wound and drew enough blood on the pen to write across the face of the pass, in back-hand writing (to distinguish it from the other) the almost cabalistic words in those days: *Approved,* and signed it in red with my blood.

The red ink "took beautifully."

At the next visit of my host I took great pleasure in exhibiting to him my "papers." He glanced at it approvingly, and no doubt the red ink indorsement was sufficient. Not deigning to examine farther, he said: "I don't want to question the character of a gentleman in my own house, sir, especially the word of a soldier, by Gad, sir—he laid it aside, as of no consequence. I had told the same old story of the refugee so often, had the character down so fine, that I almost believed it myself. Of course, there were variations to suit the different circumstances, but it was nearly always a Maryland boy far away from home. I could not possibly disguise my voice and dialect sufficiently to pass in the South for a Southerner. I had been living in the South long enough to have learned the peculiarity of its people, and knew very well that I could not overcome the difficulty. So it was necessary, even at great risk to myself sometimes, to continue to play the dual character of a

Maryland refugee and an English boy from Texas. There were a great many young people constantly coming over the line from Maryland into the South, and most of these, after a few days "outing," corresponded very well with my appearance or condition in this, that they were "busted," having sacrificed all but their lives for the cause, and were now hankering for a chance to offer that on the Southern altar. This immigration helped to further my projects.

I had told my kind host and hostess a tearful story of my sufferings; how my coat, and all the money that was in the pockets had been stolen while I was sick, and that I was now going to Richmond to replenish my wardrobe, just as soon as I could meet some friends, or hear from my home. This had the desired effect. Of course, I did not beg, neither did my kind friends see it in that light; but, all the same, when the good people attended their country church that Sunday they somehow interested the whole congregation, *and a collection was lifted in a Virginia church for the benefit of a Yankee Spy.* When they returned from church they brought with them several neighbors to dinner, and soon after I was waited upon by the old gentleman and his pastor, who, in the most considerate manner possible, presented me with an envelope, which he said: "Would be of service in making me comfortable until I met with friends."

Now the Good Spirit of my Sainted Mother in heaven, who had so often taken care of her wondering boy, certainly sent that earthly angel to me again, while I was alone in the midst of enemies on the Sunday. There was nothing that I so much needed as money, as, with it, I could hope to find means of escaping by some other route back to my home, and I would *stay* there, too. I was hardly allowed to thank the kind friends. After some further pleasant talk, which they indulged in to make me feel easy, I accepted their offer to the Rebel cause with the understanding that I should be able some day to repay it.

"Oh, no; some of our lady friends were anxious for an opportunity to show their devotion to the cause, and were pleased to be able to aid, above all things, a worthy refugee who is so far from home and sick."

Under the circumstances, what else could I do but take this advan-

tage of the good people? With me it was a question of life and death; but I resolved in my heart, that if the time should ever come when our army entered that country, I should be on hand to plead for the protection of those who had unknowingly befriended a foe.

I began preparations to get away as soon as possible, by telling my kind people that it was necessary that I should "report" at once to certain officers in Richmond. I secured their consent to leave their care before I was able to travel.

It was agreed that I should be allowed to depart at once for Richmond, and, with as much feeling as if I were an only son being torn away from home to go to the war, I bade them all a hearty, thankful good-by, and walked slowly to the railroad station, which was some distance off, to get an evening train from Fredericksburg to Richmond.

The train came along in due time, and I got aboard with difficulty, because I was quite stiff and weak. Taking the first seat, in the rear of the car, I noticed at once, while being waited upon by the conductor, that there were in the forward part of the same car several officers in the Confederate gray uniform. This wasn't very reassuring, and rather unsettled my nerves, because, you see, I had, from my past few days' experience, imbibed a holy terror of anything in gray clothes. It was a Sunday, and, as they were probably off on a leave, they were engaged in their own pleasures and were not likely to disturb me. The conductor informed me, when I offered to pay my fare to Richmond, that he was required to report all soldiers traveling to a certain guard, and asked my name and regiment.

I assured him that I had a pass, and with that he walked off, and, in looking it up, I discovered that my blood approval had almost faded out.

I watched him, expecting that he would go straight to the Confederate officers; but he didn't, and I was greatly relieved to see him go out of the car, slam the door behind him, and disappear in the next car ahead. I began to wish that I had remained at the Hanover a little longer, and saw at once that the possession of the money had probably gotten me into a bad scrape, because without it I should have walked, even though every step was a pain. I reasoned correctly enough, however, that I should be safer in Rich-

mond, in the midst of the crowded city, than alone among country people, who would soon become curious about my history, and I prayed that I might be allowed to pass in safety this new and unexpected danger of being reported by the conductor on arrival at Richmond.

While I was thinking over these uncomfortable prospects, the train was dashing along toward Richmond—only a short distance now—there was a whistle, and while the train perceptibly slackened I had time to decide that I better get off, and before the cars had stopped altogether I had slipped quietly out of the door and dropped myself down on the ties. I stood on the side of the track long enough to see a solitary passenger get aboard; the conductor jumped on, and the engine puffed off, leaving me standing alone on the track. I was again free—for how long I could not tell.

Still determined to take Richmond, I started on, wearily, to follow the train along the track, but being so weak and sore my progress was necessarily quite slow, but I persevered, and along about the time the evening lamps were being lit I walked into the outskirts of Richmond.

CHAPTER XV.

SICK IN RICHMOND—CONCEALED BY A COLORED BOY AND UNABLE TO MOVE, — AN ORIGINAL CIPHER LETTER SENT THROUGH THE BLOCKADE TO WASHINGTON THAT TELLS THE WHOLE STORY IN A FEW WORDS—MEETING WITH MARYLAND REFUGEES—THE BOY SPY SERENADED—"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND"—JEFF DAVIS' OFFICE AND HOME—A VISIT TO UNION PRISONERS AT LIBBY PRISON, ETC.

Feeling my way along, to avoid guards that might be stationed in the principal roads entering the city, I was soon on Main street, Richmond, and I walked with an assumed familiarity in search of a boarding house. Finding a place that I thought would suit me, located on the south side of Main street, not far from the market, kept by a widow lady, I applied for lodging, proffering her the cash in advance. She accepted the cash and me without question, and being tired, weak and anxious to get to rest, I was at once shown to a room, and in a very few moments later I was in bed, and, with a feeling of security, was soon sound enough asleep in the Rebel Capital.

There were two beds in our room, as in most other cheap boarding houses, and waking early in the morning, I was surprised to see on the chair alongside of one of them, the too familiar gray uniform of a Confederate officer. I didn't take breakfast with the Madame, but hurried out into the street, and, after a hasty meal in a restaurant, I hunted up a Jew clothing shop on the Main street, where I invested a good deal of the church contribution in a snug suit of clothes, a pair of soft gaiters for my sore feet, a new hat, etc.

The next step was to a barber's, where I had most of my hair taken off, and in their bath-room I donned my new clothes, and I flatter myself I walked out of that barber shop so completely disguised that my recent friends and enemies would not have known me. I was feeling just good enough to have called on Jeff Davis that morning, and believing that, as my visit would be short, it

was well enough to have a good time, I walked rather proudly up to a certain hotel office and astonished the young clerk by registering myself O. K. Wilmore, Baltimore, Maryland. I notified an attaché of the hotel that I had but recently arrived via the blockade, and desired a small room for a few days, until I could meet with a lot more fellows who were coming over, you know, and was courteously welcomed by the affable clerk. The room to which I was shown overlooked the park, the Confederate Capitol building, the Governor's mansion, etc., and there I remained an unwilling guest (after that day) for three long, lonesome weeks, *sick in bed.*

Maybe it was a fortunate circumstance for me that I was thus taken off my feet, as it served to effectually hide or exclude me from sight, and frustrated any efforts that might have been put forward for my capture. In the meantime the sensation that was, perhaps, caused by my escape had died out and I had been forgotten.

As it was, that night I was taken sick and the next morning I was unable to get out of my bed. The trouble was principally dysentery, such as was epidemic in the Rebel Army at Manassas, and had probably been caused by the bad water, or change of water, greatly aggravated in my case by the nights of terror I had undergone. While in my weak condition, perhaps, I had overloaded my suffering stomach too much the first day of my arrival in Richmond. I can testify here to the fact that there was plenty to eat in Richmond in 1861, and it was not so very much more expensive at that time than in Washington.

The hotel people of Richmond were a little dubious about refugee boarders from Baltimore, as I soon learned, and were inclined to be rather disposed to refer their sick guest to a hospital. Fortunately, I was able to prevent this by a prompt advance of a week's boarding from my church-collection fund, which fully satisfied the Virginia Yankee hotel-keeper. It happened, too, that there was some change due me from the amount I had passed to him, which, in the princely style I had assumed, I graciously told him to keep for a credit on the next week's account. I still had some money left, but not enough to pay another week's expenses at that hotel, but it was best to keep up a good appearance.

The colored boy's name who served me with meals and who attended to all my sick wants, I regret, I have forgotten. He was

indeed a good friend, and when my week was out and I was still so weak that it was impossible for me to move, he continued to serve me with three light meals a day in a room where I had been moved by him, which was located in a block of buildings which served as an annex to the crowded hotel.

The hotel clerks, or the people at the office, supposed when I left the room that I had gone from the hotel; at least, they did not give me any trouble, and I have always thought my presence in that room was overlooked or forgotten by them in the great rush of their business of those days. This colored boy was one of the regular waiters employed at the hotel, who had for the week or ten days previous to my change served me regularly, and had told me several times, in explanation or in self-justification, that he was told to serve me every day, and he was going to do it until he was told to stop. Though I had not dared to breath to the poor colored boy even a whisper of my true character, yet it was instinctively understood between us that I was a Yankee. I knew this from his manner, and I could see in every move he made that he was so carrying on his little game to aid me that he might not be detected in it, yet it was so shrewdly managed that, if he had been picked up, he would have readily cleared himself of all collusion by merely referring to his orders.

In talking with him one day, he remarked, with a significant grin: "You always say *down* here, and that your going to go up home; I thought you was going to stay in Dixie?" I took the ignorant boy's teachings thankfully, and was more careful in the use of the words after that lesson.

I might fill a chapter with interesting stories of Richmond life which the boy gave me that were a pleasant relief for me, and served to while away, in my solitary sick bed, my first weeks in Richmond.

I took the opportunity the leisure afforded me of putting in operation a plan for secretly attempting to communicate with my friends in the North. I realized that I should not be able soon to undertake any adventuresome travels, and I could not reach home by any easy stages.

While yet a school boy I had practiced with my playmates a simple system of a cipher; with this, which was the easiest form that I then knew for a basis, I worked out in the form of a letter,

that I could pass through to Baltimore on the blockade runners, a secret communication reciting my discoveries at Manassas, etc.

It is an easy matter to arrange a system of cipher communication between any two persons, which will be readily and perfectly understood by them alone, or only by those who have been furnished with a key. In my particular circumstances, however, it was necessary that my letter should be a blind cipher, and so worded as not to excite suspicion, or distrust, and it must, besides, carry the key along with it, concealed of course, as I had not had an opportunity of making a preconcerted arrangement. I had intended to propose this to General Banks at the interview at Harper's Ferry, which, unluckily, did not take place, as I have explained.

The letter that was sent through the blockade is given herewith, as *copied from the original*, and I shall be glad to have the reader look for the secret information it contains before referring to the key, which follows:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
POWHATTAN HOTEL,
RICHMOND, VA., August, - - - - - 1861.

"*My Dear Father:*

– – – , – –

"For three weeks I've been quite sick, but am all-right now, and hope, through the kind atttention of Southern friends of ours in army, to soon be out again. – – – I will be greatly obliged if you will arrange to have money sent without delay, to pay my bills here, which were incurred on account of this most unfortunate sickness. . – – I am satisfied it's impossible to secure from our Confederate Maryland friends any cash advance, because I know they are all rather short, (having exhausted in getting here about half their money before joining Army. Since I have been absent from my regiment here sick, I have consumed what balance I had along. We are not at-all discouraged, or demoralized; on the contrary, we look forward to great things under Beauregard, who is in front of Washington. – –

"A greater portion of Marylanders stop at Blank's, where I am – – – the house is large and pleasantly situated on a street up on top of quite a hill, that overlooks the Rail-road that runs out to Manasses Junction. We hope soon to march right on to Washington, and drive out the black abolition rascals, and will roll them back through

Baltimore. Of course, all the Yankee papers give lying accounts, but official statements will give the proofs of our success. I wish some of the Northern Congressmen could see Ely or Covode, who are locked up secure in Libby prison; with them are a great lot, officers and prominent men who are looking quite disconsolate through their bars.

"I met, Sunday night, a couple of young students lately arrived from the Georgetown College, who expect to signalize their devotion to the South in some heroic way. From their talk would think the boys fresh from their dormitory dreams of war. I will write again soon; will be glad to hear from home often, please send money soon as possible same way as before, so that I can pay up."

The preparation of this letter had given me interesting employment while I was confined to my sick room. Though it is quite crude, and would hardly pass the scrutiny of the sharp censorship that was inaugurated later on, but considering the times, and the fact that letters of similar purport were being daily passed through the lines from Richmond by Baltimore refugees, it was worded so as to perfectly blind those who might see it, and it answered its purpose very well. I had calculated to submit it openly to certain Richmond authorities, at a risk of being picked up on their casual inspection. I had been careful to select a blank, headed Richmond. No real names were given except Covode and Ely. I knew very well Covode was not at Libby, but Ely was, and I could see no other way of getting Covode's name in, except to mix it with Ely's and assume ignorance, if corrected. This letter was not sent to my father's name and address, of course, but was directed to a certain telegraph operator who had been an office associate, and who was at the time in the employ of the military telegraph at Annapolis, Md.

There was a little risk in using his address, but I knew that the fact of the party named on the envelope being in the Government service would not be detected in Richmond, and the understanding with regard to these letters was, that for a consideration they had been taken into the United States and mailed at Baltimore. An additional reason for sending it to this telegraph friend was, that he would be sure to discover the key to the cipher, and would then translate and properly deliver it. If the reader will look at an apparent flourish under the words, "My dear Father," as if under-

scored, he will observe three little dashes like this, – – – and a little further on a careless looking scratch of the pen, resembling . – – This forms the key to the simple cipher, and the same characters are indifferently scattered about the sheet so as to attract only the eye of an operator. The three little dashes represent the Morse character for the figure five – – – (5), while the other signal, a dot and two dashes, is a W, which, when placed alone, is always understood to stand for word. Now the operator will be sure to see that 5, W, while the chances are that no one else but an operator would. The young friend to whom I had addressed this I knew would understand, from the tone of the letter, that it was a blind, and he would search for a different interpretation, and would soon discover the 5, W, which he would see referred to the fifth word. If the reader will read *only* every fifth word of this letter he will have the true meaning.

Translation.—Been all through Southern Army, again obliged to delay here account sickness Impossible Confederate advance are exhausted half army absent sick balance are demoralized look under front portion Blank's house situated on hill road Manasses to Washington black roll of papers official proofs wish Friend Covode secure them officers are there night students Georgetown signal South from the dormitory will be home soon as can.

The carefully studied phraseology of this crude letter, so that every fifth word which I would insert should properly read both ways had given me considerable trouble, because I was especially desirous that, as a whole, it should at the first glance impress any person to whom I might find necessary to submit it that it undoubtedly enemated from a Rebel and a Maryland refugee. This thought once established in the minds of those who I anticipated had the censorship of mail matter from strangers, I was satisfied would result in forejudgement, or at least serve the purpose of allaying any suspicion as to it being anything in the nature of a secret communication to the enemy.

What to do with my letter was the next important consideration. While yet so weak and thinned, as I was by the three weeks, illness and close confinement, I realized that I must yet continue to live in some such a quiet way as I had during my sickness. It would be folly for me to attempt to travel through the armies in the rough

manner that would be necessary if I should try to reach our lines by the underground or by running the blockade.

The colored boy who had served me so kindly and so faithfully in the hotel annex, during these three weeks of sickness was partly taken into my confidence. When I began to feel like getting out, and my appetite had improved so as to make increased demands for his service to my room, I suggested to him one day that I hadn't enough money left to pay the bill at the office, and was especially sorry that I could not give him something handsome for his kindness to me.

"Don't you never mind me, as I don't want no money." It was then that I explained to him that I should like to be furnished a pencil and some paper so that I might write home for some money, etc. The stationery was at once supplied, and, as I had while lying on the cot bed during the long August days blanked out my proposed letter, I proceeded to work my cipher out on paper.

My faithful colored boy felt encouraged by my talk with him to offer me some good advice:

"You don need to give no money to me, an if I was you I'd not give no money to dem clerks, either. I'd jis tell de ole man, if I was you, and he wont let dem take all you money, and you sick hyar."

This advice, offered in his most friendly way, was none the less accepted thankfully, because it came from a slave boy and a waiter, in his own words, as near as I can give it. I learned that the "ole man" was the proprietor of the hotel, and from his further description I gathered that I had not seen him since I had been in the house. The man who had talked about sending me to a hospital, the first days of my illness, was only a clerk, though I had assumed him to be the owner, because he was quite old and had so much to say to me. He was easily "placated," anyway, by the cash I had tendered him, in payment for a week's board in advance. I have wondered often if I were indebted to his pocketing that money, for the fact that my presence was so completely overlooked. I would prefer, however, to give the colored boy the credit for having quietly "done as he was tole, and axed no questions."

The "ole man" was an invalid at the time of which I am writing, being confined to his room most of the day. I made some

anxious inquiries also about the "ole woman," and was glad to hear that she was "So big an fat she doan go roun much."

I was solicitious about the proprietor and his wife, because, you know, a great deal depended upon how he was going to jump after he had found out that I had been in the house two weeks, apparantly without the knowledge of the office, and certainly without having paid any board for the time.

One nice morning, while feeling pretty fair and bright, I decided to make the break, knowing that I had to do something soon. I gave my letter to the boy to deliver to the "ole man," first, for his information as to the prospects of his getting paid, and, secondly, asking his advice as to the best means to have it sent North. You will observe the apparent burden of my letter is for a remittance of money, and, in the second place, I wanted to get it suitably endorsed or vised by some one well known in Richmond, so that I would not have to show up personally in it.

With a good deal of anxiety and heartache I waited in my back room for the boy's return, which would bring me this verdict. I dreaded being suspected as an enemy in concealment more than to be sent out on the streets of Richmond, though I was so poor that I should soon starve, because too weak to attempt any kind of work. In anticipation of at least the latter treatment, I had dressed myself up carefully in my new suit of clothes, which I had bought the day before I took sick. They had become ever so much too large for me. A severe dysentery can waste a frail human frame considerably in three weeks. When I heard the footsteps of two persons down the long corridors—they had no carpet on that annex—my heart sank within me as they stopped before my door. In another moment my trusted colored boy had thrown open the door; and, as he stood aside to let the other person in, he said: "Dar he."

I felt sure for the moment that all was lost—that the boy had given me away. When the "ole man" got up close enough I am sure he was struck by my very pale face. I was trembling from the effect of the suspense and tension to my nerves, and could scarcely hold my head up. The "ole man" was not old at all, but a rather thin, benevolent-looking, middle-aged gentleman; he was lame and had apparently been very sick himself; his kindly manner reassured

me in part, and when he bade me. "Lie right down and keep perfectly composed; we will take care of you, my boy." I did as he directed. I had to drop, and I turned my face into the pillow and sobbed like a big baby for a moment or two, so overcome was I in my weak condition by the breaking strain after and the reversal of feeling, it was so entirely different from anything I had expected.

The "ole man" had a few words more of comfort, and, turning to the colored boy, said, rather savagely:

"Sam, you damn black rascal, why didn't you tell me before that this young man was sick?"

Sam began to explain by saying: "I done thought you know'd dat."

But the "old man" stopped him abruptly, with: "Get out; go and bring some brandy and water up here, quick!"

Sam was glad enough to get out; and when he came back, in a few minutes, with a couple of glasses on a tray, he was grinning all over as his eye caught mine, as much as to say, "I done tole you so."

The "ole man" administered the dose and, after a few more encouraging words, got up to leave, first giving orders to Sam:

"See that you attend to this young man right after this, you ugly nigger."

Sam seemed to be immensely enjoying the "ole man's" abuse.

I was assured that I should be made easy until such time us I should hear from my friends.

"Do you know Colonel Blank, of Baltimore?"

"No, I didn't, not by that name"—and I had to admit ignorance of quite a number of others that he mentioned to me, saying that his house was a sort of refugee headquarters; he would have some of the Maryland boys look in and see me. I didn't like that part of the visit, but there was no way now but to put a bold face on to anything that turned up. I felt that I was so thinned out and pale, my hair closely cut, and otherwise altered, especially by my new clothes, that I should not be recognized by anybody who had recently seen me so ragged in the Rebel Army at Manassas.

"In regard to your letter," he said, handing it back to me, "I will have some one see you who understands about getting mail to Baltimore. I only know that they do send them, and that answers come here to my house almost every day."

In another moment I was again alone, and so overjoyed by the agreeable turn affairs had taken—or by the dose of brandy and water—that I felt almost able to dance a jig. I was free again; that is, I was not burdened every moment by a fear that some one might drop in and discover my presence and begin to ask questions bout my past history.

Feeling so much relieved in mind, I could not resist the temptation to go out of the room to have just one look at the sunshine outdoors. My boy provided me with a stick for a cane, and, with his aid, I walked out the long corridor and stepped boldly into the office. The first person I met was the old clerk who had collected my first week's boarding.

"You have treated me very badly, sir."

I began to ask an explanation, really not knowing what he meant by making it such a personal matter, when he interrupted me and hurriedly walked off as he saw the "ole man," who was pointing me out to his wife at the moment. I walked along without further interruption, except to attract the attention of people whom we met by my weak, sickly appearance, and, reaching the park, I sat down under the shadow of the Virginia State House, which was then the Capitol of the Confederacy. In one corner of the same grounds the Governor's mansion was pointed out, then occupied by Governor Letcher, while below, or on the lower side of the square, I was shown the building occupied by President Davis for an executive office.

I was within sight of it all at last, and for two hours I sat there taking everything in, only regretting that my legs wouldn't carry me around more lively, so that I might investigate more closely.

When I stumbled back to my hotel I was met at the office by a young clerk, who said he had been directed to introduce me to Colonel ——, and would I be seated a moment.

I had a right to believe, of course, that I was to meet the Maryland people of whom the proprietor had spoken, but I dreaded the interview nevertheless. However, when I saw the Colonel was quite an ordinary looking man, with a jolly, round face and pleasant manner, my fears subsided, and I was able to feel easy in his presence. I was introduced to several others as a Maryland boy who was unfortunately sick among strangers, and I didn't have to

"make up" for the character of a sick youth. My appearance, probably, did have the effect of creating some sympathy, which was kindly expressed to me. The Colonel said: "You have a letter to send home I am told?"

"Yes, sir. I want to get some money very much. I don't want to go home, but would like to send for some money."

"Ah! yes, of course; that can easily be fixed. All you have to do is to put a United States stamp on your letter."

"But don't I have to pay something for the delivery?"

"Well, no; you don't have to; but, as it goes to a foreign country, you know, we generally pay the messengers a little for the risk."

Thanking the Colonel, I took my letter out of the envelope and begged that he would read it, so that the envelope would have the benefit of his endorsement. He did not think that necessary at all, but I insisted that he should learn of my affairs and my address, so that if anything should happen to me some Maryland people would know who I was. That was a good shot, and it took effect, too. He felt that I had given him my entire confidence as a brother exile from home and in distress, and he read my letter hastily—that is, he glanced at the address and the last paragraph, wherein I had especially asked for money. No doubt he was impressed with the truth of the statement I had made—that all Maryland refugees were hard up. Sealing the letter in his presence, I handed it to him with a tender of a fraction of the money which I had left, to pay the "foreign postage."

"Oh no," he said. "I will not take your money for this; it's not necessary. Where shall your answer be delivered? This was something I had not thought about, and for the moment I was embarrassed. I remembered that I had referred to my regiment in my letter, and was about to say that the letter could be sent there; then the thought suddenly came over me, "What if I should be questioned on this regiment?" I did not want any talk of this sort, because it would be getting me into rather too close quarters. The Colonel, noticing my hesitancy as these thoughts passed through my brain and no doubt mistaking its true import, relieved me by saying:

"You had better go along over to Colonel Jones and be registered, if you have not already done so."

I had not attended to this matter of registering my name and address among the refugees from Baltimore, and, without knowing exactly what would come of it, I consented to have it done at once, as he had suggested. Pointing to a building on the opposite side of the square a little below where St. Paul's Church is located, he said:

"That's Colonel J. B. Jones' office, and if you can go with me I will introduce you to him, and you can have all your Maryland mail come to his care."

I walked across the square on his arm, and was formally introduced to Colonel Jones as a worthy Maryland refugee, sick and in distress. I am giving the correct name here, because he became a well-known character in Richmond during the war. He impressed me as an agreeable, rather jolly, gray-haired gentleman of the old school, at the time. On the rather tedious and slow walk for me over the square, my companion had explained to me that Colonel Jones was himself a refugee, having been fired out of Philadelphia, where, if I remember aright, he had been printing a weekly paper which had been rather too outspoked in its sympathy for the South, and, as a consequence, it was, perhaps, violently suppressed. The Colonel informed me, as we walked along, that President Davis had organized the temporary bureau for the registration and general information of refugees and others who might, by the necessities of war, be driven from their homes. It was also understood that any persons desiring information in regard to Maryland refugees should apply at this bureau. This was not exactly the sort of a place that I had been hankering to register myself in, but I was in for it now and had to go through with it. Colonel Jones gave me his courteous attention for awhile, and apparantly became interested in the little bit of my "history" that I dealt out to him. It is likely that my sickly, innocent-looking appearance had operated somewhat upon the generous sympathies of Colonel Jones. He assured me in his most agreeable manner that any time at all that I had a letter for my home to just drop it into his postoffice, and he would see that it went out on the "First Mail." This was quite satisfactory to myself and my companion, who had placed the letter in the Colonel's hands. I happened to recall that I had read a book over and over again, written by a J. B. Jones, that had made a great impression upon my youthful mind, and I had worshiped the name in con-

sequence—the title of the book was "Wild Western Scenes." The Colonel laughed heartily, and taking my hand gave me a second jolly shake as he said: "He had met another of his boys—they were turning up every place—wherever he had been some one who had read his book had asked him that question."

I had accomplished one very important step—in this, that I had opened communication with Washington from my location in Richmond.

There was danger that my letters *might* fall into the wrong hands up North; but, as the person who carried them must, for his own protection, keep quiet, it was probable that no effort would be made to look after their destruction, once they were safely placed in Uncle Sam's postoffice somewhere. I was also liable to be picked up in Richmond almost any day by those who had known me at Montgomery, Pensacola, or, more recently, at Manassas, and in Beauregard's camp. Knowing that I could not travel in the rough manner as indicated, I felt wonderfully relieved to know that the letter just mailed would most surely go through more speedily than I could expect to travel at my best, and it contained in substance all that I could report by a personal trip, which was in effect that:

First—The Confederate Army *could not advance*, because thirty per cent. were sick, a great many absent on leave, and the rest as much demoralized after their victory as by our defeat.

Second—That the official documents of the Rebel Surgeon-General, addressed to Richmond, would be found under a certain house as described, where it will be remembered that I had placed them.

Third—That signals were being made from the dormitory of Georgetown College to Rebel out posts, or pickets who had been students at the College.

When this letter would reach my telegraph friend, he would, most assuredly, find the key to the cipher and properly communicate with Mr. Covode, and through him the information, and I hoped the papers I had deposited would be recovered. I could not have done more than this myself, and, feeling that it was enough for one day's work, I retraced my steps to the top of the hill, on which the hotel was situated, and finding my cot-bed again I was glad enough

to drop myself into it for a rest without the formality of undressing.

Soon after Sam found me half asleep, when he came up to my room with some supper; his face was covered all over with the happy grin, peculiar to a colored boy, who has only this means of expressing his pleasure. If he knew that I had made a successful explanation of myself, which had relieved us both of the fear of detection, he was too cunning to express himself in words. My Maryland Colonel, who had so kindly endorsed me to the refugee bureau and franked my contraband mail matter to Washington, came to see me in the room late in the evening, bringing with him another refugee whom he introduced as Mr. Blank, a lawyer from Elkton, Maryland. I have really forgotten his name, but remember distinctly that he was from Elkton, from this circumstance. When I had subsequently returned North, while traveling from Philadelphia to Baltimore one day, I heard the name Elkton called out by the trainman, as we stopped at a country station. I rushed out on the platform on hearing the words and, while the train stopped, inquired of the agent and expressman about this gentleman. They both at once assured me: "Oh, yes; he's a great Rebel, and had to leave town."

The train began to move off, as I was hurriedly telling them about my meeting him in Richmond, and the agent became quite interested, following the train along side as long as he could, to get some information of him for his friends, who were living in the town. I heard from them afterward, and, as this Elkton lawyer and I became associated somewhat intimately for a month or two in Rebeldom, I have mentioned this circumstance by way of an introduction, and so that we will know him hereafter as "Elkton."

The Colonel, I learned, had been a store-keeper in one of the "lower counties," and the twain had crossed the broad Potomac together from Maryland to Virginia one night, and had only been in Richmond a month or so. They were, of course, anxious to meet all the other refugees they could hear of, and so it came about that I made their acquaintance. Luckily for me, they were both from a section of Maryland distant from that which I represented, and neither of them for a moment doubted my "Loyalty," but, on the other hand, both of these gentlemen seemed to think it a part of their duty to take care of me; and I take this opportunity to say

to Elkton, or any of his family who may read this, that his kindness to me has always been appreciated—*but*, I must not anticipate the story—I was invited to share a bed or cot in the same room these two gentlemen occupied. Their room was located like the one to which I had first been assigned—the windows overlooking the park. I could from my room see all who entered the Capitol building, also had an unobstructed view of President Davis' office, as well as that of other prominent officials. This "prospect" was indeed gratifying to me, and, as it may be assumed, much more satifactory than anything I had yet encountered in the way of "facilities." From my window outlook I ran no risk of detection, as would be the case if I were on the streets all the time. I was naturally most anxious to see President Davis, and to my rather eager questions in regard to him—as I look at it now—I was told by the Colonel that "The President lives right around on the next corner on the next street. He walks through the grounds to his office every day; I'll show him to you, the first chance."

That night I lay down early, and had scarcely gotten into sound slumber, and was, perhaps, dreaming of home, when I was roused gently by the Colonel to listen to "the serenade." On the street or pavement in front of the hotel a large crowd had gathered, composed partly of a company of men without uniforms, who had marched in the rear of a band. I was informed that they were the nucleus of a company or regiment which was to be composed entirely of Marylanders, who were expected to arrive in Richmond by details of three and four at a time. The purpose of the visit that night was a serenade to Marylanders, the band having been furnished by kind sympathizers among the Richmond people, who took the opportunity to compliment the refugees. Now, if I were to say that a band had been known to serenade a Yankee Spy, the statement would have been laughed at as rediculous, yet the facts are that the serenade was tendered in Richmond, in part at least, to a Yankee Spy, as the collection was raised for the same in a Virginia church. There were but three of us in the hotel that night—the Colonel, Elkton, and myself—and it was the presence of this trio that had brought the band under our window. They played in a highly effective style, considering the peculiar surroundings, all their own Southern airs, among which was "Maryland, my Mary-

land." This is a really beautiful air, which is familiar to all who ever associated with any crowd of rebels who could sing. The beautiful air—the significant words so full of pathos and sympathy, especially under the existing circumstances and surroundings—was rendered in a style so sweetly pathetic that the effect produced on my memory that night will never be effaced. After the band had played, all the crowd present, recognizing its appropriateness, gave them with a hearty good will round after round of applause. Cries were made for an encore, and, while the excitment it had created was still high, the entire company of Maryland recruits burst forth into a full chorus of their own good voices and sang, with even greater effect through, this sweet old war song, "Maryland, my Maryland.'

After they had left our hotel, it was understood the band, with the crowd of followers and all the Marylanders in the city that had been gathered up, were to call on Jeff Davis and give him a serenade of "Maryland, my Maryland." I was not able to attend it, but I suppose the records of the rebellion will show somewhere that Jeff Davis made a fine speech of welcome to the persecuted exiles from Maryland—my Maryland. My room-mates had both gotten out of the room at the beginning of the uproar. I lay awake a long time waiting for their return that I might hear the talk of the further serenade at the President's and Governor Letcher's. They were both full of it, of course. Their conversation that night, if reported in shorthand by the Spy, who lay awake an interested listener, would make an amusing chapter—read by the light of the present day. I gathered one point from them that I had not thought of before, which gave me some food for reflection. They both intended to unite themselves to the Rebel Army, but each of them wanted to be officers. If I remember aright, there was some "constitutional" difficulty in the way of President Davis forming a Maryland battalion—at least, my impression now is, that he could not issue commissions, which was the duty of the Governor of Maryland, and it was necessary that some sort of a "Governor" should help him out of the new State-rights difficulty. They got over it in some way, however, as they did other State sovereignty questions. Elkton subsequently became a Lieutenant of the 3rd Battery of Maryland Artillery. I learned from their talk that night that they both expected, as a matter of course, that

I would join their Maryland battalion. With them, it seemed to be only a question of time, or until I should be sufficiently recovered from my illness. I imagined that I saw in this scheme of theirs a way out of my difficulty to further serve the Union. Of course, when I should be able to move about it would be necessary to do *something;* that I could not stay at the hotel indefinitely without money was certain, and it was also equally certain that I should not get any money, even in answer to my letter.

I had expected to get back by using their underground system, as soon as I would be able to travel by that line. But, as I had opened communication, I realized the correctness of my theory—that I could best serve the North by not *at once* attempting to return, but by remaining in Richmond, to watch and report the progress of events there.

One of the first walks I took after getting out of my room was to the house of President Davis, which was, and is yet, beautifully located on the top of the hill; indeed, it is almost on the edge of a precipice that commands a view of the low country to the north.

The Colonel had not observed in my letter the reference to "my regiment." Now that it had been sent off without his, or anybody but the sick proprietor seeing it, I was glad to drop any reference to a previous connection with the army at Manassas. My story was, in brief, the same old thing, done over to suit the altered condition of things. I had told the Colonel about coming through Manassas; that I had been delayed there expecting to meet some of my Maryland friends, but was taken sick and had come on to Richmond for them. That, and the letter, and more especially my appearance, coupled with the greater inducement that he saw a recruit for their Maryland battalion, was to them all sufficient. No questions were asked by either him or Elkton; they were satisfied themselves, and their cordial introduction of myself to their other friends were enough to fix my status in Richmond for the time being. I was kindly treated by all with whom I was brought in contact, through the influence of my two newly-made friends. As I have stated, the first visit was, by courtesy, made to the President's *House.* I did not find it advisable to thrust myself on to Mr. Davis just then. The next point of greater interest to me was Libby Prison, where were confined a great number of the officers captured

at Bull Run. I learned, upon cautious inquiries, that Libby was situated at the other end of the town, or about a mile distant from the hotel. This was quite a long walk for me to undertake, but I was almost sickened with the everlasting and eternal Rebel talk, which I had been forced to hear every day and hour for so long, that I felt in my soul that the sight of one true-blooded Union man would do my heart good, even though I saw him through iron bars. At the first favorable opportunity, on finding myself alone, I started out for a morning walk, leading in the direction of Libby Prison. Once on Main street, I began to feel a little apprehensive lest I should run against some one in the crowded throng who might recognize me. There were a great many soldiers in gray moving about the streets. It seemed, too, as if everybody I met was staring at me, and probably they were—as an object of pity. I became more accustomed to it, however, as I began to see that the interest being centered on me was probably due to the fact that I had been sick, and showed it in my appearance and walk. I felt more assured, too, when I saw, after awhile, that no person seemed to care much after all who I was, after they had once gratified their curiosity by a stare.

I wanted very much to gaze once more on a Union soldier, and one, too, who had fought in a real battle against these howling, blowing Rebels, even though he were defeated and was then a prisoner. I saw them, lots of them, through eyes that were pretty watery, and with a heart throbbing so hard with a fellow-feeling for them that I was almost afraid that I should lose control of myself, and I turned away. Through the barred windows of the prison I could see a room full of the boys in their ragged but still beautiful blue, as compared with the gray of the guard. They talked together in groups; some were laughing heartily, as though they were having a fine time among themselves; others walked up and down the floor with heads bowed and their arms behind them, as if in deep study. Occasionally I would catch the eye of some one looking through their bars at me; and, oh, dear, what wouldn't I have given at that moment for the privilege of being one of them—of making myself known with a shout. I felt that moment that it were far better to be a real prisoner of war, even though confined to the dreary walls of Libby, than to be as I was

at the time, in truth or in anticipation, a prisoner already condemned to execution. Though apparently at liberty, I felt as Wordsworth writes, that I was not only

> "Homeless near a thousand homes."

But, also, that,

> "Near a thousand friends I pined and wanted friends."

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHMOND—HOLLYWOOD—JEFF DAVIS—BRECKINRIDGE — EXTRA BILLY SMITH—MAYOR, GOVERNOR, ETC.

It should be remembered that I am writing of Richmond, as I found it during the beautiful autumn months of September, October and November, 1861. The same conditions did not prevail in the years that immediately followed. It would no doubt have been impossible in 1864 to have overcome so easily the obstacles I encountered in 1861–2.

One other important factor in my favor is, that, after the success of Bull Run, the Southern people generally, and especially those about Richmond and Manasses, were so enthused as it were by the recent success that they became, for the time being, quite careless and were not disposed to closely scrutinize strangers who happened to be among them.

I realized these facts at the time, and profited by it. I began to feel so secure myself that I became quite careless about my own safety, and, as I became stronger each day, I spent pretty much all of my time either on one of the benches in the Capitol Square or leisurely walking over the streets of the city.

It became a daily custom with me to secure early a certain seat in the Capitol grounds, from which I could look directly into the front windows of the room which Jeff Davis occupied for his executive office. I had selected this bench because, from its location, which, by the way, to be exact, I will state was near the statue of Henry Clay, I could observe every person that either went into or out of the large hall door down stairs, which led to Mr. Davis' apartments. I was most anxious to get a glimpse of Mr. Davis, whom I had last seen at the Exchange Hotel at Montgomery during the bombardment of Fort Sumter. From my position in the grounds I could not, of course, see into the room in which I knew Mr. Davis was located, but I could imagine, from the number of people who were constantly going and coming, that he must have been kept pretty busy entertaining them. I did not find it advis-

able at that time to thrust myself upon his attention. It was only after several long waits and disappointments that I was one evening gratified to see my old Montgomery friend come out of the hall-way in company with the present distinguished Senator from Texas, Hon. John H. Regan. They stood together on the steps a few minutes engaged in conversation, when Mr. Davis, with a courteous bow, turned to his carriage, which was waiting at the curb, the door was shut with a bang, the driver turned his horses, and in a moment more they had disappeared around the corner of the square, as they drove up the hill in the direction of the President's mansion.

It was generally understood by my refugee associates that, as soon as I was sufficiently recuperated, I would unite with the other Maryland refugees in the formation of a Confederate company of volunteers. They had taken me in charge, as it were, and, as they had voluntarily guaranteed my hotel expenses, I could do no less than to tacitly accept the situation. Even at that early day there was considerable rivalry in the matter of securing recruits for the newly-forming organizations of the Rebel Army. One reason of this was that, in their army as it was in ours, at the first of the war the commissions were generally given to those persons who were most active in securing the necessary recruits to fill out a company's quota. While these two Maryland gentlemen were quite kind to me and had personally helped me through my sickness, I saw that their object was not altogether disinterested. In vouching for my expenses they were perfectly safe themselves, as it was understood that I should secure the very best bounty that was being paid, and out of this fund it was known I should be able to pay all my sick bills. So you will see how it came about that, while my two guardians were busy most of the day in skirmishing about for their recruits, as well as looking out for their own prospects for commissions, I was indulged in every thing that they could at all assist me in, and was in general terms given the "Freedom of the City."

It became a favorite walk with me on pleasant afternoons to wander out to the beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, one of the most lovely spots in all Virginia. Hollywood has been so fully described, even before and after the war, that I need not attempt it here. With me Hollywood had a peculiar fascination during my first

visit to Richmond, during that fall of 1861—the "melancholy months of that year." I found myself out there frequently, nearly always seeking out the one resting place, which was beautifully situated on the top of the hill, under a grove of large forest trees, close by the tomb of ex-President Monroe. The view from this point was superb. Directly underneath the hill, which overhung the river like a precipice, were the great falls of the James river, the water of which, coming from the Blue Mountains of Virginia, was splashing over the thousands of immense rocks standing up from the bed of the river, making a wildly-beautiful picture, extending for a mile or two up and down the river. Right beneath the cemetery, but out of sight of a rambler in the grounds, the railroad bed had been chiseled out of the hill-side rocks. Trains could continually be heard rolling and whistling along, which I knew went near my friends in a few hours at Manassas and Fredericksburg. Near this, on the water's edge, were located the immense Tredegar Iron Works, upon which the Confederate Government depended almost entirely for their supply of manufactured iron, and I believe they were also turning out at the time some large cannon for their fortifications and ships. I remember that I was impressed at the time, from over-hearing a debate in the Confederate Congress, that the loss or destruction of the Tredegar Works early in the war would have been one of the most terrible blows that could have been inflicted upon their cause, and I had embodied this statement in one of my "dispatches."

One evening a brass band paraded the streets, gathering up quite a crowd of followers. Always anxious to see everything that was going on, and a lover of brass music, I "joined in" with the crowd and marched along with the band. We halted in front of the largest hotel in Richmond at that time—the Spottsword—since burned down—but then located on Main street. On inquiring, I learned that the excitement was occasioned by the recent arrival in Richmond of the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, recently the Vice-President of the United States and Pro-Slavery candidate for President. It will be remembered that there had been for quite a long time considerable doubt or uncertainty as to which side of the fence Mr. Breckinridge would eventually jump. He had remained in Washington City up to a very short time previous to his arrival in Rich-

mond. One of the facts brought out during his speech that night, in answer to the serenade, was, that he was still a member of the United States Senate, he having so arranged it that his resignation would not take effect until he was safe inside of the Confederacy. I remember this portion of his talk very well, because at the time it impressed me as being very mean for a man of his standing, who had been so highly honored and trusted by his Government, to pretend so long to be neutral, yet knowing all the time in his heart of the purpose to gather information and then desert and betray his Government. I felt in my heart then that the numerous Southern gentlemen who held official positions and violated their oaths that they might betray their Governments, were cowardly spies whose methods were to be execrated, and anything I could do to frustrate them would be honorable in comparison with their service.

Another point of interest is the "old stone house," which is situated on Main street within a square of the Libby Warehouses. This old stone building, with the curled oak shingles on the roof, was General Washington's headquarters.

We will pass the Colonial and Indian periods, the wars of 1776, 1812, 1846–9 with this one sentence, and hasten up the Main street about a mile to headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the war of 1861-65.

From the windows of my room I had a close view of the City Hall building directly opposite, which fronted on Broad street.

One morning I observed an unusual excitement on the street in front of the City Hall. They were apparently preparing for what we would have thought up North was to be a bonfire. Of course I became an interested looker-on, but was almost afraid to ask any questions lest I should hear some bad news. I feared that the Rebels were about to celebrate some victory over our armies, when I saw them pile in the middle of the street a great heap of kindling wood.

The gray-headed man who was then the Mayor of the City was apparently overseeing these preparations.

I had been in the habit of sleeping late, and while all this was going on outside I was alternately dressing myself and running to the window to watch the proceedings.

Without waiting for breakfast, I went out on to the street to investigate. The first person I questioned happened to be the hotel proprietor, who said, laughingly:

"Oh, they are just burning the gamblers' stuff that the police captured on the last raid."

It seemed that Richmond had, and has yet, a law that compels, or at least authorizes, their Judge of Police Court to destroy by public fire in the open street any material or paraphernalia which has been used, or intended to be used, for gambling purposes.

The Mayor of Richmond in 1861 was a Mr. Mayo. He was certainly an efficient official, as some of the Maryland refugees will bear testimony.

Extra Billy Smith, who I think had been a Governor of Virginia, was one evening put into our room to sleep, the hotel being quite crowded, it being the occasion of some Virginia State gathering. He was full of talk and kept our crowd aroused and interested until late in the night.

He was living, I believe, somewhere in the neighborhood of where the armies were confronting each other.

One of his stories, which interested me more than anything else, referred to the death of the brother of the Secretary of War, Colonel Cameron, of the 79th New York Regiment, at Bull Run.

The body of Colonel Cameron, it seems, had been found after the battle inside of the Rebel lines.

The news of his death having reached the Secretary of War—the Hon. Simon Cameron—he was, of course, very anxious to have the remains sent back into the Union line for proper burial in his own State.

At that time there was a serious question about the recognition in any official form of the Confederate States of America. It was necessary that the Secretary of War should address a request in some form to an officer in the Confederate Army, requesting the "courtesy" of burying the remains of his brother at home. With Extra Billy Smith it was a question of "curtesy" to the Confederates, and he related with great gusto the amusement the Secretary of War's request for his dead brother's body caused in the Confederate officers' quarters, because it was addressed—"To whom it may concern." Mr. Cameron probably had nothing to do with the for-

mation of the note or request, and it is likely that whoever did it for him was obliged to adopt this, simply because they were ignorant of the names of the proper persons in the Confederate Army to whom it should have been addressed. At any rate, it was a very contemptible piece of work to reply to the Secretary of War that: "The officers of the Confederate States of America did not know that his note, addressed 'To whom it may concern,' concerned anybody but himself."

I made a mental note of Extra Billy's share in this business, determined that old Simon should have him marked.

I presume that about the same general condition of things existed in Washington as in Richmond at the time I was there. There were undoubtedly Rebel spies, and plenty of them, running around loose in Washington, not only at that particular time, but constantly during the years of war which immediately followed.

The Confederates had a very great advantage over us in this regard. Washington City and the Departments were literally full of their sympathizers, who were able to carry on their work of assisting to destroy the Government, which was at the same time feeding them, as they were able to keep up an easy and safe communication through the country about.

Some of these Department Rebel spies remained in the Union Government service not only throughout the war, but even now, after twenty-five years of Republican Administration, are yet in the government service.

In Richmond and the country adjacent it was entirely different. If there were any sympathizers with the Union cause they were known and closely watched, and this was not a troublesome task for the Confederates, as there was not enough of it to occupy much of their attention. As a rule, the colored people were friendly to us, but they were at that time all poor, frightened, ignorant slaves, who dare not, under penalty of the most severe whipping, indicate by the slightest sign that they had any interest in a Union man.

The colored people in Richmond were forbidden to assemble in any number together. If a half dozen slaves would accidentally get together to talk over the matters of life and liberty, that were so dear to them, it was the duty of any white citizen to order them to disperse. It is not generally known, and may be even doubted

by the present generation of Virginians, that there was such a law, but it is a fact. Colored men were not permitted into the Capitol Square at certain times, being excluded by the same municipal law that applied to stray dogs.

It is but just to say that this rule did not apply to Richmond alone, but to Washington as well. In 1861, and previous to the war, the colored boys and girls, as they were all called, even though they were grandfather and mother, were not allowed to enter the Capitol or President's grounds at Washington. They were only permitted to peer through the bars of the great iron fence that then surrounded the grounds.

Every day, as regular as my meal-time occurred, I walked over into the Capitol Square and took my accustomed seat on the bench which gave me such good opportunities to see every person who entered President Jeff Davis' office, as well as a chance to observe the crowd that attended the proceedings in the Capitol building.

I did not give their Congress very much attention, because their business seemed to be to talk only. I was interested only in the War Office, and especially in President Davis.

The Virginia Legislature was also in session at the Capitol. We had a room-mate with us for several days who was a member of the State Legislature from somewhere in the mountain district. Our Maryland refugee, friend Elkton, and this Virginia delegate, who was inclined to doubt the power of the President as compared with that of the Governor of Virginia, were continually discussing the question among themselves at night after we had all gotten to bed, very much to the disgust of the Colonel and myself.

Governor Letcher seemed at the time to be a "bigger man" in Richmond than Jeff Davis. The Governor occupied an elegant mansion, which is beautifully situated in one corner of the Capitol grounds, while President Davis' "White House" was a large red brick building, situated right on the street, a few squares back of the Capitol, with only a small yard for grounds. It is a double house or a square building, with a hall through the middle and a number of rooms on each side. It was beautifully located in what may be called an independent position. I mean by this that there were no other houses immediately adjoining, but a yard or lot on each side as well as the rear. This lot or garden was enclosed by a brick wall.

I frequently strolled up there to get a glimpse of the President, whom I considered to be in my care and keeping, to a certain extent, so that I learned to know his habits or hours of arriving and leaving the house.

I am not competent to make a pen portrait of Mr. Davis. He appeared to me at Montgomery and at Richmond in 1861 as quite a pleasant, but ordinary looking gentleman of middle age. He was usually dressed in dark gray clothes of the frock coat or Prince Albert pattern. I think ordinarily in a dark steel gray. His face was rather thin; the jaws being firmly set gave him rather a dyspeptic appearance.

Jeff Davis has only one eye, which fact I learned quite early, and I always endeavored in my intercourse with the President to keep on the blind side of him. The one good eye was bright enough at that time, and I almost felt from his sharp glances toward me that he suspected me.

One day it was reported that the President would review a regiment of North Carolina cavalry which was then organizing and had been in camp at the Fair Grounds. This was a long walk for me, but I had become sufficiently strong to undertake almost anything—at least I so felt—and as it would never do to miss this opportunity to see Jeff Davis in a military capacity, I started out to the Fair Grounds early in the day reaching there a couple of hours before the review was announced to take place, and sat down under the shade of the fence to watch and wait. The cavalrymen and their officers were busy cleaning up their horses and dressing up for the occasion. One troop was drilling on a distant part of the field.

At the proper time the entire regiment were mounted, and, after a good deal of coaxing, and some cussing, they were formed into long lines, which a full regiment of horse makes.

The Colonel of this regiment was the present Senator from North Carolina, Hon. M. W. Ransom. I heard some of the lookers-on among the crowd, in which I had placed myself, say: "The officer did not dare attempt maneuvering the cavalrymen, because they were all green tar-heels from North Carolina, mounted on fresh horses, and if they would get out of the line, in which they were placed with so much difficulty, there would be such a circus, or hippodrome, in the Fair Grounds that we would all have to climb the fence for safety."

We waited patiently and in crowds all the afternoon for the President to come. It was until after his office hours, or about five o'clock P. M., that a half-dozen horsemen rode through the gate, and, amidst a blast from a dozen buglers, the President and staff trotted up to the front. To return the salute due the President we have pretty nearly all been through an inspection, and know how it ought to be done, so I need not attempt to describe it here.

President Davis and his staff, dressed in plain, citizens' clothes, rode along the front of the line, his one sharp eye seeming to take in every man from horses' hoofs to their caps. He turned slowly around to the rear of the line, and rode close to where I happened to be standing at the time, and to this day I remember the sudden, sharp glance as his eye caught mine. Perhaps it was imagination or a guilty conscience that gave me the feeling at the time, but, whatever it was, I felt a shock.

After the ordinary forms of a review had been gone through with, to the accompaniment of a half a dozen or so bugles, the President and his party dismounted and held an informal reception to the officers and the crowd at the Colonel's headquarters.

I did not stay for this reception, because I was not, after that glance, particularly anxious to see Jeff at close quarters. I started back to the city on foot. I had gotten almost into town when I heard the Presidential party coming along the road behind me. As they came up, I stopped and was standing alone by the side of the road as President Jeff Davis passed. He was then talking pleasantly with some one who was riding along side of him. Seeing me, Mr. Davis turned away around, probably so his good eye could get me in range, and gave me another look, that pretty nearly convinced me that he had recognized in me the Montgomery Spy.

I do not suppose he gave the subject another thought, if he had at all entertained it, but I was made quite uncomfortable by the incident, which served to put me on my guard. I was becoming too careless.

Indeed, I went to Libby so often that I began to get acquainted with a couple of the Rebel guards, who had a little camp on some vacant lots on the opposite side of the street.

I had noticed that a few enlisted men from among our prisoners had been detailed by the Rebel officers to carry water and other-

wise wait upon or assist in preparing the rations for the Union prisoners. Of course these men were always accompanied by a home guard, in gray clothes, who carried a loaded gun.

I had formed a rather foolish notion that it would be a great satisfaction to our prisoners if I could open communication with them, or, at least, that it would gratify them to let them know they had a friend who was at liberty in this city and anxious to serve them.

I gave this up after one trial. One day while loitering in that neighborhood, as usual, I passed on the pavement the customary Rebel guard accompanying a couple of fellows who carried a bucket of water in each hand.

It was about the time that Norfolk was taken by the Union troops, and, as it had been the only piece of good news that I had heard for so long, I was feeling quite elated over even that much, so, when I saw this procession of water-carriers coming up the street, I impulsively concluded at once to convey that information to our poor fellows inside the warehouse.

They had stopped and set down their buckets to rest. Picking out a big, good-natured looking fellow in the blue clothes, who was one of the water-carriers, to experiment on, I walked up to him; without stopping at all or even looking at him, I whispered to him as I went past: "Norfolk is taken."

Never turning my head, I was walking on hurriedly when the blamed fool sang out after me so everybody could hear:

"What?"

He didn't hear anything further from me. I had nothing more to say. Luckily the guard was as stupid as the prisoner, and no notice was taken of it.

Close by Libby Prison is Rockett's, or the landing point in the river below the falls for all the shipping that comes up the James river from the ocean. At these wharves ocean vessels drawing eighteen and twenty feet landed their cargoes in the piping time of peace. It is one of the busiest points about the city, but during the blockade, while the Union troops occupied Fortress Monroe, and subsequently Norfolk and the lower part of the James river, it was quite dull. There were, I believe, some gun-boats being fitted out here, and a few smaller-sized vessels were running irreg-

ularly up and down the James as far as they could go, without encountering their own torpedoes, Union batteries, and war-ships. My interest in this place was accidentally aroused (as was Newton's discovery of gravitation by the fall of an apple from a tree) by the reflection, while listlessly throwing sticks of wood out into the stream, that they would naturally float into the Union lines in a few hours—the river that goes on forever certainly reached the Union gunboats, and I reasoned that if the water went to the Union gunboats, that, of course, I could do the same by simply going with the stream.

This was good logic if it was not good sense. I felt that the details for such a voyage would be easily enough arranged. I gave the matter my careful study, looking up all the maps that I could find bearing upon this river, and cautiously questioning every old colored cook, or seaman, that I could safely run against who had sailed up and down the river and could give me any information. In this way I was able to learn by detail pretty closely the location of the Rebel batteries along the river, and also to ascertain as nearly as was possible just where I would find a Union gun-boat or battery.

My experience on ships of war at Pensacola had not been exactly pleasant, but I knew very well that, once at Fortress Monroe, I could be quickly identified from Washington, and all would be safe enough.

I determined that, when I should return, it would be via the James river and the bay. I preferred the risk of drowning or being blown up by torpedoes in the river to another chase over the hills through the Rebel lines of Manassas, and, as I was in no condition for that long walk that night, I thought it would be more comfortable to have the water to float me out of rebellion into the Union and under the old flag.

Governor Letcher, of Virginia, frequently entertained great crowds of citizens at the elegant mansion provided by the State for her Governor. It seemed to me that the people of Richmond gave more attention to their Governor than to President Davis.

I could hear occasionally of some friction between the Confederate Government and the State Government. Of course, they did not allow this to become generally known, but there was certainly a

good deal of this feeling at Richmond, even as early as 1861, which increased in bitterness as the years rolled on.

The State of Virginia had, before the war, a regularly organized standing army of its own. Of course, there were but a few of these "regular" troops, who were not at all like the militia of other States, but a permanent establishment, with a separate uniform of their own, and under the pay and control of the Governor of the State of Virginia. These few Virginia troops were distinct from the Confederates. Their principal duty seemed to be to act as a sort of "Pope's Guard" to Governor Letcher.

There were always several of them on duty about the Capitol grounds in the capacity of guards or police; and, as a consequence, there were numerous conflicts between the Confederate officers and soldiers, who were quite numerous in the city at that time, with this Governor's Guard. I saw one altercation which resulted in a shooting and running match—the Confederate winning over what he termed the "liveried hireling" Virginia Yankee.

I had been giving the telegraph office a pretty wide berth during the early part of my stay in Richmond, fearing that I should meet some one who had known me at Manassas. I began, however, to stop at the large glass windows of their Main street office, to stare in, like the rest of the curious loungers who were attracted by the mysterious tickings of the instruments, which were in sight from the street, the causes of mysterious movements and sounds of which were at distant points.

In those days operators who could read by sound were not so numerous as they are now, and it was never thought necessary to attempt to prevent any person from hearing the sounds of the instruments. I was always very careful to first scrutinize the faces of all the operators before any of them should have an opportunity to first see me. As I have previously stated, an expert operator can read by the sight of the moving armature, or lever, which makes the sound. This was the way in whichI had to attempt to read those instruments from the pavement on the main street of Richmond.

To make this plainer to those who are not familiar with the mysteries of the telegraph, I will explain that the right and left motions, or swingings, of the signal flags, which were used in the

army, represent exactly the same principle of reading characters by movement. This can be done through even so small a space as that usually taken by a ticking lever of a telegraph instrument, and its operation may be as light and quick in its action as the hand of a watch.

CHAPTER XVII.

RICHMOND—A CLOSE SHAVE.

My telegraph operations were interrupted for a while by a personal incident, that occurred while I was still supposed to be on "sick leave." One night I was in the barber shop of our hotel, getting myself primped for an evening out with my Maryland boys. While lying back in the barber's chair, all covered up with lather and towels, I was startled to see through the glass, in my front, an apparition that had as great an effect on my nerves for the time as the traditional story of the devil looking over the shoulder of those who worship the looking-glass too much.

I beheld, like a ghost, walking right up to my barber the superintendent of the railway station at Manassas—the identical gentleman to whom I had been sent by General Beauregard, and who would, of course, at once recognize me.

My barber held his razor in his hand while he stopped to tell this gentleman that "*his turn would be after me.*"

It will not be possible for me to describe the sensations that I experienced the day when startled by the apparation, which appeared as though looking through a glass window in front of my chair. Standing apparently in front of me was the one person, of all others, that I most particularly desired to avoid meeting in such a place as the Capital of Rebeldom at this time. Of course he must have learned, from the officers at headquarters, of my attempted escape to Washington, via Fairfax and Munson's Hill, and the subsequent chase through the woods the following night, in common with all the rest of the officials with whom I had been in contact about the telegraph offices at Manassas. He would, upon learning of this attempt to get away, recall all that I had been doing about the telegraph office during those few days; and, if careful examination were made into my past history, I knew that they must discover my true character.

While talking to my barber about his turn, this gentleman stood right behind my chair, so close to me that his arm almost touched

my bare head, that was lying back on the cushions. He looked in the glass while talking, stroking his face which certainly needed the attention of a barber, as he had just come from the front. My face was entirely covered with the soapy lather.

The barber stood with his razor suspended over my head as he talked to the "customer." I am sure my face must have first turned as white as the lather. When I spied this gentleman, if I had not been already lying down, I am afraid that I should have suddenly collapsed, or have attempted to run off. As it was, being so muffled up in towels, and so completely disguised or masked by lather, and fastened, as it were in the stocks, by mere fright, I was prevented from making an exhibition of myself, and lay there for the time being as distressed as a wounded soldier on an amputating bench under the hands of surgeons, and as helpless as if under the influence of ether.

He was so much interested at the appearance of his own face, as he saw it in the glass over my head, that he did not closely scrutinize me; in fact, he could have only recognized me at that time, perhaps, by my eyes and upper portion of the face. And while he stood there I half closed my eyes, and purposely corrugated my brow. It was, of course, something of a relief to my suppressed emotions when, after an admiring stare at himself, he was sufficiently satisfied to go off and sit down among the other persons who were waiting their turn. I breathed a little freer, and gave such a great sigh of relief that the barber who was shaving me looked down at me with something of an expression of wonder in his black face. I quietly recovered myself, however, and began instinctively to plan to get out of that shop as quietly and as quickly as possible.

It would not do to get out of the chair, which had concealed me so well, until this dangerous apparition itself should be shrouded in a napkin and laid out on the chair, so that he could not have a free view when I should be ready to get out. He must not follow me in the chair I was occupying, as that would probably put us face to face, as when I should rise to give place to him. To prevent this, in an undertone I told the barber that I had been suffering with a toothache, and if he would give me a careful and slow shave and wash, that I would allow him double pay for the greater time he would have to put on me. This was a successful and cheap way of

getting out of so great a pickle. I had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Superintendent invited into a chair a little way over from where I was located, and he had no sooner got safely tucked in than, I fear, I rather abruptly told my man: "That will do; I will go now." The suddenness and celerity with which I crawled out of the chair and hauled on my coat and sneaked out of the door must have surprised that barber, and, if he had seen me get along the street and around the corner into the hotel office, he would have been puzzled still more. A glance at the hotel register showed not only the name of the superintendent at Manassas, but also that of another well-known railroad man, who had been about the station at Manassas nearly all the time I was up there. Without asking any questions, I stalked straight to my room, with a determination to gather up any valuables that had accumulated during this sick time, and to at once put as much distance as possible between myself and the ghosts that I had just encountered. I did not have the remotest idea, at that time, as to *where* I should go. My only desire was to get away from Richmond and out of Virginia as quicly as I possibly could.

I was homesick. There is nothing that will make a man or a boy so awfully homesick, when away from home and realizing that you cannot get there, as to meet with some such "unpleasantness" as this. It is a much more satisfactory thing, as I know from subsequent experience, to meet your enemy on a skirmish line, knowing the gun in his hand is cocked and loaded, than it is to run across him while unarmed on his own dunghill. I did not like the idea of being "caught" as a spy. I always had more dread of the attendant humiliation connected with the probable surroundings of a prisoner, who was a recognized Spy, than of the final danger.

When I reached my room, I found my two clever Maryland refugees there. Probably my manner and appearance still showed some signs of my agitation, as they both immediately became interested in me. The Colonel, who was the jolly fellow of this trio, said, laughingly:

"Hello, boy, what have you been up to?"

Fortunately for me, they both attributed my apparant embarassment to a trifling matter, and did not pursue it further. Elkton, the older and more staid member of the refugee band, told me, with great glee and pleasure, that he had received an assurance from the

Rebel War Department that his quota, or the detachment of refugees that he had been gathering up, would be specially provided for as a part of a Maryland company of light artillery which was then organizing. He would be the First Lieutenant of this company, and, as such, would, of course, see that *his* boys were well taken care of. It was further explained that his quota would be permitted to form a detachment of itself, or, at least, it would be so arranged that one section of this proposed battery would be in charge of his own men. This plan was not exactly what Elkton and the Colonel had calculated upon when they left their comfortable Maryland homes to join the forces of the Rebels. Elkton probably expected to be at least a Colonel, and the Colonel himself evidently considered himself entitled to at least a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Confederate armies. They might have attained to this position if they could have furnished sufficient recruits themselves to have filled out a regiment. As it was, they were sadly and sorely disappointed in not finding the rush of refugees from Maryland which they had expected, and they were obliged to be satisfied with the best they could get, which was a lieutenantcy for Elkton, and a sergeantcy for the Colonel. In all these talks and plans, it had been calculated by both of these gentlemen that I should, as a matter of course, join the army—as one of their detachment.

I never intended to do this. Under the peculiar circumstances under which I was placed, resulting in my sickness in the enemy's camp, and in order to further my own purposes and objects, which were solely to better collect information for the use of the Government, I had allowed them to think that I would at the proper time go with them.

Everything is fair in love and war.

This sort of artifice or scheme for deceiving a traitorous enemy in time of war, adopted on a large scale by the best generals, is termed by them "strategy"—but however disinterested the motives or inspiration of patriotism of a spy, who encounters for his country even an infamous death, his work has been recognized as something necessary, but "treacherous." While I am not attempting the writing of an essay, yet I may be permitted to insert here that "The work or the purpose of a spy is not more 'treacherous'

than that of a general's 'strategy.' Both necessarily imply deceit. There is only a difference in rank or degree."

Very often the spy's "treachery" enables the general to apply his "strategy," and, perhaps, the poor spy has made the success of some of the greatest generals possible.

My desire was to stave off as long as possible this plan. I hoped, *before* the necessity for it should occur, to get away from them and return home.

So it came about that the time was approaching when I must either enlist or leave, and as I had that day so narrowly escaped an encounter, or detection in the barber shop, I decided very quickly in my own mind that I should leave.

As previously indicated, I had studied as far as possible from all the maps that I could get access to; and learned pretty well the topography of the James River country. My Maryland friends who had come over had fully explained their trip by the Potomac River crossing, and I gathered at once that their route was very like what fisherman call a set-net—it was a very easy matter to get into the net, but it was difficult to find the way out again. In fact, it was only the favored few who were in the service of the Confederate Government that were permitted to escape backward. I knew very well that I could offer no satisfactory reasons for going in that direction, and that, if discovered in attempting to do so, it could not help but lead disastrously to me.

I kept pretty close to my room, being taken conveniently "sick" for a day or two.

The leaves on the large trees in the park were beginning to take on their beautiful autumnal colors. The air itself seemed to be clearer and more bracing, and I again began to feel well enough—was ready to undertake almost anything in the way of adventure.

One evening, when the Colonel and I were alone, he told me that Elkton, who had been almost a daily visitor at the War Office—looking after his commission—had learned on direct authority that:

"The army under Generals Johnston and Beauregard will very soon advance, and we must get in at once, because," he added in great glee and with significant emphasis, as he tapped me familiarly on the shoulder as he uttered each word: "The plan is to march into Maryland, and capture Washington and *relieve* Baltimore."

This was the most interesting bit of news that I had heard for some weeks, and its dramatic recital set my nerves all up to a high tension. Eager to learn more, I questioned the voluble and confiding Colonel, who was eager enough to talk.

"Oh, I know it's true; and, my boy, I tell you truly that, before very long, we will march right into that portion of Maryland from which you came."

I was further encouraged to enlist with them, when the Colonel said: "Why, my dear boy, we will all soon march home to 'Maryland, my Maryland,' and be received by our friends in our gray uniforms."

This last part of the programme rather stumped me. I was not particularly desirous that any of my friends should "receive *me* in gray uniform."

I shared his enthusiasm in one respect, however—that it would be glorious to be doing something once more—and I even hoped they would move into Maryland, as that would serve to stir up McClellan and the North. I saw in this proposed advance into Maryland a good chance to again safely go through Beauregard's army, which I was willing to risk in this shape if, by so doing, I could learn of any proposed movement of the Rebels on to Washington, knowing very well that once in that country, in a Rebel uniform, I could safely "advance" into Maryland some hours, and perhaps days, before the Rebel Army, so that our friends could be prepared to suitably give their distinguished military visitors a warm reception, and entertain them in the proper form after they should arrive.

The Colonel went out to the bar to take a drink.

I sat down and built up another cipher letter, in the same key as I used in the former. It was about the same form as the preceding, being carefully worded, so as not to excite any suspicion. The real information which it conveyed to my Northern correspondent was to this effect, briefly, as each fifth word read:

"Proposed advance north via upper Potomac."

It was short and to the point, because I had not time—at least I thought I should not have—to "cipher out" a longer dispatch, as I wanted to get this through quickly. With this in my hands, I joined the Colonel down stairs, and together we walked along to Colonel J. B. Jones' office, and on the other side of the square.

The evening previous, while venturing out, I had first been careful to ascertain, by a cautious inspection of the people about the hotel, before I should approach any of the groups of men always loafing about the hotel, that my superintendent from Manassas was not among them.

I cautiously inspected the register, and, at a favorable opportunity, remarked to the gentlemanly clerk, as if I were surprised and delighted at the discovery:

"Why! is Mr. Superintendent here?"

The Richmond hotel clerks are like the same fellows every place else, and he did not deign a response to my inquiry as he was talking to another party. I looked, perhaps, rather inquisitively at him, finally attracting his attention, as he turned to a colored boy and said, apologetically:

"Show this gentleman up to 62."

"Oh, no! never mind; I'll not disturb him to-night; I'll see him again."

I didn't ask any further questions.

The next morning I was greatly relieved to learn from a colored porter that the Superintendent "Had gone off on de early cahs."

It was late in the evening when the Colonel and I called on Colonel Jones with my letter. I remember this, from the fact that the genial Colonel was preparing to close his office for the night, but he kindly took charge of my open letter, and, without a word of question, placed it in a pigeon-hole, in which were quite a number of other sealed letters. I asked, with an assumed expression of deep interest and anxiety in my manner, if the Colonel had any letters for me.

"Nothing at all undelivered," he said, as he politely expressed his regret at having to disappoint me. I felt so sorry, too, and with a sigh of relief and an uttered hope for better luck next time, bade the Colonel a good-night.

This information of the threatened invasion of Maryland, and the capture of Washington and Baltimore, had apparently put new and fresh blood into my veins. I felt that I *must* find out all about it, because I was in Richmond for that purpose, and if I failed or permitted so important an event to be planned and put into operation right under my own eyes, it would prove pretty con-

clusively that as a Spy, or scout, I was not reliable, and, after enduring so much hardship, I could not afford to fail in this important matter.

So I told the Colonel that I was most anxious to go with him and Elkton to Maryland as a Rebel soldier.

While they were arranging the details with the War Office, and some of the other Maryland refugees with whom we were to be consolidated, I put in my time scouring every avenue of information that I could think of, for some confirmation of the reported plan to advance. I was more deeply interested in this than I can explain; because, aside from my personal feelings and sympathies, I had, as will be remembered, a month or two previously advised our Government that an advance was impossible, on account of so much sickness and general laxity of discipline, etc.

But that information was based upon a condition of things which existed shortly after the battle of Bull Run.

It was now about the first part of October, I think, and during the time that had elapsed the condition of affairs at Manassas had changed very much, of course. The Rebel Army had been sick—like myself—but had now sufficiently recovered to carry the campaign further, and be in good shape for an offensive movement.

The Confederate authorities at Richmond were fully posted on all that was being done at Washington.

I am not sure but that there was a daily mail from the North. I wanted very much indeed to learn something about the manner of this system of communication, but I was always afraid to meddle too much about it while I was in Richmond, lest I should get picked up by some of the knowing ones among the Rebel spies and sympathizers, who were even in the employ of our own Government.

It was intimated in my hearing, while in Richmond, that the wife of President Lincoln was at heart in sympathy with the South; and that her brother, a Mr. Todd, who was in the Confederate service, was in communication with her. No person of good judgment every believed in this story. I only mention it because some of the Rebel officers talked of the matter in a self-satisfied way.

One of my regular morning walks in Richmond was to go to the newspaper office, in Main street, to read their daily, which was posted on a file outside of their office. There was usually quite a crowd

about the office early in the day, because paper was becoming quite scarce in Rebeldom and a daily paper was too expensive a luxury for every one to enjoy, especially in my circumstances. I found, too, while standing about in the crowds, that I could overhear a great deal of comment on the news—that was more satisfactory to me as a spy than the news the paper contained.

The Richmond press regularly quoted the principal New York papers of only a day or so preceding. Of course, all the unfavorable criticism of the Union military officers, and especially the opposition to the administration of Lincoln on the part of Northern Copperheads.

If some of these old Coppers could have been in Richmond while under the Confederate free government, and have experienced something of the "gratitude" extended to them in their words of comment, it would have been a benefit to the country, in this way —that it would have dried up a great deal of Northern sympathy.

It seemed to me to be the general sentiment among Southern people of the more intelligent class, in response to this exhibition of Copperhead sympathy, was oftenest expressed in words similar to this:

"Why don't they come over and help us now?" "What are they talking about so much; why don't they come on?"

If I heard that sentiment expressed once, I've heard it perhaps hundreds of times, in different forms; but it seemed to me, even then, that there existed a general contempt on the part of the better people South for those in the North who sent their sympathy and encouragement through the newspaper exchanges.

On Main street, nearly opposite the newspaper office, was the general telegraph office, through which all communications by telegraph was had to all parts of the Southern Confederacy.

Inside, the office was arranged pretty much in the same general way as a bank: There was a high counter dividing the room lengthwise; that is, from the front about two-thirds of the way back, where it turned in an L-shape across the room. The front door opened into this office. Around the walls were placed the usual conveniences for writing messages, which were to be handed in at the little windows through the glass counter. I called frequently at the office for a message, which I pretended to be expecting.

It never came.

But I was not discouraged, and kept up the visit until the delivery clerk got to know me so well that he would answer my question before I put it. I thought it would be well enough to try something through this channel, and every time I went inside the office, I lounged listlessly about long enough to hear the sound of the instruments, and I never failed to hear *something* from the sound of the brass-tongue tickers, but that something always happened to be of no consequence. It would usually be some private message, or perhaps a long order from the army headquarters office about some commissary stores.

I remember that I was impressed at the time, from the amount of telegraphing going on on that subject, that there was certainly a war between the Commissary Departments at Richmond and the officers in the front.

I did not dare tarry too long at a time, for fear that my constant attendance at the office might excite some suspicion.

It was only while I was on the alert to get something tangible about the proposed movement of the army that I was willing to take some extra risks to obtain official information.

It was evident, from the increased activity about the offices of the War Department, that something was up. Since I had heard of this proposed advance, I was giving the Departments considerable attention, and rarely missed an opportunity to see as far as I could from the outside what was going on inside.

From my bench, under the trees in the park, I could see that the office was being besieged almost constantly by crowds of people, mostly members of their Congress, who had to pass my seat on their way from the Capitol building to the War Department.

They went in groups of two to four at a time; sometimes a Congressman would be accompanied by an officer in the gray uniform.

As they passed me, their conversation seemed to be animated — in short, there was a general feeling among the crowd, as far as I could gather anything, that something important was pending.

Yet I had no facts—simply surmises,and gossip.

I could not learn much at the telegraph office, and had about abandoned the attempt in that direction, until I struck a plan that

was a little risky, but, under the circumstances, I felt justifiable in undertaking almost anything.

Noticing a messenger leaving the War Department, I followed him at a respectful distance. He went straight to the telegraph office; so did I. I entered the door just a moment after him, and was carelessly edging toward the delivery clerk, to put my stereotyped interrogation to him, when he said in my hearing to the messenger:

"Shall we send dispatches *from the President* to Mrs. Davis at her home to-night?"

"There wont be any; he is expected back to night."

Jeff Davis was at Manassas then. I felt really as if I had been derelect in my duty, in thus permitting the President to go out of town without my knowledge and consent. But he was coming back; that was comforting to me. I felt sure now that the rumors of an advance had been confirmed. I knew something was in contemplation, and I should not leave Richmond at that time—certainly not until I had ascertained what it was that they proposed doing, and when it was to be done.

I went straight to my room, wrote a short despatch—a rather crude one—the translation of which was that:

"Jeff Davis had been to Manassas; something up." And before I slept it was in Colonel J. B. Jones' postoffice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RICHMOND ON AN AUTUMN MORNING—A GROUP OF GOOD LOOKING SOLDIERS—JEFF DAVIS PASSED BY—THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF—RICHMOND NEWSPAPERS.

While I felt that my "dispatch" would ultimately go through to its destination at Washington all right, I was yet quite uneasy about this talked-of advance of the Rebels into Maryland, fearful that it might take place at once, or before my information could reach the North, through the blockade mail service, which was necessarily a little bit slow and uncertain. This fear kept me awake long after I had gotten into bed; and as I lay there alone in my room, in a Richmond hotel, brooding over the dangers of a Rebel invasion into Maryland and the humiliation that would atteach to the capture or flight of President Lincoln and his officers from Washington, I became, I expect, somewhat wild and frenzied, and again resolved to myself, while in this disordered and disturbed frame of mind, that I would "stand by Jeff Davis"—for awhile—that for one, *he* should not go to Washington.

I had been away from home now since July, during which time I had heard only of the Union Army through the Rebel sources, and, of course, everything favorable had been suppressed, while all the weaknesses or shortcomings of our Northern forces had been greatly exaggerated.

I had heard so much of this sort of talk during these three months that I had, perhaps, come to believe in a great deal of it. I was young but not inexperienced.

We soon learned how to interpret the numerous war rumors and gossip of the soldiers of both sides—a little later on. Every recruit, perhaps, has suffered—in anticipation—more from the "chin" of old veterans about a camp-fire, who always knew more of the proposed movements of the generals than they did themselves.

So it was that I was compelled to listen to the wild talk of the enthusiastic refugees, my Colonel and Elkton, after they came into the room that night. It was late—they had been having some fun,

and were feeling greatly exhilarated over the street rumors of the coming fight. I do not mean to insinuate that they were tipsy, just because the Colonel got to in bed without taking his clothes off, for he was able to talk plainly and volubly until he fell asleep from exhaustion.

The talk of those two fellows that night, about the dreadful things that were going to happen soon, had about set me wild, and I felt as if I should get out of bed and walk right straight up to Washington before daylight and tell Uncle Abe all about it. But I fell asleep, too, and dreamed, perhaps, as wildly as I had been planning.

There was one point settled in my mind, and that was that it was my best plan to remain in Richmond, at least, until something sure was discovered about the Rebel plans. Another was, that if I kept up my friendship with these two lively old boys, who thought they were taking care of me, that I should more easily get fuller and more satisfactory information. I was obliged, in order to prolong my stay, to go with them into their Maryland artillery. I could also more safely reach our army through the cover or disguise of a gray uniform. As they were to go to the front at once, I was willing to do anything that was necessary for the good of the Government, but I wanted very much to avoid as long as was possible the approaching necessity for joining the Rebel Army as a means to further my ends and objects.

I had already staved it off a long time. I could have returned to the North via the James river without trouble, and I had all my arrangements completed to do so, when the reported advance of Beauregard reached my ears, and I had delayed purposely to learn something about this.

While there had been no active operations, I had worked hard and faithfully in secret.

I had opened and kept up communication with our Government —through the rebel channels—that was one great success.

I was also on hand in their territory, and on the alert to discover and report any further information.

I had probably at last discovered something important was pending, and I decided to stay and see it out.

The next morning I was out of my bed early, and in the park

before my two comrades were out of their beds. I wanted to see if Jeff Davis had returned to Richmond, and, after breakfast, I took my accustomed walk, from which I could obtain a view of his office door.

I can recall that beautiful Autumn day on the Capitol Grounds as distinctly as if was but a day or two ago. The trees were putting on their most beautiful shades of color, the air was fresh and bracing, and I, having fully recovered from my recent weakness, was again so well and bright that I almost felt in my youthful, impulsive way, that it would be an easy task to go right up to Manassas that day to see what Mr. Davis was doing, and, if his movements were not satisfactory, I could continue my walk on to Washington.

There were at all hours of the day a great many people in the park. They were of all kinds, from the provisional Congressman and Virginia State Assemblyman, Confederate Government, down to refugees, citizens, soldiers and spies.

As I have previously said, there was always to be seen in this beautiful square any number of people, and on this October morning it seemed as if every person who wanted to go any place in the city were making it convenient to walk through the square to their destination.

There was eternally some Confederate soldiers and officers loafing about on the benches. I had become so accustomed to the boys in gray, in the streets, that I had forgotten to be at all afraid to meet with and to talk to them. This morning in particular I was perhaps unduly reckless, because I was so eager to obtain some further information about this advance.

Seeing a group of three nice looking soldiers talking together, a little distance from where I stood, I determined on the spur of the moment to join them, and, if an opportunity was afforded me, I would try to learn from them what they knew of the Rebel plans.

A group of three soldiers on a lark is not exactly the source that I would have applied to for information of an army's proposed movements six months later, but, as I have said, I was young then and fresh in the war service.

I approached, and addressed the boys a mild and meek inquiry, as to a good place to enlist in "our army." This was a question that interested them all, and every fellow was at once eager to give

me the desired information, which was to the effect that they had the very best Captain in the army.

They belonged to Louisiana, they said, and were recruits from New Orleans, and were on their way then to join the army at Manassas, having arrived in Richmond the day previously, and were laying over until the officer in charge secured some necessary transportation or other authority at the War Office.

I was urged to go with them. They declared that there was to be some great fun soon—that their officer knew all about it and had told them of the plan for the campaign.

The story they had did not differ materially from that I had heard from our own boys, and I judged safely enough that, as they were but recently from New Orleans, they could not know much more about the army at Manassas than I did. While we talked together these few moments, we all stood in a close group on one of the broad walks, the conversation being carried on with such a degree of earnestness on their part that we scarcely noticed the persons who were constantly passing us, until one of the Virginia police-soldiers came up to us with his gun and politely ordered the crowd not to block up the way. We moved off a little and sat down to finish the contract they had undertaken—of inducing me to join them.

The police-soldier walked off a little piece, and then, taking a position where two paths joined, he stood like one of the statues for a moment; then, as if suddenly imbued with life, his arms flew about as he brought his gun to a "present." Passing him were two gentlemen—one quite portly and red-faced, the other a slender thin-faced gentleman in a dark suit of steel gray. As they came closer, we all watched to see who they might be, as the guard had saluted. The big-faced gentleman was doing all the talking—the thin-faced one was close to me before I recognized him. He was so intent on hearing the old man's talk that he did not look toward us at all; and, after they had passed, I said to the soldiers: "That's President Davis!" They were, of course, all anxious to get another glimpse of their great man, and one of them hastily followed after while one of the others said in his slow, deliberate way:

"I thought so; because he looked just like a Confederate postage stamp."

At that time Mr. Davis' picture was on the stamps recently issued.

I took this opportunity to get away from them, by saying that I must join one of our own Maryland regiments, and started off as if I must find one right away.

Jeff Davis was back in Richmond, as I had discovered with my own eyes.

In my daily rounds, the next source of information I sought was the newspapers offices, because the crowd that was always to be found about them seemed to do more satisfactory blowing than any that I could strike elsewhere. They commented pro and con upon the bulletins that were sometimes put out; or, in fact, it seemed as if this daily gathering at the *Examiner* office, a few doors around the corner from Main, was a sort of a news clearing-house, where a great many of the citizens of the better class came to tell all they knew and to hear all that any others had to tell.

It was through this channel that I obtained some important clues.

While I was in Richmond, the Balls Bluff, or Leesburg, disaster occurred, and most eageraly did I read all that appeared in Richmond about that distressing affair.

The *Examiner* and *Whig* articles on this "great victory," if reproduced to-day, would make some interesting reading, of a character that would stir up the blood of the old soldiers, even now, about as quickly as anything I know of.

The prevailing sentiment or feeling in Richmond at the time seemed to be, that this "great achievement of the Confederates" merely confirmed the opinions that had been previously uttered, based on the battle of Bull Run, "that one Southern was equal to five Yankees."

The patronizing and superior manner with which those Richmond people talked of the battle of Ball's Bluff, which, in fact, was almost a massacre, made such an impression on my mind that time has not and never can efface.

The Richmond papers, too, in those days, I recall very distinctly, found it necessary to apoligize for, or defend, General Stone, for his part in the affair.

It was through this press channel that we heard of General Butler's operations in North Carolina. The old man had evidently

done something down there that hurt very much, which they did not print, as the city press was filled almost every day with abuse of him and the Yankees.

I gathered that it was about Henry A. Wise, who had a son or a brother killed by Butler's operations. One would think, from the manner in which the Virginians went on about this "outrage," that the Yankees had no right to kill a Virginia gentleman under any circumstances.

While I am on the subject of the Richmond press, I must not forget to explain that, as printing paper was becoming quite scarce in the South, they were obliged to economize, and frequently the Richmond *Examiner* and *Whig* appeared in half-sheets and letters; the quality of the paper became so inferior as to resemble in appearance the reverse side of the cheapest wall-paper.

I sent to the North, through the blockade, several times, marked copies of the Richmond papers.

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* actually published, while I was yet in Virginia, an extract from one of those papers, in which were some caustic comments on a case of a certain well-known Presbyterian clergyman of Allegheny, who had been dismissed by his church there for some harsh expressions of sympathy for the South.

I was thanked by name for the "courtesy" in sending the paper, which was exhibited at the office as a great curiosity, and am thankful even now, on reflection, that the Pittsburgh papers were not on the Richmond exchange list.

There were no earthworks of any description around Richmond in 1861. This is a fact that is not generally known.

When I was before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, some months after the date of which I am writing, there was an effort being made by some of the Congressmen to prove to the country that McClellan's inactivity during the fall and winter was wholly inexcusable. This truth was fully brought out at the time and the facts proven.

There was probably not a day from August to November, 1861, that General McClellan could not have easily entered Richmond, with a very small force, from the Peninsula or via the South.

It was also fully established by the official papers of the Rebel authorities themselves that twenty-five per cent. of their army was

incapacitated on account of the prevailing epidemic in August and September, and that twenty-five per cent. more were absent, while the rest of the Rebel army was as badly demoralized by their victory as we were by our rout.

I do not attempt to criticise General McClellan in mentioning these facts. I refer simply to my own personal observations on this point, as testified to before the Committee of Congress, after I had gotten home again. I beg to refer the reader to volume 3, page 380 of the printed Government Record for a part of my sworn testimony referring to these dates.

After a long day's hunt for news, visiting about every place in the city, like a reporter, where I thought I could learn anything—among the rest, Libby Prison guard—I returned to the hotel in the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE—RECOGNIZED BY TEXAS FRIENDS AT A RICHMOND THEATRE—PERSONNEL OF THE MARYLAND BATTERY—REFUGEES FROM IRELAND—CAMP LEE, NEAR RICHMOND—OUR CAPTAIN—LIEUTENANT CLAIBORNE, OF MISSISSIPPI—OUR SECTIOND-RILLS—HORSES FOR OUR USE IN TOWN AND ADJOINING COUNTY—VISITS OF LADIES—CAPITOLA—POPULARITY OF REFUGEES—THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR MARYLANDERS—TABLEAU—JEFF DAVIS STRIKES THE CHAINS FROM THE ENSLAVED MARYLAND BEAUTY.

Richmond hotels during the war were very like those in Washington City during the same period. Every evening the offices, billiard rooms, and even the bar rooms, would be filled with that class of a city's population that usually congregate in these places. As the crowded hotel lobbies in Washington City nowadays are just the places the newspaper men seek to obtain news for their papers, so it was in Richmond as well as Washington during the war.

Everybody agreed on one point—that something was up, but just what it was nobody seemed able to tell, and I was unable to find out. But I had a night's adventure, which served to dispel any scruples I had entertained about the propriety of entering the Rebel Army.

I met at the hotel office my companion, the Colonel, who, upon seeing me, rushed over the office floor to say:

"Why, where the devil have you been? We have been hunting you every place."

I explained that I had been poking about the city all day, and was so tired that I was going straight to bed.

"No you ain't; we are going to initiate you to-night. We got our orders to-day. Elkton has his commission, and has authority to enlist his men—you know we have nearly all we need for our section. I am to be Sergeant in charge of the piece and you are to be Corporal."

Then, with a slap on the shoulder, he hauled me to one side,

and whispered: "We have got it all fixed for our big bounty, and we want your papers right away."

I was cornered. I must go along or get out of town. There could be no possible excuse for further putting off this step.

I asked only the one question—"Where do we go?"

"Why, into Maryland, of course!"

Being further assured that this battery was to be at once sent to the front, I agreed to go along with him—*to get the money*. We found Elkton in our room, attending to the papers of some of the other recruits, and, at a favorable opportunity, I, with a trembling hand and a doubting heart, signed my assumed name to the papers, and by that act became a *Rebel soldier*. There was one great relief to my mind while performing this necessary act. It was distinctly understood that I was to be made the Corporal, and, as such, it would be my duty to sight and fire the gun of our section. I determined that if the occasion should arise before I could get away from them, when it would become my duty as a Rebel soldier to sight that gun, that it should *never be pointed in a way to do any damage*.

My object was to use this scheme as a disguise to again get to the front at Manassas, and find out what had been done *there*. I could not learn anything at Richmond, and once more in the Rebel Army at Manassas, disguised in a gray uniform, I would find some way to anticipate any forward movements. I would also be "handy" to our army, and be able to reach our pickets quickly.

If I were caught going over to the enemy, with a Rebel jacket on, I'd be shot as a deserter; but I had the consolation of knowing that, if I were caught in any other clothes, I should be hung anyhow. While this was not a very comforting thought, I knew it was true.

I did not care much for the money that was to be paid to me, and authorized Elkton to settle my bills at the hotel and to retain the balance for me. He furnished the Colonel and me some spending money, and together we went out to "make a night of it" in Richmond.

The Colonel and I went first to a theatre, located on the street on which stood the Exchange and Ballard Hotel.

One of the players sang with dramatic effect some words suitable to the time and people, which was adapted to the French air of

"La Marseillaise." He waved in one hand a French flag and in the other the Confederate *bars*. At a certain point in the song, the fellow threw to the floor and stamped upon—old glory—the Stars and Stripes. The wild cheers of approval and howls of applause from the large audience that went up at this dastardly exhibition of American treachery sent the cold chills down my marrow bone. I wondered then, and have never ceased to wonder, at the frequent exhibitions of contempt and dishonor for their old flag that were so freely and heartily indulged in by the Southern people during the war.

It did not occur to me at the time that I might accidentally meet or, at least, be seen—in a crowded theatre—by some person who would know something of my past experiences.

As we were slowly edging through the crowd, after the curtain had fallen, I noticed a tall fellow in front of us, who turned around to look back. I thought I had seen his face before, but I had been seeing so many faces lately, that I paid but little attention to him. I observed that he said something to his companion, as both turned around facing me, but, as the crowd kept pressing down the narrow aisle, they did not have a good chance to scan me too closely.

Becoming aware of their scrunity, my suspicions became aroused. I began to hasten along, and nervously nudged the Colonel to push ahead more rapidly. We passed the two men—one of whom was in uniform—and as we did so, I heard one of them say:

"That's him, ain't it?"

I didn't linger to hear what reply the other made, but shoved on toward the door, and had reached the vestibule when the voice behind called out—*my right name!* I was startled, but did not turn, being intent only on getting to the street as quickly as possible.

The Colonel, who was with me, had not noticed the affair at all; and the calling out of my real name had not attracted his attention, as I was known to him only by the fictitious name that I had assumed.

As I reached the door, and was about to hurry down the front steps, a hand was laid on my shoulder I have no doubt that it was a pale face which turned around, expecting to meet some one that I certainly did not desire to see at that time.

I did not know him, though his pleasant face, which was covered with a broad grin, seemed familiar.

"Ain't you Mr. O. K., that was out in Texas with Major J—?"

I suppose that my surprised appearance was misunderstood for an expression of offended dignity I had assumed. This had the effect of putting him in doubt as to my identity, as he eyed me more closely, and gave me his name, and remarked he was one of a regiment that had been organized in that part of Texas in which I had spent the winter preceding the war, and had probably known me there, as a stranger naturally becomes an object of curiosity in that country.

As I did not want to run the risk of meeting any of my Texas uncle's friends, who might know of my interest in the affair at Fort Pickens—as the Texas boy—I mildly resented the proposed acquaintance. His companion relieved the embarrassment by suggesting, politely, that it was simply a mistake. When I had recovered sufficiently, I gave my fictitious name and introduced the Colonel, as a sort of endorser for my statement.

It was accepted with hesitancy, and we parted without stopping to further explain the matter.

I was now, seemingly, to all intents and purposes, a *bona fide* "rebel." The position in which I had almost involuntarily placed myself was such, that it put me in a dangerous attitude toward both sides, and would necessitate considerable explaining in certain events. It was, in fact, a "straddle," that caused me a good deal of annoyance and trouble that I had not counted on before I entered into the arrangement.

After the little incident at the theatre, the Colonel and I went straight to our room at the hotel. He wanted to run around town a little longer, but I was not in the humor for taking any further risks of meeting any more of my Southern acquaintances, and I prevailed upon him to go with me to bed. After the lights were out, I had an opportunity to think over the day's doings before I slept. It was arranged between us that we should travel together as a pair, or as a team of fresh Maryland colts, wherever we should go. We were both to be attached to the one gun of the Third Maryland Battery of Artillery. That is the name of the organization, as will be found upon a reference to the records, and I have

no doubt my name is also set down there among the members of the company. Elkton was made the Lieutenant, while the "Colonel" was promoted to be Sergeant in charge of the piece, while I was Corporal and gunner.

A majority of the other "refugees" belonging to this patriotic band of exiles were composed principally of recruits who had been recently drawn to Richmond from their shovel and pick employment on a railroad contract, on what is now the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. This sense of duty to the suffering and abused South of their adoption, was due to the fact, as we all understood it then, that the bounty and pay of the Maryland refugee was very much greater than that of a laborer in a ditch while the work was not nearly so fatguing. In fact, and in brief, the refugee business was very much of a fraud on the Confederacy in our company. To be more explicit, I will enumerate, from memory, the several nationalities which were attached to our "piece," which may be considered a representative of the Maryland refugees in the Confederacy.

Our No. 1 and No. 2—which all old soldiers will remember, are the figures that represent the two men who stand at the muzzle of an old-fashioned gun, one of whom swabs her out, while the other rams the charge home—were two stalwart Irish brothers, Mike and Terry by name. The former had been a boss of a wheelbarrow gang somewhere out on the railway in Virginia—one of those blustering Irish fellows who are so full of extravagant and positive talk. He was eternally and forever complaining about something or somebody, and I remember that he gave the officers and men more trouble on this account than all the rest. He had, as the leader of his gang, brought a dozen of his Irish recruits into our organization at one draft, and felt as if he must continue to be their boss. His men were also disposed to recognize "Mike's" authority, as being superior to that of the military officers. A good deal of discipline was necessary to explain to them the changed condition in their affairs. His brother Terry was a strapping big fellow, whose position at the gun was alongside of his brother. In disposition and temperament, Terry was the very opposite of Mike, being a quiet, sullen fellow, whom I do not remember to have heard speak a dozen words beyond mere monosyllables. He was, however, a tricky, treacherous fellow, and

the pair of big gray mules gave the team of Maryland colts any amount of trouble and fun.

The man whose duty it was to prick the cartridge and attend the vent was a native of Richmond—a fat, boyish fellow of eighteen full of fun and laugh all the time. My recollection is, that he had been a butcher's clerk somewhere. He represented what may be called the "poor white trash," as it was termed by the Southern people.

He was probably attracted by the bounty and the chance to ride on a gun-carriage, as we found out very soon he was too blamed lazy to walk. Another peculiarity of this recruit, that we subsequently discovered, and which made it interesting to the rest of us, was, that he was subject to epileptic fits, and probably for this cause he had been rejected by the more respectable Virginia regiments.

When he first took one of those spells, during the excitement occasioned by the drill-master hustling him around a little, we all felt that something dreadful had occurred in our midst, and every man in the camp was crawling over the other in their efforts to wait upon and assist the poor fellow. He lay on the ground, gnawing and twisting himself in the most horrible way, frothing at the mouth in the meanwhile in a frightful manner.

It was on such occasions as this that big Mike showed his usefulness in the company. He would grab the big Virginian lubber by each hand and hold him "steady," as if he was a mere baby in his hands, giving orders meanwhile, as if he was a captain on a man-of-war in a great storm.

The other fellow, who pulled the lanyard, was a slender, good-looking man, who had been a sailor who had traveled around the world, and did not seem to have any nationality. The war had found him blockaded at Norfolk, and, being unable to get out to sea, he had gravitated into Richmond, where he was induced to join the refugee band by the hard logic of an empty pocket, a hungry belly, and a show of money as bounty. He and I became fast friends, and, as a singular coincidence, I mention here that we both joined that battery with the same intent—*i. e.*, to use it as a means of escape North; and though we were together and slept together every night for months, neither knew the other's thoughts on the

subject until the morning we met, accidentally, while both were escaping through the Rebel pickets.

Our No. 5, whose duty it was to carry the cartridge from the caisson to the gun, was a queer character. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, tall and angular, with that odd cast of countenance that one often sees among the lower order of Germans. He was not exactly a German, but had an accent similar to the German; his face was broad and square, the lower part of it being apparently broader than the upper. I think he must have been a Russian or a Polander. He was not a successful No. 5, because his motions were too stiff and lumbering for that position; and, in consequence of his stupidity, he was being prodded all the time when on drill. He became, however, a very useful member to the company.

By some mysterious expressions from the officers, we were led to believe at first that he might have been a disguised "juke" or count, exiled from his native land, and who desired to serve his adopted home with this band of devoted refugees. We learned, however, that he had simply been a professor in his own country in—a barber-shop. We were all glad enough to ascertain this fact; also, that he served his time as a tailor—to be sure his "time" as a tailor had been "put in" at a certain penitentiary—but he was a good and useful refugee all the same, because he was detailed to shave the company and, also, to do over the baggy gray uniforms which were furnished us.

The "Colonel" and I were the first to take advantage of this information, as to the "juke's" accomplishments, to have him refit the gray blouses and trousers which we were to wear. We procured some black stuff for trimming the cuffs of our coats, because one of the Lanyards' lady friends had told him that the black and gray matched nicely together. We also had our Sergeant's and Corporal's stripes of bright red stitched on to our sleeves, and a narrow binding of red was sewed down in front of the coat. It was in this rather neatly-trimmed Rebel uniform that I boldly walked the streets of Richmond, and secured entrance to houses and places of interest, from which I had heretofore been excluded, during the rest of my eventful stay in that city.

It will be seen that, in this account of the personnel of one sec-

tion of the so-called Maryland Battery, there was but the *one* genuine Maryland refugee in its outfit, outside of Elkton, and that was the Sergeant, who is the "Colonel" of our story. I was, of course, supposed to be another Marylander, but it will be seen that the much-vaunted "flower of the South," which composed the Confederate armies, was very much like the "flower of the North" in its actual composition.

The other sections of our battery were composed principally of the aforesaid "recruits" from the railway laborers, who were mostly refugees from Ireland and Germany.

Our other lieutenant was a Mr. Claiborne, one of the genuine sons of the South, a native of Mississippi, and as clever and courteous a young gentleman as it has ever been my pleasure to meet. I recall my acquaintance with Lieutenant Claiborne, though formed in this surreptitious way, as one of the most agreeable in which I have ever shared. If it shall so happen that this writing may meet his own eye, or that of his family or friends—and I have given the correct name—he will understand some of my actions toward him, which were at the time, to say it briefly, inexplicable. Lieutenant Claiborne, I think, followed the Confederate fortunes to the end—I am sure he did so if he lived to see the end—for, without a doubt, he was earnestly, though quietly, sincere in his devotion to the cause of the South.

The Captain of the company had been, as I understood it, a lawyer from Baltimore. He was a small man in stature, small in mind, and about as *little* and trifling in every way as any soldier that I have ever met.

Perhaps some allowance should be made for the Captain on account of the fact that he was a cripple. He was born, I believe, with one leg shorter than the other—wore what is known as a club foot; that is, one shoe was filled with a cork sole, which raised his foot three or four inches from the ground. He walked with a cane, and sometimes used two, and apparently walked with difficulty. His face wore an expression of pain or sourness that is peculiar to many persons whom I have met that are similarly afflicted.

In justice to the Captain, it may be inferred that, on account of his bodily infirmity, he had been reared in such a way that every

whim was gratified, and he was petted and spoiled until he became in nature and disposition a veritable tyrant, as all pets are. We understood that he came of a first-class Maryland family, and that he had been highly educated at his home, where he had become a successful attorney. Our impressions in this regard were amply confirmed by our association; and the fact that our Captain had great influence at the Rebel War Department was undisputed. The Captain himself recognized his importance, and was of the temperament that inclined to make the most of his advantages.

There was a disposition on the part of our first Lieutenant, Elkton, to resist the Captain's severe exercise of his authority and overbearing manner; and in this rebellion within a rebellion, we of this section unanimously sustained our Lieutenant. Mr. Claiborne, the second Lieutenant, was also in constant friction with the Captain, and, as his squad sustained him, also, we were in hot water right along.

The Captain became a cross, surly, revengeful man. He knew nothing whatever of military drill and the requirements, and was narrow-minded enough to meddle and interfere with the trifling details, which should have been left to the subordinate officers.

Big Mike, of our section, was one of the fellows who had a grievance, because he had not been made sergeant in charge of the gun, with his own squad of Irish to work it, instead of my Colonel. He took every complaint to this sour-faced, crippled Captain, who, in an unmilitary manner, entertained his private growling complaint against the officers and the rest of the company. He would invite Mike into his quarters, where he would discuss with him the minor affairs of the company. Any old soldier will see how this sort of thing would work; and if any imagine for a moment that all the Southern soldiers were a "band of brothers," harmoniously bound together, fighting only against the Yankee invaders, they are very much mistaken.

I have seen more of the ugly, bitter jealousy between Rebel officers, and severe criticism of Jeff Davis and his generals, in an association of nine months among them, than I did subsequently in three years between Stanton and Halleck and all the commanders of the armies of the Potomac.

Our company was quartered in the Fair Grounds, on the out-

skirts of Richmond, which in after years became widely known as "Camp Lee." A high board fence enclosed several acres of ground; inside this enclosure were a number of temporary wooden sheds, which had been turned into barracks for the Confederate soldiers.

Troops were arriving at this camp from the South every day; and as fast as they were organized or suitably provided with arms and clothing, they were shipped on the cars, which ran right by the grounds, to the Rebel Army at Manassas or thereabouts. I was always glad to see the trains stop to load up some of the troops for the North, because I felt, every time I saw it, that our turn to go would soon come, and I should soon be at the front again, from whence I could easily skip over the line into Washington City.

The time, during these days, was usually occupied in a daily routine of military life. Officers and men occupied comfortable quarters at Camp Lee, in the barracks. There was a roll-call every morning, a very good breakfast, then a couple of hours' drill at the one old iron cannon, which was all that the entire camp possessed. Each of the sections took turns at this one piece. So it was, that, between us all, we managed to keep it hot pretty near all day. This drill was a regular circus. As the gunner, I did not have very much exercise. Lanyard, who stood by me, and I, had so much fun together over the two big Irishmen, who would so violently ram home the imaginary charges of powder and ball and swing the big swab around as wildly as if it was a little shillelah. Fatty, the Virginia refugee, whose place was across from us, was full of fun himself, and kept us all amused by his antics during the drill—holding his fingers to his ears and winking and jumping as if a charge had actually been fired and the rebound was dangerous. The two big Irish brothers were always in a sweat and swearing at the disguised "juke", because he was so dignified in his bearing that he could not be made to see the necessity of rushing frantically from the limber, holding an imaginary cartridge in his hand. It, perhaps, seemed too absurd for a man of his dignity, age and clumsy bearing to be compelled to run around the gun holding out his empty hands, as if carrying a ten-pound shot in them, which he was supposed to deliver in like imaginary manner.

My duty was to sight the piece, and I learned to get that part of

the drill down so fine that I was able, on short notice, to hit the same knot-hole in the fence, twenty feet distant, every time.

The number of Yankees that we killed with that gun—in imagination—far outnumbered all that were afterward slaughtered by all of General Alexander's Rebel Artillery. The Captain somehow got a notion that I was the only person in the company who could use pen and ink. This was not very complimentary to the rest of the company, because I've not, in all these years, learned how to write properly; but I was, in consequence, detailed as a company clerk, or as a private secretary to the Captain, and from this assignment, until we took the field, I had what is vulguarly called—a snap.

I was quartered thenceforth in the Captain's room, except when off duty, when I would quickly join the Colonel and Lanyard in their barracks. My duties were not at all onerous; on the other hand, I became relieved from all details for drill guard, police duty, and a hundred and one other little "turns" that catch everybody in the ranks, both in the Rebel and Union armies. It was my business to do all the company's clerical work: I filled out requisitions for commissary supplies, kept the roster, made a daily report for the Captain to somebody who was the General in command at the camp at that time.

One day the Captain notified the men, as we were at evening roll-call, that he had engaged a doctor for the exclusive benefit of the company, who would accompany us as our surgeon. Everybody was glad to hear this, as we had experienced a good bit of sickness already while in camp. The Captain wound up his speech with the incidental observation that a dollar or two would be retained from each man's pay to compensate this private surgeon. There was surprise, and the parade was dismissed and the men reassembled to growl. Big Mike then took a turn at making a speech, inciting rebellion against the Captain's arbitrary orders. It resulted in a regular Irish row upon the Captain ordering Mike's arrest and imprisonment in the guard house. Before we got through with it, the whole of the bold refugees were under the guns of some of the other troops, that had been called upon to quell the disturbance.

It was lots of fun to Fatty and Lanyard, but for my part I'd rather get into a real battle than to become mixed up in an Irish free-fight.

There were some horses in camp belonging to the several officers who were quartered out there. Our Captain had his own, a finely-bred animal, which he rode to town and back every day. On account of the deformity of his limbs or hips, it was necessary that he should be almost lifted into the saddle, which was made of a particular shape suited to him. Because of this necessity for having someone always with him, I was selected by the Captain, with whom I had become a favorite, to accompany him nearly every day on a second horse. He almost always rode straight to the War Department, and I went along with him as far as I could. In this way I was able to keep up safely my silent watch on the Rebel War Office, rarely missing a day during our stay in Camp Lee on which I did not get to town with the Captain.

My gray uniform had been neatly fitted by the "juke," and my way of wearing my blouse coat-tails tucked inside my trousers had so pleased the Captain that he had ordered every man to wear his clothes as I did. This style of dress gave me a sort of Garibaldi appearance, and I fancy that, as I rode my horse fairly well, from an early training in Western Texas, I made a pretty creditable appearance on the streets of Richmond as a Rebel soldier boy.

It was in this disguise that, I may safely assert, I openly visited *every single point of interest in and around Richmond.*

I felt so perfectly secure and safe, that I had again become reckless and careless.

By reason of my close association with the Captain, as his private secretary or company clerk, I was able to secure from him his written permit to visit town in the evening. The Colonel (or Sergeant), Mr. Lanyard and myself had naturally gravitated toward each other, and visits to town after dark were usually made by this congenial trio in one group, but we didn't always return together.

The old Colonel and Lanyard were the real Philistines, and I may safely put all their night raids upon them. Whenever the Colonel or Lanyard wished to go to town, one of them would come to me, as the "Adjutant of their Corps," as the Colonel used to say, and in their seductive manner ask me to write out a pass for three and get the "old man" to sign it. The Captain had gotten into the way of signing so many of the blank forms, that it was my daily

duty to submit to him, his signature was easily obtained to further our little schemes.

Of the great number and variety of troops, probably the most popular, as a general thing, were the refugees from Maryland.

For some months after the first battle, the ladies of the very best old families of Richmond were in the habit of making daily visits to the camps of the troops about the city.

There was a crack battalion of "gentlemen" soldiers from South Carolina that came to town during my stay, whose regiment I've forgotten, but my impression is that it was Hampton's South Carolina Battalion. Their presence created quite a furore among the ladies of Richmond, and the dress-parade in the evening seemed to bring half the town out in carriages and in droves of pedestrians. These fellows wore a fancy uniform, and, without a word of exaggeration, I may say every private in the battalion was provided with a body servant—in most cases a likely boy, perhaps one of the slaves with whom the soldier had played as a child, was now sent along with him to the war to take care of the young master.

Our Colonel didn't like the attention that was being given to the South Carolina boys; perhaps he felt a little bit envious or jealous, as he observed to a lady:

"These fellows have brought along their niggers to carry umbrellas over them while they fight."

While Lanyard thought: "It's most likely the nigger is there to fix up their cocktails."

I have, myself, seen refined ladies in our camp, with sleeves rolled up and huge aprons covering their fine dresses, assisting the troopers to bake their biscuit and bread. The younger and better-looking ladies were often to be seen at camp, with baskets in hand, laying out bountiful spreads in the barrack "dining-room."

The appearance of these ladies at camp always put the Colonel on his mettle—he would go about our part of the quarters, his actions totally altered from his usual slow and quiet manner.

Our sailor-boy chum, whom we called Lanyard, had not enjoyed the society of ladies so much as the Colonel, probably on account of his sea-faring life, and was rather inclined to resent the intrusion of the ladies. Through the Colonel's gallantry and cheek, our little mess was pretty well remembered by the visiting sisters.

It was through visits of this character that we became acquainted with a nice young lady, whom we will call Capitola, because that wasn't her name. She was a typical Southern girl. I can not describe her, except to say that she was a beautiful brunette, who had attended boarding school somewhere near Baltimore, and probably through this fact she became interested in the Maryland refugees. As I have said, the Colonel was a gallant fellow, and also a good manager, who was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity this pretty girl's visits to our camp afforded. She, of course, made her visits in company with a bevy of other pretty girls, some of whom were equally as handsome as herself, but Capitola is *the* girl of this part of our story.

One day our fair visitors made a special call on our officers to notify us, in their charming way, of an entertainment, which was to be given at one of the halls in the city, to which Marylanders especially were invited. The Colonel, in his courteous way, accepted the invitation for us.

When the ladies were ready to return, the Colonel persistently escorted them to the gate—as he always did—while we bashful boys stood back and envied his easy manners, as he escorted them away from us. He always came back to us with a broad grin on his face, but, kept a taunting silence as to the conversation that seemed to be so interesting and amusing.

We put in the balance of that day preparing for the evening's entertainment. As a general thing, we were demoralized after the visit and could do nothing else. It so happened that it rained one of those cold, misty, half-rain and half-sleet storms, that are so disagreeable always, and especially so when they interfere with one's efforts to get himself up in his best shape. The storm did not, however, prevent a full attendance at the ball, for it was a sort of ball or reception, after some introductory addresses, accompanied by the music of "Dixie" and "Maryland, my Maryland."

Mrs. President Davis was present. Though I had frequently seen her, she never looked to my eyes other than a very ordinary matronly lady.

It was a tableau, in which our girl was representing "Maryland enslaved." She was attired, not exactly in the costume of the Greek slave, but in a sombre mourning garb, with her head bowed, as if

in great sorrow and distress. She walked on to the stage, and, with a pathetic appeal, lifted toward heaven as beautiful a face as I have ever seen, stretching out her bared arms, which were shackled by chains. It was a beautiful and a striking picture, presented with great effect, and I don't suppose there was a person in the vast crowd who did not feel ready to make a desperate effort to release the pretty Maryland girl from those dreadful chains. I'm quite sure I should have done so if I'd had the opportunity, and would have been glad to have picked "Maryland" up and carried her away from such dreadful people, but we were not to be given this privilege.

At the proper moment, Mr. Presdent Davis stepped forward, and, like an accomplished actor, played his part excellently well, wrenching the chains from "Maryland" and setting her free. "Maryland" horrified all the battery boys by immediately throwing her arms around her rescuer.

"We three roughish chaps together," came away from that show with our empty heads in a whirl. It was still sleeting and quite cold. Lanyard, with an assumed shudder, proposed that we go to some saloon to get something hot to prevent our taking cold.

I have never been drunk in my life. I say this here, because a good many persons who will read this will naturally think that any person who has "been around" as much as I, must at some time have been full. Especially as I am an old soldier, I know that some persons will laugh at this statement as a joke; but it's a sober fact. I never was drunk, but I came mighty near it that night in Richmond.

Lanyard was familiar with all the best places to "get something," and took us into a cozy, warm room, where there was a good, cheerful fire blazing. On one side of the room was the bar—one of those old-fashioned high counters—but you all know what a bar is like, so I wont attempt a description of such a place to old soldiers. On this counter was a large china bowl beautifully decorated on the outside, while within was floating a mixture that I had never seen before. On inquiry, I was informed by the bartender, with a significant grin at the Colonel, which I afterward recalled, that the mixture was Virgina apple-jack.

You don't know what that is? No, I think it has gone out of

date, or perhaps its concoction is one of the lost arts. There were apples—roasted apples—floating in a sea of foam, that gave forth a most delightful fragrance. I was curious about the stuff, and being assured by Lanyard that it was a sort of cooked cider, that was made in Virginia as a temperance drink for those who were opposed to hard cider, I, in my unsuspecting innocence, partook of a mug full of the hot stuff. It was not hard to take, being quite pleasant to the taste, and, the evening being so cold and wet, I was prevailed upon to poke my nose into another mug of the apple tea, "just to keep from taking cold."

We all sat down at an adjoining table to await our order of fried oysters, the two companions becoming quite hilarious over their gin, in a way, which I recalled afterwards, as quite significant.

The room was quite warm, and, as I began to dry out in its atmosphere, I became, I thought, too warm, and said as much, which my companions passed off in their careless way with a laugh.

When I attempted to get on to my feet, for the first time in my life my head felt a little bit dizzy, and I had to support myself as I stood to get a proper balance. The table began to move, as if impelled by some unseen power; in looking up, the fire had grown into three or four different fires in as many different places; there were several hundred bottles behind the bar, and realizing in an instant what was coming, I made a sudden rush for the door, staggering through the room, amid the laughter of the Colonel and Laynard, who urged me to sit down; but I had not yet lost my head, and refused to stop until I got outside, when I leaned against the door until I cooled off.

It was a close call, but the Federal Spy didn't lose his head in Richmond that night.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHMOND, FALL, 1861 — DAILY VISITS TO THE WAR OFFICE, MECHANICS' HALL—EVENINGS DEVOTED TO VISITS IN TOWN—MIXED UP WITH MARYLAND LADIES—FORT PICKENS OPENS FIRE ON PENSACOLA BATTERIES—GENERAL WINDER, OF MARYLAND—JEFF DAVIS INAUGURATED PRESIDENT—SHAKE HANDS WITH JEFF DAVIS.

While it may very often become expedient for a spy, while perambulating in an enemy's country, to drink socially with those with whom he desires to communicate, it is always a dangerous expedient, because, of all persons, a spy requires a cool and clear head.

Although these Confederate soldiers, with whom I was that night associated, had not the slighest suspicion of my true character and purposes, yet, if I had been made foolishly drunk by them, there is no telling what my loosened tongue might have done for me. We were—all three of us—very much "gone" on the enslaved beauty, and under such softening influences, at this particular time, a very light dose of Virginia "apple-jack," added to the "Maryland" influence, would have completely upset us all.

In fact, I was in greater danger of losing my heart than my head. The beautiful tableau which we had just witnessed, coupled with the presence of refined and lovely ladies, accompanied by the sweet music of Maryland, had more effectually intoxicated my senses than the seductive "apple-jack."

It will be remembered that in our set was the Lieutenant, who was supposed to have been a staid married man at home in Maryland, and it would hardly be fair now to print his desperate efforts to cut out the boys of his company, simply because he was an officer. We were only able to defeat his intrigue by bringing to our aid the gallant and handsome Second Lieutenant, a dark-eyed Mississippi gentleman, but he, with base ingratitude, took unfair advantage of the opportunities we had afforded him and used his big black eyes and seductive smiles to capture *our girl*—and she, the beautiful but uncertain Capitola, the friend of the Maryland

refugees, surrendered to our Mississippi Lieutenant, and there was great trouble and heart-burning in that Rebel battery ever after.

My undertakings and surroundings in Richmond were not exactly adapted to the production of humorous or funny effects, but I had lots of fun, all the same, though I was not sent there for that purpose.

I went about the city during day-light in the garb of a Confederate soldier, carrying in my pocket the pass of the commanding officer at Camp Lee, which was furnished me freely through my Maryland Captain's influence.

General Winder, who became afterward notorious as the Provost-Marshal-General of Richmond and keeper of Libby Prison, was a Maryland man, and it so happened that he had known our Captain intimately while the two lived together in Baltimore. This was a most fortunate circumstance for my schemes, as the first endorsement I had taken General Winder was of a personal character from his friend, our Captain, and thereafter I became solid with General Winder as long as I remained in Richmond.

I was frequently tempted to go home; indeed, I had several times come to the conclusion, from my own observation, that there was to be no advance into Maryland, and that I might as well quit and go home; but, again, I really felt as if I must accomplish *something* first. I had stayed away so long, and had done nothing of importance, that I began to feel that it would be a degradation to crawl back home and have to explain to every person I knew where I had been and why I had been there.

I wanted to go back when I should be made welcome. I confess right here that, since our pleasant acquaintance with the ladies of Richmond had been formed, I was becoming more content to remain longer in exile. The presence, and particularly the bright smiles and winning ways of our "Capitola" was a very great attraction.

I did not go about Richmond as a tramp or a peddler, as is the usual method of spies we read about in novels, but, instead, I personated a high-toned Maryland youth—dressed myself in the grayest of gray uniform, adding all the red trimmings that my rank as Corporal permitted. I rode a good horse, and, in my capacity of Private Secretary or Orderly to our lame Captain, enjoyed unusual facilities. During the day-time I took advantage of all these circum-

stances, and had my eyes and wits about me, while the night, in the company of our trio, was usually spent "about town," where I met some of the best people, who welcomed us to their houses as Marylanders exiled from our homes. I also encountered among others some of the very worst class of citizens.

As I have before stated, our Captain frequently visited the War Office, and I was nearly always taken along him, as he, on account of the stiffness of one of his legs, was unable to mount or dismount his horse without assistance. I learned, through this association with him, that the influence which he controlled at headquarters, and which enabled him—a cripple—to obtain such a good and much-sought-after position in the army over the heads of others, was derived, in part at least, from some relationship with Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of War for the Confederates.

Mr. Benjamin, it will be remembered, was a close friend of Mr. Davis.

As the fall was now well advanced into winter, the weather was daily becoming colder, the rains were more frequent, and once or twice we had some signs of snow, and occasionally that most disagreeable of all weathers—sleet, rain and cold, all at the same time. We understood, generally, that it was now getting too late in the season for a fall or winter invasion of Maryland.

I had not learned enough of the art or science of war at that time to know that there were any seasons for Army operations.

One day, while standing in the hall door of the War Department Office, waiting, as was my custom, for the Captain to come around, I was aroused from the indifference, which had grown upon me, by overhearing two persons, who were passing me, talking together excitedly about Fort Pickens and Pensacola. As we had been hearing nothing at all about Fort Pickens during these summer and fall months, I had almost made up mind that the place had been overlooked.

As may be imagined, I was not anxious on my own account to have the subject revived during my stay in Richmond. When I heard the word "Pickens," which to my ears was like a shot in the rear, I was instantly on the alert, and watched most eagerly the movements of the two gentlemen, whose discussion had attracted my attention. They passed along out of the building and together

walked up the street and were gone out of my sight. It was evident from their not paying any attention to my presence, that their conversation about Pickens did not have any reference to me or my connection with the affairs.

I felt the least bit uneasy, however, and, while I stood about the War Office in Richmond that day, the terrible thought passed through my brain, "Had I in any manner given myself away, and was I being taken to the Department by our Captain for the purpose of entrapping or identifying me?"

It does not take very long for these dreadful thoughts to get possession of one's brain, and they do grow most wonderfully into the wildest fears and fancies in less time than it takes to write the words that will explain the incident. I waited and watched most anxiously about the square in front of the office, where our horses were tied, for the appearance of our Captain. He was not in the building at that time, I learned upon inquiring of some of the clerks. He was most likely further down town, or with General Winder. It was our custom to hitch our horses at this same place every day, when, after dismounting, the Captain went his way, while I did as I pleased also, it being understood always that at or near a certain time we were to remount at this place and together return to Camp Lee.

That evening he was unusually late getting around, and when I saw him limping along, his cane pounding the pavement with more than ordinary vigor, I knew I should have to lift the old man bodily on to his horse. He was always more communicative at such times, and ready to tell all that he had learned during the day. To my own surprise I blurted out, without thinking of my words, so engrossed was my mind on this subject, as if determined to hear the worst at once:

"How about Fort Pickens?"

"Oh," he growled out in his thick, gutteral tones, "the Yankees have opened fire on our fellows from that damned Fort Pickens."

"Is that all," said I, with great a sigh of relief, which he must have noticed had he been sober enough.

"That's enough, ain't it? The President and the Secretary are both disgusted with General Bragg for not capturing the damn place last spring."

"Too bad!" My thoughts were, though I did not dare express them. I had prevented the capture of Fort Pickens in April.

As we rode along in silence for the remainder of the way out to camp, I had the opportunity to recall the Fort Pickens service, and I wondered and planned in my own mind just how that duel would be carried on there. I should have liked so much to have witnessed the booming of guns from Pickens, and the exploding of the great shells over the exact spots in which I had located the masked Rebel batteries down there.

My fears having been relieved by this explanation of the conversation I had overheard, I felt very much as if I'd like to go off by myself and yell for the old flag, just once, but I dare not; I must continue to suffer and enjoy, in the silence, that was becoming almost a second nature to me.

It will be remembered that I had been at Montgomery, Alabama, at about the time the provisional Government of Jeff Davis was being initiated at that place. I was at the same hotel for about a week at which Mr. Davis then occupied rooms. I had several times been close to his person—indeed, so near that I was able to overhear the conversation in which he always seemed to be engaged.

Through the fortunes of war, and an adventurous, reckless disposition, I was again, in the winter of the same year, at the Capitol of the Rebel Government in Richmond, Virginia, in a position to witness the formal inauguration of Mr. Jeff Davis as President of the "permanent" Government of the Confederate States of America, for the term of six years.

I saw Mr. Davis inaugurated, attended his public reception on the same evening, and, with all the rest of the callers, I was introduced to him, shook his hand, looked into his one eye, and passed out into the darkest night that I ever remember to have seen. The inauguration ceremonies were intended to be imposing.

We all know now that, even at the early stage of the war, there was much serious trouble among the Confederate leaders. During my experience among them there was scarcely a day that I did not hear expressions of discontent, and witness other evidences of a bitter feeling between the extreme Southern men and what they termed "Virginia Yankees."

My observations were, of course, principally among the rank

and file, but I had also an eye and an ear for what was occurring among the higher classes. Though they were able to conceal their bickerings at the time, to a certain extent, we all know now, from the testimony of such men as Generals Joe Johnston, Beauregard and Longstreet, that there were always the smoldering embers of a volcano in the very heart of the Rebellion, and this cause alone would have prevented their success in the end, even if General Grant and the Army of the Potomac had been defeated in the field.

Though Mr. Davis had been elected President without any contest, the fact remains that there had been hostile opposition to him from various sources, probably the most noted being that of Howell Cobb. We, of the Maryland Battery, were given to understand by our Captain that we would be expected to do our share, individually and collectively, in making the inauguration a success.

The Secretary of War was a personal friend of our Captain, as will be remembered, and we all know now, if we did not suspect it then, that Mr. Benjamin was the Mephistopheles of Mr. Davis' Cabinet, such was the peculiar character of his services to his chief.

Of course, we were all glad enough of an opportunity to display ourselves in Richmond as Marylanders who were exiled from home; we had been accustomed to receive the "ovations" of our Richmond lady friends, and we were all glad enough of another opportunity to secure all the attention we could command from them.

There were some fears, too, that the inauguration might be of such a quiet character as to reflect somewhat, in this way, upon the administration of Mr. Davis. In brief, Mr. Benjamin and our side were to take an active part in making it a "popular" ovation. I was in for this, as I had been for anything at all that would add a little spice to the daily routine of camp life, that was becoming tiresome to me.

A couple of days previous to the inauguration day, we were all kept pretty busy drilling our awkward sqad in marching and in burnishing up our uniforms. We had received no arms as yet. The one old condemned iron cannon we were using to practice on was all that we refugees could boast of in the way of arms, for the proposed invasion of Maryland.

The trio before mentioned had been dubbed the "Three roguish chaps together," comprised the Colonel (our Sergeant), Lanyard, the sailor, and myself had promised the Captain our hearty coöperation. We determined to assist him and his friends in every way we could in "creating a demonstration," leaving for ourselves the evening following the reception of the President.

The eventful morning came at last, ushered in by a slowly-drizzling, cold rain. Indeed it promised about as inauspicious for a street display as could have been imagined. Later in the day the rain increased, and about the hour set for the ceremonies it had settled down to a steady pour.

It was, indeed, a dreary day in Richmond overhead as well as under foot. We marched to the city through slop and mud, that added to our personal misery and discomfiture, as well as it detracted from our intended gay appearance.

The ceremony took place in the Capitol Grounds—a stand had been erected in the neighborhood of the Henry Clay statue. On account of the pouring rain, it was necessary at almost the last hour for a gang of workingmen to erect a temporary roof or shelter over the place from which Mr. Davis was to deliver his inaugural address.

I did not get to hear a word of it, but I was not caring a scrap about it just then. I saw Mr. Davis, though, through all the proceedings—we were stationed at some distance down the hill and looked up over a sea of umbrellas.

After the ceremony was over, we three were permitted by our Captain to remain in town, and the trio at once found shelter in the same comfortable restaurant in which I had first tasted the apple-jack. Here we were permitted to dry out our wet clothing and enjoy a good old-fashioned Virginia dinner, which mine host had prepared in honor of the day. The great china punch-bowl was still on the high bar, filled almost to the brim with the sweet-smelling, seductive apple-jack, in which floated some roast apples, which were garnished with cloves, so they looked like great pine balls, but I felt that they were as dangerous as porcupines.

I was urged to drink several times indeed, but one taste was enough for me. The landlord was rather hurt, or pretended to be, that I should refuse to accept from his own hands the courteously

proffered mug of the delicious compound, to be drunk in honor of the day, etc.

The Colonel, who had been such a good friend since we had met while I was sick in the hotel, had formed apparently the utmost confidence in me. In fact, our relations became of the most intimate character, as far as was possible between any two persons who were so unlike in disposition and purposes. The Colonel was my senior by several years; perhaps, because of this, or may be from the fact that he had nursed me out from my illness and led me into the company, I felt that he had an oversight or care over me, and acted toward me in the kindly way of an elder brother.

In the love affairs, in which we all became so absurdly mixed up with our Maryland slave, Capitola, the Colonel had taken it upon himself to act in my behalf and for my good. I had taken him into my confidence about Capitola, and told him all about my trouble in that direction; how our officers had taken undue advantage of their uniform to cut me out, etc. He agreed with me that it was an "outrage," and admitted, with a smile, that I now recall as significant, that it was due entirely to the uniforms.

I had accepted his offer to make things all right for me. I had consented most reluctantly to the Colonel's disinterested and brotherly advice—not to have anything more to do with Capitola.

On inauguration day, being in town and feeling in pretty good trim, I yielded to the impulse, and concluded to meet Capitola just once more, to say "Good-by," provided I could do so without letting the Colonel find it out.

While trying to fix up a scheme to get away from him and Lanyard that afternoon, so that I might make the proposed call undetained, I was delighted to hear the Colonel ask Lanyard and I, to excuse him for a couple of hours, as he had an important engagement with the Lieutenant that afternoon — business must be attended to.

I was not long in getting away from Lanyard, and quickly skipped around to the well known residence of our Capitola. She surprised me by meeting me cordially and, all in one breath, demanded to know why I had stayed away so long.

"Why," she said, in her smiling, innocent way, "all the rest of your boys have been to call on us."

"Indeed," thought I; and when I had sufficiently recovered to ask who had been there since I had been gone, she smilingly said:

"Why, your friend, the Colonel, calls frequently; also that Mississippi Lieutenant of yours. Isn't he just too nice?"

This was not exactly what I expected or desired to hear from Capitola, but it was enough. The Colonel, my brotherly friend, was deceiving me, too. One purpose of my visit had been to request her company to the reception at the President's that evening. I had formed the impression that it would be a great scheme for the Spy to escort the Maryland slave to Jeff Davis' reception. When I had intimated the object of my visit, she burst into a hearty laugh as she said, cheerily:

"Oh, that is too funny. I believe every soldier from Maryland in your company has made that request already, and I had to decline them all, because I had engaged to go with the Lieutenant, you know."

I was preparing to take my leave when the door bell rang. After a few more words and a sad "Good-by" to Capitola, I was about to leave the room when I ran against my disinterested, brotherly Colonel, who had been trying to replace himself in the affections of my girl—while advising me to stay away. He was not at all embarrassed, but at once broke out into a hearty laugh, and, pulling me over to a sofa, we had a talk about the affair, which amused Capitola so much that her merry laughter rang through the house as she gathered the situation from our "explanations."

The Colonel proposed going out with me, but I noticed that he had cunningly slipped Capitola to one side and whispered in her ear something which had the effect of causing her cheery laughter to break out in a fresh place. She rushed over to me and, placing both hands on my shoulder, said:

"There is another—he wants me to go with *him* to the reception."

So I had my turn to laugh on the Colonel. We were about to leave. Capitola, smiling, suggested that we march the whole company down to her house and she should go along with all of us—as the *Fille de Regiment*.

Despite the weather and some gloomy forebodings of friends, the reception of President Jeff Davis was a success—in the way of a crowd,

at least. It seemed to me at the time that everybody was there. There were all kinds of people present during the evening—the very best class of the citizens of Richmond and, perhaps, some of the very worst element, along with the numerous army officers and soldiers.

Richmond, in the winter of 1861, may justly be termed, at that time, the wickedest city in America. Adventurous gamblers and bad citizens of every conceivable description had flocked to the Rebel Capital from New Orleans and all parts of the South and North. One portion of Main street was abandoned almost wholly to gambling houses, which, at night, were inhabited by the worst kind of characters, in Rebel uniforms. These people and their associates, who were in the city for sport and to ply their vocations, flocked in great numbers to all places where crowds were gathered, such as theatres, receptions, etc.

The Mayor of the city, a Mr. Mayo—whose name I remember so well because it lacked but the final letter "r" to spell the name and position in the same word—was a dignified, gray-haired, old Virginia gentleman, who did the best he could to preserve the peace and order of the city. I saw him frequently on the street and at the City Hall, on Broad street. I never had any dealings with him in his official capacity that prevents my bearing this testimony to his good intentions. He was on hand at the reception, as the city official, as was also Governor Letcher, who was another Virginia gentleman and official who I can remember with feeling of respect. General Winder, who had been a police inspector, or something of the kind, in Baltimore, was, in reality, the Governor, the Mayor, and the Provost-Marshal combined in one, as well as Military Governor, with absolute authority from the Confederate Government. He had, as a Baltimorean, imported into Richmond a number of the Baltimore ex-police, or plug-uglies, whom he had employed as special detectives in his service.

We went to the President's house together, early; and we stayed around the neighborhood as long as we could stand the storm, in hope of getting a sight of Claiborne and Capitola.

The Colonel and I took our places in the line, to be presented in our turn. I had some slight misgivings on the outcome of this adventure, because I knew that Mr. Davis had frequently seen me while in Montgomery with him, and I feared that the subsequent

notoriety I had obtained from the Fort Pickens episode would have served to have placed me in his mind. It will be remembered, too, that the press all over the South, as well as the North, had fully described my visit from Montgomery to Pensacola. So, it was with something of a nervous quivering at the heart that I saw myself being slowly advanced to the President. I watched his face closely from my place in the line before I reached him, and saw him courteously and smilingly take each one by the hand as he was presented.

As I have said before, Mr. Davis' face was thin—his cheeks somewhat sunken. His pictures do not properly represent his face, as it was only when he smiled and spoke in his low, soft, gentle manner, that he was so fascinating to those who knew him best.

He was, of course, severe and unbending to his enemies, but he was always the same to friends.

The Colonel was ahead of me, and, as his name was mentioned, he said to Mr. Davis, as he turned to me:

"A couple of Maryland boys have come to pay their respects to you, Mr. President."

Mr. Davis held his hand for a moment, saying, pleasantly, to the Colonel:

"Why, I'm right glad to see you."

At the same time he reached his other hand to me, and, for a moment, he grasped us each with a hand saying, as he looked at me with that one mighty bright eye:

"I'm glad to see you both."

We passed on, my heart fluttering terribly; but, once, in the crowd again, I felt that I had passed another danger. We lingered in the crowd for a short time; saw all who came and left in that time, and not being able longer to stand the storm, while waiting for a glimpse of Capitola, I turned away from the crowd into the darkness of a stormy night and wandered out to camp, so much absorbed in my own thoughts that I lost all care for my appearance—trudging blindly along through the darkness into the mud and slush until I reached camp, tired, where I quickly tumbled into the bunk and was quickly lost to all consciousness of the day's doing.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE SUNDAY IN RICHMOND—JEFF DAVIS' AND GENERAL LEE'S HOMES AND CHURCH—RECOGNIZED AT LIBBY PRISON—VISIT TO TEXAS CAMP—A "DIFFICULTY" RENEWED—THRILLING EXPERIENCE—A NIGHT IN RICHMOND WITH TEXAS BOYS.

From the subsequent questionings of our people North about how things looked in Richmond during the war, I gathered that they all entertained erroneous impressions about the conditions of affairs in that city at that time. I have been trying to describe them from a Unionist's standpoint. Though it had been in a state of siege at the time of which I write, and was apparently cut off from the balance of the world for a year, yet there was absolutely nothing in the general appearance of things in the streets to indicate that the city suffered in the least from the blockade.

It may be said that Richmond was very much like Washington at the same period, the principal difference being that the soldiers who thronged the streets and filled the saloons and houses of one city were in a gray uniform, while those in the other wore a blue. There was probably more of the blue boys loose in Washington than of the gray in Richmond, because the Confederate officials and, particularly, Provost-Marshal-General Winder, of Maryland, was able, with the despotic power granted him by the War Office, to prevent a great deal of straggling.

The weather was now settled into the regular Virginia winter, alternating into rain, snow, slush and sleet. Under these conditions it was impossible for either army to move, and, as a consequence, the city was soon filled full of officers from Manassas, who were on leave from their command, or of soldiers on furlough, or straggling deserters. No one will attempt to claim that the city at this time was orderly; in fact, the oldest citizens are ready to assert, even now, that, during the early winter months, the respectable portion of the community were in truth beseiged in their own houses. It was scarcely safe for a lady to venture alone in certain portions of the town during the day time, while at night the straggling furloughed

officers and soldiers, under such conditions, on the same equality, had entire possession in the streets and certain parts of the city.

There was apparently no scarcity of money—such as it was—and there was not, that I can recall, any limit of the supply of whisky and all the other little attachments that the soldiers either in gray or in blue will have.

Main street, 1886, looked to me very much as in did in 1861 and 1862, except, perhaps, that on the occasion of my last visit the city presented to my eye somewhat the appearance of Sunday, in its general orderly and quite bearing, as compared with the noisy, boisterous crowds that we saw on the streets daily in 1861 and 1862.

Camp Lee was on that side of the city furthest from the Libby Prison and Rocket's Wharf, and those places in the neighborhood of which I had spent most of my time in the first days of my visit, after recovering from my illness.

I had neglected to visit my early friends, the guard at Libby during these later days, because of the long distance of our camps from them, and not that I had forgotten or lost interest in our prisoners at Libby.

One Sunday morning, the weather being rather more agreeable than any we had enjoyed for some days previously, I obtained permission and a pass from our Captain to go to the city early in the day to attend church. The Captain pleasantly granted the request. Some of the officers, who were near by when I asked the privilege of attending church, facetiously recommended the Captain not to refuse anything that would tend to improve the morals of his corporal or clerk. I went off alone on foot, intending to make a visit to the prisoners before I should return.

Perhaps I may have been feeling a little bit homesick and disgusted with Richmond on this Sunday morning, because on the evening previous our beautiful Capitola had—to put it vulgarly—gone back on me for our Lieutenant.

I walked into the city via Franklin street, which is the aristocratic residence street of Richmond. There are on this thoroughfare some old Virginia homes and families that the city snd State may well be proud of. General Lee's family lived on this street in a large, plain, double brick house, on the south side, one or two blocks from the Capitol Grounds. The house is quite ordinary-

looking as compared with that of some of the large private residences in the neighborhood, but it will always remain to Southern people one of the historic houses of their city, because it was here on the street, on a Sunday morning after the surrender, that General Lee, accompanied by a few members of his staff, rode up to his door, dismounted from his war horse—Traveler—and, with a silent wave of the hand, parted with his personal staff, entered his house and closed the doors forever on his hopes of a Confederacy.

It is not written what occured behind the closed doors, but there is gossip, which has, perhaps, been confirmed, that the staid, reserved, dignified old General, once inside his own hall at his home, completely broke down and fell to the floor, from which he was carried to his bed by the servants and that part of his family who were present.

The home of General Lee is more sought out by tourists in Richmond nowadays than is that of President Jeff Davis.

A block below, or nearest the Capitol, and directly opposite the grounds, stands St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in which both President Davis and General Lee worshiped. On the Sunday morning of which I am writing, in 1861, I took a position at the Fountain Hotel, directly opposite the church, to await the arrival of President Davis. There had been a good bit of talk about Mr. Davis' intentions of joining this church. Though he was a regular attendant during his early days in Richmond, it was not until some months after—and, I think, during the day of which I write—that he was formally baptized and confirmed into that church.

I did not have to wait long for the appearance of Mr. Davis. He came on to the steps so suddenly that I nearly missed seeing him. He was alone, and dressed in his usual plain way—had walked up from the direction of his office, when I had looked for him coming down through the grounds from his house. He spoke pleasantly to the few people whom he passed on his way, and disappeared inside the church.

Mr. Davis, whatever may be said of his public character, and a great deal has been written against him by his own Southern people, always impressed me at sight as being an agreeable, honest gentleman. I was frequently close to him, and always felt his presence, impressed with the feeling that he was having a great deal of

serious trouble. I have often wondered if Mr. Davis ever entertained, for a moment even, the thought or fear that his life was in danger. I hope he may live long, and perhaps read the poor story of the Yankee Spy, who dogged his very footsteps in Richmond from after the battle of Bull Run until the winter following, and prevented any attempt at invasion of the North.

After the President had entered the Church, I lounged outside while the great organ gave the beautiful Sunday morning an impressive salute. When the tones had died away, feeling more homesick and blue than ever, I started off on my walk down Main street toward the Libby and the Warehouse prisons. As Libby is in the lower end of the city pretty close to Rockett's Wharf, it was a long walk, though it was Sunday, and the shops along the way were open and dispensing refreshments to the crowds.

My early Rebel friend was not on guard that morning, but some of his friends said he would be around after dinner, so, under pretense of waiting for him, I sat around in such shape that I could get a good view of the "animals" as they called the prisoners.

The tobacco warehouses in which the prisoners were confined have been so often discribed that any attempt of mine would be superfluous. It will be remembered, however, that, even before the war, all these large barn-like buildings were constructed pretty much after the form of our modern bonded warehouses. All the windows were made with iron bars, presenting the appearance of cages.

Groups of our poor fellows were easily to be seen through the bars, some of them having become pretty ragged; others were standing by the windows peering through the bars; a few walked or promenaded in pairs up and down the large barn-like floors. There were always two sentries and an officer at the main door, while on the pavement in front other sentries paced their silent beats, so that it was impossible for me to have any communication with them.

I desired for a particular reason to ascertain the names of some of the prisoners, and, if possible, to get the address of their friends in the North, that I might test my mail communication, by sending some word direct to them. Perhaps, for my own good, I was not successful.

I may be permitted to say here that, in case we had another war, the benefit of the Signal Service Code will be made apparent in this, that a silent communication may be carried on between friends of the same side under just precisely such conditions as I have described here.

If there had been a prisoner inside the bars who had been familiar with the Telegraph Code, as adapted to the motions of the hand, I could have spelled out over the head of the guard, without his knowledge, quite as rapidly as I can write it, messages that would have been a relief and pleasure to the prisoners inside, if not otherwise beneficial.

It was while standing in front of the Warehouse Prison, on Main street, thinking and planning over the possibilities in this direction, looking intently, from where I stood on the inside of the pavement, through the windows at the prisoners, that I felt a slap on my back that caused me to jump like an india-rubber ball. The voice, which was not a familiar one, said, loudly enough for even the prisoners to hear, using my own, my right name:

"Hello, Blank!"

When I turned to see who had "struck" me, I am sure that I presented a very flushed and, perhaps, angry face. I did not at once recognize the person, probably because he was in a gray uniform, but the smiling face of his companion, in the full black beard, I at once recognized as Doctor ———, of San Marcos, Texas, whom I had known familiarly as the young son of my uncle's neighbor.

I saw that I was caught at last, as I fully believed, and determined to make the most of my short time.

The tall young fellow, who had first approached me, I was able to recall, as the doctor mentioned his name and a visit we had made together to his house.

I was assured somewhat, and recovered from my surprise by the doctor extending his hand, and in the most agreeable and hearty manner, said:

"Well, Blank, I'm damn glad to see you are on the right side."

I hardly knew what to say to them, the surprise was so great, but this remark served to bring me to my senses, and I replied in a somewhat embarrassed manner, by asking what they were doing in Richmond?

"Oh! we are all here. Our regiment is encamped just out here. We have been in town to church, but are going out to camp now." Then taking my arm, familiarly, said: "Come along, the boys will all be glad to see you?"

Their invitation was so cordial, and I was being urged with such earnestness to join them, that I could see at once that they did not suspect my true character. It was evident that neither of them had heard of my Fort Pickens affair.

The one difficulty I saw before me in renewing this Texas acquaintance was, that I should have to represent in Richmond two different characters, under the two different names. I might be able to keep up this dual character if the two crowds were distinct or separated, but there was, of course, a great risk in this.

I did not, under any circumstances, want to become known by the name in Richmond by which I had been so widely published as the Pensacola Spy. All the Rebel detective force, which was made up principally of Baltimore police and detectives imported by General Winder, had undoubtedly been furnished with instructions to look after spies, and perhaps I had been specially honored by their notice as being the first on record during the war.

But I could not well resist the demand to accompany these two Texas boys out to their camp; and when they suggested that I *must* see my old friends from Texas, and seemed to take it as an affront that I should hesitate, there seemed to be no way out of it—especially as they had proposed furnishing me a horse to return to my own camp in the evening.

I reluctantly started to walk out to their camp, talking familiarly and cordially on the way, as they did about their delight at finding me on the "right" side. I could not entertain the thought that these honest-hearted Texan youths, who had never before been so far from home, were capable of any trick—they were sincerely glad to see me. I felt instinctively that they were old friends and neighbors of my Texas uncle, who did not suspect me of being a Yankee Spy.

The road to the camp of the Texans led in the direction of Seven Pines (or Fair Oaks), where Johnston attacked McCellan's left in the following May, and the camp itself was not far from that point.

As we tramped along a pleasant chat was kept up, and though I was on the alert to hear if any suspicion attached to me for the Fort Pickens matter, nothing was said to indicate that either one had ever heard of the affair. They were, undoubtedly, sincere in their cordiality, and only desired to gratify their companions in camp with their success in having found one whom they all knew, so far away from their Texas homes.

In the talk, I gathered that one company in their regiment came from the neighborhood in which my uncle lived, and was composed principally of the very set of young fellows with whom I had been associated there only the previous winter. They gave me the names of a good many of the boys, and amused me with the accounts of the journey they had made from Texas to Virginia in search of the war. The fact of my having an uncle in the South would of itself have been sufficient indorsement for my "loyalty" with most of these fellows, but I recalled to myself that, while amongst them in Texas, I had got into trouble several times by my outspoken Northern sentiments during the Presidential campaign, which was then going on. The doctor probably referred to this when he congratulated me so heartily on having found me on the right side.

We finally reached the camp. I was marched up to the company quarters, and was generally recognized by the boys, who were as sincerely glad to see me as if I was just from their home. I was at home among them—everything was all right there, and I enjoyed renewing the friendship of a year previous. Among the boys was one fellow, to whom I referred in the introduction of this story, as having a difficulty with—the grandson of David Crockett, the hero of the Alamo. Young Crockett, like most of his class, had been taught to presume a little on the glory of his ancestors. This had made him somewhat personally disagreeable to his associates; but he kept away from me that day.

I remained in camp until after dress parade. It was a regiment of as fine a looking set of truly American men and boys as I have ever seen in either army. Their war record, as the Texas Rangers, will bear me out in this opinion. Their Colonel was afterward the famous General John B. Hood.

I was urged to stay for camp dinner. The boys, with whom I

had so often before been in camps in Texas, while "rounding up" their stock, were all well up to the use of the camp-kettles and pots, and, with the advantages of the city close by them, they were able to get up in good style, first-class shape, one of the good old-style Western Texas dinners. We were having a good time all around. I was being urged to get a release from my Maryland Battery and join the Texas Brigade.

I saw that I could not very well keep up this dual character. The very cordiality of these fellows would lead to their visiting me up in the Maryland Battery, and, once there, things would become badly mixed up. I would never be able to explain to these Maryland fellows that I was in reality another fellow altogether, and it would cause some confusion in the Texas camp to have to explain the other way to my Texas friends.

These thoughts, however, detracted but little from the pleasure of my visit, for, as I felt that somehow or other I would get out of the difficulty, I did not concern myself for a moment.

It was a mistake to have accompanied the Texans to their camp. It was, to say the least, when there, very indiscreet to place myself on exhibition among the hundreds of other spectators who were grouped in front of the Texas regiment while they were having their Sunday dress parade.

In the society of the earnest and cordial Texas acquaintances whom I had found—or who had found me—I had wholly overlooked the little circumstance that had occurred during the night at the theater, when, it will be remembered, I had been pleasantly approached after the dismissal by a couple of Confederates who said they had met me in Texas the preceding winter. I was then that evening in the company of the Colonel, who knew me only as a Marylander, and by an entirely different name than that by which the Texans addressed me, and it will be remembered that I then declined to be recognized as ——, and had, perhaps, rather curtly repelled their courteous advances.

As I sat at camp dinner on an improvised bench in front of the tent with my friends, with consternation I saw approaching me the very chap whom I had snubbed in the vestibule of the theater. The appearance of this tall fellow at the time, in his gray clothes, had about such an effect on me at the dinner table in that company

in broad daylight as a ghost might produce when alone somewhere near midnight. He had his staring eyes fixed right on me. There was no mistaking it.

My dangerous predicament rushed to my mind at once. Luckily for me, perhaps, we were all seated at the table, so the fellow had politeness enough not to intrude himself upon the crowd, but walked on past us keeping his eye searchingly, and I felt sternly, fixed on me. I lost my appetite, which a moment previously was ravenous, and, as soon as I could decently do so, meekly suggested that, as I had a long way to go, I'd better leave them at once.

"O, no; we are going to escort you back to your camp on a horse, as we agreed to do."

That was very kind, of course, but if there was any one thing that I did not want to happen just then, was any farther attention to be paid to their guest. I declined the proffered kindness with so much earnestness that it might have had the effect of quieting the matter had not one of the fellows observed:

"Well, I'm going to town to-night anyway, and you can wait awhile and ride that far."

I have no doubt that the conversation between myself and the Texas Confederates that evening (in the light of subsequent events), would be interesting to any of them yet living who may see this narrative, and if I were able to put it down here in detail it might also be interesting to the ordinary reader.

I remember all that occurred during the half hour that followed the dinner hour. Could I forget that banquet?

While my newly-found old friends were arranging among themselves a programme to spend the evening in Richmond with me as their guide, my searching glances detected that my tall theatre acquaintance had gathered a group of half a dozen of his comrades around himself, and, as I imagined, he was earnestly explaining to them his experience with me at the theatre door.

Of course, I must have imagined the worst; who would not have done so under the same conditions? He probably did not suspect my true character at all, and was, perhaps, only entertaining his associates with an account of what he, no doubt, termed the shabby treatment that I had accorded him, as compared with what he was witnessing in my intercourse with the other boys. It had, how-

ever, another dangerous effect of calling the attention of a great many of the regiment to their visiting comrade in gray—the Maryland refugee—who was, by a stretch of the imagination, almost as far from home as were the Texans, because, as they said, in their sympathetic way, when speaking of their absence and distance from home:

"We can get home if we have occasion to go, but you cannot, because you live in a foreign country that's at war with us, you know."

While talking together, the doctor came up to the group of which I was the center, and remarked in a half-quizzical way, his face wearing a smiling expression:

"Say, Blank, Jim Haws says he met you one night at the theatre, and you wouldn't speak to him."

Right here I made another mistake that day, by denying that I had refused to speak to any one.

"That's what I told him, but he swears that he and Bill Williams both saw you there."

I realized that I had again put my foot into it; but, I suppose, on the principle that a lie well stuck to will answer for the truth, I deliberately thrust myself deeper into the mire by insisting that I had not met any one at the theatre. This was satisfactory to the friends near me, who had become somewhat interested in the talk, and it all might have passed off without any further questioning or investigation if my former enemy, Davy Crockett, Jr., had not meddled with the affair. He had, as it subsequently appeared, been volunteering his sympathies and comments unfavorable to me to the two comrades whose story of the "insult" at the theatre had reached him. Of course, the motive that prompted young Crockett was simply a desire to get even with me, for presuming to promptly accept a challenge from him while in Texas to fight a duel.

As I have said, the one thing that I most desired just at that time was to get away from that crowd. If this intention had not been so fixed in my mind, or if I had at all thought of being delayed, perhaps I should have conducted myself with more discretion, and not have committed the blunder of denying a matter that would so soon and so surely react on me and endanger my life.

When we were about ready to leave the camp, and as I was flat-

tering myself that once out of sight I should be out of mind, and have another opportunity to get away, I was confronted by the identical Jim Haws, who had brought to our part of the camp "a few friends," among whom was Billy Williams. In a voice trembling with suppressed rage, he said, looking savagely at me:

"Didn't you see me at the theater the other night?"

I have before stated, not with egotism, but as an explanation for some of my statements, that it is or has been one of my good points to always have been able to meet a sudden danger cooly, while at the same time I confess that I would tremble with apprehension and fear if I were anticipating or expecting the same danger.

Looking him straight in the eye—for I was *riled* by his savage manner—I answered, resentfully and boldly:

"I don't know whether I did or not. I've seen so many fellows like you around town that I've not minded them much."

For the moment my defiant manner served to give me the advantage, and the fellow was so badly stumped that he couldn't answer at once, but turning to his friend and companion, Williams, whom he had brought along as a witness to prove to the boys that he was right in his assertion of my having insulted him, he said:

"Bill, ain't he the fellow?"

Whether it was a disposition on the part of Bill to prevent any outbreak (a crowd was collecting), he mildly answered:

"Well, it looks mighty much like him, but you know we might be mistaken," and, turning to Bill, said, politely:

"My friend felt sure you were the man we met that night, but, as I had never seen you at home, and it was so dark and crowded there, I can't be certain myself."

At this stage, while I had become too much excited to talk coolly, my friends stepped in and interfered in my behalf, and Bill and Jim walked off with their friends, the latter muttering threats of vengeance.

The little ruffle on the surface, which looked like a "difficulty" on this quiet Sunday evening, created quite a commotion about the quarters. All know how quickly a fight will gather a crowd in camp, and how soon the officers become aware of it.

The serious part of this threatened fight was in the fact, that it

served to call general attention to me individually—would bring to the scene not only the officer of the day, but other officers of the regiment, who had been attracted by the gathering crowd.

Explanations followed freely in our own crowd, to the effect that it was a case of mistaken identity, which was generally accepted good-naturedly. The fact that I was a visitor, and a friend of some of the best men in the regiment, who were ready to vouch for me (as the "Nephew of my Uncle")—had been inhospitably or ungenerously treated by any of their men while a guest—had the effect on these good, generous-hearted boys of completely turning the tide of feeling to sympathy for me. In the general exchange of courtesies, which resulted from the officers coming down to see us, it so happened that I was introduced to a Captain Somebody, who, not hearing distinctly, had asked for my name a second time, and on my repeating it with some little pride on my uncle's account, he said, turning to his companion, who was also an officer:

"Why, isn't that the name of the Yankee Spy that was at Pensacola?"

I have often, often thought, in the years that have since passed, of that one terrible moment of my life. Here I was just emerging from one difficulty, resulting from my dual character as a spy, while I was in Richmond, and on the precipice of another greater danger directly in my path. A single word improperly spoken at that time would have condemned me to the scaffold in *less than* twenty-four hours.

I felt for the moment that the fates were against me and determined to crush me at last. Realizing that the mere reöpening of my difficulty with the Texas boys must now result in an investigation, and that would lead in the one direction, only to the gallows, I said nothing. Perhaps I was too much stunned for an instant to speak; but I have often thought that my flushed face was misinterpreted by those who must have seen it to indicate resentment at the coupling of my name in such a way.

My friend, the doctor, relieved my temporary embarrassment by speaking up for me, saying, in a laughable way that seemed to change the subject:

"Come on, let us get away from here, or somebody will swear they saw you some place else."

Thus relieved, I quietly suggested to the Captain that I had been wearing a gray uniform up in Virginia since I left Texas.

I was again temporarily out of danger and breathed a little freer, but became nervously anxious to get away, and hurried up the boys who were to accompany me into town.

While still talking to these officers, the younger one, to whom the Captain had addressed the inquiry as to the name of the Pensacola Spy, incidentally volunteered the information that their company, which was a part of the regiment, had been organized about Galveston in the early days of April and May, and, while waiting for the enlistment of the regiment's full quota, they had been ordered to New Orleans, and from thence were assigned to duty at Pensacola, Florida, and *were actually there about the time* of my adventure to Fort Pickens.

I did not feel like pursuing the conversation much further in that direction. I quickly changed the subject, so as to make an impression on their minds that I had been in active service in Virginia right along. This was not difficult, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that my gray uniform had been of service again. It saved my bacon that day, sure.

It seemed, in my nervousness, that the boys would never get ready to leave camp for town. When I learned the delay was caused by some disappointment about securing enough horses for all who wanted to go along, I urged with much earnestness that horses would only be an encumbrance—that we could easily walk and have more fun if not encumbered with their care. They abandoned them reluctuntly, as a Texan thinks he can not go a square without a horse. We all started off at last, light-footed. There was not one of that crowd of hearty boys who walked out of that camp in the gloaming of that Sunday evening who suspected my true character. My heart was heavy enough as I walked along with them, brooding inwardly over the troubles which I saw must result from this Sunday visit; but my feet were light, and I verily believe that I could have double-quicked it all night in almost any direction that would lead me away from there.

I dared not take any of these boys to our Maryland Battery and introduce them to my friends there, who knew me as a different person. They were, for this time, only expecting to put in a night

skylarking in Richmond, but I knew very well the time would come —very soon, too—when I must expect a return visit from them. I realized, too, that in the meantime my old enemy, Davy Crockett, would keep stirring up the two boys who had been only temporarily put down; and if the Captain could hear of their story, and be made to believe that I was playing double with them, it would surely awaken his Pensacola recollections and direct his attention to me. So I did not want to see anybody from Texas any more.

In attempting two different characters on the one day, in Richmond, I ran a foolish risk, and had probably stirred up an investigation that would be fatal to me. This was about the situation of affairs on this Sunday evening, when I was actually reckless enough to risk again mixing myself up, by acting as a guide or cicerone to a party of Rebel soldiers about their own Capital at night for fun. Notwithstanding the previous encounters, I enjoyed the night off fully as much as any of the boys of the crowd.

I was somewhat heavy-hearted when we first left the Texas camp, but the hearty, joyous, unsuspecting behavior of the crowd had the effect of reassuring me, as it were; and seeing that they, at least, would stand by me in their own camp, I entered with them into the spirit of the fun in such a way that I am surprised at myself when I think of it now.

We walked into town over what is known as Church Hill, above Rockett's, on the road leading out to Seven Pines and Fair Oaks.

It was about dark when we reached the colored settlement in the outskirts, and, as we began the descent of the long hill (the same on which the colored troops first entered Richmond in 1865), we heard the church bells of the city. There is, in many souls like my own, a sympathy with sounds of this character. In our crowd was the doctor, an educated as well as a polished gentleman and scholar. When the tones reached his ear he stopped, lifted his hat reverently as he stood on the sidewalk, and recited in a manner that so impressed me that I shall never forget these words:

> "Hist! When the church bells chime,
> 'Tis Angels music."

Some of the boys, inclined to poke fun at the doctor's serious-

ness, to which in his absent-minded, thoughtful way, he responded: "Have you never been where bells have tolled to church?"

He continued in this serious strain, while the jangle of the bells lasted; and as he and I were walking side by side, he kept pouring into my ear the beautiful thoughts about church-bells, home, and all its attendant happiness, that I began to feel quite homesick.

> "Those evening bells, those evening bells,
> How many a tale their music tells
> Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
> When last I heard their soothing chime."

The doctor suggested that we all go to church, but seeing that his recommendation did not meet with a very eager second, he amended it by adding the word "first," observing by way of explanation, that it would be a good way to put in the time for awhile. There were objections: one said he was an Episcopalian—their church did not have services at night; he was supported in this evasion by another who declared he was a Catholic. The doctor, appealing to me, asked if I were not an Episcopalian, too; I assented to it, when he mildly observed:

"I thought so; you and the other Episcopalian swear and lie alike so superbly."

Of course the boys wanted to get into some of the "society" of Richmond, and, as I had been there during the winter season, they expected me to introduce them.

I had entertained them about my experiences, which naturally aroused their curiosity, and excited their interest to learn more, and, perhaps, they desired to participate a little in the social enjoyments.

There was a great deal of society in Richmond in the winter of 1861, as I have said heretofore—people of all classes and all kinds were there in throngs, from every portion of the South, principally New Orleans, Baltimore, and other large cities. To my mind, unsophisticated as I was, there was but one—the beautiful little brunette, our Capitola—the Maryland slave.

I had talked to these fellows about Capitola so much that I was urged in the most seductive way to permit them to make her acquaintance, on my account. That sort of talk was all very nice,

but it didn't have exactly the desired effect. I'd been fooled that way once before, twice before by being inveigled into introducing the Mississippi Lieutenant, who was anxious to see her on my account, and also who had cut me out entirely, on his own account. I didn't tell the Texas fellows this part of the story, though.

A spy who allows himself to get mixed up with a lady in his work, and loses his heart and parts with his judgment, is worse, decidedly worse, than one who loses his head with drink.

Personally, I wanted very much to call on Capitola, and would have been delighted with the excuse that was offered to present my friends, but for the fact that she knew me only as Mr. B——, while my friends called me Mr. A——.

In my eagerness to meet with her again, as I felt that now I must leave town, I was willing to take some risk. It was explained to the boys that I had assumed a fictitious name in my intercourse with Capitola, and, after giving them the blind, it was arranged that I should first see our enslaved beauty alone, and obtain her consent to present the Texans at her court that evening.

A soldier will risk a good deal for the sake of meeting his girl, as we all know. It was with the earnest desire to accomplish the purpose of seeing my girl—just once more—to say "Good-by" forever, that I was willing to meet another danger.

I saw Capitola alone, and nervously explained that a few of my Texan acquaintances, who had heard so much of her beauty and accomplishments, were clamorous for an opportunity to kneel at the feet of "Maryland." I did not attempt to say a word for myself, because it was understood that, since the Mississippi Lieutenant had been paying his addresses to her, we were, all of us, entirely out of the question. This disagreeable fact did not, however, prevent the handsome girl from entertaining me in a heartily cordial manner during my preliminary visit that evening in the interest of the other boys.

I could not say "Good-by," because, don't you see, I dare not tell anybody—not even my best girl—that I must go away; so I was denied even the poor satisfaction of a farewell with Capitola.

I do not remember whether I have said so before in this narrative, but, at the risk of a repetition, I will write down here what I believe to have been the truth—that Capitola was attracted more

by the Mississippi Lieutenant's uniform and position than by his superior personal appearance. That she became convinced that the blue-eyed and light-haired Maryland Corporal of Artillery was the most devoted of her lovers, if not as handsome as many others, I have every reason to know.

It was pleasantly agreed that I should introduce to her my Texas friends. She, in her fascinating manner, considerately proposed to have with her one or two lady friends as her companions, who would help to pleasantly entertain my friends, the Texans, who were as she expressed it, "Thousands of miles from their homes."

While all these fascinating interviews were being held, I, like a love-sick boy, became wholly indifferent to the dangers and complications which I was rapidly bringing about myself.

I subsequently escorted my three friends around to Capitola's residence on —— street—I can not give the name of the street. I know the location very well, however, from frequent visits. It was popularly known among us as "Poplar Grove," as it is the custom in Virginia to give names to residences. This was given to Capitola's house, because one solitary and sickly Poplar shade tree stood before it.

That we were pleasantly and cordially received by Capitola, goes without saying. She had, with bewitching taste and consideration, dressed herself for the occasion in her "Maryland, my Maryland," robes, as nearly as she consistently could, and, of course, she looked to my eye more beautiful than ever. Not to my eye alone, either, as I saw at once that our boys were most favorably impressed, not only with her appearance, but by the ease and cordiality of her manner, which served, in some mysterious way, to make everybody feel so much at home in her presence.

The doctor was particularly pleased—of all our crowd the most affable and gentlemanly and winning in conversation, being able to sustain himself creditably in any company, he was, of course, very soon at home, as we all found out to our sorrow. With him it was apparently a case of love at first sight—at least he tried to make Capitola think so. As I was out of the field myself, it was something of a gratification to me to see a prospect of some one of my friends being able to shove Lieutenant Claiborne off the stool. Some such thought as this was in my mind when, to my utter consternation, a black ser-

vant announced to Capitola that "Lieutenant Claiborne was at the door."

Jumping to my feet and rushing across the room to where Capitola was seated with the doctor, I begged her so earnestly not to admit Lieutenant Claiborne that I suppose I made myself ridiculous. She misunderstood my motive; but, with her quiet tact, she said to me, laughingly:

"Why, of course. I will arrange that your company shall not be interrupted."

She passed out to the hallway closing the door after her, while she held a consultation with some one, whom I knew to be my Lieutenant. If he had come into the room just then introductions would have ensued, and, of course, explanations must have followed; and, as I have so often said in these sketches, if there was any one thing that I desired to avoid more than another, it was any necessity for "explanations."

Capitola returned to the room, laughing heartily as the outside door closed with a bang, and saying to the doctor and the rest of us, as we rose to go. "Oh, no! seat yourselves and be at home here this evening."

There was not a word of reference to the visitor on her part until, in my eagerness, I found an opportunity to ask quietly if she had told Claiborne who we were.

"Why, yes; I merely told him some of your friends had called by a previously arranged agreement to spend the evening."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing at all, except that he would call later, and when I said that you would probably remain all the evening, he left me in a towering rage."

Then she added, laughing heartily as she spoke:

"Didn't you hear him slam the door?"

I was safe for a little while longer, and, without caring what the next hour would develope, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves as freely as if we had nothing else to do, and not a fear to trouble us.

How long we remained with Capitola and her one friend is not material. When we were ready to leave this pleasant society, it was discovered by some one that it was then too late to get home to

camp, unless by running the gauntlet of the city guard and patrol, who lifted everybody's pass after a certain hour.

This annoyance was fully compensated for by the sympathy which the ladies expressed for us. When we were, after a good many failures, at last ready to say a final "Good-night," all were made happy by pressing invitations to call again.

I noticed then, and have not forgetten in these twenty-five years, that the doctor was the last to say "Good-night" to Capitola; that he held her hand in his while he whispered, as he spoke in a low tone, some words that we did not hear, which seemed to amuse her immensely, as she only laughed in reply.

My acquaintance with the city streets and the haunts of the patrol at night enabled me to steer the party safely up to my old hotel on the Square, where we engaged one room and two beds. The quartette went to bed, but not to sleep. The doctor raved like a mad man about his agreeable evening in my company, and as his talk was altogether on the subject uppermost in my mind and heart, I enjoyed it as much as he did. We occupied the same bed, and before sleeping I detailed to him the whole story of Capitola, Claiborne and myself, without giving myself away.

I saw there was going to be trouble between the Doctor from Texas and the Lieutenant from Mississippi, on account of my Maryland girl; just where *I* was to appear, or where I was to come out of this affair, did not concern me so much as the hope that, somehow or other, when these two would get to quarreling over Capitola, that it would result in neither of them obtaining her, and the end would come about—like it should in all good stories—that I would yet march into Richmond some day in a Federal officer's uniform and claim her by reason of my devotion, and convince her that I was as plucky as any of the Southern men, worthy of a Federal officer's uniform, and of her love, etc., etc.

In the morning, after a hasty breakfast at the hotel, I escorted the boys down to Jeff Davis' office, in hopes that we might get a chance to see him come down through the square.

We were disappointed in this, as he had gotten in before we arrived. My companions were interested in having me point out to them some objects and persons of interest about the Capital, but the day was cold and dreary, compelling us to seperate early.

The Texans were unaccustomed to the snow and slush of a Virginia winter, which interfered so much with their enjoyment that day.

I was the least bit uncertain about my status with our old Captain, as I had overstayed my leave all night, especially as I knew that Claiborne would be sure to let him know that I was in the city that night.

With the return of blue Monday morning, while out of sight of Capitola and away from the Texas boys, my small supply of common sense began to assert itself, and I saw that I was not only standing on a scaffold but the rope was about my neck. That something must be done at once was evident to the dullest sense. While pondering over what must be done, what might be the best course to pursue, having made up my mind not to return to the company at all, but to add desertion of the Rebel cause to the probable charges and specifications against me, by making a desperate effort to get North that night, I was hailed on the street by the Captain himself, who inquired rather savagely:

"Where in hell have you been?"

He interrupted my explanations abruptly by saying:

"We have orders to march, and all hands are getting ready; you go right out and pack up the papers."

This was news—good news, I thought—and, saying as much to the Captain, I ventured to ask if we were to go to Manassas.

"No, no; there is enough up there doing nothing; we are to go down to hunt for those damned Tennessee Unionists that are burning bridges."

This wasn't so satisfactory, but I was glad to hear that we were to leave Richmond *at once*, and I hastened to Camp Lee. Here I found everybody packing up, everything was in commotion, and I entered with zest into the preparation to leave Camp Lee.

Lieutenant Claiborne and one section of the battery were to remain in Richmond.

It appears that a sudden demand had been made on the Rebel War Department for troops to protect the railroad bridges in East Tennessee, and as our old Captain happened to be on good terms with the Secretary, he volunteered his company for this service, temporarily, as the Government seemed unable to supply them with guns to take to the field at Manassas.

So it happened that, on the evening of the same day, in company with the Colonel and Lanyard, we carried our bundle down street, stopped a moment at the familiar old restaurant to taste apple-jack once more, and, without an opportunity to say "Good-by" to Capitola, we spent the night on the railroad train, reaching some town for an early breakfast.

I had taken the precaution to drop in to see Colonel Jones, who had oversight of the mail service to the North as well as the general exchange of prisoners, and left with him a brief cipher dispatch for my friends North, explaining my change of base from Richmond; also, a note to some Texas friends, telling them our command had been ordered to *Manassas*, and expressing a hope to meet them there soon. I had been careful enough not to designate the battery explicitly or to name the officers.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARYLAND "REFUGEES" — COERCING INTO THE UNION EAST TENNESSEE "REFUGEES"—PARSON BROWNLOW INTERVIEWED — A HAPPY EXPERIENCE WITH MAGGIE CRAIG — THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING — FIRST UNION VICTORY AS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE REBEL ARMY.

I reluctantly take the reader away from the Rebel Capital and its attractions. I was leaving Richmond at least, somewhat against my own inclination.

While lying curled up in a seat in the old emigrant car, that was being used to transport the troops, sleeping, and, perhaps, dreaming of "the girl I left behind me," I was roughly awakened by a sharp bump on the end of our train that sent me bouncing off the seat against the back of the one in front. When I hurriedly picked myself up and looked around me wildly, I realized that something had happened; and, as everybody else seemed to be rushing to the doors and windows, I made a reckless break in the same direction, but before I could get into the aisle of the car the floor of our car in the vicinity of where I was standing seemed to rise up suddenly. In the same instant I found that something had caught me by the left leg near my knee, which held me as in a vise. In my desperate struggles to extricate myself, I threw myself violently backward, my head striking the iron corner of an adjoining seat. I succeeded in breaking loose, but only after the car had come to a stop, and the danger was all past.

It was only a run-off, that caused the truck under our car to turn and twist itself upside down in such a way as to force part of the woodwork through the floor, resulting in squeezing my leg against the seat, so that it cut deeply into the flesh and left a mark big enough to entitle me to a pension—when the Rebel soldiers get their turn.

This happened near a little town located close upon the Virginia and East Tennessee line, named I think, Abington. We laid off there to repair damages—to the railroad. None of us were hurt

seriously enough to require more than a patching up, which our private surgeon was competent to do. The accident, however, gave me an opportunity to meet, for the first time in many months, something that was pretty scarce in the Eastern part of Virginia at that time, namely—an outspoken Union man, who was also a native of Virginia.

When we learned that we should be delayed there until a couple of cars could be brought out to replace the broken ones, the Colonel and I concluded to strike out for ourselves, in search of some warm meals and perhaps a bed. With his assistance I limped along to a house standing some distance from the railroad track, where we applied for entertainment, offering pay for the same.

A tall, lank man met us pleasantly at his gate, and to our proposition he replied in a cordial, though dignified, manner so foreign to his appearance and surroundings that I was surprised.

"If you young gentlemen will step inside my house, my wife, no doubt, will be pleased to entertain you."

Inside the large, old-fashioned country house, such as I had seen more frequently in Pennsylvania than in Virginia, we were introduced to "Mother," as a couple of young gentlemen who had been belated by the railroad mishap, and desired some warm food.

I had been a soldier long enough then to understand, in a vague sort of a way, that the term "gentleman" was not properly applied to common soldiers, though we endeavored, by our conduct, to merit the title at this time. It was my zealous Rebel friend, the Colonel, who got into an argument with our host over the war question.

It was brought about by something that was said during the natural inquiries that follow such meetings as to where we came from, etc., when the Colonel rather boastfully, perhaps, informed him that we were a band of exiles from Maryland. We had enjoyed so much homage on this score while in Richmond that it had become a second nature to us to expect it as a matter of course from all quarters, and when this West Virginia gentleman rather quizzingly observed:

"Well, now, Mother, isn't this remarkable. Here are some Maryland secessionists being sent away down here to Tennessee to punish and coerce Unionists?"

It seems that this Unionist, who lived in what is now West Vir-

ginia, was a member of the State Legislature, and who was also a citizen of some prominence, highly esteemed, and looked upon as one of the leaders of this band of Unionists that devotedly remained steadfastly loyal throughout the war.

The general tenor of the conversation had the effect of reviving my interest, and served to stir anew my zeal for the cause. It also gave me a wonderful appetite for the old-fashioned, home-like meal that the good mother had been preparing for us, while the other fellows were talking. That I enjoyed the good, warm supper more than the Colonel, was evident to all the household, because he had permitted the talk to raise his choler so that he was scarcely in a suitable frame of mind to appreciate the kind attention of the lady.

They declined our proffered, pay for the entertainment, which had so generously been furnished. As we were about to leave, and while the Colonel and the host were yet predicting, each in his own way, all sorts of terrible dangers, I could not resist the temptation, while saying "Good-by" to the old lady, to quietly whisper to her that I was heartily glad to have met with a Union family; that I was reminded of home very much by the visit, and I would soon be home, too. She was so surprised at my manner that she wasn't able to answer.

What the Colonel got from the old man as a parting salute I don't know, only that it made him very cross and had the disagreeable effect of causing him to want to walk back to the train faster than I was able to keep up in my crippled condition.

We passed through Greenville, in East Tennessee, which was pointed out to us as the home of Senator Andy Johnson, of Tennessee. I should have liked to stop over here to have visited the residence and met some of the friends of Senator Johnson, who had been so much interested in my Southern experiences, but our train only remained a little while. We moved along slowly enough, stopping at what I thought must be every side-track on the road, to meet some trains that were due from the opposite direction, but which seemed never to come.

The burning of several of the bridges by Unionists, or those who were charged with being Unionists, had put the railroad people all out of their regular reckoning, causing this general delay of the trains.

By reason of my rather close official and personal relations with the Captain of our company, I was enabled by some quiet questioning to learn from him in advance of the rest of the boys that our destination was Knoxville, Tennessee, or, as he termed it in the military phases that we learned to use so aptly, "Knoxville was to be our base of operations, but our objective point was probably Cumberland Gap, that being the nearest point of probable contact with the enemy."

I was very glad to learn that there was to be something that looked like a contact, because, now that I had left Richmond and Virginia, my entire purpose and aim was to get back home as quickly as possible, and they couldn't "advance on the enemy" any too quickly for me. In thus coming down to Tennessee to get to Washington, the old saying was realized in my case, that "The nearest way home often leads the farthest way round."

We reached Knoxville on a cold, cheerless day. A crowd of Yankee troops could not have met with a more chilling reception in any town in the South than was accorded to the Maryland Refugee's Rebel Battery—both by the people and the weather.

I had become rather accustomed, like the rest of the Maryland fellows, to expect complimentary observations on our self-sacrificing spirit, in exiling ourselves from our homes for the good of the Southern cause. We didn't get any of this sort of taffy in East Tennessee. I thought I was the only man in the crowd who felt like resenting this "outrageous treatment," as they all felt it to be; but, as will be seen hereafter, there were others besides myself in this battery of Maryland refugees who secretly enjoyed the discomfiture of our officers and men at the hands of the Tennessee Unionists.

To me it was most refreshing to meet with an outspoken Union man. Of course, they were—at this time—somewhat careful in their expressions of dissent to the Southern cause, but we all understood, in a general way, that those who were not outspoken in their sentiments for the South were opposed to secession and the war, and as the outspoken element was just then mighty scarce, the inference was that the majority was against us.

Quarters had been provided for our crowd in what must have been a deserted old mansion house, which was situated—as nearly as I can remember—on a road near the outskirts of the town. I

think it was the Swan House. If the house is still there, I am sure I will find it when I go down there to revisit and renew some old but not forgotten friendships, and, perhaps, may be able to practice some amatuer photography on it and some of the "scenes" which are related in this chapter, that I may supply some friendly readers hereafter.

On account of the accident up the road, which had bruised me up so that I was becoming quite lame and helpless, it was arranged that I should find a private house in which to live until I could sufficiently recuperate to stand the travel on horseback.

It is likely that I was indebted to my constant friend's (the Colonel) consideration for securing me comfortable quarters in the home of a refined family, who lived in that section of the town known, I think, as East Knoxville. The name was Craig. I am giving the correct names here, because I am desirous, even at this late date, of acknowledging an indebtedness to this family for their many kindnesses to me, as well, also, that I may explain to them and the other residents of that city some of my actions that, at the time, must have been bewildering in the light they then had. If they have thought of me at all since I was their guest in 1861, the lapse of twenty-five years has not served to further enlighten them, and will be, at least, a gratification to them as well as to myself.

Mr. Craig was an official at the County Court House, located in the other end of the town—I think either the Prothonotory or County Clerk. He was rather an old gentleman at that time and is scarcely living now, but his family of accomplished daughters, who were then at home, if living, will no doubt recall their soldier guest of 1861.

Mine host was one of those old-fashioned gentlemen, who was able to entertain a visitor handsomely without asking questions; it was understood that he was or, at least, had been a Union man. On this important question, at that time, he was the most agreeably noncommittal man in his own house of any person I have ever met. The wife and mother, like the father, was all attention and kindness to the needs of the poor soldiers, never stopping a moment to inquire whether they were of the North or the South.

There was a daughter, Mary, who was decidedly and emphatically a warm-hearted "Female Rebel." An elder sister, Miss Mag-

gie, whom I will only attempt to describe as a most amiable, sweet girl, with dark, wavy, auburn hair, was the Union girl of the family; though not as outspoken or decided in her way of expressing herself, she was, nevertheless, settled in her conviction that the Government was right and that slavery was wrong; and she put it, at the time, in a way that was comforting to me:

"It's not right; slavery is a sin and an evil, and it will not be permitted to exist."

Of course, Miss Maggie became a favorite with me during the week or two that I remained confined to the house by the bruises which had been so aggravated by the cold and neglect into something that threatened serious results. She was the good angel of the family, and attended to my every need as if I were an only brother returned from the war to receive her nursing and tender care.

There was also a younger sister, Laura, perhaps about twelve or fourteen years old, the little beauty of the family, with dark eyes and long, curling hair, whose political sentiments, sweetly and disdainfully expressed, agreed with those of the Rebel sister. All of the family were, however, kind and good, and, in the almost constant discussion of the merits of the two sides, not an unkind or harsh word was spoken of either.

At every meal-time the old gentleman reverently asked a blessing over the table, and usually lengthened it into prayers for both sides.

Around the corner from Mr. Craig's house, on a lot that almost joined the Craig property, in the rear, was the house of Parson Brownlow. At the time of which I am writing Mr. Brownlow was achieving national reputation by his bold and defiant stand against the Southern leaders, and his outspoken, belligerent Union sentiments had gotten him into all sorts of trouble with Jeff Davis' Government.

I had heard of Parson Brownlow all my life, having been raised in a Methodist family. Before the war I had been much interested in his denominational discussions with the Baptists of Tennessee, the accounts of which were printed at the time.

The Craig family were, I think, Baptists, and probably on this account they were, as Miss Craig politely put it, "Neighborly, but not intimate," with the Brownlow family.

It seemed as if the family had always been in hot water. There was a son, who had either killed somebody or been killed himself. Another boy was around stirring things up in a way that made the old town lively. The old gentleman owned and edited a paper—the Knoxville *Whig*—that circulated pretty much everywhere, and served to stir people and things up, not only in East Tennessee, but all over the country.

At the time of which I am writing, the parson had been arrested, by order of the Rebel Government, for his outspoken Union sentiments, and was a prisoner in his own house.

I thought at the time of my visit that, personally, Mr. Brownlow and his family did not seem to receive much sympathy from his immediate neighbors, though politically the town was in full accord with his sentiments.

The members of the family were, however, quite able to take care of themselves. They seemed to be entirely indifferent as to the opinions on the propriety of their course that other people might entertain.

Mr. Brownlow himself was a rather tall, gaunt, smooth-faced old gentleman; just such an appearance as one would expect to find in the pioneer backwoods Methodist preacher of the Peter Cartwright stamp.

His smooth face, which was strongly marked, was rather expressionless, reminding one somewhat of an Indian. The cheek-bones were prominent, and his under lips protruded, which, with his touseled hair, gave him something of a belligerent air.

I saw him frequently, and it always seemed to me as if his broad lower jaw snapped open and shut when he spoke, something like an automatic machine that one sees the ventriloquists working on the stage. On my youthful and inquisitive mind, at the time, was created the impression that he never spoke at all except to "jaw" somebody or something. I'm not attempting a criticism of Parson Brownlow. Everybody knows that every time he opened his mouth he said something, and that his words to-day are quoted all over the land. It was his abrupt manner that seemed so odd and harsh to me, when compared with the mild, courteously-spoken words of the official and Unionist, Mr. Craig, my host—the two persons being so closely associated in my mind and observation daily.

The home of Parson Brownlow was one of the plain, old-time structures that are to be met with by the hundred in every town of like size and character as Knoxville. It was situated in what would be called a back street; it was not so pretentious, but probably fully as comfortable as some of the houses on the front streets.

Of course, there was a porch in front of the house extending over each side of the front door. The only difference in the style of architecture in this particular porch from all the others was, that on account of its abutting too closely on the pavement, or slab-stone walk, the steps led down from each side of the porch into the little front yard instead of stright in front on to the pavement.

At the time of my visit there was another ornament or decoration to the Parson's front door-steps that was not to be seen on the other houses, in the form of living statuary, representing Confederate soldiers in gray uniforms, and with loaded muskets in their hands, who were on guard as sentries over the person of the Parson, who was then a State prisoner.

He was subsequently removed to jail and compelled to live in a damp disagreeable pen, that had been used for years as the slave-cage for runaway niggers. This was rough, but it's true, as I can testify.

One reason, perhaps, for his removal to the jail has not been given by himself or his friends. As I have said, the Brownlows were a peculiar people—"devilish peculiar," in fact.

While we can all admire the pluck and spirit of the family, which resented the presence of armed Rebel soldiers on their own door step—their castle—one can not help but feel that a little discretion, mixed up with their abundant spirit, would have brought out more satisfactory results.

The Parson's combativeness must have been in the blood of the family, as it was not confined to himself and his sons, but was exhibited while I was there, in a striking manner, by one of his daughters. For some fancied or real offense on the part of one of the guards, who was stationed at her father's door with a loaded gun in his hands, Miss Brownlow, after deliberately giving the soldier and his officer "a piece of her mind," coolly walked up to the guard and vigorously and repeatedly slapped him in the face, and kept up her attack until the man actually backed down off the side

of the porch, while the officer of the guard, who was with him, hastily scrambled down on the other side, leaving her in possession of the entrance to the castle.

The incident had a wide-spread notoriety at the time, when the facts reached the North; the affair was widely published throughout the country with many exaggerations. I did not witness this affair, but gathered from the Misses Craig and others what is probably the true story.

My confinement to the house of my good friends, the Craigs, though sick and sometimes suffering, was made to me the most agreeable two weeks of my trip South, all through the kind care and attention of the family. Miss Maggie and myself seemed to be nearest in accord in our sentiments, not only of the war, but may be of love and peace and, through her pleasant friendship, I was enabled to lose, in a manner, some of my interest in the far-away Capitola.

By the exercise of some diplomacy, necessitating a good deal of talking and some shameful lying to a young and innocent girl, I induced Miss Maggie and her sister to take me down to the Brownlow house, as a visitor who was desirous of meeting the now celebrated family.

I did not dare to intimate to Miss Maggie that I sympathized deeply with the cause of the Brownlows; in fact, I never admitted to a living soul, not one—not even after my return from my trips—the true character and purpose of the undertaking. An elder sister, having some doubts about the Brownlows' probable reception of a visitor in a gray blouse uniform, thought it advisable to arrange the matter beforehand, and sent the little girl around to the house one day with a polite note, stating that a Maryland soldier desired the pleasure of their acquaintance.

The mother looked with some disfavor on the proceeding, but, of course, Maggie and I accomplished our purpose, and the note was returned with a verbal answer to "Come ahead." This was not exactly as encouraging a response as we had hoped for, but, after a little fun from the mother and older sister over our propable reception, they arranged among themselves for a short call during the afternoon.

I was gathering information; and, feeling secure through my

supposed sympathy with Mr. Brownlow. I had not the least hesitancy about meeting him personally; I did not consider the family failings at all. I knew, too, that I should soon leave there for home—my mind was already settled on that—and I could travel now without the fear of meeting any persons who had known me at Manasses, Richmond, or Pensacola. My plans were to reach the Union lines at the nearest point, which was then Cumberland Gap

As I have tried to explain, the Brownlows' residence was just around the corner, so that it was like a neighborly "run in for a little while" for the Misses Craig to escort their guest around to their house that afternoon.

The Parson being a prisoner in his own house, his guard was under strict orders not to permit any communication between the imprisoned, fighting preacher and his Union friends.

To make this military order thoroughly effective, the officer of the guard had found that it was necessary to make it general, so as to exclude everybody, as it was well seen that the population were almost unanimously loyal, the visitors to the Brownlow family were most likely to be enemies to the Rebel Government, or, at least, Unionist suspects.

When we reached the door, where we encountered the guard, Miss Craig left to me the task of overcoming the obstruction of a loaded musket in the hands of a soldier in gray. I am not sure whether it was the shameful lies I told the guard, the gray uniform I was wearing, or the pleasant, smiling face of my companion that had the effect of inducing the man in charge so suddenly to change, yield and admit us into the house without question. But I have always inclined to the belief that the influence was the large, imploring, brown eyes of my lady companion, which were brought to bear on the guard. I remember that we had some talk after the visit closed about this guard, who kept his eyes more closely on Miss Maggie, during our visit, than either on the prisoner or the other surroundings.

Once over the threshold, we had yet to encounter the old lion in his den, or, more properly speaking, the wounded bear in his hole.

The weather was so cold that a fire was necessary, which fact was impressed on my mind by our introduction into the Parson's presence, his first salution being a request to "shut the door," and

then at once apologizing in a mild, apologetic manner; he complained of the rough usage he had been obliged to submit to in his own house, by the guard insisting upon opening doors through his hall whenever they saw fit. He, and more especially his wife, imagined they did more of this than was necessary, for the sole purpose of annoying him. Mrs. Brownlow insisted that the purpose of the soldiers was to kill her husband by exposing him to these draughts during his illness.

The Parson had been quite seriously ill for some time. The sickness was incurred by his terrible exposures, first while an outcast or exile in the mountains, and, subsequently by the miserably mean and hoggish treatment while confined in the Knoxville slave-pen cage among the crowded Unionists.

The complete story of the imprisonment, sufferings and brutal treatment of the hundreds of Unionists, among whom were some old men of seventy-five years; embracing in the list of martyrs, preachers, lawyers, judges, as well as others of the most prominent and respectable people of that section, simply because they were Unionists—or had dared to be loyal to the Government, or even entertained at a remote period an opinion on the subject different from that of the Rebel—would excel in many respects the horrors of Andersonville. I regret that I can not in this narrative tell half of my own observation, but perhaps some one will yet write the true story of East Tennessee in 1861–62.

While I was there as a Rebel soldier, I witnessed one sight alone, not one horrible feature of which has been effaced from my memory, and which has not—that I can recall—been made generally public. I refer to the double execution of an old man of seventy, a respected class-leader in the Methodist Church, and his son. The old man was obliged to hear first the dreadful shrieks of innocent protest from his son's lips, and though the boy's cries pierced even the hearts of the New Orleans wharf-rats, who had the execution in charge, the old man was brutally compelled by Colonel Ledbetter to gaze upon the dreadful, horrible agony of his son on the scaffold, where he himself was to be hung in a few moments.

At the time of our visit, Brother Brownlow was snugly wrapped up in one of those old-fashioned, striped shawls, that probably belonged to his wife's wardrobe. He sat that afternoon in a great,

old, hickory rocking-chair, with his stocking feet perched on another chair, looking at me, at first sight, more like a sick old woman than such a dangerous character as to require the constant attendance of a large armed guard at his door, day and night. His face was thin, and his general appearance of emaciation showed the effects of his recent sickness and sufferings. I can well recall the queer expression of wondering scrutiny in the big eyes of the old Parson, as he slowly turned to me when I was introduced by his neighbor's daughter as a "refugee" soldier from Maryland. That he was a little bit suspicious as to the object of this visit under such circumstances is not to be wondered at, when his surroundings at the time are remembered.

As a consequence, perhaps, Mr. Brownlow was not inclined to talk to me, more than the ordinary politeness to a stranger in his own house demanded. The Parson's wife and daughter, however, who were present, did not seem to entertain any doubts or fears as to any danger to be apprehended, as they kept up a constant clatter with Miss Maggie about the outrageous treatment they were being subjected to.

To my own surprise afterward, as well as theirs at the time, I blurted, involuntarily, out some genuine expressions of sympathy for them, when Miss Brownlow detailed how the brute, Colonel Ledbetter, had, without ceremony of a request, rudely entered the sick man's chamber, demanding that "this 'assumed' sick man set an hour when he would be ready to leave town." This, at a time when Mr. Brownlow was not able to lift his head from the pillow of the bed, to which he was then confined. On this rather premature outbreak on my part, Miss Maggie took occasion to say to the family:

"I'm sure our friend is not a very bad Rebel; he is pretty homesick, already."

This latter observation seemed to rouse the Parson's interest in the visit, and turning to me, in a voice almost inaudible from weakness, he said:

"I should be glad to know what induced a Maryland boy to leave his home for this Secession cause."

Just what I replied must be left to the imagination. I don't remember myself, only that I went as far as I dared, and said in

manner—if not in words—that I was going back home. Something was said, either by Miss Maggie or myself, as to the opinions we both quietly entertained that slavery was wrong and was at the bottom of it all, which seemed to stir the old man up in a way that astonished me. I don't remember his exact words, but if there is any one thing that Parson Brownlow could do better than another it was to pile up epithets.

"No," he said, raising his voice to a half-shriek; "it's not slavery. I am a slave-owner myself, and I am a Union man," and then continuing in a strain of abusive words, directed to the leaders, which would read something like this: "Any man who says I am a Black Republican or an Abolitionist is a liar and a scoundrel," getting more excited as he continued: "It's these God-forsaken, white-livered leaders, who are hell-deserving assassins."

His family seemed so accustomed to this sort of talk that they took but little note of what the Parson was saying; it scarcely had the effect of stopping their own flow of complaint about the guards.

Mrs. Brownlow said to her husband in a quiet way not to allow himself to become excited, on account of his weakness, and with a mild hint added that he might be overheard.

"I take back nothing I have ever said: they are corrupt, unprincipled villains; if they want satisfaction out of me for what I have said—and it has been no little—they can find me here any day of life, right where I have lived and preached for thirty years."

There was one remark which the old man made that afternoon which I have never forgotten. Mrs. Brownlow had been telling about the dirt the Rebel guards made in her hall, with their tobacco, as well as the noise incident to the changing of the guard every two hours, and their rude intrusion into the bed-room at all hours—to get warm, they said. The Parson in an undertone, as if exhausted by his previous outburst, said:

"They are worse than weeds in the garden, and exactly like fleas out in my hog-pen there;" stopping for breath, he kept on: "Why, they play cards on my front porch on Sunday, and I, a preacher, have to hear their oaths in my house, that would blister the lips of a sailor."

When I laughed at this a little, he growled out:

"Oh those cowardly assassins, who disarm women and children,

and set bloodhounds after their fathers and grandfathers, who are hiding from their persecution in the Smoky mountains in this winter weather, have the meanness, without the courage, to do anything."

I was entertained that afternoon in a way that made such an impression on my mind that I shall never forget even a single striking point that occurred, and the reader is referred to the files of the Cincinnati papers of the winter of 1862 for an account of this interview, which, as a war correspondent, I reported at that time. Once the Parson got fairly started, the rest of the party became interested as well as amused listeners. When he would run down a little, something would be said that would seem to wind him up again, and he would go off like a clock without a pendulum or balance wheel. Something was said about the geographical or commercial effect of the proposed separation of the South from the North. I think I must have said something to lead up to this, as the Parson turning to me, said, while pointing his long, bony finger toward me:

"Young man, it can never be done."

And, by way of illustration, he continued in an impressive and intensely dramatic way:

"This Union will be dissolved only when the sun shines at midnight, or when water flows up stream."

Some one interrupted to say, laughingly:

"Why, the sun is shining at midnight at this moment in the other part of the world."

And his own daughter chimed in:

"Yes, and our teacher says the Mississippi *does* run up North in its tortuous course."

This created a little laugh at his expense. But, without noticing it or smiling himself—by the way, he was so dreadfully solemn looking—I doubt if he ever smiled—he got back on them by saying:

"Well, it will happen only when Democrats lose their inclination to steal."

After the laugh over this had subsided, he became eloquent as well as emphatic:

"And that will be when the damned spirits in hell swap for heaven with the angels, and play cards for mean whisky."

That's exactly the sort of a man Parson Brownlow was to talk; and we all know that he acted out his words to the bitter end. Then, by way of personal application, the parson said:

"I am not only a Tennessee Union man of the Jackson and Andy Johnson stripe, but I'm a native of Virginia. My ancestors fought for the Union in the Revolutionary War, and their descendents have fought to preserve it in every war since. This country is as loyal as any State in the North."

Mr. Brownlow's astonishing way of putting things was impressed on my mind, by his apt way of illustrating the dependence of the South upon the North, in his argument to show that disunion was not practicable.

"Why," he said, "we are indebted to the North for everything." While he was speaking he held a pocket-knife in his hand; holding it up he said:

"This knife comes from the North; the hats and clothes we wear, the shoes on our feet, every piece of furniture in this room," and, pointing to an adjoining room, where one of the ladies was quietly engaged in preparing the tea-table for our entertainment, "the ware on that table, out there; and the farmer gets all the tools North to work the farm that supplies the food we eat." Then with an expression of disgust: "Even the spades that dig our graves, and the coffins we are buried in, come from the North."

Here Miss Maggie felt impelled to speak a word in defense of her native South, observing:

"But, Mr. Brownlow, they haven't any better minds or people in the North; it's only their educational facilities that give them this advantage."

This gave me an opportunity to say that "the North didn't have any clearer heads than Mr. Brownlow's, nor any sweeter ladies than I had seen in Tennessee."

The Parson didn't even smile at this attempt at flattery, but kept on in the same strain, reciting some of his experiences while in the prison at Knoxville, only one or two of which I can recite.

That which made the greatest impression on my mind was the interview of a young girl with her aged father the morning of the day set for his execution, as one of the bridge-burning conspirators. The Parson's manner was at all times serious, but his story of the

heart-breaking farewell of the daughter to an aged father, and its effect upon the one hundred other suspects who were confined with him, and who were obliged to witness the scene, is beyond the powers of my pen to describe.

The one redeeming feature of it was—the rough-talking Parson, acting in the character of a minister, endeavored to soothe the heart-broken daughter as he could in the most comforting words for an hour, alternately praying and talking, amid the sobs of the hardy mountaineers who were witnesses to it all.

The Parson said it occurred to him, as a matter of policy, in order to separate them, and not with any hope of success, he suggested sending a message to Jeff Davis in the name of the daughter, begging a pardon for her aged father—her only dependence in the world. The execution was to occur at 4 P. M., and he had purposely delayed mentioning this last hope that she might have all the time that was possible of the last hours with her father. It was 2 P. M. when he wrote with his pencil, on a leaf torn from his note book, a brief despatch addressed to Jeff Davis, craving his mercy and a pardon for her old father. The girl herself took it to the telegraph office, which was in the same square with the jail; the kind-hearted telegraphers interested themselves in her behalf, and rushed her message through to Richmond, not expecting a reply, as there was but an hour or so left; when, to the surprise and delight of every person, probably without an exception, a message was promptly returned by Mr. Davis commuting the sentence to imprisonment at Tuscaloosa during the war.

I am glad to be able to record this fact in favor of Mr. Davis. I believe it may also be set down to his credit that much of the persecution of Unionists, and the brutal punishment of the same, was without his knowledge. It has been said that if Mr. Davis has been consistent in anything more than another, it has been in his life-long devotion to his principle of State rights or local self-government. Yet one has to wonder how his relentless atitude toward the coerced Unionists of East Tennessee is to be explained.

In this way I was entertained by Mr. Brownlow, while his good wife and daughter were engaged in preparing an evening tea for us. When we were invited out to the table—I asked to be allowed to wash my hands, and was shown the toilet stand in the same room

the Parson occupied. I picked up a brush to dress my hair a little—you know those pretty brown eyes of Miss Maggie were yet in the house, and I wanted to primp up while at the glass—the Parson looked over toward me, after indicating where I would find a comb, and said, without a smile:

"The combs come from the North, too, and now, since the war, there wont be a fine-tooth comb to be had in the South;" then in an undertone to me: "The Rebels are full of squatter sovereigns hunting for their rights in the territories."

We sat down to the tea table without the Parson's company, he being obliged to remain in his room, partly on account of his parole, but principally because he was just recovering from a serious illness, it being necessary to guard against a relapse, which would come from taking cold.

He had done pretty much all the talking while we were in his company, and as we all knew he was in the habit of speaking right out in meeting without any regard to consequences, even before the war, and the fact of there being an armed guard at his own door, as well as the presence of my gray uniform alongside of his, did not at all prevent his ready "flow of language." I do not imagine that he would have talked so freely, and in such a harsh criticizing way, in my presence had I not encouraged him to believe that I was a disappointed Marylander, while Miss Maggie added to this impression by endorsing me as a homesick refugee.

At the tea-table the ladies of the family did most of the talking. I kept my mouth occupied devouring some hot biscuit and honey, and drinking coffee with real cream in it, out of dainty old-fashioned tea-cups, while my eyes feasted on the sweet face and brown eyes of Miss Maggie.

I had enough of the visit, and as soon as it could politely be done, we gave our host and hostess a pleasant "Good-by."

After this visit to the Brownlow's, where I had been permitted to witness, in one case, the effects of the dastardly treatment by a government of Rebels, who were advertising to the world that "they were contending only for their rights against the tyranny of the Lincoln Government," and heard from the lips of one who seemed to be a dying Unionist martyr, it may be imagined that I was in no frame of mind to dally any longer in the Rebel camps.

I wanted to go home—I wanted to go badly—and I determined before I left the Parson's house that evening that I should—unknown to him at the time—advise the authorities at Washington, and give to the Northern press a careful account of my interview with him. I did it, too, through the Cincinnati papers a few days subsequent to the interview as stated.

I had gathered so much information since leaving Richmond about the Union hopes and sufferings, and I felt so great a sympathy for them, that I was, to use a vulgar term, "slopping over." There was now no chance to communicate with the North by mail from Tennessee—that I had yet got on to—as there had been in Richmond, and beside I was so full of news that it couldn't be put on paper in the brief style which the simple cipher permitted me to use.

We spent the evening after the tea at the Parson's in the Craig family's parlor, in a way highly enjoyable to me. I felt like a boy who had been absent from home for months, and who was being entertained at a farewell party in his honor.

As I have said before, there were several ladies in the Craig family, all of whom were present that evening; in addition there was a Miss Rose Maynard, who was the daughter of the loyal Congressman from that district. Their residence was on one of the main streets of the town, and at the time of which I write the Hon. Mr. Maynard was exiled to Congress at Washington. I will state here that I met him on my return to Washington, a few days later, when I gave him the latest news of his family.

Among the gentlemen present was a Mr. Buchanan, who was a Confederate soldier then stationed at Knoxville. He was, I think, the son of a Buchanan who had been a Minister to the Netherlands, under the former Democratic Administration. I mention him here, on account of his having been more recently from Washington than myself. I was able to gather from his talk to the ladies, in a general way, that he had in some way been acting as a sort of a spy for the Rebels; at least he had been in communication with those who were so engaged, and it was through his boastful talk of his family connections that I secured one of the most important secrets of my mission.

I will do Mr. Buchanan the justice and credit to say that he

was an accomplished young gentleman. He had been abroad with his parents, or perhaps it was an uncle, and being raised, as it were, in the diplomatic world, he was, of course, able to conduct himself in a becoming way in the society of ladies. Indeed, he seemed to completely eclipse me for that evening with these ladies, but I was so filled with homesickness just then that I did not care so very much about it. One of Mr. Buchanan's happy accomplishments was his ability to recite, in what we all felt to be a perfectly delightful way, Poe's and Byron's poetry. Somebody had learned of his talent in this direction, so we kept the young fellow "going" right along.

Only one of his recitations remain in my memory, that of "Annabel Lee"; indeed, and in truth, I may say now with him, that "The stars never rise, but I see the bright eyes" of Miss Maggie, who seemed to be so much infatuated with him.

The younger Miss Craig and Buchanan were of the same mind on the war question. My gray uniform talked for me, while Miss Maggie, to my great delight, amused the parlor full of company with a ludicrous account of the battle of Mill Spring, or Fishing Creek, given her and her friend, by the Rebel troops from that section, who had participated in it.

It will be remembered that this little fight was one of the first, if not the very first, Union victory in the West. Zollicoffer was killed, and the Rebels retreated in the very worst disorder as far to the rear as Knoxville, Tennessee, over a hundred miles from the battle-field.

Miss Maggie told the story in her delightful way, appealing, as she went along to her Rebel sister, and others who were opposed to her side for confirmation as eye-witnesses to the ludicrous appearance of the Rebel soldiers as they rode back to town on mules—in their dirty, ragged clothes, many of them hatless, and sometimes two or three on one old mule.

To make it more interesting, she related, as a preliminary, how the gallant Secessionists had marched out of town but a few days before with a whoop and a hurrah, she declaring: "She felt sure those men would go straight through to Boston, and bring Lincoln back as they returned via Washington." The father, who had been quietly sitting back in the corner, enjoying Maggie's fun at her

sister's and Mr. Buchanan's expense, broke his silence to add drily:

"Mr. Brownlow says, when they saw the Stars and Stripes and looked into the muzzles of the Union guns, they started to run, and didn't stop 'till they got to the other side of sundown."

If there are any readers of the Western armies who participated in Mill Spring or Fishing Creek, I can assure them that their little victory that day was a great God-send to thousands of the noblest-hearted Unionists of East Tennessee, who, from their hiding-places in the rocks and crevices of the mountains, saw the boastful Rebels run like wild sheep a hundred miles without stopping.

There was a piano in the parlor, as well as three or four persons who were able to spank it right well, so, between the recitations of our poet and the droll stories by Miss Maggie about the Rebels run back to town, we enjoyed a pleasant evening together, which will long be remembered by me as one of the many agreeable nights of my varied war experience.

One little story related by Mr. Craig, later in the evening, served to throw a mantle of caution about me, else I might have been tempted, under the jolly feeling existing among the company, and the influence in my own mind, as it was to be my last night, to make some "Union confessions" to Miss Maggie in confidence. Mr. Craig said in his slow, quiet way:

"There was a funny affair happened up-town to-day. You know there has been a daily prayer-meeting for some time which has been conducted here by the several ministers of the different churches, alternately. They have all along a little sign printed on card-board tacked against the wall, reading 'Union prayer-meeting; all are welcome.' Well," he continued, with a sly laugh: "There was a Georgia regiment came in here to-day from *Pensacola*, and a lot of them got too much whisky aboard, and seeing this sign, *Union* prayer-meeting house, and probably having heard of the Unionists of East Tennessee, served to raise their bad blood at once, and for a while came near causing a small riot, until the matter was explained."

"Some who were too drunk or ignorant to be made to see that the word 'Union' was not always to be considered offensive to a Southern man, would not be satisfied until the card was removed."

This little play of the Georgia regiment on the word "Union," which serves to show the sentiment and feeling then, afforded this company some amusement, but to me, the one word "Pensacola" was far more significant than any other that Mr. Craig had spoken.

There was then a regiment in town from Pensacola. That town, nor any other, was big enough to hold me, at the same time, with anybody that had been to Pensacola. So that here was another inducement for me to get away toward home.

After leaving Richmond and the Texans in the lurch as to my whereabouts and destination, I had felt that in the mountains of East Tennessee I would be at least secure from any possible re-union with any former Pensacola or Fort Pickens associates, but it seemed as if this Florida experience, like Hamlet's ghost, would not down.

When we came away from Richmond so hurriedly, it will be remembered that Lieutenant Claiborne with a portion of our Battery had been left in Camp Lee. If I remember aright, they were either to recruit or perhaps they were to await the arrival of some English cannon which were expected via the blockade, and in that case it was probably the intention to order us *back* there, to be sent as a solid Battery to Johnston's army in Virginia.

I was the least fit apprehensive, too, after I had been away some days, and had leisure to think over the matter more carefully, that Claiborne might in some way run across the Doctor through their mutual admiration of Capitola.

As I was "only a boy," as Capitola had so heartlessly said, I had been obliged to sorrowfully leave the Doctor and the Lieutenant to fight over Capitola among themselves, never thinking or caring much at the time whether I should become mixed up any further or not.

CHAPTER XXII.

CRUELTY OF GENERAL LEDBETTER—ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE—ORDERED TO CUMBERLAND GAP—A WEARISOME JOURNEY—ARRIVED AT THE GAP—THE STOLEN LETTER—ALONE IN THE DARKNESS—THE NORTH STAR—DAY DAWN.

Most of the time in Knoxville I was sick and confined to the house, under the kind care of Mrs. Craig's family. Our company of Maryland Artillery, after a time, had been ordered away to Cumberland Gap, where they were to manage, if necessary, one or two old iron cannon that had been secured somewhere for them. Part of the refugees were left at Knoxville as part of the guard at Parson Brownlow's house. For this duty those were selected who had been sick, or who were thought to be "inefficient" for active field duty. I was among the number so detailed, because I certainly was the most "inefficient" Rebel soldier you ever saw or read about.

It will be remembered that in the opening chapter, while I was in Washington before the war began, I was accidentally, or, perhaps, providentially, introduced to Senator Andy Johnson through one of Senator Wigfall's Comanche Indian breaks in the Senate.

I flatter myself that the evidence I gave *then*—before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated—shows that the great conspiracy was going on while the conspirators themselves were yet in the service of the Government, and under oath to support the same—therefore it was a "conspiracy."

This acquaintance with Mr. Johnson was re-called one day while in East Tennessee.

Mr. Craig said something one day about some letters that Mr. Johnson was charged with having written to some Abolitionist in Boston, proposing, or, in some way that I do not exactly recall, admitting that, for a certain large sum of money, he (Johnson) would use his influence in favor of the Union.

If Mr. Craig had any opinion as to the truth or falsity of the matter, he was careful not to let me learn it.

At the first opportunity, in order to get an opinion from a man who was not at all slow in furnishing that cheap article, in season and out of season, I interviewed Mr. Brownlow about the Johnson bribery to bring him out.

It brought the Parson out, and for a moment or two the air was thick with such elegent epithets as, "Hell-deserving scoundrels, white-livered villians," etc.

"I've not been on speaking terms with Johnson for thirty years, but I know its a lie."

He was cautioned by his wife not to give expression to his views so freely. When I reminded them that the matter was public talk, and even printed throughout the South, the old fellow broke out in a new place:

"Oh yes, I know the Postmaster at Knoxville delivered the letters addressed to Johnson to a certain party here who is known to be in the employ of Wigfall of Texas."

That was enough for me. I was prepared to believe that Wigfall and his crowd would stoop to forgery, or anything else, to do a Southern Union man an injury. Wigfall was especially vindictive towords Johnson, as will be remembered.

If Brownlow had not been talking in the same strain to everybody about his Union sentiments, even while he was a prisoner, I should have felt from his free, out-spoken manner toward me, every time I met him, that, by some instinct, he knew of my true characacter as a Union Spy who was about to return North, and would carry his messages home. I have often thought that Mr. Brownlow did divine my true character.

In this forged letter matter, if I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. Brownlow connected one of the present Senators from Tennessee, who was then Governor of the State. The Parson, in his odd way, had a name for everybody: Governor Isham Harris, was Eye-Sham Harris. Everytime I have looked at Senator Harris since he has been in Washington, and I have seen him almost daily, I have had this queer expression brought to my mind.

Rebel troops were being concentrated at Knoxville by railroad, to be marched thence to Cumberland and other gaps in the mountains. Something was up. Those who were on the Kentucky side about this time, will know more about what caused the commo-

tion than I who was on the inside. and could only "guess," as the Yankees say.

The General in command of the forces in East Tennessee at the time was E. Kirby Smith. He was, I believe, a distant relative of mine.

Our Brigadier, and immediate commander, was General Ledbetter, a native of Maine, one of the meanest, most tyranical and brutal men I have ever heard of, in either the Rebel or the Union Armies, or any place else. He had been an officer in the Regular Army before the War; and, as Parson Brownlow put it, "he had married a lot of niggers in the South." The Parson made this observation in the presence of his wife and the lady visitors who had accompanied me to the house one afternoon; though I did not exactly understand the drift of the expression at the time, I refrained from pressing the conversation just then. I learned afterward that he simply meant that Captain Ledbetter had married an Alabama lady, who owned sixteen slaves.

This General Ledbetter, from the State of Maine, was the willing tool selected by the Rebel officials to punish and abuse the Unionists—very much as Wirz was permitted to do at Andersonville. If I write harshly of this officer it will be accepted as an excuse from me to explain that I saw him do a great many mean acts, but that which turned my stomach worst were his roughly-spoken words to an old Unionist bridge-burner, a man with bushy, grey hair, who was at the time shrinking and cowering in a corner, looking at me with his frightened eyes like a crazy man at bay. His distress was being caused by the dreadful shrieks of his son, at that moment on the scaffold, to which the old father was led in a few moments.

"Get up here, you damned old traitor," while he deliberately tied the rope around the trembling old man's neck.

It was a horrible, horrible sight—one that I shall never cease to remember. I wish it were possible for me to efface it from my memory.

After the delightful evening at the Craig's, part of which I have tried to describe here, because there was a short, sweet interview at the garden gate after most of the guests had retired, in which the readers are not at all interested, I went to bed, determined in my

own mind that in the morning I should make the final break for home. I do not remember now whether I dreamed of the girl I was to leave behind me there, or that my visions were of "Home, sweet home." Of course, it was cruel to be obliged to tear myself away from them so ruthlessly, just when it was becoming interesting, but I consoled myself with the reflection that I had survived these heart-troubles before—several times.

In the first place I had deliberately separated from my really and truly girl at my own home, when I joined Patterson's army in Pennsylvania, but I had succeeded in finding another, in dark-eyed Capitola, at Richmond, who in turn had been almost forgotten, in the new-found treasure at Knoxville, from whom I was now to be estranged by the fortunes of war—perhaps forever. It was now time to return to the first love again; and that's the way it was "evolved" with me right along. I always managed to have a girl, to keep me from attending to business, and to get me into trouble, whether I was in the Rebel or Union armies, or lines.

I was being "recuperated" so pleasantly, that I enjoyed playing off sick after I felt strong and active enough to have undertaken to walk right through Tennessee and Kentucky to my home.

The greater part of our company being at Cumberland Gap, Captain Latrobe was somewhere near Knoxville with General Ledbetter. I can not definitely recall exactly how it was—only that in order to reach him, to report for duty, it was necessary for me to go out of town some distance, where I found him in a camp at Ledbetter's headquarters.

I was a little out of favor with the Captain about this time. His greeting was not calculated to make me feel exactly comfortable.

"You are never on hand when wanted, but eternally scouting around some private houses, sick."

When I told him that I was now ready and anxious to join the company at the Gap, he took my breath away by saying:

"You will be no use there."

Then, as if remembering something that he had forgotten, he put his hand in his pocket, drawing out a package of letters, and as he fumbled them over, said:

"Lieutenant Claiborne writes me something here about wanting you to go back to Richmond."

Luckily for me, he wasn't able to put his hand on the right letter at that moment, which gave me a little time to gather myself up, which I did with an ease that astonished myself afterward when I had a chance to laugh in my sleeve, as I thought to myself how perfectly natural it was becoming for me to tell a lie on so short notice. I said at once in reply, as if by inspiration:

"Oh, Captain, that's probably those fellows I owe some money to, who want to get me into trouble."

He seemed to be satisfied with this explanation, and to my great relief, he put away the letters.

Just what the letters from Richmond had to say about me I am unable to say, because I did not press the inquiry at that time. I left the Captain soon after the conversation (some twenty-five years ago) and have not had the pleasure of meeting him since. I had very decided impressions on the subject at that time, however, which were to the startling effect that some of those Texas fellows, whom I had run against in their camp near Richmond, not satisfied with my bluff reception of their overtures, had been hunting me up at our old camp. Either that, or Lieutenant Claiborne had met with the Texas Doctor at Capitola's, where my double character would most likely have been discussed among them. In this one particular I should have preferred that Capitola had so far forgotten me as not to have mentioned my name again.

You may imagine how eager I was for the opportunity to change the subject with the Captain, which seemed to present itself with my remark to him. He replied in what was intended to be rather a severe lecture on what he termed my "fast and loose" way of carrying things on. I took his medicine quite meekly, and talked back only in a tone of sorrow and humiliation, taking good care to get in all sorts of rash promises to do better service for Maryland and the Confederacy, if he would only give me a chance by allowing me to go to the front.

He was disposed to be skeptical, and I write down here Captain Latrobe's exact words, spoken to me that morning in answer to my earnest appeal to be permitted to join the company at the Gap:

"Well, Wilmore, you are no use here, and I don't believe you will be up there, but I'll see what I can do with you."

He turned to leave, directing that I should "hold on here a while,"

as he limped off toward General Ledbetter's headquarters. I felt sure that he had gone there to consult with his superior officer about some disposition of myself; and I strongly suspected that the hinted-at requisition for me from Richmond had come through the military channels.

Perhaps the reader may be able to imagine my thoughts and fears, or share my feelings for the few moments that I sat on the edge of the porch of the old log house that morning, waiting for the verdict, as it were. I rather incline to the belief though, that it is only those who have been under a sentence of death, or who are awaiting the result of a last appeal for a pardon, who will be competent to sympathize with me, or one who has been in such a plight.

I was a long way from home, all alone — in a strange, I might say, a foreign land — among enemies; at liberty, but really with a rope around my neck; a single misstep, or word, a chance recognition, was all that was needed to spring the trap, and my career was ended ingloriously right there.

I was filled, too, on this bright and beautiful morning with the bright hope and prospect of soon getting home; in fact, I was starting out homeward bound at this time; my reaching there depended in one sense upon the will of this Captain, who could have put me in arrest and confinement and, at least, have delayed my chances, or he could give me the orders, that would admit of my easy escape.

The moments seemed like hours until the Captain made his appearance at the log-cabin door, where he stood for a few moments talking to an officer on General Ledbetter's staff. I felt sure that I was the subject of their conversation, but like most persons who feel this way when their consciences trouble them, I was mistaken.

Coming up to me, the Captain said, in a cheerful tone, as compared with the first remark to me:

"Corporal, could you find the Gap, if we—" so eager and thankful was I, I abruptly interrupted him to say: "Oh yes, I can easily do that."

"Well, its forty miles from here, over a most God-forsaken mountain path."

I replied that I was used to the mountains and would easily find the place.

"We want to send some papers up there for signatures. I am here at headquarters to-day to get our Muster Roll fixed up, and find that I have to send them back again. We were going to get a couple of the natives to do the traveling, but, if you think you can get there, we will get you a horse and start you off right away."

The Captain's companion, the staff officer, seemed to be satisfied with my ability to undertake the journey, while the Captain himself was rather pleased to see me show some enthusiasm, or a disposition to "do something," as he put it.

He didn't understand the motive at the time, but I reckon he appreciated the feeling a little later on.

So it was arranged, to my great delight, that I should start at once, as the roll of papers had been waiting for a chance messenger. The staff officer went to see some one in the rear about a horse. I was invited to follow them into the stable. A reliable old mountain climber was pointed out as the best thing for the trip. The details of the mount was left to the stable boss and myself.

He told me she was used as a pack horse, for the staff officers: admitted that she might be old, but insisted that the climber was reliable.

I wasn't very particular—anything for a horse, a kingdom, or two kingdoms, so it would "tote" me up the mountain. I would have saddled up right away, but the old farmer insisted on feeding, while we hunted around for a saddle and other tools. A bag was filled with oats, a haversack stuffed with one day's rations for me, and I was ready to charge on the Yankees. Indeed, the old nag was choked off on her feed, so eager was I to get away. I got aboard at the stable door, found the old saddle-stirrups a mile too long for my short legs, and while the old fellow adjusted them, he laughingly said:

"Why, you go on jist like a boy."

I was a boy, and I was going home; but I was old enough to prevent older heads from finding out just how old I was.

I rode around to the front, dismounted gayly, and reported to the Captain that I was ready. Then began another trouble. I received more "orders" and "direcctions" in the next half hour than my wild head could contain, which resulted in my going off at last without explicit directions as to the route I was to take.

The Captain gave me some letters for Lieutenant Elkton, who was in command of our detachment at the Gap, which he said I was to deliver personally. I assented cheerfully to all the instructions, but when I had gotten off some time, and had cooled down a little, and had time to reflect, I concluded that I had better not be in a hurry to deliver that letter to our commanding officer. I "preserved" it carefully, however, so that it will be made public here for the first time. In addition to the numerons specifications that may be charged against me, I added that of robbing the Confederate mail.

As I look back over this mountain path, as it appeared to me then and remains in my memory, I wonder how it is that I ever got through with the journey alone so easily and safely.

I am not going to attempt a description of the wonderful mountain scenery of East Tennessee. That has been done so well and so often that any who may read this will have seen the well-written accounts which appear in the magazines every now and then, or, perhaps, more elaborately done in numerous war stories, as well as in the later writings of Charles Egbert Craddock and Frances Hodgson Burnett. Besides, every man of the Western armies has hoofed it over the same old road I traveled that day, carrying with him a goodly assortment of family groceries and "forty rounds," so that the impression on their minds will last as long as life remains, being as indelibly fixed as the everlasting hills themselves.

I can see nothing but the great mountains, on each side of an awfully rocky road, that seemed to me then to have been simply the dried-out beds of some streams that had refused to run to supply the Rebels with water. On every side of me, as I traveled along over these mountain roads, was the dense growth of interminable laurel thickets.

The country is of course, somewhat diversified in mountain and plain, but the general impression left with me is, that it was so much more mountain than plain that there was hardly enough plain for a wagon-road.

After I had gotten some distance away, and was driving ahead as fast as the old horse would navigate over the rocky road, houses and farms began to grow smaller and beautifully less each mile. Every now and then we would plunge into a clearing, and find

somewhere in a field of stumps a house—one of the small farm-houses where the roofs extend down and out over the front far enough to make a covering for a porch. On this porch one could almost always see some pumpkins rolled up in a corner, a saddle would be astride of the rough porch railing, a few dried provisions hung in the roof rafters overhead; one could always expect to find the lady of the house standing in the front door as he passed, and she was generally broad enough to fill the narrow space, so that only one or two heads would have room to peep out beside her, like young chickens under the old hen's wings. I generally hunted the well at almost every house we came to, when I took great cooling drinks of water from a gourd dipper.

These were the houses of the East Tennessee mountaineers. To describe one will answer for all. At the time of my travel among them, most of the men folks were away from home, either hiding among the rocks and gorges of the mountains from their persecutors, or, perhaps, having crossed the mountain, where they joined the Union Army, hoping soon to return to their homes as soldiers of the Government. There were six of these refugee Tennessee regiments as early as 1861–'62 in this part of the State, composed entirely of genuine, *bona fide*, Unionist refugees. I would like to record a comparison here with the refugees from Maryland in the Confederate Army at this time, both as to number and character.

I had left headquarters so late in the day that it was too much for me to make the Gap the same night with that horse, over these roads. When I started out, though, I intended to do this or burst; but on toward evening, after several hours of rough riding, I began to find the road getting so blind, and the houses were becoming so scarce, that I feared getting lost in the mountain if night should overtake me beyond the settlement.

So, early in the evening, when I reached the ford or crossing of a stream, the name of which I cannot now recall, I pulled up in front of a large house—for that country—and asked for a night's shelter. My impression is that this was a sort of stopping place or the last relay house on the southern side of the Gap. I found accommodation for both man and beast, and enjoyed a pleasant evening with the two old people on their front porch. I took it for granted that they were Unionists, though they had little to say on that sub-

ject, but they both were so well pleased with my way of talking, and of the encouraging news for a Rebel soldier to bring, that I think the old woman exerted herself to make the biscuit extra light, as she put enough salaratus in them to color the whole batch of them with yellow spots.

I was put to sleep in an attic room, and very early the next morning I was awake and dressed for the last ride. The old man had taken good care of the old horse during the night, feeding her on fodder, I reckon. When I got out from breakfast I found her tied to a tree down by the water. I mounted gayly. The old fellow gave me explicit directions as to the road to the Gap, which, he said, was in sight from the top of the hills. I bade him "Good-by," promising to pay the bill on my return. I hadn't a cent of money—besides, it was customary for the soldiers to live off the Unionists—so the old man was not much disappointed at not getting a fee, but I shall feel as if I owe them a dollar with interest for twenty-five years.

I believe I rather rushed the old hoss for awhile that morning, because I was feeling so good over the prospect of getting away at last.

Sure enough, I could see the Gap through a break in the trees and brush from the next hill-top, as the old man had said. I was surprised because it was so close to me, and disappointed in its appearance, as I had expected, from all that I had heard and read of Cumberland Gap, to find a great gorge breaking abruptly through the mountains.

On the southern, or more strictly speaking, the eastern side of the approach to Cumberland Gap or the ascent up the mountain is so gradual that one is disappointed until the summit or highest point is reached, from which a view is to be had down into Kentucky. It is then, only, that the grand beauty of the historic old place is realized. As I rode closer I met signs of military occupation—there were a lot of horses down the road at a black-smith shop waiting to be shod—a couple of soldiers in gray had them in charge; further on was a farm-house, on the porch of which two officers in loose uniforms were sitting smoking pipes. I forged ahead, without being stopped by anybody, or stopping of my own accord until I was almost up to the very entrance to the Gap itself,

when I met with a careless sort of challenge, given by a soldier, or officer without arms. It was only necessary to offer my papers and explain my business, to be told to go ahead, with directions as to where I should find our Battery.

I found our fellows were in a camp—or cabins—some little distance inside of the real Gap; on that side there seems to be two gaps, or, more plainly speaking, it seemed to me from a distance as a double gap, neither of which seemed very deep; indeed, the top of the mountain peaks on each side of the road that curved around between the two highest points, did not strike me then as deserving the great name and celebrity they had obtained.

When I found the Lieutenant and delivered my papers to him, I received from the boys something of that greeting which is always accorded to a visitor who brings a pay roll or any papers or mail. Lanyard was there, the sailor recruit from Norfolk, as was also my old Richmond friend, the Colonel; we three had some hearty hand-shaking and cordial greetings. The Colonel, who was really the Sergeant, could not spare the time from some duty to accompany me, but Lanyard escorted me over to the real Gap, and it was there, as I stood on the crest of that great mountain top and looked down, down into the tree tops of a great forest, far below and stretching away in the distance as far as I could see, that I realized what Cumberland Gap was. I could see threading along through the mass of trees that looked like mere bushes, so far down were they, a winding cord that resembled to my mind then a kite-string that had dropped down from above. This was the long, narrow and crooked road which led to the Union forces, which I knew were somewhere pretty close.

We were looking over into Kentucky and into the Union. I don't think I spoke much. I know that when such a scene is presented to me for the first time, I am struck dumb, as it were, and not able to rave over it, as I have so often heard others do, and have envied them.

To my first question, as to the location of the Yankees, Lanyard pointing to a clump of trees forming a little grove, seemingly isolated from the rest and a little to one side of the road, said:

"That's where they were in force when they made that attack on the Gap here."

Then we walked over to a stockade made of the trunk of saplings put on end in ditches, reaching up ten feet, behind which our Maryland boys were located. They had two guns then, and I was shown the marks of bullets of the Yankees, which were in the new wood of the stockade. Those who were on guard had a good deal to say of these wonderful guns of the Yankees that could imbed such a large long ball so deeply in the hard wood of the stockade. Our Battery had actually enjoyed the glory of putting a couple dozen of shots over into Kentucky somewhere. The bold refugees from Ireland imagined that they had done some wonderful execution by these few shots, but, upon investigation a few days later, I found that our troops were so close to the guns at the time, that the shots passed not only over them, but landed a long distance beyond, where they probably fell among the tree-tops and only scared the owls.

If this attack of our troops had been made after my report of the weak condition of the defenses of the Rebels, it might have resulted in an early capture of Cumberland Gap.

I lingered a long time in the Gap, at such points as admitted of my seeing out into Kentucky. I kept my eager longing eyes strained over that vista, hoping I might see the Stars and Stripes floating defiantly above the tree-tops. So eager was I to learn about the land of hope and of home, that lay stretched out before me, that I quickly gathered from these soldiers who were about me all the information they had about the land that lay beyond. My curiosity was pardonable at the time, because they supposed I was green and had never seen the Yankee country before. They were also quite anxious to tell all they knew, and more too. I gathered enough information in a very short time to satisfy me, first, that there were no Rebel pickets stationed beyond the Gap, though some predatory horsemen belonging to the artillery, and mounted on anything they could get, were in the habit of scouting out the roads occasionally for forage; secondly, the Yankees were in force within a few miles of me. I was told that their Cavalry frequently came almost to the foot of the mountain below.

This was enough. I should not allow another sun to set or rise on me before I had put myself under the protection of the old flag. I sat alone on a log, on the side of the hill, for a long time. I

recalled that awfully hot July day that my companion and myself had sat out together on a log in like manner on a hillside, very like this one, at Harper's Ferry, that other great hole in the mountains near my home, and how we both escaped inside the lines in the evening. My experiences in the Rebel lines during the months that followed passed before me rapidly. I was willing to risk a good deal to get away without the formality of a "Good-by" to the boys whom I had just met and left at the camp a little to the rear. I remarked to the sentry who was on guard nearest me:

"Is there any danger of being caught if I go down the hill to that house (pointing to one right below); I want to get something good to eat."

"Oh, no," he said, "our fellows go down there all the time."

He was a very obliging sentry. If he had orders at all, they were probably to allow no one to pass in; so, with a heart throbbing with suppressed excitement, I looked around. It was close on to evening, about supper time in the Rebel camps. Lanyard had returned to the performance of some duty. No one was near except the good-natured sentry. I leisurely stepped beyond "bounds," and, with a parting injunction to the soldier not to shoot when he saw me coming up, I stepped off down grade at a lively gait, and was soon winding down the horse-shoe curved road, which led me either to home or heaven, liberty or death.

Before reaching the foot of the winding road, that led on past the little house standing some distance below, I stopped a moment —only a moment—to plan. In those days my mind was soon made up, and, once I had decided a matter, I was always prepared to act upon it the same moment.

I concluded not to go to the house—that I must avoid leaving any trail by which I might be traced. To accomplish this, it was necessary that I leave the road and clamber up the steep side-hill embankment, which was fall of brush and thickets; by so doing it would lead me into a wood to the side of the house.

It was probably another of my mistakes to have left the road and climbed that hill to get into the wood. I saw at the foot of the mountain below me the little old house by the roadside, which reminded me, both by its similarity in appearance and location of the old shanty near Manassas, where I had experienced so much

annoying trouble from the quizzical and curious old bushwhacker proprietor, after my failure to get through the lines to Washington that night in August, 1861. It must have been about supper time when I had gotten pretty close to the house that day, because the curling, blueish smoke from a freshly-made wood fire was just then beginning to pour from the top of the big rough-stone and mud chimney, which was, as usual, hung on to the end of the cabin as a sort of annex.

The sentry I had so recently left at the top of the mountain had said that "our men" were in the habit of going down to the house, but, with the vision before me of former experience in such a mixed crowd in a shanty in Virginia, I quickly enough decided to apply some strategy and to flank the obstacle.

It's a simple matter to plan things and to apply strategy to the proposed movements. By the time I had climbed up that perpendicular cliff to to the side of the road, through a thicket of last year's blackberry bushes, that were apparently growing out of a stone quarry, I was so done out that I had to sit down on the ground awhile to get my second wind. I had expended sufficient strength and nerve in making that climb to have carried me miles past the house, if I had only made the dash on the straight road.

From my seat on the rocks among the bushes, which was elevated considerably above the winding road down the mountain, I could see by the refracted sun-set, in that clear atmosphere, a long way ahead of me. There seemed to be a thick, almost dense growth of timber, which was still below me, so that I looked only over the tops of the trees, as one views the chimney-tops of a city from a hill. I knew that somewhere in that general direction were the Union forces, which had recently attacked the Rebels at the Gap. I could only imagine that their outposts of cavalry were within—say a few miles at furthest.

The house that I was working so hard to avoid was yet, seemingly, as close as it had been before I had quit the road. But from my isolated position I could see only the top of it. The road had become lost under the tree-tops. Looking back, I could see nothing but the stockades at the top of the Gap, and these I could only locate in the fast gathering twilight, because I knew their exact

position. There were no signs of life behind me—nor before me—except that the smoke kept curling straight upward from the chimney-top, until it formed in appearance a water-spout in the evening sky.

Up to that time, I might have safely returned to the Rebel camps, or, if I had been halted and arrested, it would not have been a difficult matter to have accounted for my being out of bounds at the time. But I had no intention of returning. I had started for home, and I was willing to risk everything to get there. I knew very well at that moment I had deliberately added to my peril, in a blind fearless sort of a way, that causes me a shudder as I write it down here to-day. If I had been caught, I would have been liable to summary execution, on the simple charge of deserting to the enemy, and, of course, any delay in the execution of this sentence must have resulted only in my character as a spy being discovered by the investigation which must follow. While thinking over these things, for the moments I sat on that mountain-side that evening, I recalled my similar experience while trying to get out of Beauregard's army in Virginia. I planned a plausible excuse to offer, in case I should accidentally run into anything hostile, when it suddenly occurred to me that the "official papers" about the strength of Beauregard's army in August, 1861, which I had gotten out of the telegraph office and had endeavored to smuggle through, were the cause of my greatest danger that time, and I had resolved then that I should never again be caught with any papers in my possession.

Following my thoughts with the movements of my hands into my pockets, to strip myself of papers, and be prepared for a dash for liberty, I hauled out the letter which the Captain had handed to me with specific instructions to deliver to the Lieutenant.

I destroyed it with a good deal of energy, after having first nervously opened and read it. By that one simple act, I had cut down the last bridge behind me. But you will not be suprised at my rash conduct, in thus robbing the Confederate mail, when I give you the substance of the letter, as nearly as I can recollect, and, by the way, a lifetime—a long and checkered lifetime—will not serve to efface from the memory the recollections of such days and nights as this in one's experience.

"HEADQUARTERS, NEAR KNOXVILLE.

"LIEUTENANT COMMANDING

"DETACHMENT MARYLAND ARTILLERY,

Cumberland Gap:

"I send you by ——— the Muster Rolls, etc.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"It was the intention to go myself, but we have some prospect of a move in another direction, and I will wait here for further orders. We have borrowed this horse from the Staff, so that these papers can be fixed up and returned by ———, so they can be returned to Richmond.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"I have a letter from Richmond asking about the antecedents of———, and the purpose of sending him up is, that you and the "Colonel" (the Sergeant), who brought him in, can answer.

"My information is, that he is wanted at Richmond for something. I'm waiting to hear through the Secretary of War."

"(Signed.)"

This was enough for me. I was not going back now; in fact, I'd rather be shot in trying to escape in Kentucky then to be deliberately hung in Tennessee.. Those who have read my story will not censure me for opening that letter and neglecting to deliver it personally. Probably the rattle-snakes that crawled out of their holes among the rocks in that hillside, when the weather became warmer, were astonished at the fragments of that official correspondence lying around there so loosely; may be the crumpled and torn papers became the basis of some nests. I only know that it was not delivered—not much.

This accounted for the Captain's curious questions the day I left him. I saw it all. I got up on my feet suddenly and buckled on my armor, as it were, and prepared to fly. It was getting a little late in the evening for a walk out alone in that country, but I had considerable of a motive behind me, and something of an inducement in front. Indeed, I felt, for the time being, that I could almost fly as a bird, so eager was I to get there. In starting off so suddenly, I neglected to properly take my bearings, so plunged down, recklessly, over the rocks and through the bushes, only

knowing that I was going in the general direction which led me the furthest away from the Rebel camps that I had left up on top of the hill. I kept going, going blindly, I thought straight ahead, but making little progress. I wasn't the least bit tired then. While sitting down to read that letter I had rested wonderfully in a short time. It was only when I climed down off the big hill or mountain, and had plunged, like a scared deer, into the dense growth of woods, that was at the foot of the mountain, that I was stopped, almost abruptly by the sudden appearance of darkness, which seemed to have dropped around me like a curtain. The curtain wasn't pinned with a star, because I couldn't see the evening star on the horrizon on account of the trees, that were as thick here as the blackberry bushes had been up on top of the mountain.

I could only see the sky by looking straight up. I don't know that I looked up either; in fact, I don't believe I did. My recollection is that I was only concerned about where to put my feet, and, as a consequence, I was obliged to look down pretty much all the time pretty sharply. I should have appreciated just then, more than anything else, "A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

It took me a little while to "get used to it," as they say when one plunges suddenly into darkness.

I have read very nice poetry about the "pathless groves," and the "pleasure in the pathless woods where none intrude," and all that sort or thing about the grandeur, and majesty, and silence of the woods at night, but I did not relish this dreadful silence and majesty that night, and, to tell the truth, I've never learned to appreciate the same grandeur since.

I like well enough to be in the woods at night, if I am one of a camp at any army corps headquarters, and 25,000 soldiers are looking out for the Rebels that may be prowling through the majestic woods, but, alone, I don't like it a bit.

I was alone in a deep, dark wood, somewhere between the outposts of the two armies, in the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap.

Everything around me had become obscured by the thick darkness, that one can almost feel on a dark night. I kept going, as I supposed, straight ahead, clambering over fallen logs, stretching out my hands before me as I stepped cautiously ahead to guard

against a too sudden contact with the trunks of trees, stumbling over exposed roots, or becoming entangled in undergrowth.

This was the tiresome, dreadfully tiresome and discouraging path that I trod that night, for hour after hour, in my efforts to get home.

Almost exhausted, I began to grow impatient at not meeting with any encouraging outlook. I felt that I had had enough of this and was entitled to a change. I was sure that I had traveled over sufficient ground to have brought me, at least, a couple of miles nearer the Union lines. But I did not then take into consideration the fact that I had been going blindly, and had been merely stumbling and crawling around in a circle, as I have heard all persons do who become lost in the woods.

I realized with a shudder of horror that I was lost—lost, an lost forever—in that dark wood nearest the enemy; because I knew very well, from the observations of the country that I had made from the mountain top, that I should have come out on to the road that led on toward the Union line of pickets long before, if I had kept the course that I had so carefully laid out before dark. What did I do? I sat down on a big log and cried like a big baby; and that's what you would have done.

I wasn't so badly scared as I was demoralized, tired out, and discouraged.

After I had sat long enough to have somewhat recovered myself, I remembered all that I had ever read or heard of persons who were lost in the woods. I recalled that when only a boy, in my mountain home, I had connected myself voluntarily with a party of kind-hearted mountaineers who had joined in a body to search those mountain fastnesses for two little children of six and eight years old, who had strayed from their home a day or so previously, and were lost in the woods. My two days and nights' experience in that searching party became of great service to me now.

I first attempted to ascertain in the darkness, by feeling with my hands, which side of the trunks of the standing trees the moss was growing on. I knew that if I could establish for a certainty this fact, from several of the trees, I would, from this circumstance, have been able to locate the points of the compass, but it failed me, because of the utter darkness of the night and the absence of such a trifling

thing as a match, with which to make a glimmer of light in that overpowering gloom. Matches are cheap enough, but, if I had had the money then, I would have been willing to have given as much cash for the little stick of wood, with a light on the end of it, as would have bought all the logs contained in that forest of lumber.

There was another sign that has never failed the lost and the distressed, from wherever looked up to, when the sky was not clouded—the North Star.

While a lad at school I had been taught how to find this, the only true and fixed star, and that night, while lost and in such dire distress in that dark woods, along side of the enemy, who had, by this time surely learned of my escape, I looked up through scalding tears for the dipper and the pointer, and through the leafy branches of a high, old oak tree, the bright, twinkling, constant and true little North star was looking down brightly upon me as I sat there on the old log. What a bright, beautiful, hopeful little emblem it was to me then, and how often have I recalled this night, when I look up still and find it always the same friend.

I felt as much relief at the discovery of the North star as if I had found a lost trail in the sky. I felt that somehow I should be able, from this fact, to come out all right, though I was sorely puzzled to discover that, in appearance, the star seemed to be almost over the top of the mountain that I was so anxious to get away from. I did not then understand, as I since learned, that the range of mountains is nearly North and South.

> "I passed a miserable night,
> So full of ugly sights, of ghastly thoughts,
> That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
> I would not spend another such a night,
> Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days."

This quotation expresses in the familiar lines my experience more satisfactorily than I could attempt in a column a description of this one night of holy terror. It's bad enough to be lost under any circumstances, but at night, between two lines in a deep, dark forest, with the certainty of an ignominous death pursuing me as a phantom, almost mocking me through the screeching, hooting owls, whose diabolical laughter at my distress, in having failed to reach

the goal that was in sight before dark were audible above the tree-tops.

As I have so often said before, there is only one way to properly understand the feelings under such conditions, and that is, "put yourself in his place." This can only be done, and that but feebly, in the imagination now, because there probably never will be just such another "dark path to glory" in that part of the country.

If I could only have kept moving in any direction, it would have been something of a relief, but I couldn't stir without stumbling over old roots of fallen trees. I didn't mind that so much, but everything was so awfully quiet and solemn that it seemed as if, every step I made, my feet would crash into the little twigs, that made so much noise that I became startled every time, lest my every movement would be heard for miles distant.

So the only thing for me to do was to sit down on an old rotten log, that I had at last stumbled on, and wait for more light. The wild, scared thoughts and weird, horrible sounds that went through my head while I sat on that log in that dark woods that long, long night, can never be described. There were owls, bats, and other solemn birds of the night, sitting on the adjacent trees, hooting in chorus, and flying past a crazy-looking, wild boy of the woods, sitting like a knot on a log, wild-eyed, and with frantic gestures that would become a person with an attack of mania, who attempts blindly to protect and defend himself from imaginary enemies that would fly uncomfortably close.

I didn't see any big game. I didn't want to see any. I was not hunting; but I imagined there was a whole managerie of such things around me. We hear a great deal about the silence and the majestic grandeur of the forest, but that's all poetry. There are more noises —and the most horrible noises—when alone, to be heard in a deep wood on a still, quiet night than ever I heard in the streets of any city at midnight.

It was these sounds that stirred the blood in my veins and kept the cold chills running down my back, so that I sat there and shook like one with an attack of ague.

When I could stand it no longer, and found it impossible to move in either direction, I climbed a tree. In getting up a pretty good-sized tree, I felt that I was out of the world and away from

the danger of crawling and creeping things, though the owls became more curious and inquisitive than ever. That wood was full of owls. I was more afraid of them that night than of panthers—or Rebels either.

Once up in the tree, I was kept busily employed with the necessity for constantly changing my position. I couldn't get "fixed" comfortably on any limb or crotch in that old tree, and I verily believe that I "adapted myself" to every position that it afforded.

From my elevated position in the top branch of the tree I could look out through the tops of adjoining trees. It was before the season for the leaves to be thick in that section.

In one direction, I discovered what I had at first taken for a heavy cloud on the horizon were the outlines of the mountain. There were no signs, from my outlook, of the house and road I had seen last before coming into the woods. There was nothing whatever to serve as a guide, except the little North star. I could only wait for daylight, which must soon come. It seemed as if I had been ages in the woods. I looked eagerly for the breaking of the gray dawn, but I had been straining my eyes in the wrong direction, expecting in my dazed condition to see the first glimmer come from the western horizon. It was when I looked back of me, with a sigh of discouragement, that I first beheld the light of a coming dawn.

"Night's candles were burnt out,
And jocund day stood tiptoe
On the misty mountain top."

In a moment I became renewed with the old life and fire of those boyish days. Only stopping long enough to get a good view of the surrounding hills or mountains, I was able to discover that the Gap, from whence I came, was, apparently, closer than when I had first taken to the woods in the early twilight.

If I didn't know exactly where to go to find the Union pickets, I saw quite plainly where *not* to go, and knowing that I'd not make any mistake in getting further away from the Gap, I crawled hastily out of the tree, and in another moment was hopping along through the woods, which were yet quite dark down on the ground.

The uneasy night birds had flown. I heard a chicken crow,

though it may have been a mile distant. I steered as clear of that signal of the proximity of a house as a sailor does of a fog-horn. As the light began to break through the tops of the trees, I was able to make better headway. The big mountain, that had cast a shadow over the world of woods all that night, loomed up grandly in the gray dawn; the Gap stood out as clearly defined in its profile as if it had been cut out by a chisel. There was nothing stirring anywhere but me; all the noises had apparently gone to sleep, and I, recognizing by former experience that the early morning is the safest time to travel in an enemy's lines, was making the best use I could of the "limited time at my disposal" before the Rebel officers would wake up and start their scouts out after me.

Without meeting with any obstructions, except the fallen logs and bushes, I must have traveled a mile, when I suddenly emerged from the woods on to a path, or mountain road, which led in the same direction I wish to go. I cautiously followed this until it led into another, a larger and apparently a more generally used wagon road, which I knew must be the main road leading up to the Gap from Kentucky. This, I knew, if followed up, would bring me into the Union lines. But it would also be likely to be used by any Rebel cavalrymen or scouts who might be sent out from the Gap.

Not having any means of defense with me, in case I should be confronted by an armed scout, I would simply have been at his mercy and been led back to the Gap, like a sheep with a rope about its neck. On this account, I was obliged to keep myself under cover of the woods, but, fearing to trust myself again in the deep woods too far, I scouted along the edge as near the road as I dared, keeping the open road in view all the time.

In this way I moved along slowly enough, watching eagerly up and down the road for some signs of a picket in blue in one direction and a scout in gray in the other.

Soldiers seemed to be awfully scarce out there that morning. I thought I'd never get out of the woods, or find relief from the long strain on my nerves, my legs, and my stomach. Not seeing anything in either direction for so long, I at last, to help myself along faster and with less difficulty, boldly came out to the road, and, with one good, long look behind me, started to walk ahead at a double-quick gait.

I had not gone far when, stopping to listen, as was my habit on such occasions, I was startled to hear what I supposed were horses' feet behind me. In a moment I was in the woods at the side of the road, where my long jumps made such a noise in the dry undergrowth that I had to stop and lie down.

I saw two gray coats coming up the road together, both of them on foot. Dropping myself to the ground as suddenly as if shot, just where I stood, I lay for a few seconds in a tremor of fright, the only sound audible being my heart wildly beating.

As the two men passed by me on the road, they were talking in a hurried way between themselves, and my presence was not discovered I lifted my head far enough to look after them when they passed. I saw that they were none other than two men from our own Rebel company of Maryland Artillery; but, worst of all, one of the two was Lanyard, my old Richmond mate and chum; the other was a fat, young German, who had been a baker in Richmond.

The first thought in my mind was that these two fellows had been sent out on the road after me. Any person would have so surmised under like circumstances, and, like myself, would have been terror-stricken at the thought of being so close to them. It was not comforting, either, to know that they were now not only on my path, but they were ahead of me.

What to do under the suddenly-changed condition of things was only a momentary puzzle. I argued to myself that they could not go very far ahead on that road without running into the Union pickets, and that, if they were not captured by them, they would soon be coming back over that path. In either case, I should avoid the road, and endeavor once again to get through to the Union lines through the woods only, while the daylight lasted.

The thought that perhaps our forces had fallen back some distance, or that they might have wholly abandoned that part of the country, was not comforting. While I did not at first understand why Lanyard, of all others, should be the person detailed to intercept me, I began to imagine that his notion was that I had innocently strayed off and been lost, and that his purpose was only to aid me in a friendly way, in my return to the Rebel camp.

While walking through the wood, some such thoughts as I have tried to describe were crowding each other through my now fren-

zied brain, when the current was suddenly changed by hearing the wild barking of dogs ahead, in the direction my pursuers had taken on the road.

If there is one thing more than any other that a scout detests, while he is quietly pursuing his business, it's a barking dog.

Crawling carefully toward the sound, I could see some smoke above the trees, and a little beyond, on the opposite side of the road, a house. That was enough for me. I wanted some breakfast terribly just then, but I had no use for any more houses. What I wanted to see was a camp of soldiers with their tents and the Stars and Stripes floating over them.

It took a long time to flank that insignificant little old house, and made my legs very tired, but I succeeded in accomplishing the task at last, and had the satisfaction of looking *back* at it from a hill-top on the road, some distance inside, or beyond it.

I saw then what surprised me no little. In the road and all about the front of the house that I had passed, were quite a crowd of men and some horses tied to the fences alongside. The men seemed to be armed, and they wore blue clothes. I wasn't exactly sure of this from the distance. I remembered my mistake in Virginia in trusting too much to the blue clothes, and determined that this time I should be sure the wearer of the blue was a Union soldier and not a disguised Rebel.

I hoped sincerely and prayed that I had passed a Union outpost, and was at last within the United States. That they had not seen me was evident, from the indifferent and careless manner of the men. I judged, too, that the dogs had announced the approach of Lanyard and the baker to the house, and that they were both detained there.

I trudged ahead, hugging the road closely, meeting with no one in that lonely country, until so tired out and exhausted, after my night and now half of the day, that I was forced to sit down by the roadside to rest. I don't think I went to sleep, but must have dozed off, so completely exhausted had I become. I dreamed of my capture, the tramp of horses' feet, and heard the angry voices, which I had imagined belonged to a gang of Rebels, who were dragging my helpless body to a good place for a hanging.

In this nightmare in the broad daylight I was as helpless as if

tied hand and foot, and could not utter a word, but blindly submitted to their brutal treatment, because too weak to resist. Aroused by the approaching sound of persons' voices, before I could get to my feet two horsemen in blue, armed with carbines, their sabres rattling, were almost up to me. In front of the two cavalrymen walking along, not like captured prisoners, but gayly laughing and talking with the mounted men, were my two comrades in arms—Lanyard and the baker.

I lay perfectly stunned. I dare not, I could not, move for an instant, when they quickly came almost abreast of me, and I jumped up so suddenly as to scare the nearest horse, so that it shied against its companion.

I spoke first, with the desperation of an outlaw challenging a helpless traveler: "Are you Union or Confederate?"

Before he could answer my question, which had been put as pointedly as if demanding money or life, Lanyard, with a shout of pleased surprise, came over to me, saying:

"Bully for us! We are all right, my old chum," and, turning to the cavalryman, who seemed to be getting ready for a combat or a conspiracy, he said:

"This is my old chum that I was telling about," then turning to me, for I was not yet fully satisfied in my own mind—"Why, in h—, didn't you tell me, so that we could come together?"

Then, after seeing that I was indeed O. K. at last, and, sure enough, under the guard of the troopers of the United States Army, I was ready for an Indian dance, even though I was so tired that my legs would scarcely carry me along.

The youngest of the troopers was a handsome boy of about nineteen or twenty, who informed me that he was a Kentuckian, and one of the company of Kentucky Cavalryman in the Union Army.

I hope this young chap and his companion are living yet somewhere in the beautiful blue-grass region of Kentucky, and that they may see this book, and will be kind enough to give me their present address.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RETURN HOME FROM CUMBERLAND GAP—MEETING WITH PARSON BROWNLOW ON HIS TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

I knew by that particular instinct, born of a soldier's daily experience of months among his own kind, that the two Cavalrymen I had seen coming up the road toward me were not from the army I had just left, or I should have kept quiet. Probably it was because I remembered, at the first glance of them, that I had not seen any such looking troopers in the Rebel Army, either about the Gap or in the interior country beyond, through which I had so recently traveled miles on horseback.

After some "mutual explanations and introductions," with a general hand-shaking all around, wherein it was laughingly agreed among them that my Jack Shepard manner of jumping out of a bush to demand satisfaction was a good joke—on my part—as they supposed it, I "fell in" with Lanyard and Baker, and we marched on ahead of the two cavalrymen toward the Union camp. Though I was tired and well-nigh exhausted, I walked ahead so briskly and stepped out so joyously that I was almost keeping the horses on a trot to keep up with us. This fact elicited from the older of the Kentucky cavalrymen an observation to his comrade that comprised about all the words that I remember to have heard him speak while in his company:

"My h—, don't that fellow travel!"

I am not prepared to say whether the renewed motive power was supplied through a fear of the Rebels coming after us in force, or a wild desire to get to a place where the blue soldiers were to be seen in greater numbers.

As we walked along together, Lanyard gave me a minute and funny account of the manner in which my disappearance was accounted for by my late companions in arms at the Gap.

"Well, by G—! I never thought you were a real Yankee. Why didn't you say something to me before? I was your best friend always, you sucker." Then, with a loud laugh and a slap on my

tired back that nearly knocked me off my feet, he made a break for the little, fat Dutch baker.

"Say, Baker, ain't you just playing off as a Dutchman? Come now; let's hear you talk plain United States. You are in a free country."

The baker had suddenly dodged to the other side of the road when the hilarious Lanyard reached his ponderous claws toward him, and only grinned back, in broad Dutch, his reply to the suggestion. After a little more of this sort of sky-larking, as he called it, he cooled down sufficiently to talk in a more rational way, but kept on using, by way of emphasis, as Parson Brownlow would say, "Good mouth-filling oaths, that would blister a sailor's lips."

"Why, blank it—I only shipped with this gang of pirates until we could reach some civilized port where I could get ashore amongst white people."

Lanyard was opposed to "d——d niggers," and had somehow become full of the contrary notion, that the South was fighting to retain the colored population, and the North wished to free them, merely that they could be sent," as he said, "back to Africa, where they belong."

"You were not missed from camp last night until it was time to turn in; the duffer that was on watch up on the volcano back there reported to his partner, who took his place, that you had said you were sick, and had gone down to the house below to get a hot supper, so he told him not to shoot at you when you came in to roost.

"Our old chum, the Colonel, you know, he got excited because you didn't show up, so he had to turn us out to go down to the old house to fetch you in. I told him it was no use; that you would be too drunk to walk up the hill; but he made me take a mate out of our mess, and started us out after you. We couldn't get by the watchman. We told the blasted fool that we had to go down the hill to find you, but he kept fooling with his gun, and swore he'd sink us if we tried to run out of port.

"Pretty soon the racket and loud talk brought an officer and a whole gang of fellows on to us, and we were taken into the guard-house. We had to stay there half the night before any of our fellows came to help us out; then the Colonel and Elkton figured

around and, by a lot of talking, they were allowed to take us back to our shanty to finish the rest of the night.

"Now I wanted to get out of that country and go to New York, terrible bad, but, by G—, I never would have thought of going down into that wood to find a path to New York. I was just going to wait until the Yankees came up to fight us, and then I was going right out to join them in spite of h—; but I wanted to see them first. Well, while we were in the guard-house that night, and our Lieutenant was talking with the other officer about getting us out, I heard them say something about your, 'being in the Yankee camp before we started after you.' This set me thinking about your being there and me left in the Rebel guard-house.

"On the way back to our shanty, I asked the Lieutenant if he thought you were captured by the Yanks, and he said:

"Oh, no! he's got lost, and will turn up all right when it gets daylight."

"But the Lieutenant was in a damn bad humor about your going off, and kept talking to the Sergeant about it being "queer" that you should come up from Knoxville and go straight out into that country alone. The Colonel was satisfied that you were lost, but the Lieutenant said the officers up at the guard-house were sure you had gone straight to the Yankee Camp, as they were out on the road only a mile and you must have been among them before night.

"The Lieutenant talked to them as if it might be so, because you had been having a row with the Captain again, and it was hard to tell what you had been doing last. That is about the way they kept talking about you.

"I began to think, if the Yankees were only a mile off, that I would like to go and see them, and not wait for them to come up and see us. So that night, after we got back to our quarters, I told the Lieutenant I would start out at daybreak and hunt you up, my notion being that you had left for good and I wanted to join you. The duffer that was with me swore he would not go along with me down the hill, if the Yankees were only a mile off. At this the Dutchy wakened up from his sleep and bravely volunteered to go along with me. Then Lanyard with a contemptuous look, turned to Baker and said: 'Say, Dutchy, you blasted rascal, you played me for a marine, didn't you?' But getting only another broad smile

from Baker for a reply, he continued talking, much to the amusement of our Guard of Cavalrymen, his tongue and jaw keeping pace with our quick steps.

"Well, to make a long story short, I laid awake all the balance of the night in thinking it over. I got our old chum to fix up a plan with the officers to allow me to go out to hunt you up; and just as soon as I could bundle up a little, we made the break, and came straight down the road to that house. They told us you had not been there that night. After taking my bearings, we grabbed the anchor, set full sail, and ran out the road until these chaps hailed us back at the house there.

"Dutchy kept right along side of me; he wasn't a bit afraid of the Yankees, he said, and wanted to go ahead. Then with a look of assumed disgust at the baker for having so shrewdly deceived him by pretending bravery in meeting Yankees, while his intention all the time was simply to conceal his real motive, which had been to escape, his tongue ran on with an amusing soliloquy, and, partly addressing himself to the cavalryman about 'the deceitful, lying, treacherous marines he—the guiless, innocent sailor boy—had been compelled to associate with for so long a time against his inclination.'"

This cavalry was part of an outpost who were stationed at this point on the road nearest the rebels, as is the usual custom; they were some miles in advance of the infantry or the headquarters, of the camp. We learned from our Guard that their principal duty consisted in receiving and escorting to headquarters the scores of Unionist refugees, who were constantly coming into their lines day and night, in an exhausted condition, through the passes of these mountains. Most of these Unionists were promptly enlisted into the Tennessee regiments, then in camp with the Union army. By this means was solved a difficult problem for the officers, as to their maintenance, when driven away from their homes. (The Government was supposed to guarantee protection to them in their homes.) Under this head, or in this classification, we were placed by the Union officer with whom we first came in contact.

Some time ago, in looking over a volume of the published War Records, by a mere accident I turned to a page referring to some operations about Cumberland Gap, and, because of its familiarity to

me, I took the time to hunt up, as nearly as I could, some of the official records bearing on the time of my escape. On a certain page, which I could give herein, is an official report of the general officer in command of the Union forces, announcing the arrival of "three men" who had escaped from the Rebel army that date, and who had given him valuable information of the plans and the forces of the Rebels in his front.

As I have previously stated, I have no memory for dates, but my impression is that our information, at that time, was of service to General Grant, who was then operating in the West, in this. that I had satisfied the general officer, from my account of the location of the Rebel troops, their guns and earthworks in the Gap, that it could not be captured by assault, by any reasonable force in front. In the words of Longfellow, adapted to the occasion:

"Try not the Pass, the young man said."

And they didn't. The force that had been idly lying out there, where provisions and ammunition had to be hauled for miles upon miles over the miserable Kentucky roads, soon after changed their base, and were placed where they could do the most good.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the camp of the Union forces. I was tired—very tired, and most awfully hungry, too, when we got in sight of a real camp of soldiers, which was, in those days, laid out in regular form according to the books, in rows upon rows of tents in the woods; a neat clean parade ground, from the center of which rose a tall staff, on the very pinnacle of which was flying—old glory—the Stars and Stripes.

There are moments in every soldier's life time that will never be effaced from the memory, and this was one that, in my heart to-day, is as bright and happy as it was twenty-five years ago. I can not describe my feelings; I will not attempt it. Those who have tried to read my experiences for the months preceding will understand, but only feebly, how heartfelt was my gratitude in that supreme moment of my life. It was as if I had escaped an ignoble death, but, generally, my heart was filled with unselfish pride and pleasure at seeing floating up there, above the army, the flag that for months upon months I had heard decried until sometimes I begun to think

that there was no one to defend it but me, and I was all alone among enemies, and must grin and bear the daily abuse in silence. I don't believe I spoke a word to anybody for an hour.

Near the flag were a few large tents standing by themselves, which were pointed out to us as the headquarters, where we were to be conducted as soon as we had washed off some of the dirt and dust. In front of these headquarter tents were seated three officers comfortably smoking pipes and chatting together pleasantly.

We were transferred to an infantry guard, being still held as prisoners. After giving us plenty of time to put ourselves in as good shape as we could, and being kindly tendered all the aid they could give us, we were put between files of neatly uniformed soldiers. When I made some remark to one of them about going to unnecessary trouble about us, as we were only too glad to get there, and weren't going to leave them, he explained with a laugh, as he fixed his bayonet to the gun. "That's all right; we know that; but the 'old man' would kill us if we should march you fellows up there in anything but the regular military style."

So, after putting us in about the shape that the recruit occupies at his muster into the G. A. R., a sprightly young officer of the guard, with sash and sword, gave the order to forward, and we were marched across the parade ground toward headquarters.

As we passed almost under the flag, I looked up, and, without a thought that anyone would see me, I involuntarily took off my old rebel hat. Our appearance was, of course, attracting very general attention in the camp, and, I presume, some of them witnessed the humble salute to the old flag, which was the more marked as I wore the gray clothes of a rebel and a traitor to the flag.

To my surprise, the "old man," as the General was called, was quite an ordinary-looking little gentleman. It was General Carter, of East Tennessee. As I have since been advised, he had been a naval officer in the United States Naval Service for some years before the war.

The Guard, after properly presenting us, were dismissed; we were pleasantly invited to take seats on a log, and for an hour I did most of the talking, but that Union officer only gathered from me my East Tennessee experience, which was of immediate use to him, he

was told nothing whatever of my former relations with Washington and the Secretary of War.

There was a young fellow on the staff of the General who exerted himself in a very pleasant, easy way to make us comfortable. To him I was particularly indebted for some personal favors, that I have never had an opportunity of repaying, except at this late date to publicly acknowledge my obligation.

There was not a dollar of any kind of money between the three of us, so we had need of friends then. In this camp I first saw a greenback, which was presented to me by this young officer.

After the General was satisfied that he had pumped us all dry of information, he gave the necessary orders for our entertainment.

We were taken in charge by a couple of jolly fellows of an Indiana regiment, one of whom had been a river man, and had some acquaintance with that section of the Ohio river, the head-waters of which I had started out from with Andy Johnson's train some months before. The "boys" gave us a hearty supper of *coffee* —real coffee.

It is sufficient to say here that the boys of that Indiana regiment were clever fellows; they treated us bang-up, as our fellows always did when a poor, hungry devil in gray strayed in to take supper with them.

There were one or two exceptions, as there always is in every company, who run around to do the scavenger work. I was tired —I believe I have said so once before—and, as soon as possible, after the grub had been swallowed, I hunted a place to stretch myself out for a rest. I felt safe enough, and knew then that, for the first night in months, I could lie down to sleep in perfect security, not dreading or fearing what the next day would bring forth.

One of those curs, that was always hanging around to make themselves noticed, seemed to have taken offense at what he supposed was an intentional slight or failure to recognize his importance; he was, I think, a First Sergeant of a company—one of those fellows who have a grievance against everybody because he wasn't the Colonel. I don't really remember what I could have said or done to have brought upon my defenseless head his vengeance; but it's my impression now that, in his positive, disagreeable way, he had been boastfully referring to the Rebel soldiers in their front as

being of no consequence—you all know how some fools talk about the enemy. It's barely possible that I had resented his estimate of the ability of the Rebels I had just left. I had been among them a good while, and knew something of their character, and it was a weakness with me to attempt to defend them at such a time; but I reckon I was as big a fool as this fellow himself, and talked too much in an honest, candid way about the earnestness and patriotic zeal and enthusiasm, as well as the undoubted courage of the Rebel soldiers.

I reckon that I was so tired that I was cross-grained at the persistence of the fellow urging himself upon me. I was wakened from a sound sleep by a Corporal with an armed guard, who said he had orders to put me in the guard-house. Hardly realizing my position, in my dazed condition, I mechanically followed the Corporal out into the cool, night air, which had the effect of awakening me fully to the changed conditions in my circumstances.

It seemed so like a dream that I could scarcely realize that I was being escorted to a guard-house. The Corporal kindly intimated to me that there were fears that I would get away. I could get no further satisfaction from him or the guard, except that the matter would be explained in the morning.

The fact that a Sentinel stood near me with a loaded musket did not at all interfere with my slumber; it rather had the effect of inducing more sound sleep, as I felt a certain personal security from the Rebels as long as I was honored with a private protector of my own—while I slept. In the morning a good breakfast was sent me. Lanyard called, but was not permitted to speak to me, and walked off swearing to himself. After guard-mounting, I was conducted to the General's tent, where I met the young staff officer, who, in the most brotherly manner, said:

"Mr. ———, the General was disposed to give you special consideration, because it seems that he had been impressed by your manner and your voluntary salute to our colors yesterday, that you were a born loyalist; but he is informed by Captain —— and some member of Company —, Indiana, that you were detected in giving expression to the most traitorous sentiments, and you declared your belief of the ultimate success of the Rebels, which, you know, is not the way you talked to us yesterday."

My manner and the expression of my face must have satisfied the young officer at once. Really, I was too much taken aback to speak for a moment, but, when my tongue did get loosened, it gave expression to such violent language that the young officer laughed heartily at my earnestness. I denied most positively the use of any such words, and demanded the authority. The officer simply said:

"Well! The General said you were nobody's fool, and I didn't think you would have talked that way in our camp;" then, turning to an orderly, he directed him to bring to headquarters a certain person, whose name I am sorry I am unable to give. It was the blatant First Sergeant who had forced himself upon me. When face to face with him, in the presence of the General and several other persons, I was able to so completely demolish his statements that his discomfiture was enjoyed by everybody around the camp. I was indignant, and I talked badly. I was apt to be that way then, and my tongue and gestures toward my *vis-a-vis* created so much amusement I was allowed to indulge myself to the fullest extent. It was a mistake of mine. The Sergeant went away humiliated and full of revengeful intent. I was released from arrest and joined Lanyard in the camp. The affair had created something of a breeze, as every soldier in camp had heard of the arrest. While in a tent, surrounded by a crowd of boys who were congratulating me, an officer with a drawn sword rushed into the crowd and in an instant put the point of his sword against my breast, with a wild oath, as he grabbed for my throat, declaring he would kill me if I did not retract every word I said to the General about his First Sergeant.

I have said that, in cases of sudden and dangerous emergency, I was always able to be cool, while I get terribly rattled in anticipation of imaginary danger. So it was that, in this case, I was the only cool one in the crowd. Looking straight in the Captain's eye, and wholly disregarding his sword, I said to him, calmly: "I am unarmed and a prisoner"

At this, one of the men present, though only an enlisted man, attempted to interfere in my behalf, which only seemed to further enrage the officer, who turned from me to glare at the common soldier.

In the mean time some one had run over to headquarters and told the General and staff that I had been killed by this officer. In a moment the young staff officer made his appearance on the scene, and my life was again saved. The explanation was, that the Indiand Captain was a brother-in-law of the First Sergeant whom I had discomfited. I was politely requested to accompany the young staff officer to the General's tent where the matter was explained.

I have seen military men awfully mad, but it was the first time I ever beheld a General get so angry that he turned as white as a dead man; why, he couldn't speak at all, but simply walked off; and those who had not seen his face would have been led to imagine that he was simply indifferent. I was invited to sit down near the headquarters' tent. In a very few moments—less than it takes to tell it here—that Indiana Captain's sword was taken from him, he was in arrest, in disgrace for having been guilty of one of the most cowardly unofficer-like acts that can be charged to a soldier—that of assaulting a defenseless prisoner.

That afternoon, the Colonel of the Indiana regiment spent a couple of hours with the General, in attempting to palliate the Captain's offense, but it was no use. I could not hear what they said, but could see that the little General kept shaking his head constantly in a savage negative, that indicated his feelings.

This affair created such a stir in the camp that it was thought best to send us away at once. So, that evening, all three of us were marched under the same style of guard with fixed bayonets to the camp of an Ohio regiment, located about a mile distant.

In due time we reached Lexington. Here the officer transferred us to the charge of the sick soldiers. It so happened that, just before reaching the town of Lexington, we had all stopped for a noon rest at a point near which was a fine, old-fashioned mansion house, belonging to a large farm. The house, as is the style of that country, was well supplied with verandas and porches. In the rear was quite a little village of whitewashed log-cabins, which I recognized as the negro quarters. The stone spring-house was in a little ravine convenient to the barn, where we all went to get a drink of cool water. While seated around on the big, flat stones, enjoying the cool, refreshing water, an old gentleman, tall and patriarchal-looking, walked toward us, and, in his courteous manner, intro-

duced himself to the rough-looking crowd that had taken possession of his spring-house, as "the farmer who lived here," pointing back to his house, and politely asked if we required anything more to make us comfortable. For one, I felt abashed and uncomfortable, but Lanyard spoke up and suggested that: "We would like to try a little of the Kentucky whisky that we heard so much about."

"Certainly, certainly, sir;" and turning to a grinning colored "boy," who was quite a gray old rat, he directed him to "fetch the the brown jug down."

This kindly reception of the sailor's suggestion served to make the old gentleman exceedingly popular with the whole crowd. The colored man was anxious to be agreeable also, and, with quite a frisky manner for one of his age, he soon trotted back with a big jug and two tin cups.

"Wait on the gentlemen," was the brief order. The old darky smiled all over when he saw the alacrity with which the boys crowded toward the jug. I had never allowed myself to drink, and when my turn came the old gentleman seemed to be offended at my declining it, as if it were the quality of the whisky that I was objecting to; he explained:

"You need not be afraid of that, my boy, it's pure; the rye was grown right over in that field, sir; I had it made myself, sir; it's for my own family use, sir."

To satisfy him I took hold of a tin cup and allowed the boy to pour out a spoonful or two, intending to fill it up with water.

"No use in that, sir; it don't need any water, sir."

I gulped it down like a dose of medicine, and put a tin cup full of water on top of it. It was the first time I had ever seen whisky drank from a tin, but I saw lots of it come from the tin canteens soon after.

The effect on Lanyard was to make him talkative and somewhat confidential with the genial old host. I didn't hear what was said, but when we had separated, or the jug had been emptied, Lanyard took me to one side and muttered in my ear, in a half-drunken way, in great confidence that: "I've told the old man that you and I were Confederate prisoners, and gave him a hint that we would be glad to get a lunch." Then grabbing me by the aim, I was dragged up to the house and made to sit down on the veranda with him.

I wasn't drunk—that's a fact—I could see peeping through the window shades several pairs of bright eyes.

I realized at a glance that it was our gray clothes that was the attraction, and that the appearance of two *real* Confederates on that porch was creating something of a sensation among the lady occupants of that "Old Kentucky Home."

In order to gratify my vanity, and to see the ladies, as well as a desire to have some fun, I helped to keep up this delusion. Lanyard's object was something good to eat.

Lest there should be some misunderstanding on the part of our officer and his companions as to our motives, I quietly gave them the cue, and I admit now, with a sense of mortification, that we shamefully imposed ourselves on the kind people of that home as Confederates, and, through this means, we were so hospitably entertained that the officer in command was induced to prolong his camp in that grove all night.

Several of us were furnished with an elegant supper of chicken and corn cakes, while the officer and myself were agreeably entertained by the ladies in the parlor during the long evening.

There were, also, a couple of mules going back home on sick furlough. These were tied on behind the wagon that was in front of ours, being towed along in this way like a pair of solemn prisoners of war.

One of these mules was bigger than the other, but the little one had the larger head and longer ears of the two, which gave to it a peculiar, wise-looking expression of grave dignity. It was what would be called a roan. I remember that, in our joking way, we had lots of fun about its hide being about the color of the Rebel uniforms. I reckon our loud and coarse remarks about this mule must have hurt its feelings; at least, this is the only way in which I can account for its subsequent vindictive conduct toward me.

Those who have been in Kentucky—especially that part of Kentucky—will know something about the roads. At this season of the year they were simply awful—not so muddy, but just about as rough as big rocks, and the exposed roots of large trees could make them. The rains for ages back seemed to have washed out all the bottom of earth, and had left exposed on the surface a net work or corduroy of roots, with the chinks filled in with stones. It wasn't

pleasant riding in an army wagon over these roads, and we earned our passage by walking. There was not sufficient room on that road beside the wagon for a foot path, so we had to follow in the rear of the wagons. In a long procession of wagons, mules, and soldiers, sandwitched one behind the other, I was walking slowly, one afternoon, with my head down, thinking over the happy escapes from the many dangers through which I had been almost miraculously preserved, and no doubt dreaming of the anticipated joys of a welcome home, which was soon to be realized, when all of a sudden I felt a quick rush of wind and dust thrown like a gust into my face; at the same time the rim of my hat was barely touched by the heels of that roam mule. The fellow who was beside me cried out something about "looking out." and dragged me back into the heads of the team following.

This is not an attempt to be funny, but is set down here as a most remarkable intervention of Providence—or my good angel—for my safety. That mule kicked back over a clear space as long as himself, and had correctly directed his heels right into my face; had I been two inches closer, the blow would have been received full on my forehead and must have fractured my skull with its force.

When we got into the town, or City of Lexington, about noon, one day, we found the town full of people. It was, I think, court week; anyway, the prisoner game was played on some of the citizens here also, by Lanyard. In this way we were well cared for.

It was night when we reached Cincinnati, where we were ferried over the Ohio river and placed on Ohio soil. Here I was, at last, free of all restraint, and permitted to do as I pleased. Lanyard was still full of the genuine Kentucky bourbon, and that night was lost to me forever.

I usually hunted up in those days, on reaching a city, a telegraph office, that I might announce to my folks at home, in this spirited way, that I had again returned to the earth for a brief visit to them. It was always a surprise to them to hear from me, after one of these secret-service trips; they never knew exactly where I was, of course, and could not make any calculations as to what point on the earth my balloon would land me next. It will be remembered that I had come upon them suddenly, after being widely advertised as

having been hung by both the Rebels and our own officers at Fort Pickens, some time previously, from New York. This time it was from Cincinnati.

Being one of the boys—that is, a telegrapher—I usually had free access to the operating-rooms of the offices, where I frequently met with some of the fraternity with whom I was well acquainted—by wire. You know it is a fact that there are old acquaintances and even intimate friends amongst telegraphers, who have never met personally; their only method of knowing each other is through the mysterious and magnetic pulse of the electric wave over the wire.

In the operating room of the Cincinnati office, up on a dingy fourth floor, I found the night manager, a gentleman whom I had known familiarly by wire, though I had never seen him before. Introducing myself, I was at once made at home, and felt as if I had met the first friend since my return. After giving him a brief account of myself, I was courteously put in instant communication with some of my old associates in the neighboring city, with whom I was personally acquainted, and who had, by the way, heard of my mysterious disappearance and subsequent adventures. For the time being, all other business was laid to one side on that telegraph circuit and the entire system was turned over to me.

Remember, if you please, that I had not heard a single word from home for over eight months. I did not, of course, know that all were well. I almost dreaded to hear first that some one dear to me had died during my long absence. I had sent some communitions through the blockade from Richmond, but this had been some time before I left East Tennessee.

Of course, no replies to these could be received by me. Now, if the reader will put himself in my own, or my father's place, each at the end of a wire five hundred miles long, and try to imagine, if he can, the agony of suspense and fear that hung over me at that hour, he will realize, in part, my feelings. My nerves were at such a tenison that, figuratively speaking, they were strung out as long as that wire, that reached over miles of mountain and plain to my Pennsylvania home. With my own hand trembling on the telegraph key I sent my own message, as follows:

"To father: I am here safe; are all well at home?"

While waiting for the answer, which I knew must come soon, the moments seemed hours of suspense, while I tried to entertain my friends who were about me with a brief sketch of my adventurers, one of the operators took from the wires and handed me the reply, which I had failed to catch with my own ear while engaged in the talk. He read aloud the exact words of a *bona fide* message:

"I had little hopes of ever seeing you again. Come straight home. Your uncle A—— is dead. All the rest well.—Father."

That was all. It was enough. All were well at home. The uncle who had died in my absence was the one relative I had last visited on the day I heard of the battle of Bull Run. I would like here to tender a tribute to my father, but I feel that I am not competent to do the subject justice.

He still lives, an old patriarch, and will read these notes and for the first time fully understand the entire story of his wayward boy's adventures. My father was the one true constant friend of my checkered career, and to him and his untiring interest in my behalf I owe not only the preservation of my life, but what little I have attained in this world. I can sincerely thank God, as Beecher says, "That I was born of parents who gave me a sound constitution and a noble example, and can never pay back what I got from my parents. If I were able to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven, it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe them, for that which they unceasingly gave by the heritage of their body and the heritage of their souls to me."

That night we reached Pittsburgh, which had been my business home for some years immediately preceding my war travels.

My father's home was not at that time in Pittsburgh but a little distance beyond.

Early next morning I was around town, and soon enough found plenty of my old chums. I was only in danger then of meeting too many people who were anxious to hear my story from my own lips. Luckily for me, perhaps, I was captured by Mr. William Moreland, an old associate, who was then the district attorney, and through his advice and management I was preserved from my friends, and urged not to talk too much until I had first reported to Washington.

It will be remembered that I had suffered previously by giving

the New York papers an account of my Florida campaign in advance of my report to Washington ; and, with a desire to profit by this experience, I refrained from giving away my story.

At my father's house, on the sunset side of the Allegheny Mountains close by Cresson Springs, I remained in comparative retirement but for a few days.

While I was at home, it so happened that Parson Brownlow was coming up through Ohio on his way to Washington, after his release or banishment from home. He was having quite extensive ovations at all the principal cities, delivering at each place one of his characteristic speeches. One day, rather unexpectedly to me, we were told that the Parson would pass our place on a certain train in a few hours. I determined to see him, and, if possible, get a speech for our townspeople while the train stopped. Quite a crowd had gathered about the platform by the time the train reached us. We discovered the Parson on the engine. The railroad officials, who were quite attentive to this class of travelers, usually tender their distinguished guests a seat on the engine, for a better view of the scenery as the train is whirled over the big mountain.

I climbed up on the engine as soon as the train stopped, followed by my father and several others. The Parson looked surprised, and I imagined for a moment that when he saw the familiar gray clothes making a break on him, followed by a crowd of eager persons so closely, that he recalled some of his former Knoxville experiences among the Rebels.

Mr. Brownlow had changed considerably since I had seen him, when he was wrapped up in his old shawl in his Knoxville parlor. He was dressed in a new suit of black broadcloth, and wore a high silk hat, gloves, etc., that gave him quite a clerical appearance.

Without speaking a word for a moment, so surprised was he, he simply reached his hand toward me with a blank stare of astonishment on his countenance. To my hearty, laughing greeting, he soon cordially replied, recognizing me as his interviewer with Miss Craig, and, but for the fact that the train stopped only a moment, we would have had a good speech from him.

When the train reached Altoona, twenty-five miles beyond, where the party were met by G. W. Childs and Mr. Stewart, as a committee of reception from the City of Philadelphia, and, in reply

to their address of welcome, Mr. Brownlow pleasantly referred to "meeting one of his rebel guard up on the mountain," declaring that the Rebel ghost followed him, phantom-like, every place he went, night and day, always awake.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON—MEETS HON. JOHN COVODE—J. W. FORNEY AND SENATORS—TESTIMONY BEFORE COMMITTEE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR—REMARKABLE INTERVIEWS WITH SECRETARY STANTON—A VISIT TO MR. LINCOLN, AT WASHINGTON—THE TELEGRAPH CORPS—AGAIN ORDERED TO THE FRONT, AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

It was my good fortune at the time of my return home to meet with the Hon. A. A. Barker, of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, who had been a friend of the family all my life, who subsequently represented that district of Pennsylvania in Congress. Mr. Barker may be described as being in every sense a large man. He was one of those great six-feet, bone-and-sinew fellows, who, as he used to say, "come from way down in Maine, where I was bred and born." He was not only large in stature, but broad and liberal otherwise, with a head and heart in correct proportion. He lives yet, an honored citizen and a veritable Daniel in the politics of his adopted State, and will, I have no doubt, be glad to read in print the history of his *protege* of the early days of the war.

Mr. Barker took me in charge for the time being, accompanying me to Washington at his own expense, where I was to meet with my former friend, the Hon. John Covode. We went by way of Philadelphia, in order to again meet Parson Brownlow, who was then a guest of Mr. George W. Childs.

The purpose of the visit was to obtain from Mr. Brownlow some additional endorsement from him, of my being in Knoxville, that my friends desired to use in Washington.

In those days I cared but little for such matters, as proofs or evidence of work I had endeavored to perform, which, as a rule, we left to others to look after in my interest. It would have been better for me in those days, perhaps, if I had been blessed with a little bit of ordinary business management, but I confess here that I had but a small allowance of "business sense," as that term is applied to selfish interests. I am thankful, however, for a good memory,

and really believe that, after a little quiet reflection, I can bring to my mind nearly everything that happened to me during the war—that is worth remembering.

I was induced to say that I had but little common sense, by the reflection, after a lapse of twenty-five years, that I must have shown a lamentable lack of policy, by traveling about so defiantly at this time in Pennsylvania and Washington, clothed in a dirty Rebel uniform. This in itself was bad enough, but I was frequently so indiscreet as to show some boyish resentment toward every person whom I imagined was showing an idle curiosity as to my history.

I became contrary, or, if you please, cranky, and indignantly refused to act upon the suggestion of friends, that I should make a change in my dress, declaring stubbornly that I should face the President in that uniform—and I did—at the War Department office in Washington; but it was a foolish thing to do, and gave me a heap of trouble subsequently, as we shall see.

One of the most unlucky or unfortunate changes that had occurred during my long absence in Richmond was, that Simon Cameron had been relieved, as the Secretary of War, by the Hon. E. M. Stanton.

The kind and clever old Pennsylvania statesman, who had been induced to take such an interest in my work, and to whom I was directly responsible, was, at the time of my return, away off in St. Petersburg, Russia, as Minister for the United States.

Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who had been an Assistant Secretary of War to Mr. Cameron, and whose personal endorsement to Mr. Cameron had first set me going, had also been relieved by a Mr. P. H. Watson, who was at the time Acting Assistant Secretary to Mr. Stanton.

My brother, Spencer, who, for some months previously, had been in the employ of the War Department as a telegraph operator, and whose relations with the Government officials were necessarily somewhat of a confidential character, took me to his room in a boarding-house on F street, where were living a number of War Department clerks. Spencer thought the fact of my wearing the Rebel uniform one of the best kind of jokes, and he, consequently, took great delight in calling the attention of all his War Department associates to the fact.

My old and constant friend "Glory to God," as the Hon. John Covode was called, was the only man of prominence in Washington that I knew, or who had any knowledge of my previous undertakings. He was a Member of Congress from a Pennsylvania District adjoining my own home, near Pittsburgh. Congress was in session at this time, and it so happened that, for some months previously Mr. Covode had been stirring things up in the House at a lively rate, by his persistent investigation of our military men and movements in Virginia. There had been an investigation of Bull Run, of Ball's Bluff massacre, of old Patterson, in Pennsylvania, and, more recently, a great hubbub had been raised all over the country about General McClellan's failure, or slowness, in moving "on to Richmond" via Manassas.

There was, indeed, a great deal of this sort of thing going on, the details of which had been ground up and sifted through the one joint "Committee on the Conduct of the War," of which Mr. Covode was chairman. To make a long story short, all will see—to use a vulgar term—that my arrival was "just nuts to Old Glory," as some one told me. If an angel had dropped down from the sky to corroborate the honest old man's assertion, it would not have been more opportune.

I had been inside the Rebel lines for months. I had obtained the Rebel opinions, officially, of Manassas, after the battle, and knew the exact strength of the Rebel Army was not *one-half* as large as McClellan's scare had represented it to be. I had heard the comments of the Rebel Secretary of War on Ball's Bluff massacre. Mr. Covode could, and did, endorse me as a "reliable devil," as he put it, in the committee room, and, of course, I was willing enough to be of service to my old friend, and was glad that I was able to substantiate nearly all of his statements.

The morning of my arrival in Washington, I hunted up Mr. Covode, and found him in his rooms at the old Avenue Hotel, the large, plain, old affair, that once stood at the corner of Seventh and Market Space. I was an early caller, and, without a card, knocked at his door before he was out of bed. To his sleepy growl of "Who's there?" I simply gave my name. There was only one word of reply, "Helloa," in a loud emphatic tone; then in a more moderate voice, he continued, as if talking to himself: "Wait a

minute. I got word you were coming, and have been expecting you every day."

The door opened, and the great Pennsylvania statesman stood before me—in his robe *de nuit*—grinning all over, with his hair all mussed up and his bare legs sticking out under his shirt.

He was about as funny a looking object as anything I had met with in my travels. He wasn't embarrassed, but, as he shook hands, I was drawn inside, and the door closed with a bang. All that was said that morning would make quite a chapter.

The circumstance which remains strongest in my mind to-day is, that he sat on the edge of the bed, and asked question after question in such an interested way that he seemed to me to have forgotten all about dressing himself. I was for the time being more interested in seeing him get some clothes on than in the fate of McClellan's army.

After breakfast, Mr. Covode took me to the Capitol, and the first person I met there was Colonel J. W. Forney, then editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and also Secretary of the Senate. Mr. Forney impressed me most favorably; in truth, I felt more at home with him than with my old friend Covode—probably because Mr. Forney had the tact of drawing out his subjects and was more able to practice the suave gentleman than was the sturdy, honest old John. I was for a time taken in charge by Mr. Forney, who, in turn, introduced me to several Senators, among them the Hon. Edgar Cowan, of Pennsylvania. I remember Mr. Forney saying, in an aside to Senator Cowan, and the others to whom I was introduced, "He is a capital subject." Mr. Forney did me another valuable service at this time. Of course I had no money; I had been depending upon the generous pocketbook of my good friend Barker. I made Mr. Forney and Mr. Covode acquainted with my circumstances, by a request for some immediate and active employment to enable me to earn my expenses.

Mr. Forney had a clerk make out some sort of a "voucher," which I think must have been for mileage and witness fees all over the Rebel country that I had traversed, another clerk cashed the paper for me, and, in this way, I was furnished at once with quite a nice little pile of crisp, new greenbacks from the Secretary of the Senate.

This was the first and only cash that I have ever received for all those months of service—of trial, distress and danger—excepting that which the good comrades who will contribute by subscribing for these "recollections of the unforgotten days to all of us."

Amongst the other members of the Pennsylvania delegation, to whom I was introduced that morning, was the Hon. S. S. Blair, then and now a resident of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. As Mr. Blair is the sole survivor of those who were with me at that time, I desire particularly that his testimony should be added to establish the correctness of my narrative, or to serve as a review notice, if it ever attains to the distinction of a criticism or becomes the subject of a controversy.

The Hon. J. K. Morehead, who represented Pittsburgh, was another of the delegation in my interest. Thus it will be seen that, through the management of Mr. Forney, the entire Western Pennsylvania delegation, including Senator Cowan, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, had been interested in my "report."

As I have before stated, I paid but little attention to these details at the time. I had but the one request, and, as before, which was, that I should be commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Cavalry Service and detailed on the General Staff, in active field service. I wanted to go *at once* to the field, and cared but little for the "effect of my testimony" before the committee, or the pecuniary reward for the service.

Mr. Forney said, in his pleasant way, that was so grateful to me that I have not forgotten a word of it: "Why, certainly, you must have that at least, if not more;" but, turning to Covode, he continued: "Curtin can do better than that for us."

Covode thought anything whatever that I wanted could be done, but suggested, kindly, that it would be better for me not to take a commission in the Volunteers of Pennsylvania, because I should have to be put in over the heads of some others, and that would make it ugly for me personally.

I agreed with Mr. Covode heartily in that. I had been in the Rebel service long enough to see that this sort of thing didn't work there, because Claiborne, the Mississippi Lieutenant, was really treated as a foreigner, or outsider, by the rest of us "refugees from Maryland." So it was arranged between them that I should have

a commission in the Regular Army. In support of this, Mr. Forney kindly talked to Senator Cowan in my behalf, who expressed some doubts about getting a Lieutenantcy, saying in his plain way:

"Why, we may just as well ask the Secretary to make him a Brigadier-General; he can do that, because they are making Generals every day, but they are not making any Lieutenants in the Regular Army."

But Mr. Forney insisted in his agreeable way: "But, my dear sir, here is a young man who has done our State—who has done the Government more service than some of our Generals; he has been all over Virginia, and knows all about the Rebel Army, and all about Richmond—from personal visits; why," with an expression of disgust, "his services are simply indispensable at this time; he should be sent down to the army, where the information he has gained will be of immediate use to us."

The only answer that Senator Cowan made to this appeal, as he looked me all over critically, as he would if buying a horse. "You have the right sort of grit in you, but I don't believe we can get it."

It was arranged between them all that I should first give my testimony before the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War. Mr. Covode and Mr. Forney quietly conferred among themselves (they were Republicans and Senator Cowan a Democrat), and concluded that only a small part of my history should be made public at present.

I don't know why this was thought necessary, but while Mr. Covode and I walked together over to the committee room on the House side of the Capitol, he cautioned me, in his fatherly way, not to talk too much, and to answer only such questions as he would suggest.

On page 480, volume 3, of the printed document containing the report of the Committe on the Conduct of the War, will be found only that portion of my testimony that Mr. Covode and Mr. Forney, as my political managers, thought advisable to put on record at the time. The full story was detailed at different times to Mr. Forney and Mr. Covode, and others, but has never been made fully public until the present time.

After I had finished my testimony to suit Mr. Covode, and had been severely cross-examined by some of the opposition members of the committee, I was told through my friend Covode, that I should

make myself perfectly comfortable; that he and the rest of the delegation would see that I was properly cared for.

I felt that a great load had been taken off my shoulders in this one day—that the secrets of my trip, which I had been carrying around with me, among Rebels and friends for months, had been safely deposited with the Government, and that I was at last free, and could do as I pleased once more.

I had worn the Rebel uniform to the Capitol and into the committee room, and gave my testimony standing at "attention" in it.

In giving my full testimony to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, I had no thought of antagonizing the War Department. My secret service was, in a manner, "irregular," and, instead of reporting direct to the War Office or to a General in the field, I was induced to give the story to a committee that was investigating both. In this way it was not "suppressed" in anybody's interest, but afterward had the effect of antagonizing certain War Department detectives against my subsequent services, as will be shown further on.

The first thing that I did with some of the money which had been given me was to trim myself out from head to foot in the best suit of clothes that I could find in Washington, but I preserved the uniform for future use. The next number on the programme was to take my brother and some of his friends to "Gautier's"—which was then the celebrated French restaurant—or, Chamberlains, of to-day, in Washington, where we indulged in a generous lay-out. The third number on the programme, I will simply describe as "making a night of it." We all went to the Canterbury and had a pleasant evening together, while I told the party of similar experiences at night in the Rebel Capitol at Richmond.

While I remained in Washington waiting for an office, like the office-seekers that now hang about the Departments, I remember that I was continually worried with the dreadful thought that McClellan's great army of good-looking officers would get there while I was being tethered, like a young steer, in the Capitol.

My case was "left entirely in the hands of my friends"—that is, I had nothing whatever to do with it but to wait, which was about the most difficult part of the job. As I recollect it, Mr. Covode

was not on such particularly good terms with Mr. Stanton as he had been with the Pennsylvania Secretary, General Simon Cameron.

It is likely, too, that Mr. Covode's disposition to be continually "investigating things," caused the new administration of the War Department some annoyance. Covode was naturally Cameron's champion, because they were both Pennsylvania politicians—if for no other reason. On account of some such feeling as this, perhaps, it was thought advisable among my "managers" that Mr. Covode should not personally bother Mr. Stanton—in my interest; that part of the contract was to be left to Senator Cowan and John W. Forney, while Covode was to see Mr. Lincoln.

I loafed about the Capitol a great deal during the session each day, and I reckon, in my persistence and restlessness, that I bothered these statesmen a good bit. I had assurances from Mr. Covode every day that "it was all right," but I remembered that this was the exact way in which he talked to me on the former visit, and I was blunt enough to remind him of this truth, when he promptly got it back on me by saying:

"It would have been all right, too, if you had come back here, but we all thought you were dead for so long."

He explained over and over again that the War Office was so crowded, on account of the spring campaign, that it was impossible to do anything there in a rush.

One day Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, handed me a very brief note, which read as follows, bluntly directing me to go to the War Department and watch my chance to present it personally to Mr. Stanton.

"Hon. E. M. Stanton, *Secretary of War.*

"*Dear Sir:* The bearer is the young man who has given important testimony to the committee, about whom papers have been filed for an appointment where he can do the most good. It is suggested that you may be able to learn something additional of value from him. Yours truly,

"Edgar Cowan."

The Senator didn't give me a chance to ask him any questions, but left me abruptly to talk to a group of persons who were waiting for him. I saw Mr. Forney and showed him the letter, which somehow or other was not satisfactory to me.

Mr. Forney folded it up and handed it back to me, saying, in his elegant way: "You just take that paper up to Stanton, and hang to him till he *sees you*. That's all he wants." Then, in a fatherly way, he gave me the advice to "let him do all the talking; you just answer his questions."

In an hour I was at the old War Department again. I first put on my gray jacket, but had covered it with a light spring duster or overcoat, at Mr. Forney's suggestion.

The War Department of 1862 was a desolate looking old affair, something after the architectural style of the "four story barracks," in a well-kept arsenal reservation. On the second floor a long corridor extended from one end of the building to the other, running east and west, on each side of which were the rooms of the principal chiefs. In the southeast corner, nearest to the White House, was the Secretary's apartments, with whose location I was somewhat familiar, because of some previous long "waits" and mighty short interviews with Mr. Cameron when he was Secretary.

On this visit, as before, I found in this corridor rows of people seated along the wall—ladies and gentlemen, officers, and a few sick-looking soldiers; big fat contractors elbowed the thin-faced, big-nosed, Jewish sutler, Congressmen, and, in fact, all sorts of people; and it is safe to say that every one of them had been there for hours, perhaps days and weeks previously, waiting their turn, or an opportunity to get to talk to the Secretary on their own business, which, of course, was more important to them than anybody else's.

There was a handsome soldier of the Regular Army in citizen's dress on duty at the outside door, as an orderly or messenger. When I saw all that were ahead of me, I was discouraged, but, profiting by past experience, I made a break for the Secretary's office, when I was stopped by the orderly, who demanded my business. I was in a Rebel uniform, but the soldier orderly didn't notice that; he said his orders were not to admit anybody at that time. I showed him my letter, saying, with an assumption of importance, that; I was sent to the Secretary by Senator Cowan to present it personally. A Senator, especially a *Democratic* Senator's request, was really of greater weight than half a dozen common Congressmen, because it was important just then that the Government should conciliate the loyal Democrats in Congress.

The soldier took a card, wrote the Senator's name and my own on it, and invited me to a vacant chair in the Secretary's office. There were rows of people sitting alongside the wall, inside the room, just as there was out in the corridor; but I had gained one point; I was on the inner circle.

I had never seen Mr. Stanton before, and was not nearly so anxious to see him again, after the first time. I need not describe the great War Secretary's personal appearance. His face resembles the photographs, and has always struck me as being the best likeness extant of all those great men. He was not so tall as one would think from looking at a picture of his face; and when I saw him, he stood at a small, high desk, a little to one side of the room, very much to my mind in the position of a school-teacher before an old-fashioned desk. The desk itself was a plain, square, long-legged affair, precisely such as we used to see our teachers stand behind, or that are used more recently by auctioneers on street sales. The sitters on the anxious benches all around the front portion of his room, with their serious watchful faces, helped the illusion, that I was in the presence of a lecturer or judge, awaiting my turn for sentence, like the rest of the culprits.

The attendant found me a chair alongside of a natty-looking young officer in uniform on one side, and a big, fat Congressman on the other; he laid my card, with the Senator's name, on Mr. Stanton's desk.

The Secretary was then standing beside his pulpit, talking in his positive way to some old gentleman; he was so intent on this business that he never deigned to look at my card when it was left on his table. We did not overhear the conversation between the Secretary and his visitor, and being at a loss for something to do, I turned to the young officer beside me and said something as to the prospect for a talk with the Secretary. He replied in a very polite way, that he had been waiting for hours, for a single word; that, with him, it was a question of life and death; but he couldn't get any audience until the Secretary "called his name" from the cards on his desk.

The young man had so impressed me by his courteous manner that I became curious to know his errand, which he explained in a whispered conversation. He was just from the bedside of a dying father, on his way to rejoin his command, his leave having expired;

he had stopped at Washington, and, upon the endorsement of influential Congressmen, he had called to ask the Secretary to extend his leave so that he might be at his father's bedside and bury him before leaving for the army. The officer told me all of this in a trembling voice, while his eyes were filled with tears. I felt so much sympathy for him that I offered to give him my time if my name should be called before his. At my urgent suggestion, when the old gentleman was about to leave the Secretary, the young officer approached Mr. Stanton, who bluntly demanded his name. Then looking over his file of papers to what his business was, while the young fellow in the most genteel and effective way stated his wishes to the Secretary. I shall never, never forget the words that Mr. Stanton spoke on that occasion; they "sank deeply into my heart," perhaps, as also into that of the young officer.

"I cannot extend your leave, but I will accept your resignation!" As he said this, he handed to the officer the papers he had filed. Looking him over in a contemptous way, the Secretary turned to look after the next victim on his list. The officer mildly protested, saying: "Why, Mr. Secretary I do not want to leave the service; I merely want to spend the last days—"

Here he was roughly interrupted by Mr. Stanton who repeated in an angry tone, so that all could hear: "I'll accept your resignation, sir."

The poor fellow would not consent to be driven from the service in this way, even to attend his father's last wishes. When he returned to pick up his hat, which had been left on the chair beside me, his face was white, and his hands trembled so that he could scarcely take hold of his hat. I assisted him, and together we left the Secretary's office in deep disgust. I had enough for one day. After reporting the incident to Mr. Covode and others, they mildly laughed at my indignation, while they expressed the cold-blooded opinion that it was only one of Stanton's ordinary jokes.

After this, I was more than ever anxious to get out of Washington, and began to feel that I should be willing to take anything at all, that savored of active service in the field, being perfectly content to leave my personal business with Mr. Stanton in the hands of my friends. It was decided among them all that I should be taken to the White House to see Mr. Lincoln, personally. All the arrange-

ments for this visit were made, as nearly as I can recollect, without consulting me about it in any way at all. It was generally understood, I reckon, that I needed somebody to properly present my business affairs, and that it was hardly worth while to bother with me about such things. I only know that I was told by Mr. Covode to get ready to accompany him to the White House.

"We are all going up in General Moorehead's carriage and want you to be on hand sure, as its hard to get them all together." I didn't know who "they" were, until I came down to his room rigged out in a grey jacket. While we were waiting for the carriage to come around for us, Mr. Covode explained further: "We're going to make a demand on the President for your pay out of the secret-service fund."

I had only heard in a general way that anything of this sort was contemplated. I can say here again, sincerely, that my only desire and aim was for a commission in the Regular Army, and a detail on the Staff, where I should have a chance for active service in the field. While we waited Mr. Covode explained more fully:

"You are entitled to this; the fund is being squandered shamefully by certain influences, who are making the President believe that they are giving him valuable information. We all know your service and experience has been of some practical use, and you are going to be paid for it, too, in cash as well as in promotion."

He had a way of saying things in a very emphatic style when he became interested, when I expressed my thanks for his interest and proffered a remuneration, he began to talk bad grammar at me in such a way that I had to beg off.

The carriage called; in it were Senator Cowan, General J. K. Moorehead, M. C., from Pittsburgh; Hon. S. S. Blair, of Holidaysburg, and Hon. John Covode. I jumped up with the coachman, and we made a charge on the White House. Before we started off there was a short but pointed business consultation among them. Senator Cowan had suggested: "Now we had better have an understanding before we go up there."

General Moorhead agreed that this was necessary; and when I undertook to make a suggestion about getting Mr. Lincoln to give me a commission, Covode told me in polite terms but decided language, but in a fatherly way: "Now you've got to keep quiet."

The rest all thought this quite a funny remark. When Covode crawled into the carriage, Mr. Moorehead said, "Well, what's the programme?" Covode explained that it was to be a demand for pay from the President's secret-service fund. No one had even suggested the amount, and I reckon Mr. Covode's idea was to leave this discretionary with the President, but Mr Blair and Moorehead, who were business men as well as statesmen, insisted that it would be better to settle a sum in advance.

"Make it enough, said Mr. Blair."

"Yes, we may just as well make it $10,000," observed the Senator.

Mr. Moorehead shrewdly suggested: "We have to appropriate this secret-service money anyhow, and our votes will go for this amount."

Covode admitted that, "We have given him hundreds of thousands of dollars for this use already."

This, in a general way was the plan and purpose of the visit to Mr. Lincoln on that date.

It failed—not that the claim was rejected by the President—it was never presented to him or anybody else. When we reached the White House we were informed on the threshold that "the President had that day gone to Fortress Monroe." That ended it for that day, and for all time. Soon after, I left Washington for another trip. The same crowd were never again brought together in this interest. As I have said, I was not a good manager, and perhaps neglected my own interests in this respect.

I have to show my children, however, that which is dearer to me than gold—a commission as a Second Lieutenant signed by Abraham Lincoln and E. M. Stanton. That will remain for all time on the war records of my country. If I had secured this money, I might have failed in obtaining this commission, and no doubt the $10,000 would have soon disappeared from sight forever and no record of it left.

A few days after this visit—the date of which may be fixed by a reference to the books, which will indicate the time of Mr. Lincoln's visit to Fortress Monroe—I saw Mr. Stanton personally, but only for a moment; he was not such a dreadful person after all, as I expected to find him.

Since I had been a disgusted witness to the abrupt interview between Mr. Secretary Stanton and the young officer who desired his leave extended that he might visit his dying father, I was not particularly anxious to encounter the Secretary at close range. I had said as much so emphatically to Mr. Covode and the other friends, all of whom laughed at my earnestness, and consoled me with the remark that they had all suffered in the same way at the War Office, and that I must not expect to be welcomed with open arms by Mr. Stanton. It was no good to explain to them that I didn't want to be welcomed, or kicked out either. I was told that I *must* see Mr. Stanton; that they could do nothing for me without first securing his approval. I recall in this connection an old chestnut, which explains in reality pretty nearly the true status of affairs between the President and his Secretary of War. In conversation with a group of friends about my "case," Mr. Covode had expressed the conviction that for him to interfere with Stanton would only operate against my chances, as he was thought to be a meddlesome investigator; and another Congressman related the story about Mr. Lincoln telling an importunate office-seeker that he, the President, "didn't have very much influence with this administration."

I called at the War Office several times, and always found the same old crowd in the corridors, and, though I was somewhat "fresh" and impulsive, I could not raise the courage to face the grim old Secretary, because he was *always* engaged with somebody, and I feared to intrude or interrupt him with my personal affairs.

As I have said previously, I had a brother, who was employed in the War Department Telegraph Office, but as his hours for duty were at night, I could not avail myself of this opportunity to loaf with him. One day, however, after so much annoying delay; I put on my Rebel jacket, screwed up my courage, and determined to settle the matter by a bold dash on the War Office. My brother accompanied me, and, while waiting in the ante-room of the telegraph office, I had a long and quite an agreeable chat with General Anson Stager, who had charge of all the military telegraph. The General, in those days, was quite a jolly, good-natured gentleman; and, in this respect, almost the opposite to his subordinate, Major Eckert, who was very dignified in his bearing toward his subordinates. I

was young and not unobserving, and I noticed that Major Eckert always lost his dignity and high-and-mighty bearing, when he had any dealings with *his* superiors. General Stager was alike to all.

General Stager became much interested in my secret service more especially in that part wherein I had attached myself to the Rebel telegraph office at General Beauregard's headquarters, from whence I could overhear all the messages between headquarters and Richmond. General Stager laughed heartily at my recital of these events. He looked at my rebel jacket with interest, took hold of my arm to critically examine the texture of the cloth, and wound up by saying:

"Well, you certainly are an acquisition to us, and I want you in our service."

When I explained my desire to obtain a commission, that I might get into active service, the General endeavored in a kindly way to persuade me saying:

"It wasn't worth while to do that; they could pay me more salary than a commission as Second Lieutenant would bring beside I should be allowed all the liberty I chose at the front, being at headquarters as a civilian, furnished with a horse or ambulance, and all the rations I could consume, and independent of the military."

He made it very attractive indeed; but I resisted the temptation, determined to stick to my plans. I had expressed a willingness to do or undertake any special service, but I wanted to be an officer. After consultation with some one in another room, who was either the Secretary himself or some of the high officials in the Adjutant-General's Department, General Stager came back to me and clinched that which came very near being a nail in my coffin. He proposed something like this:

"The army is on the peninsula, and Washington is cut off in a manner from telegraph communication with them, except by means of a dispatch boat to the nearest point on the Maryland side of the Chesapeake, from which the telegraph is open to Washington. If you could open communication for us, *overland*—say from Fredericksburg, or the outposts of our forces there, to connect with McClellan on the Peninsula by courier service—it would be a good thing for us, as we could hear from our army so much quicker."

Everybody will appreciate the anxiety of the officials to hear from the Army promptly and frequently. In other words, I was to operate secretly between our lines below Fredericksburg and McClellan's advance, only a gap of a few miles, but not occupied by either army but infested with "guerillas."

I accepted the proposition without a moment's thought about the probable difficulties that were to be met with in carrying out the undertaking, and I had been over that country in Virginia and was familiar with it. I was anxious to do *anything* that would give me an opportunity for active service.

My brother interposed some objections, which General Stager thoughtfully considered, and, after admonishing me of the danger in my case, he again proffered service in the telegraph department. It was arranged between us that I should call again on the following day; meantime he would consult with some of the officers and ascertain their wishes in regard to the matter.

General Eckert, who was in the room, had overheard part of my story—he had not been consulted at all by General Stager—to my mind, showed in his manner some little resentment toward me, probably because of the interest that General Stager had seemingly taken in my affairs.

He felt impelled to make some remark, intended to be jocular, about a Rebel uniform being in the War Department. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, and probably would not have observed the circumstance had not several others, who were present, made it a subject of conversation among themselves at our dinner-table that day.

In leaving the War Department Building that day, I walked out by the basement or east door, nearest the White House, intending to take the short cut, through the White House grounds, to our boarding-house on F street.

Just as I passed out of the door my quick eye detected President Lincoln coming up the few stone steps into the door-way; as he slowly walked or shuffled along, he was apparently reading the contents of a paper, which he held before his eyes with both hands. I had seen Mr. Lincoln inaugurated, and frequently since. I recognized him at a glance, and to get a closer look, I respectfully stood to one side of the steps to let him pass. A gentleman was walking

alongside of the President, and as the two passed the President became crowded quite close to me, and actually touched or rubbed against my Rebel uniform. Mr. Lincoln apparently did not see me; he was too deeply immersed in reading, or trying to read, the letter he held in his hand as he walked, while the gentlemen with him was gabbling in his ear in a very earnest manner.

So it happened, as I had predicted, when my home friends had shown their opposition to my wearing the gray, that I saw Mr. Lincoln while dressed in my Rebel uniform. I had shaken hands with "the other President"—Jeff Davis—in Richmond, only a short time previously, while attired in the same court dress.

This "interview" wasn't exactly as satisfactory to me as it might have been, if I had been presented by the delegation that had called with me a few days sooner. But I had "seen the President," and, as there had been such a great opportunity presented for some further secret service in my line, I didn't care very much just then whether I should again get the crowd together for another call or not.

That evening I saw Mr. Covode, to whom I related my interview with General Stager, telling him of the plan upon which I had agreed to make the trip to Richmond again. The old man put on his specks, looked over the top of them at me in a curious sort of way, and said, rather savagely: "You beat hell, you do." Then in a more moderate tone he protested earnestly against it, saying: "You mustn't let everybody make use of you that way."

When I explained that I was only desirous of getting out of Washington, and anxious to be on hand in the field when Richmond was taken, and intimated further that Mr. Stanton and the President would give me the commission on sight if I should come in first with some good news, he remonstrated earnestly: "Oh, yes; you go down there again in that shape, and you wont need any commission; they will hang you, sure, to the first tree."

I had to leave the old man without getting any encouragement from him, but had given him a promise, before saying "Good-night," that I would not do anything further in the matter until I saw him again; in the meantime he urged me to see Mr. Stanton.

I went to bed that night very much disturbed in mind. While I was not so very anxious to continue the secret-service work, I felt

so worn-out and disappointed at the dilatoriness in getting anything settled in Washington toward a commission, that I was about ready to both give it up and to try again. We were continually hearing so much that was exciting from the front, that I was really half wild and in a fever of impatience to be on hand among the boys.

The next day I called at the War Office early, determined to see Mr. Stanton, or at least make a sure thing of his seeing me before I should again leave.

I had preserved Senator Cowan's letter and with it in my hand I made an onslaught on the regular orderly at the door. He had gotten to know me, and pleasantly suggested:

"If you hang to it with your teeth, you will get all you want."

With his assistance I got my card in to the Secretary, and was again shown a seat inside the Secretary's room, to wait until my name was called.

In addition to the regular crowd, there seemed to be a delegation of some kind in an adjoining room, as I judged from the loud talking. The Secretary came out of the room, but, before he could reach his pulpit, he was called back; then, in a few minutes, he again made his appearance in the doorway, talking back to those inside in his usual vigorous style. Feeling desperate, and always impulsive, I made a bold break and handed the Secretary my letter before he reached his desk, being careful to prelude my intrusion by saying: "Senator Cowan directed me to hand you this personally."

With a sharp glance of impatience at me, he took the letter, walked to his desk, and, without opening it, began to deliberately look over his pile of cards. I stood my ground, right in front of him, feeling very much like a guilty school-boy who had been called up by his teacher for punishment.

When Mr. Stanton raised his eyes from the cards and spied me, still standing in front of him, he looked towards me then as if remembering the letter, and said to me: "Where is the note from Senator Cowan?"

"I gave it to you, Mr. Secretary," said I tremblingly.

He looked around, found the envelope, and, while he read it, I felt in my soul that I would rather face Jeff Davis and the whole

Rebel Army again than the Secretary of War. I resolved, if I ever got out of that alive, I'd risk anything in the front rather than go back into that room and face the Secretary of War.

When he finished reading the letter, he looked me over earnestly as he folded it up slowly. It will be remembered that this paper referred to me as having been *every place* in the South; that I had a most valuable experience, etc.

The Secretary astonished me by saying, in the most agreeable and gentle tones, as he looked benevolently through his glasses: "I would like to talk with you, but I'm engaged, and I will have to refer you to the Assistant-Secretary to-day."

I was too scared to make an immediate reply. The Secretary, calling the orderly to him, said to him, as he endorsed something on the bottom of my letter: "Take this gentleman to the Assistant-Secretary."

That was all, but that was enough for me for one day. If there was any one person in all Washington City for whom, or against whom, I entertained an unjust prejudice—I might say, a deep-seated hatred—it was Mr. P. H. Watson, the Assistant-Secretary of War.

I had never met him; in fact, I had never seen him; but the simple fact that he had taken the place of my old friend Colonel Thomas A. Scott in the War Office, since Cameron's removal, was of itself sufficient to turn me against him; but, in addition to this fact, I had gathered from Mr. Covode and the rest of the Pennsylvania delegation, as well as the telegraph boys in the War Department, that Mr. Watson, and his clique of friends, had scandalously maligned Mr. Scott personally and abused Mr. Cameron politically.

I was ushered into the presence of a large, red-headed, sandy-complexioned man, to whom I was introduced, as the young man Mr. Secretary had "directed to present to you."

Mr. Watson, at the moment we entered, was busy with some papers. He was surrounded by clerks, occupying other desks in his room, but at once dropped everything to receive us. Upon reading the Senator's letter and the Secretary's endorsement, he at once became very gracious toward me. And, as he shook hands and drew me to a chair near him, and began some complimentary remarks about my "valuable services," I was not only disappointed at the Secretary in having said not a word about the matter which

was uppermost in my mind, but I was also really angry at being handed over to Mr. Watson in a second-handed manner to be pumped by him. Therefore, I didn't pump worth a cent. I was dry. Mr. Watson made it worse for me by the first question he put. "I presume you are in Mr. Pinkerton's service." That was adding insult. I resented this insinuation by asserting emphatically: "I am not a detective at all."

The interview did not last long, so there is not much to say about it here; in fact, it ended rather abruptly, when Mr. Watson further suggested that I should put myself in communication with Mr. Pinkerton, who had charge of all these things. I want to make it as plain right here to all who may read this story as I did to Mr. Watson twenty-five years ago, that I reject with scorn and contempt the intimation that I was a detective, working for money. I declined positively to have any communication with the Chief of the Secret Service, and told Mr. Watson, as my friends had all frequently suggested, that I had done important secret-service work for the Secretary of the War Department, *direct*, and I wanted something now wherein I could make available my past experiences.

As I had promised Mr. Covode not to make any engagements with any one, and had fulfilled my agreement to see the Secretary, I retired from the War Office in disappointment and disgust.

I saw Mr. Covode and the other friends, to whom I related my experience with Mr. Stanton and Mr. Watson, and, at the same time, declared my intention to leave the city for the front, and enter the army as a private soldier, and work my way up to position by meritorous service in *front* of the enemy, instead of in the rear.

The day following, before I could get an opportunity to again see General Stager in regard to his proposal, or take any action myself, Mr. Covode sent for me. When I reached his room he said, in his blunt way:

"If you are bound to be in the field, I'll give you a letter to General Haupt, who has charge of the railroad between Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek, and he will give you something to do to keep you busy down there till we can get something fixed up here."

I eagerly accepted this proposal; it was not what I wanted exactly, but it admitted of my going to the front, and that, too, in an

official position, wherein I could be on hand and, unmolested, see everything that was being done. I had known General Haupt well, as the accomplished Chief Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Covode had been assured by him, it seems, that he would be delighted to have me in his Military Railroad Service, as I had experience in that direction in Mr. Scott's service.

We were going to re-build that road right into Richmond the next week, and I consoled myself with the thought that, if I did not reënter Richmond on a horse as an officer, that I might get there all the same on a locomotive.

I was to be paid a good salary and expenses. All my friends thought it just splendid, and I imagine now, though I didn't think so at the time, that the position was created for me just to prevent my getting into trouble again. In a few days I took a morning steamer, armed with an official pass and a bundle of good clothing, and sailed with the greatest anticipations of quickly seeing Richmond. We reached Aquia Creek in a few hours—this, as all the boys will know, was then the leading place or connecting point between the steamers and the railroads to Richmond. After strolling about there for an hour, I got aboard the first train, which was made up of open truck cars, and we rolled over the ten or twelve miles past the straggling camps of our forces then thereabouts, crossing the high and hastily-improvised trestle of bridges that had been built by "sojers," in the place of those destroyed.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENO—FREDERICKSBURG—A CHAPTER OF WAR HISTORY NOT IN *The Century* PAPERS.

It will be remembered that, on a previous occasion, I had made an entrée into the town of Fredericksburg, on the bare back of an old horse, on the morning in August after the night of horror in which I was pursued by Rebels, suffering from the attack of blood-hounds.

On the occasion of this, my second visit, I rolled over the temporary railroad bridge into the old depot at Fredericksburg on a freight train, dressed—well, in the best store clothes that money would buy at that time in Washington.

I am not sure of the exact date on which I got into Fredericksburg, *en route* to Richmond; it does not matter much, as I do not pretend to have kept an accurate record of the dates, however, it was along in April or May, judging by my recollection of the weather at that time. McClellan's great Army of the Potomac was on the Peninsula only a few miles from Richmond, while Fitz-John Porter had been up to Hanover Court House, about half way between Fredericksburg and Richmond. General McDowell was in command of quite a large, but, as I recollect it, a widley scattered and very much mixed up force at Fredericksburg.

The problem was to unite McClellan's and McDowell's forces against Richmond. There was just this little gap of some ten or fifteen miles between these two armies, and it was this bit of neutral ground that General Anson Stager, of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, was so desirous of opening communication through, because the "Washington Government" could only hear from McClellan by way of the slow medium of dispatch boats across the bay to the nearest point of telegraph.

I was directed by Mr. Covode to report in person, with a letter to the Chief Engineer, or Superintendent, of the Richmond & Fredericksburg Military Railroad, General Haupt, who was recently the Chief Engineer and builder of the Northern Pacific

Railroad. Exactly what was to be the nature of my duties I do not now recall, if, indeed, I ever knew.

I was shown to the Exchange, or may be it was the Planter's; anyway, it was the best hotel, located on the hill, on one of the principal streets leading out toward Marye's Heights. It was not a particularly hospitable place for me, because I saw at once that the young boy, who ran the office for his mother, was only there to collect all the money he could from the "Yankee Invaders," while the father and elder brother were probably in the Rebel camps outside of town, only waiting a favorable opportunity to return and scalp the boarders.

The town was full, literally and spiritually, not only of McDowell's soldiers, who were in camp all around, but of all sorts of strange people in civilians' dress—adventurers, sulters, traders, whisky smugglers, strange women—in fact, the main street of the quiet, sleepy old aristocratic town was a perfect bedlam in 1862, as compared with my first visit in August, 1861.

That evening, before dark, I saw on the street a greater variety of life than I had met in Washington on any one evening during my stay there. These numerous hangers-on of the armies had been, to a great degree, excluded from the Peninsula, so they had swarmed up to Fredericksburg as the next best place for them, to be nearest their favorite regiments, and "on the road to Richmond," where they all expected to rejoin McClellan's army in a very few days.

In addition to the great number of officers and men of the army, there were several batches of naval officers from one or two gunboats of the Potomac Flotilla, which had sailed up the Rappahannock and were anchored below town.

Altogether, it was what might be termed a lively town. The ordinary, quiet population had been suddenly increased to 40,000 or 50,000 of McDowell's army and followers, which had settled down around the hills and the streets in one night, like a flock of bluebirds or crows at a roosting place.

During my walk about the town that evening, I ran against a crowd of contrabands on the sidewalk, who were watching with the greatest interest the antics of a pair of New York street arabs, or news-boys, who were dressed up in their rags doing some song-

and-dance acts, to the great delight of the country soldiers and assembled contrabands. There was even an attempt at a theatrical performance after early candle-lighting. Indeed it was only after taps that the Provost-Marshal's Guard made any attempt to suppress the fun.

It did not occur to me, until after I had undressed myself and had "doused the glim," while looking out of the window toward the Virginia hill, since so well known as Marye's Heights, that there was any possibility of the Rebels making a sudden dash on the town and capturing us all. I seemed to realize, only when I was alone, that there might be some chance for those Rebel fellows getting in there in sufficient force to gobble us all up.

As I peered through the darkness in the direction of Richmond, I appreciated pretty strongly the fact that I was getting close to the front of that Rebel gang again, and I had not the least desire to get inside their lines as a prisoner. I didn't sleep well, so early next morning I started out to find a place to stay, which did not impress me so strongly as being the house of my enemy.

It was my good luck, or my fate, to have met with a clever gentleman in Mr. Jimmy Wilson, of Middletown, Pennsylvania. He was one of those happy, companionable persons, to whom one naturally attaches one's self to on first acquaintance. His business in Fredericksburg was that of a trader to the army, and he had secured some special privileges in this direction through his townsman, General Simon Cameron, while he was yet Secretary of War.

It may be that Mr. Wilson was attracted to me by something of a selfish motive, through a knowledge of my connection with the railroad in an official capacity, by which he might be able to better facilitate his business interests in the transportation of his "supplies" over the road and evading too close inspections.

In the shrewd manner peculiar to the business of traveling salesmen, he had discovered the very best place in the town to live, to which he kindly consented to introduce me. It was through him that I first met my "fate," in the family of Captain Wells. There were in this happy and accomplished household quite a bevy of young ladies. "All were young, but one was beautiful."

It is quite a long, and I think may be an interesting, story, which is indeed quite too romantic for this narrative of facts. I

will only say that Geno, the youngest, was, to my eyes, all that may be described as a beautiful, budding young girl.

The eldest, Miss Sue, had been a belle in Georgetown before the war; another, Miss Mamie, was noted for her sweet disposition. The father, I grieve to add, was suspected by our officers of being a blockade-runner for the Rebels. He had been engaged on the regular underground line between Richmond and Washington, via the Potomac River, since the commencement of the war. Previous to this he had been the owner and captain of a steamer plying on the Rappahannock River. Through this means he had gained valuable information of the river and little bays of that part of Virgina, and knew all about the inlets and outlets of the adjacent water, and was, in consequence of this fact, probably suspected of being a most valuable ally to the Rebel Government. His sympathies were openly with the South, but, as this was the general feeling among the citizens, no one attached importance to the Captain's personal sentiments.

Between my infatuation for Geno and the sense of duty, I had a troublesome old time of it in the weeks and months and years that followed this first evening in the Wells home.

It's pretty much the same old story of love at first sight and trouble forever after. I was politely invited to join the family circle in the parlor after tea. The mother was as youthful in her happy manner as her daughters. The genial Captain permitted himself to be prevailed upon by the younger children to sing one or two comic songs, which were received with hilarious applause. The three daughters vied with the others in their polite efforts to entertain such a dull boy, as I must certainly have become after encountering the apparition of Geno that evening. Jimmy Wilson's presence seemed to help me out a little. A group played cards, while some one banged the piano and sang "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," and, by way of a tease, "Yankee Doodle." The elder daughter, Miss Sue, was a decidedly beautiful girl, of perhaps twenty, quite lively, and perhaps a little bit of a flirt. I state this opinion generally. I did not entertain it so fully at that time as I did subsequently. Miss Mamie was the good girl of the family, while Geno was the beauty.

If I were not writing this story myself, I should be tempted to

honestly declare that Geno was not only the prettiest, but the sweetest, girl I ever saw, and I have seen a great many in my life. She was not tall, but a slender, graceful, womanly figure, dressed in dark blue, she required no artificial aids to her fresh young beauty. Her face was sweetly intelligent, and, while not lacking in resolution, it was marked by that shyness which belongs to young girls who are well-born and bred in comparative seclusion.

It was decreed that Geno should sit near me that evening on a low sofa, located in a corner of the parlor. All the chairs were occupied by the rest of the company, either by accident or through Miss Sue's propensity to tease her younger sister and myself.

Geno, though but between fifteen and sixteen at that time, was, in her manner, quite as easy and winning as her elder sisters. She sat beside me on the sofa, her luxuriant, dark hair bewitchingly plaited in a roll over her head, wearing a low-neck dress, short skirts, while her bare arms gracefully held a guitar, on which she skillfully played the accompaniment and sweetly sang the old, old Spanish serenade, *Juanita*. (I advise the young ladies to get a guitar and practice on this song; it will catch a boy every time.) It was that *song*, and the beautiful, large, dark, expressive eyes of this dear little girl that put me in Old Capitol Prison.

I was a "goner" from that moment, and have never gotten entirely over it in all these years.

I do not say it boastingly at all, but for a truth. I believe I should at that time have felt more at my ease if I had been "scouting" or sitting around a campfire with Rebels instead of beside the little girl whose dress touched me. It was a clear case of love at first sight.

The Wells family were natives of my own State, having been embargoed during the war because of the father's steamboat interests on the river; and thereby hangs another tale not pertinent to this narrative, which I hope, subsequently, to give to the world.

I had been introduced to the family as a civilian employé of the military railway, and had been able to present some flattering letters of introduction from Mr. John W. Forney, Mr. Covode, and other prominent Pennsylvania gentlemen. I was, of course, made to feel quite at home.

I may as well admit frankly I was about Geno's house more than duty

warranted; so much so, indeed, that the amiable mother must have become tired of me. I seldom went to the railroad headquarters, and I had lost all interest in the capture of Richmond and in Capitola.

Of course, I felt obliged to make an appearance of reporting for duty to the railroad office occasionally.

With a desire to learn something of the probable advance to Richmond, I had spent considerable time about the Provost-Marshal's Office, where I had become quite well acquainted with a young officer on detached duty.

His interest probably sprung from having seen me in the company of the pretty girl, with whom he desired to become acquainted through me.

On the occasion of one of these visits, I was questioned quite closely by another of the Staff officers about the politics of the Wells family, and especially of the sympathies of the ladies for Confederate officers.

Perhaps I was not in proper frame of mind to dispassionately discuss this question of Geno's family affairs with a strange officer, and it is probable that I somewhat rashly resented the supposed impertinence.

I was informed that it was through the usual gossipy information volunteered, by some unfriendly Unionists of the town, that this officer at headquarters had learned that Captain Wells had been engaged in blockade-running for the Rebels. I exclaimed that I knew better; that my relations with the family were of an intimate character; that Captain Wells was a native of my own State; that all his daughters had been born and educated in the Wyoming Valley, and that he was in Virginia solely and only because his business of steamboating had embargoed him there, and he had chosen to remain himself and sacrifice his boats, rather than abandon his family. All this was said in a postive manner, and with probably a little more animation than the subject justified. It had, however, the undesirable effect of bringing out prominently a trifling affair that occurred in connection with the family, which I must relate, as part of my experience which soon followed, just to show that "trifles light as air, are to the jealous, confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

It will be remembered by the old soldiers that, early in the war, it

was the custom to display flags promiscuously wherever they could find a place to string one in a Virginia town.

Soldiers who were in Fredricksburg with McDowell, in 1862, will know that over the main streets of the town hung innumerable flags, so that the natives must either walk under the flag or stay indoors altogether.

Miss Sue Wells, like most bright girls of her age who lived in the South, was fond of tormenting our officers, "just for fun, you know." She insisted, in the company of Union officers, that she was a Rebel, but I was quietly informed by the family that, when the Confederates first had possession of the town, she was a Union girl to them.

On this and several other questions Miss Sue and I differed quite decidedly. The sequence and truthfulness of this story compels me to say here that Miss Sue and I quarreled all the time (after I had become fairly established in the family). One day, while walking with her along the main street of the town, we encountered one of the numerous flags that were suspended over the sidewalk. Miss Sue put her little foot down (and I know positively that she had a little foot), refusing in her very decided manner to walk under "that flag!"

What could I do? The street was full of soldiers and officers, whose attention was being attracted toward us by my taking her arm and attempting to force her to accompany me under the flag. I explained that there were flags on the other side of the street,

Flags to the right of us,
Flags to the left of us,

and flags every place; that we would not dare to go around it; but the more I talked and urged, the more contrary she grew, and to prevent a further scene on the street, we retraced our steps.

That little act on the streets of Fredericksburg in, the summer of 1862, is on record to-day in the war archives as part of the specifications in a charge of disloyalty against myself, on which I was subsequently arrested and confined in Old Capitol Prison.

It is a shameful fact, that my early record for the Union at Fort Pickens, and the subsequent year of service with a rope about my

neck, was, for a short time, completely shadowed by this silly performance with a young lady in Fredericksburg. Not only this, but it was, perhaps, the indirect cause of this young lady's father's banishment from his home and the confiscation of his property

The officer who had reminded me of this incident undertook to give me some advice as to my association or intimacy in a Rebel family.

He further astonished me by saying they had information of a piratical scheme being hatched, which had for its object the seizure of some of the regular line of steamers plying on the Chesapeake Bay, and Captain Wells was to act as pilot. The officer explained to me further that the plan, as they had learned of it, was for a party of Rebels, disguised as passengers and laborers, to board one of these steamers in Baltimore, and, after she was out in the bay, at midnight, they were to throw off their masks, seize the boat, confine the officers and, under the pilotage of Geno's father, run her into Rebel waters as a prize.

This was indeed startling intelligence, that for a moment staggered me. I realized that a more suitable person to do the work could not have been selected than Captain Wells.

The officer said, as they had no proof of this at all, he had mentioned it to me with a view of having me look the matter up; that my relations with the family were of such a character as to enable me to get on to the real facts. I left the headquarters feeling very much depressed.

After another enjoyable evening spent at the Wells house following this conversation at Provost Headquarters, I went to my quarters quite disturbed in heart and mind as to my duty.

With the sweet voice of "Juanita" still ringing in my ears, and the memory of her beautiful eyes seemingly appealing to my tenderest sympathies, I went to bed with my head in a whirl, and dropped into a restless sleep without having settled the question in my own mind satisfactorily as to her father's guilt. There was no question as to the Captain's being entirely competent to pilot or even command such an expedition, and I may as well cut this story short by the frank admission that, had he not been the father of a very pretty girl, I would have jumped at the same conclusion as the officer.

I was, however, unwilling to believe that the father of such an

interesting family, all of whom had been born and reared in Pennsylvania, would become the leader of a piratical gang. I concluded at last that I would postpone any action, for a while at least. I could do this with the better grace, as I was not specially engaged in secret service at that time. I rather relished the truth, too, that the failure of the Secretary of War to recognize my former services relieved me from any obligation to act as "spotter" for the Pinkerton detectives.

But after having slept over the matter, and while enjoying a walk the next morning among the neighboring camps, over which floated the "emblem." I suddenly regained my senses, for a little while at least, and made up my mind that it would be worse than traitorous for me, by my silence and apparent association, to permit those Maryland sympathizers to go on and mature a plan to hire a gang of Baltimore pluguglies to play the pirate on unarmed vessels on the bay, within sight of our armies. I could, at least, put the officials on their guard. I walked back toward my "office," where I briefly wrote the rumor as it had, without my volition, been detailed to me, and at once put the letter in form to reach Mr. Covode through the improvised mail service then existing between Washington and the army of McDowell. I felt better for having done this much. I had also advised Mr. Covode that I was in a position to follow up the matter from this clew, and, if it could be confirmed, I would give the information directly to himself, and no one else. I expect, too, that I was indiscreet enough to have taken his opportunity to ventilate my own rather fresh opinions of Secretary Stanton; because just then I was smarting under his seeming indifference to and neglect of my services and claims. I am sure that my letter contained some unnecessary criticisms on Mr. P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary, as well as the Secret Service Corps, which was under his direction, and Maj. Eckert, of the Telegraph Corps.

This letter was intended as a private communication to my friend Covode, and I had particularly cautioned him not to permit certain War Department influences to get hold of the rumors, as I wanted to work it out myself. I learned subsequently, to my sorrow, that this personal letter, containing both the information and the criticism, was sent to the War Office at once as an important paper. Anybody will see that it was not only a mistake of my own

to have written in this way, but also of Mr. Covode's to have shown it; but it was one of that statesman's "privileges" to mix things up. It probably never occurred to him—as I afterward heard—that the principal effect of the criticisms, coupled with the "information," would be to impress upon the War Department officials the suspicion that Covode had employed me as one of his agents to play the "spy" on our own officials, for the benefit of the Congressional Committee of the War.

I was not very much bothered about the consequences of such things at that time. I was in love, which will account for a good many of my mistakes.

When I went to my newly-found home, at Capt. Wells's house, the evening of the same day on which I had written and mailed this letter, I was received so kindly and courteously into the house by the genial Captain himself, that I began to feel that I had been guilty of an awfully shabby trick in having reported, even privately to Mr. Covode, a private conversation with this Staff officer in regard to mine host.

Indeed, I was feeling so unconfortable over what seemed to have been an ungracious return for favors received, that I took the first opportunity to get out of the Captain's presence, and, in the seclusion of my room that night, I inwardly resolved that I would, if possible, attempt to modify my report by another letter to follow the first.

The evening was spent in the little parlor, as on the many previous occasions. I was treated as one of the family, and entertained in the most agreeable manner by the accomplished ladies of this happy household. Each night we had music. Of course, Juanita, with the guitar, accompanied by Geno, became one feature of all others that was always so charmingly attractive to me. The Captain himself song a number of comic songs with good effect, while the elder daughter, Miss Sue, exerted herself in a pleasant way to create a little fun for the company at my own and Geno's expense. Col. Hoffman, Mr. Wilson and myself furnished the only audience, while a happy-faced, brisk little mother supplied the refreshments, and made us all feel at home.

This general attempt at a description of one evening must suffice for the many, many happy days and evenings that I spent in Fredericksburg during the months of McDowell's occupation of that

country. As I have previously stated, I could furnish the material for a romance based on wonderful facts connected with my different visits here that would make a large-sized book in itself. This is simply a blunt narrative of fact.

This is an absolutely "true love" story, and I am giving correct names and actual incidents, realizing that I may be talking to some of the survivors of McDowell's army, who may have been "thar or tharabouts".

The Colonel Hoffman referred to above was in command of the regiment that had control of the town at this time. The Colonel having known the Wells family in the North, was glad of the opportunity to meet them, and during his stay in town lived with them in the house with Mr. Wilson and myself. His regiment had been recruited somewhere in the neighborhood of Elmira, New York.

As soon as I could see the Colonel alone, I took the opportunity to tell him the story of the Captain's alleged complicity in the Chesapeake Bay piracy. To my surprise and gratification, he blurted out rather savagely: "I don't believe a word of it. Why, I've known Frank Wells all my life. No one at home ever accused him of any such traits of character as this. Why," continued the Colonel, with a show of disgust, "it's impossible. He couldn't be a disloyal man; he comes of Puritan stock, from away back. I've seen myself a family tombstone up in Long Island which shows that his ancestors were buried there as early as 1671. Why, boy, they came over in the Mayflower."

This seemed to settle it with Colonel Hoffman, but he added, in any explanatory way: "I suppose it's one of those 'Unionists' stories. Every dog who has a grievance against his neighbor, in war times, runs to the nearest Provost-Marshal to get the army on to his enemy. Wells came down here to run his boats on the Rappahannock; that was his business. He tells me that he, with a majority of the citizens here, did not believe there would be a war, or that Virginia would go out of the Union, and, therefore, he did not attempt to get away until it was too late. The Confederates wouldn't let him take his boats North. When our fellows got there, he ran his boats below town to prevent the Rebels burning them, as they did all the rest; and when the gunboats came up the river they

allowed a lot of rough sailors to seize and confiscate his boats. Their object was prize money, and it is probably to their interest to create an impression that he was disloyal, that they may secure this money. I've told Frank he ought to resist this, but he is mad about it; swears they are robbers and thieves; and it is likely he and the girls have given offense in this way to some of our officers."

The Colonel's decided talk fully confirmed me in the belief that the story of the Captain's complicity was the outcome of some personal grievance.

Feeling that I had been guilty of a mean action, in reporting the names to Mr. Covode, I sat down and wrote him the second letter, retracting all that the first contained, and added that the mistake arose from the desire of some enemies of mine, or the Captain, to get me mixed up with the War Department.

I do not remember just what I did write, but if the reader will put himself in my place at that time, or try to realize what an enthusiastic, love-sick boy would be liable to write under such circumstances, in defense of his intended father-in-law, you will be apt to reach the conclusion that I do now, that I put my foot in it badly.

Unfortunately, I did not mail the letter in time to overtake the first one. I was delayed by engaging myself to accompany the ladies the next day on a visit to the grave and monument of the mother of General Washington. As all know, the mother of President Washington lived, died, and is buried in this historic old town. The old house, or all that is left of it, still stands on one of the streets. The tomb and monument is situated on rising ground some distance in the outskirts.

Most of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac have visited this spot, at least all who were interested in such matters did, who were about Fredericksburg, and it will not be necessary to describe it.

It was arranged that we should make a select picnic party of our visit to the tomb of the Mother of our Country, and, as we expected to make a day of it, one day's rations for a dozen, composed of the usual girls' rations of sweet cake and sour pickle, were packed in a big lunch basket.

The picnic was a pleasant affair, of course, because Geno was

there. For the time being I had entirely forgotten or, at least, lost interest in the letter of explanation which I had intended to send to Mr. Covode on that day, as well as everything else but Geno. On our return through town that same evening, I saw for the first time a New York regiment in full Zouave uniform marching in their cat-like or tip-toe step, carrying their guns in a graceful, easy manner as they marched along in their picturesque style. The band played and, seemingly, the whole regiment of a thousand bass voices sang "John Brown's body," as I have never heard it since. The effect upon our own party and the few loyal citizens was magical, and I leave the reader to imagine the sensations of the Rebel occupants of the houses along the line of march. The shades were closed—they always were—but that did not entirely conceal a number of bright-flashing eyes, that one could always find on close inspection peeping throug the cracks.

After relieving my mind by sending the letter in the evening I turned in to enjoy myself freely in the society of the ladies, and became so much immersed in the pursuit of this new-found delight that I lost sight of all other business Every day became a picnic and every evening a party.

One day, while loafing about my office down at the depot, I observed a strange-looking fellow hanging about. Every time I would look toward him I discovered his eyes had been upon me. He was not a good spy, or detective, because he at once gave himself away by his too naked manner of observing things. I got on to him at once, because he did not seem to do anything but shadow me.

There was also a telegraph office at the depot, the wire extending, I believe, only as far as the railroad was operated, to Aquia Creek. I had not met the operator personally, and, as had been my invariable practice, I had carefully concealed from all strangers, even friends, the fact that I was also a sound operator. I knew that neither the detective nor the operator suspected me of being an operator As soon as I discovered that a suspicious watch had been put upon me, it stirred me all up, and served most effectively to recall me to some sense of the duties or obligations that were expected of me. For the day or two following I passed more of my time within the hearing of the telegraph instrument and less in the parlor of Captain Wells.

One morning I saw the Pinkerton detective hand a piece of paper to the operator, who quietly put it on his telegraph desk. I had to wait a long, long time, and was forced to manufacture a good many excuses for lying around the office so closely.

There is something which I cannot explain that instinctively seems to satisfy one of certain conditions or impressions of another's mind. In modern mind-reading a telegraph operator has a very great advantage over any of the professional mind-readers, from the fact that, by a simple contact of the hand to any part of the body, the telegraph operator can telegraph by silent taps or touches or by simple pressure of the hands the characters of the telegraph alphabet, and thus spell out rapidly any word. Perhaps this fact will account for some of the recent phenomena in this direction.

As I have said, I was satisfied in my own mind, instinctively, as it were, that this fellow was a War Department spy on Captain Wells, and, perhaps myself, and I was just sharp and cunning enough when my blood was up to determine to beat him at his own game. He walked off some distance while I hung to the office, apparently very much interested in reading a copy of the Christian Commission Army Bible, which had found its way into the office there. I heard the operator call up his office, and, after doing some routine railroad business, he sent the message to some one of the chief detectives in Washington, which was, in effect, as nearly as I can remember, a sort of report or excuse for the failure to arrest a certain party, because he was absent that day, but was expected to return at night, when the arrest would be made.

Of course I saw that I was not the party referred to, because I was not absent. It did not take long, however, to find out, after some investigation and private talk with the operator, that Mr. Pinkerton had sent a man down there to look after the matter referred to in my letter to Covode. Of course Covode had indiscreetly rushed to the office and presented my letter, without once thinking of the severe reflections on the officials, or in anyway considering my interests. He only thought of the proposed scheme to get possession of the steamers. I suppose that he felt in his honest, patriotic heart that it must be thwarted at once. That's the way Mr. Covode did things. He told me subsequently that he felt that my letter would show Stanton and Watson that I was a valuable man.

But I was not willing that the detectives of Pinkerton should have the credit of working up this plan, and, aside from little personal feeling against the Pinkerton spy and my sympathies and sentiment for the father of Geno, I at once determined to defeat their aspirations; and I succeeded—to my own subsequent discomfiture.

Determined to prevent the arrest of Geno's father, because I believed him innocent, and realizing that I was responsible for the espionage that had been placed upon the family, and without a single thought as to the consequence to myself, I went quietly from the telegraph office to the Wells house, only a few blocks distant.

Geno smilingly welcomed me as she opened the door (she had learned to look for my coming, I have since thought,) and to her pleasant greeting I abruptly demanded, in a tone and with an agitation that must have seemed strange, "I want to see your father right away." To the polite response, "Why, there is nobody at home but me; come in;" I could only say, rather nervously, perhaps, "I must see your father or your mother on private business. I can not talk to you until this matter is settled first."

Geno turned her big, black eyes on me quickly, quizically, looked into my heart, seemingly satisfied herself that I was very much in earnest, she observed, with a smile: "You can see father to-night, if you wish."

"I must see him before to-night. Where is he?"

My animated manner, or perhaps urgent demands in the hallway, had attracted Mrs. Wells's attention in an upper room. Making an appearance at the head of the stairway, she asked, pleasantly: "What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much. Come down, please. I have something to say to you and the Captain, privately."

The happy mother descended only to the landing, where she halted long enough to see whether it would be safe enough for her to come any closer. Geno having heard me express a desire to talk privately to her parents, had suddenly disappeared through a side door; while Mrs. Wells, laughingly, stepped down, and, without waiting to hear from me, said, in her gentle, motherly way:

"Now, my dear boy, don't you talk to me about that. Why Geno is only a child."

"Oh, no; not that—not now. I came to tell you that the Captain will be arrested to-night. He must leave town at once."

With a few words more of explanation, the loyal wife and mother was alive to the gravity of the situation. I left the house as suddenly as I had entered it, after cautioning them under no circumstances to admit that I gave this information, as I would be hung too. I was back at the station before they had discovered that I had been away.

My plan, as detailed to Covode, was to have quietly waited and watched for some tangible proofs of this rumored piracy. If they had left me alone I should have worked it up for all it was worth, and reported the result to the War Department. But they jumped in and agitated the oyster, which of course closed up the oyster securely. I admit that on seeing this attempt at poaching on my premises, that I flushed the game, believing that the end would justify the means. I was only apprehensive that some member of the family might accidentally say something that would indicate that I was responsible for the escape of Captain Wells.

I became for a day or two subsequently a most regular attendant at the Department Telegraph Office.

I learned by my telegraph facilities that this Pinkerton spy had reported to his chief that "Wells has not yet returned," that "the party was still absent," and later that he had "escaped South." Luckily for me he did not learn of the short and interesting return visit the Captain made, and, in consequence, he had no occasion to immediately investigate the Captain's taking off, so that several days elapsed before he found it out. The Captain did not go South to join the Rebels, but, instead, went North, visiting during his exile a married daughter living in Baltimore, and subsequently published a little family history, in which he gives "a friend" the credit for the warning and also for supplying a pass over the railroad to Aquia Creek.

I found that I had made by way clear in thus "breaking the ice" when I should want to ask for Geno's hand. I had killed two or three birds at one shot that day. I had thwarted Assistant Secretary of War Watson and his Pinkertown crowd in their attempt at arresting Captain Wells on mere rumors. I had established myself in the good graces of Geno's entire family. I had prevented

her father from being imprisoned. In addition to all this, I succeeded in getting myself into Old Capitol Prison, by order of Secretary of War E. M. Stanton, and became a companion of Belle Boyd and numerous other Rebel spies. But I'll have to tell some other things that occurred at Fredericksburg before this unfortunate episode came to pass.

I need not say that, after this episode, I felt that the fate of the entire Wells family was in my hands. From that day on I was what may be slangily termed "solid" with that happy family. I believe I have mentioned the fact previously that Geno was a strikingly beautiful young girl of sixteen, and that I was twenty. I may be permitted to even say, parenthetically, that there has been nothing in my adventurous life nearly so fascinating as were the summer days in which I was "isolated" in company with the little girl who lived, as it were, between the two armies, at Fredericksburg.

To be sure the soldiers were there, or thereabout, in force.

The crack of the picket's rifle—almost the distant boom of McClellan's battles around Richmond—indeed, the smoke of war was in the air at the time, and no one knew what a day would bring forth. This was not exactly a period well adapted to sincere love-making. But no one who has known of Geno could be made to believe that she could be insincere, or that anyone could insincerely make love to her.

We were together nearly all the time, but I do not think we were sentimental in our talk.

There was this difference to me between Geno and all my other girls. In her presence it did not seem to be at all necessary to do any sentimental talking. I was always impressed by her soul-piercing eyes with the feeling that she knew it all anyhow, and it was no use in talking—I had almost written lying. I believe I told Geno more of my life than I ever intended anybody to know. I simply couldn't help it. But I shall never do this subject justice until I write out the "Romance of this Secret Love and Secret Service." This is only a narrative of facts.

I believe I have said somewhere in this story that Geno was a pretty little girl, but, at the risk of repetition, I will say that her beauty was of a kind that may not be easily described or portrayed.

It was her eyes--her beautiful dark-brown eyes—that were in themselves a soul."

In every man's life there is one moment, or one single memory, that is more cherished than all others. I shall have to tell of this one moment of my life, which occurred the day before I left.

One pleasant afternoon I happened around to the Wells house, as usual, knowing very well that Geno, dressed in her most becoming of summer toilets, would soon join me on the veranda. Perhaps I was a little earlier than usual at my accustomed seat; anyway, I became a little impatient at Geno not putting in an appearance promptly, and thinking perhaps she might not have become aware of my presence, stepped into the hall to try to make it known to her. The windows had all been closely shaded, to exclude the bright August sunlight, giving the hallway a cool and inviting half-darkened appearance. Stepping into the parlor, affecting a little cough as a signal that I was around the house, I had scarcely seated myself when my quick ear caught the sound of her footsteps as she quickly tripped down the stairway.

Lest I have neglected to mention it, I will say here that Geno was a sweet girl, with beautiful eyes, and, moreover, she was womanly in figure and graceful in action, in that hers was of the ethereal style of beauty so aptly described by Longfellow's "Evangeline." And she was sixteen, while I was twenty. Rising to greet her, I advanced to the door just as her lithe figure darkened it. She looked *so* nice, and you know the parlor and hallway were shrouded by that dim, religious light one reads about. I was tempted, and, yielding to the youthful impulse, grasped both her hands in mine, and attempted to steal a kiss—the first kiss of love.

I had by her quiet dignity of manner during my visit been repelled from attempting anything of a too familiar kind on such a short war-acquaintance. She quickly dropped her head, turning her face from me, while I held both hands tightly in my own, and uttered only that one little word of four letters "Geno." Whether it was the tone of voice, the imploring or entreating manner and earnest emphasis, or a mild reproach, I knew not. She answered not a word, but turned her pretty blushing face up to mine, while her beautiful eyes pierced to my soul, and I—I—oh!

Here I drop my pen, put my feet on the desk on which I have

been writing this, lay my head back in my lazy chair, and with both hands pressed on my face I bring back this one blissful moment of my life twenty-five years agone, as if it were but yesterday. I can not write of it. It's a "true love" story, as the sequel will show, and none but those who have been there in war-times will appreciate it.

Before I could do it again she had deftly slipped away from me, and, like a frightened deer, glided into a dark corner of the parlor; from behind a chair she blushingly cast reproachful glances toward me, while she rearranged the hair that she had taken so much pains to bewitchingly do up, and that had so long delayed her appearance.

There is a song, and of course plenty of melody and poetry in it, which I have frequently asked friends to sing—"Il Bacio"—which more aptly describes this one blissful moment than my pen can write.

After this there was a sort of an understanding between us that all lovers, who have been there, will understand, and it is not necessary for me to explain.

I had Geno's first love; and it is a true saying that, in a woman's first love, she loves her lover; in all the rest, she loves love.

I have been in love—oh, often—so many times that I cannot enumerate all, but Geno was my "war girl"; and all old soldiers will agree with me that there is a something in the very memories of love and war that touch the heart in a way that is not reached by any other feeling.

Do not for a moment imagine that there was any attempt on the part of this truly happy family to take any advantage of the tender susceptibilities of the "Boy Spy." They knew absolutely nothing of my past record.

"Through the rifted smoke-clouds of the great rebellion" of twenty-five years ago I am relating a little love story from real life, that seems almost like a dream now, but which is the best-remembered incident of all the war to me.

"The ways of fate are very diverse," and it has truly happened to me that this sweet face looked into so long since has never been forgotten in all the years that have passed or are yet to come.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SCOUT TO RICHMOND DEVELOPS IMPORTANT INFORMATION —NO FORCE IN FRONT OF M'DOWELL TO PREVENT HIS CO-OPERATING WITH M'CLELLAN—THE SECRETARY OF WAR RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FAILURE OF THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN—OUR SPY AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT ANTAGONIZES THE WAR DEPARTMENT BY CRITICISM IN THE PAPERS—IS ARRESTED ON A TECHNICALITY AND SENT A SPECIAL PRISONER TO OLD CAPITOL BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR'S ORDERS.

I, made a scout on my own account to the very out-skirts of Richmond, which resulted in establishing the fact that there was no enemy in front of McDowell. On my return to our lines, I was, as had been my usual fate, coolly received by our own officers and supected of disloyalty. In my impulsive way, perhaps, I had too freely criticised, in my letters to Mr. Forney's paper, our officers for their listlessness in permitting McDowell's army to lie idle, while McClellan was being forced to change his base on the Peninsula.

At the headquarters of the regiment, or picket guard, I had encountered, I was cross-examined by every officer who could get a chance to stick a question at me. To all I had the same story, with renewed emphasis each time, that there was no Rebel army between Fredericksburg and Richmond.

The detention at so many of these subordinate headquarters, or the halting at so many stages of our return, to answer these same stereotyped questions, began to annoy me. I had been scouting for hours without a moment's rest; my nerves were all unstrung, now that I had gotten safely back. I wanted to go to the real headquarters, and tell all I knew to the General, and then go to Mrs. Wells' house to see Geno and rest for the balance of my life. I was tired, hungry, nervous and irritable, which accounts for the unfortunate fact that I became at last resentful and, perhaps, insulting, to some of the higher officers about the headquarters and staff, who questioned my statements.

General McDowell was not present; he had been sent to Washington, or to the Shenandoah Valley I think, so that those in command had no authority, as I knew, and I felt in my nervous condition that they had insulted me by daring to doubt my story.

While yet smarting under this disagreeable reception of my report, I sat down and sent Mr. Covode a dispatch, over the military wire, giving him in brief the rusults of my recent observations, and asserting positively that the army could go to McClellan if they wanted to. Those are not the words of the dispatch, but it was in substance the same story that I had told, with the addition of some bitter comments. I did not stop to think at the time that such a dispatch could pass through the War Department Telegraph Office, and be subject to that censorship. My only object was to hasten the information to headquarters through Covode, because I realized that the officers of our own army would not act upon it.

I did not know then, neither did General McClellan, or anybody else in the armies, that Secretary Stanton had sometime previously positively ordered General McDowell *not* to reinforce McClellan.

My dispatch was unintentionally a criticism on the Secretary of War; and, coming as it did, in this outside and unofficial way, to Covode, whose committee were investigating these things, it no doubt put me in bad shape before the Secretary of War.

Undoubtedly, Major Eckert, who was then the official in charge of the telegraph office, but who in reality acted as a messenger to carry private news to the ear of the Secretary, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to place me in a bad light before the Secretary.

As I had previously made several visits to Washington and Baltimore while sojourning with the family, my short absence of one day and two nights was not noticed.

I may be permitted to say, parenthetically, that Miss Mamie Wells, the second daughter, had gone to her sister's home in Baltimore under my charge a few days previous to this. Her war history, I venture to say here, would present one of the most attractive yet written.

She was, during the bombardment and battles, a Florence Nightingale to both sides; and to her parents and family, in the subsequent terrible sufferings consequent upon their exposed position between the two armies, became a heroine in deed and in truth.

My personal acquaintance with this remarkable young lady was confined to the few days of 1862. The incident which is best remembered occurred while riding up the Potomac from Aquia Creek as her escort, *en route* to Baltimore. In reply to something that I had said on the subject that was uppermost in my heart, she took occasion to say to me in a kind, sisterly way about Geno, that produced a lasting effect upon me: "You must not trifle with that child."

That I was sincere and very much in earnest she soon discovered, because, from her charming manner, I was impelled to tell her right there much more of my love for her sister than I had told Geno herself. Her smiling approval, when I mentioned my ambition to make Geno an officer's wife, was: "You love like a boy, but I believe you would fight like a man."

Miss Sue was of an entirely different disposition. She was a born coquette, and flirting was natural to her. Her eyes were hazel, and, if I may be permitted to offer my advice to the sons of veterans, it is, don't attempt to flirt with a pair of hazel eyes, because it is a waste of time and dangerous. Perhaps they are less susceptible than black or blue, but once trifled with, or neglected, they do not pine away in grief, but rally for revenge and take it out in scorn.

I never made love to Miss Sue that I remember, after having met Geno; but she evidently felt that I was her legitimate game, simply because she was the oldest daughter. In fact, she told me plainly that Geno was entirely too young to be spending so much time with strange young gentlemen.

Naturally enough, I resented her advice, and talked to Geno about it, but my little girl only laughed sweetly at my earnestness, and not once, that I can recall, said a single word in reply that reflected on her elder sister's judgment. Geno's voice was mild, her method of speaking slow, with a charmingly hesitating manner, that made everything she said, or left unsaid, impressive.

The father being absent in exile, Miss Sue prevailed upon the mother to allow her to "manage this affair," as she haughtily termed it. We were being restricted somewhat arbitrarily by Miss Sue's management, and, to get around it, I had recourse to smuggling little notes to Geno through her little brother George and sister Jennie.

I recall now, with a laugh, with what slyness and caution Geno managed this little secret service of ours. There were not any ciphers used, but Geno had a way of inserting quotations in French in her notes that embarassed me, because I couldn't interpret them myself, and, of course, dare not appeal to any one else.

One day we all came to grief by Miss Sue getting hold of one of my notes to Geno, in which I impulsively intimated that the animus or motive of Sue's opposition was based on the fact that she desired all the attention bestowed on herself. That was a very indiscreet thing to put on a piece of paper; but, as I have said before, I think, I was twenty and Geno was sixteen.

Entering the parlor one afternoon, I found both the sisters sobbing and crying as if their hearts were breaking over some sudden intelligence of a dreadful character. I hurriedly asked if their father had been caught. But, to my eager interest, Sue replied through her tears by taking me to task about this note. I tried to explain, but she did all the talking for an hour, and I got no chance to say a word, until she said something about Geno being too young to take care of herself, when I blurted out: "Geno is better able to take care of herself than you are, and I know it."

That was putting my foot into it deeper than ever.

It took me a week to get this affair straightened out, and I verily believe the words uttered so thoughtlessly at this moment were treasured up against me in wrath by Miss Sue for twenty years, though she pretended to "make up," and I kissed both of the sisters that time before we broke up the conference or love-feast.

There remains in existence to-day a neatly-written, faded letter addressed to "The friend of an hour," which my sister Ruthie has preserved. The smart, sharp, stinging words of this letter have served as a model for more than one communication under similar circumstances.

There was this peculiarity about the Wells family: they were all loyal and true to each other, and to their parents. More than one outsider has learned to their sorrow—touch one, and all of them were touched.

As serving to indicate this, and to show the innocence and purity of Geno, I will relate at my own expense an incident.

Shortly after the Captain and father had "escaped" through my connivance, Geno, in her sweet, hesitating voice, said to me, in reply to something I had been saying or doing: "Father said to me, as he bid me good-bye: 'Geno, look out for Mr. O. K.'"

I was stunned. Perhaps I was presuming too far on my being solid with the family, and, in my usual impulsive way, I earnestly resented the Captain's caution, probably because I realized that he was right, and said something harsh in reply. Geno looked up into my face in a surprised way, while she defended her father. I shall never forget the words and the manner in which they were uttered: "Why, father knows best. I would not have him angry with me for anything."

It was a lesson to me. I was angry at the moment, but I loved her all the more for this evidence of loyalty to her parents.

It may be worth while to add a word of advice to the boys and girls who may read this. The good and faithful daughter always makes a good wife. Don't forget it, boys and girls.

To pick up the tangled love-knot in the thread of this narrative, I will say during the pleasant evening spent with the Wells family, I was so happy and contented that I became wholly oblivious to everything that was going on in the army outside. It was late the next day when I walked down to the railroad office as usual, to see if there was any news for me. It was then that I received the note of warning from my brother Spencer, which had come during my absence, a reference to which has been made further back in this narrative.

While in or around this office or station, about which were always congregated a great crowd of officers and soldiers off duty, as well as sutlers, newsboys, etc., I was pleasantly approached by General McCallum, who had charge of all the military railroads, as the successor of Colonel Thos. A. Scott, and who, after talking agreeably about some of the work I had previously undertaken, told me in his gruff way: "Railroad and telegraph employés have been required by the Secretary of War to take the oath of allegiance. All have signed but you, and I have left a blank in the office for your signature."

I was an employé, and as such was perfectly willing to sign all the oaths they required, and expressed my willingness to comply

at once. I found a written blank form had been prepared for me in the office. I signed it without thinking it necessary to read. When handing the paper back to the clerk, he remarked jocularly: "They have made you sign a mighty tight paper, haven't they?"

It was only when my curiosity was aroused by this remark that I thought of reading over the form of the oath. I think it was what was known in the year after as the cow-catcher bond or iron-clad oath. It was purposely made strong enough to catch any supposed case of disloyalty. It contained one simple clause that at the time seemed to perplex me a little. It read in substance: "I have never belonged to any organization, or borne arms against the Government of the United States, voluntarily or involuntarily."

I could not conscientiously or truthfully swear to that. I was willing enough to do almost anything to get around the ugly point, that seemed like a rock in my path, without being forced to explain that I had voluntarily united with the rebel army, and involuntarily borne arms against the Government. I dreaded very much putting my name to a paper which could in any event be brought up against me as a proof that I was "a perjurer."

I was loyal to the core, as everybody who has read this must know; but I had—I may say voluntarily—united myself with the Third Battalion of Rebel Maryland Artillery. To be sure, I was forced by the necessities of my peculiar work and the situation during my sickness in Richmond, as well as prompted by a desire to further and better aid the United States Government, to do this; but the stubborn fact was—I had taken their oath and I had in reality borne Rebel arms. I had not told anyone in Fredericksburg about this, and none of the railroad employés knew anything of my former experiences. Perhaps Geno had my confidence, but none of the family ever received any intima tion from her of my true character. To them all I was, as Sue put it, "A nice little fellow from Pennsylvania, and that's all we know."

I saw at the first glance of this new oath that I was in a tight place; and, in a moment of hasty impulse, prompted solely by a desire to be truthful and honorable to myself, I scratched my name from the paper. Without a word of explanation to the astonished clerk, I took it to Gen. McCallum, and, in a few words,

explained my action, and desired him to try and find some way out of the trouble for me. He had understood in a general way something of my experiences, and when I told him my action, he agreed with me, and said that it was right and honorable in me to protect my name. Further, on his return to Washington the day following, he said he would report the matter to the Secretary of War, and asked that I be permitted to remain in the service without being compelled to sign that iron-clad paper.

I thought then that the matter was settled, and in the evening went home from my office, to pass another—only one more—of the enjoyable, happy nights, in the company of the ladies.

In the meantime the leaven I had sent to Washington previously, in the shape of a telegram to Covode, had begun to work; so that when General McCallum got back to Washington City the next day, and reported my case to the Assistant Secretaries, P. H. Watson and General Eckert, these two officials put their wise heads together, and with only the evidence in their possession, which was additionally overbalanced by General Eckert's former prejudice, they came to the hasty conclusion, without giving me a chance to be heard, that "I was a very dangerous man," and so reported their conclusion to Mr. Stanton, whose attention was at the same time called to my reports to Covode.

The telegrapher at Fredericksburgh at that time, was a Mr. Gentry, of Kentucky, a clever gentleman, as all Kentuckians are that I have ever met.

That afternoon, while lounging in the cool parlor with Geno and Miss Sue, I was called to the door by a visit from Mr. Gentry, who politely informed me that he had an intimation from my brother and friends in Washington that I would get into trouble unless I signed that oath. Mr. Gentry very kindly advised me, to use his own words, which made such a lasting impression on me that I have not forgotten them: "Now, don't you be carried away by infatuation for this pretty little girl; act sensibly for the present; why, I'd sign anything, and I'm from Kentucky."

He was very courteous, and I felt that he had been sent after me, and if there is any one thing that I abhor it is being "led" or coddled. He knew nothing of my reasons for declining the oath, and when he desired a reply from me to telegraph back to Wash-

ington, I merely said: "Just tell them I won't do it. They will understand that."

"But," Mr. Gentry interposed, "the Secretary of War sends this word—that you must do it."

"Well, I won't do it for the Secretary of War or anybody else."

"What shall I tell him."

"Tell him to go to ——"

"No," laughed Gentry, "I wouldn't like to do that."

"Well, tell the Secretary I said so."

I felt at that time that it was not Mr. Stanton personally who was insisting upon cornering me in this way. He certainly knew of my former services, and that I could not be disloyal if I wanted to. If he had given the subject a moment's consideration, he would have surmised the reason for my "recalcitrancy"—to call it by a big name.

I believed then, and I have always entertained the opinion, that Mr. Eckert, through Assistant Secretary Watson, was instrumental in creating this misunderstanding. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I shall die without changing my mind on this subject.

Mr. Gentry probably went direct to his office after his short interview with me and reported the failure of his effort to "reconstruct me."

I imagine that, in his jocular manner, common to all operators, he detailed the exact conversation with me over the wire to the War Deparment operators. I cannot think he sent my words as an official message to the Secretary of War, but undoubtedly the substance had been telegraphed, and, of course, the War Department telegraph spies made the most use of their opportunity to down one who was inclined to be so "independent and obstreperous."

In an hour or two Mr. Gentry returned to the house — they all knew where to find me—called me to the door again, and, in the most feeling manner, told me privately that he had received, and at the same time held in his possession, a telegraph order from the Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton, to Provost-Marshal-General Patrick for my arrest.

Mr. Gentry very kindly kept the fact that he had received such a message entirely to himself, considerately bringing to me first

the ugly intelligence. He did not say so, but I have always believed his object was to give me an opportunity of escaping. I could easily have done so without leaving any suspicion attach to him of having advised me of this intention.

I had no thought of attempting anything of this kind. We sat down on the porch together while I read the order, which is to-day on file in the War Office, in these words: "Arrest and keep in the closest confinement, O. K,, and send to Washington in charge of sufficient guard to prevent any communication."

Mr. Gentry endeavored to ease the "disagreeable duty," as he termed it, by saying that the receipt of such an order was a great surprise to him, and he felt sure there was some mistake, and that all would be righted when I should reach Washington.

When I realized the full purport of such an order from the Secretary of War, I was almost stunned at the direful prospect.

My first thoughts were of the distressing effect of such news on my father and relatives at home, who were expecting that I should receive soon a promotion from the Secretary of War to the Regular Army. How, then, could I explain this arrest to them? I don't know now whether or not I even thanked Mr. Gentry for his kind thoughtfulness at the time. I hope he may be living and see from this that, after the lapse of twenty-five years, I have not forgotten his generous and thoughtful consideration for me on that hot Summer day in 1862.

Asking to be excused for a moment, I briefly told Mrs. Wells of the sudden intelligence, which she received in her motherly, sympathetic manner, with both hands raised in astonishment. Without trusting myself to talk further to her or anyone else in my agitated condition, I rejoined Mr. Gentry, and we walked together up the hill to General Patrick's office, where Mr. Gentry handed the order to General Patrick while I stood by. After he had read the telegram, Mr. Gentry astonished the old man by introducing his prisoner. The General was kind, indeed he was very sympathetic, and explained that, as the order was direct from the Secretary of War, he should have to give it especial attention, and see that it was executed to the letter; but he would make it as pleasant for me as possible.

I was given one of the vacant rooms in the private mansion

then occupied as Provost-Marshal's Headquarters; a sentry with a loaded musket stood guard in the large hallway at my open door, with positive orders, as I was courteously informed by the officer who placed him there, not to allow anyone to see me, and, under no circumstances, was I to communicate with any person, except through himself, as officer of the guard.

As there were no boats leaving for Washington City from Aquia Creek so late in the day, I was obliged to remain a solitary prisoner, under strict order of the War Department, until the following day.

I shall make the story of my imprisonment as brief as may be. During all my life, it has been a close secret with me, and for the first time, I am attempting to tell the entire story, which to many of my best friends has been as a hidden mystery.

The sentry in a blue uniform, with a loaded musket in his arms, stood within a few feet of me during the evening; and, while I slept on a cot, he faced about like a guardian angel, in a grum sort of way, however, that was not at all calculated to promote a feeling of sociability.

In fact, his bearing rather impressed me with an overwhelming sensation that the gun he carried was loaded, and the fellow who had command of it looked as if he were asking for a chance to try it on something.

He wasn't a companionable fellow, so I acted toward him as he did to me—with silent contempt; and that's the way I spent the evening. I knew very well that there were plenty of friends in town who would have called to see me in this, my time of need, if they had been permitted to do so. As it was, I was all alone in my glory, until late in the evening, when an officer, accompanied by a soldier, came to my prison door, the soldier carrying a little basket, which I was told contained my supper, which kind and motherly Mrs. Wells had sent to me, but not a word of sympathy or regret accompanied it. I don't know for sure, but I think that the contents had been, not only "inspected" by the officer of the guard on the lookout for contraband communications, but that the different little danties had been sampled as well, probably to see if they did not conceal a poison.

This generous and thoughtful remembrance from Mrs. Wells,

was the only indication I received in my solitary confinement, during all that beautiful but lonely long summer evening in Fredericksburg, that there were any persons outside of my four walls, except the grim old sentry. Of course, I well knew that at our house there would be assembled the usual crowd of happy young folks, and their conversation and thoughts would naturally be with me in my confinement. This comforting reflection was, however, somewhat disturbed by the fear that the entire family might either have been arrested or dispersed; so that, the discomforts of my close confinement were greatly increased by this fear, until I was in a manner assured of their safety by the arrival of the daintily-served lunch.

I slept that night—if I slept at all—on a bed of misery. At every turn I was made to realize that I was a prisoner—to our own side. Though the officers of General Patrick's Staff, who had charge of me, were accomplished gentlemen, and seemed apparently to sympathize with me, I could not conceal and they must have seen my distress, they were obliged, by the strict orders they had received—as was frequently explained to me—direct from the Secretary of War—to *prevent* any communication with me.

The morning following my arrest, after a hasty and solitary breakfast, I was personally visited by General Patrick, who was then Provost-Marshal for that Army, who, in the most kindly manner possible, expressed his regrets for the necessity of putting me to so much inconvenience, further explaining that, once in Washington, I could no doubt get everything fixed up. He then showed me two letters and a small pocket Bible that had been sent to me, but which he could not deliver to me, under the strict orders to permit no communication. When I recognized the address of one letter to be the well-known hand-writing of my father, the very sight of it seemed to be like a thrust of a knife into my heart, as I at once realized how distressing to him would be the news of my arrest—my friends had been expecting in its stead a promotion, by way of recompense for my past services. The other note I knew was from Geno, while the Bible was the last, best gift of Mrs. Wells.

I was assured by General Patrick that they should be sent along with me to Washington, in the care of the officer in charge,

and he hoped and expressed the belief that I should soon be free and get possession of them.

With a kind "Good-by," he introduced me to Captain ——, whose name I have forgotten, and a Lieutenant, who would kindly accompany me to Washington. The Captain very considerately observed that it had been arranged that we should get out of town quietly, without attracting any attention from the crowds about the streets, who had, no doubt, heard of my arrest.

To better accomplish this and avoid the depot, we crossed the river together at a ferry, in order to take the train for Aquia Creek from the other side, and, in so doing, we passed within a half block of Geno's house, but not within sight of it.

The Captain who accompanied me, though always by my side or, at least, close by me, considerately made it a point to act toward me—his prisoner—as if I were merely a companion. Not any of the crowd that took the train that day with us suspected that I was a prisoner. And, by the way, there was a great crowd leaving for Washington about that time, caused, if I remember aright, by some bad news from General Banks in the Valley, or McClellan.

It was the Lieutenant who was acting as the silent partner of the Captain, who kept the closer eye upon me, while, at the same time, he discreetly kept himself aloof from us and did not appear at all as one of the party. I mention all this minutely, merely to show that, notwithstanding the strict orders of the Secretary of War, and the close watch of the two officers, I succeeded in communicating with my friends at Washington.

When the overcrowded train of open freight cars and one or two passenger coaches cautiously crawled over the big trestle-work bridges, constructed by details of soldiers, between Falmouth, on the opposite side of the river from Fredericksburg, and reached "You-be-dam" Station, near Aquia Creek, though only twelve or fourteen miles, it was late in the day. There was a long temporary pier at Aquia Creek, and a number of rough board-sheds had been erected for the accommodation of the Quarter-master, commissary and other officers at this base of supplies. Among these offices was located the railroad telegraph offices, which were then in charge of Mr. Wm. Emerick, at the present time

the efficient manager of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company in New York City. In the management of the business in hand, it so happened that my Captain was obliged to call in a business way upon the Quatermaster, stationed here, to secure the required transportation for his party, on the boat up to Washington City; and while he was showing his papers and explaining his errand, I occupied a seat that I discovered to be convenient to the telegraph office, or desk, which was located in the same room. Mr. Emerick did not at that time suspect that I was an operator, neither did he know that I was under arrest; so, when the attention of the Captain was drawn, Mr. Emerick was eating his lunch outside, I sat on the edge of the rough table that was used for the telegraph instruments. Without speaking a word and apparently intent on watching the Captain's business, as my face was toward him, quietly, with one hand I touched the telegraph key, and deftly making use of my education as an operator, I signaled for attention. Quickly, and as all operators will readily understand, in shorter time than it takes me to tell it on paper, I was recognized by the answer, I, I, g-a., which means, Yes, go ahead. I sent a few words nervously to my brother operator, in effect for Mr. "John Covode—Call at Old Capitol Prison to see me," and signed my name.

This was all done so quickly, and so quietly and effectively, that not one person present suspected that I was occupied in anything of the sort.

Lest I should be suspected, I left the telegraph desk abruptly, but I had the satisfaction of hearing the acknowledgment of my dispatch, in the familiar telegraph sound: "O. K."

In the year following, I rode in an ambulance one day with Mr. Emerick from Aldie to Washington during the Gettysburg campaign, and was amused beyond my power of description to hear Mr. Emerick detail the trick that a Rebel Spy had played on him at Aquia Creek. He did not detect, in my hearty laugh at his recital of the story, that I was in any way an interested party because, at that time, I was on the Headquarters Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac Staff, and wore the blue uniform.

At the regular hour for the daily boats to leave Aquia Creek for Washington, we—the Captain, Lieutenant and myself—were

aboard and comfortably seated in arm-chairs on the hurricane deck.

About 6 P. M. we ran up past the Arsenal and finally fastened to the wharf. Here I realized fully, for the first time, that the Captain and Lieutenant were both strictly attentive to me, insisting on giving me a helping hand to almost every step through the crowds that were then rushing off the boats as soon as they touched the landings. I realized, with a sickening sensation at my heart, that I was not now free to go as I pleased, as had been my habit on many former trips up the river to Washington.

The officer in charge, not knowing the location of the Old Capitol Prison, in Washington, it became my duty to pilot my guard to my own prison. I believe we went along Maryland avenue, or, at least, to the south side of Washington, on what was known as "the Island"—below the canal—and got up through one of the stone-yards that then surrounded the unfinished Capitol.

In 1862 there were no beautiful Capitol Grounds to the north and south of the building, but, instead, the whole country thereabout was occupied by the gang of stone-cutters and their piles of marble or stone debris, similar to that which surrounded the Washington Monument within the last few years.

I steered the way in a direct course to the Old Capitol. When we got there, we were stopped by an armed sentry on the pavement, who called an officer that escorted us inside the hallway.

Here we were again detained, to wait until the Commandant had been heard from. After a most unhappy wait of half an hour we were ordered to the "office." Here, for the first time, I saw Colonel W. P. Woods, who is, I understand, a resident of Washington. Colonel Woods was rather a young, sharp-looking man, if I remember correctly, with side-whiskers, or, as we term them, short Presbyterians.

He was evidently accustomed to receiving guests at his hotel, and at first seemingly paid but little attention to the new arrivals, being at the time engaged in conversation with some lady visitors. The Captain produced a letter, which a young fellow, with all the airs of a hotel clerk, graciously deigned to open and read. He left his seat and whispered a word to Captain Woods, who left his talkative lady friends and turned his attentions to us, with as sud-

den an interest as if he had discovered a millionaire guest among the recent arrivals. I never knew what were the contents of the letter delivered to the Captain. I presume it is on record in the War Department among the Rebellion Records. Only this much I am sure. I am not mistaken in saying that I was a special guest, and at once became the center of attraction for Captain Wood and his force of attendants.

He gave us his personal attention, and himself took the records, and entered my arrival on his register, where they will be found to-day.

The walls of the Old Capitol Prison of the War of the Rebellion are still standing on the corner of First and A streets, North-East Washington, but in so altered a shape as to be scarcely recognized by the oldest inhabitants. In 1862 this famous building was a plain, oblong structure, more closely resembling a warehouse after the style of the Richmond Tobacco Libby, than anything else that I can think of just now by way of comparison.

The old building was what was known as a double house, with a large, very broad hall-way running through the center of the house, extending to the back porch or yard, on the L-shaped wing—a back building on A street.

In one of the four rooms that opened out of the hall, located nearest the door I think, was Captain Wood's office. Here I was "detained" for, well, probably an hour, after the Captain had bidden me a cordial "Good-by," promising that when he reported my safe arrival to the Secretary, on the following morning, he would endeavor to say a word of commendation of my good conduct.

My heart sank within me when I realized to the fullest extent that I was a prisoner. I sat in a chair near Mr. Wood's desk, while he, with some others, arranged suitable quarters for me. In due time I was shown to my room, which was located in the L, immediately at the head of the back stairs that led up out of the porch. I am living in Washington on the same square with the celebrated old building, now occupied as a princely residence by Chief Justice Field, General Drum, Senator Spooner, and, during my daily walks to and fro, I frequently pass the old window, and never once fail to look at it, almost expecting to see a ghost of my former self looking out at me.

I was shown to my little eight by ten hall-room, furnished only by a soldier's cot and a chair, and being so tired, sick, and broken-hearted I lay down, and, after bitter, scalding tears, soon dropped into the sleep of innocence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OLD CAPITOL PRISON—BELLE BOYD, THE REBEL SPY, A COMPANION AND FRIEND—A DISGUISED ENGLISH DUKE—INTERESTING SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN THIS FAMOUS STATE PRISON—PLANNING TO ESCAPE DISGUISED AS A CONTRABAND—RELEASED ON PAROLE BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

My Old Capitol Prison experience covered about three weeks of the hottest and, to me, the most disagreeable close and sultry days of a Washington summer.

I was a "prisoner of State" within the walls of the ugly old building during part of the months of August and September, 1862.

To one of my active temperament, the confinement at this particular time was made doubly annoying by the knowledge we, as prisoners, were permitted to obtain, in an unsatisfactory way, of course, of the important military movements that were then going on outside. We heard, in a half apologetic way, of the abandonment of the Peninsula by McClellan, or a change of base; and this news was received inside the prison by the inmates with cheers, that sent cold chills down my spine. The locks and bars, which were always in sight, as well as the bayonets of the armed sentry, that were everywhere in view from the windows, seemed to sink deeper into my heart, when I realized that Fredericksburg was also necessarily abandoned, and Geno in the hands of the Rebels. When the crowded inmates of the prison would form groups in the yard in the evening, and, in the wildest glee, openly congratulate each other on the prospect of their speedy release by Stonewall Jackson's men, when he should reach Washington, I felt, for obvious reasons, that I'd rather not be "released" by that sort of a crowd. This feeling was especially exhibited after the news of General Pope's disaster at the second battle of Bull Run, that occurred while I was locked up there. But I am getting over these three weeks in O. C. P., as we call it for short, a little prematurely.

Very few of the tourists who visit Washington are aware that within rifle-shot of the Capitol stands (in greatly altered shape, of

course,) one of the most historic buildings about the city. A good-sized book might be printed about the Old Capitol, and yet not one-half the secrets the old walls could tell would have been told. It was within these walls that John C. Calhoun, in dreadful agony of mind and body, breathed his last on earth, and it is said that his last words were not those of peace and happiness. It seems a little odd that the same brick and mortar hid from the outside world the last dreadful agony of the arch-fiend Wirz. The Kit Carson G. A. R. Post, of Washington, of which I am a comrade, was organized over the same bier and in the same dungeon that contained the body of Wirz after execution, in the year of the assassination of Lincoln, and during the Presidency of Mr. Andrew Johnson.

I spent my first night alone in a prison on the only cot the little hall-room contained. I had thrown myself upon it when I realized that Colonel Woods had closed and locked the door on me, after a polite "Good-night," without undressing myself. I admit that I broke down completely, and cried myself to sleep. I was simply broken-hearted when I recalled my previous dangerous services for the Government; could not understand why I should be so ruthlessly and heartlessly treated by the Secretary of War. It was my sensitive feelings that were so cruelly hurt.

In the morning I wakened, a hardened, stubborn, and, if I had been given the least chance, I should have shown myself an ugly, vindictive *man*. It seemed as if the *boy* in my nature had parted from me with those bitter tears, and when I roused myself it was with a determination to "do something"—I didn't know exactly what, but it was anything but a surrender, or to beg for my liberty.

The unlocking of the doors and the tramping of feet along the hall-ways, with the voices of the attendants in boisterous conversation with the inmates of the other part of the Hotel de O. C. P., were the sounds that first awakened me to this new life, as it were. As I had not undressed, I was out before the crowd got around, and enjoyed the opportunity of surveying my surroundings in quietness. As I have tried to explain, my room was right at the head of the hall stairs, on the L-part of the building, facing on A street north. The only window the room contained looked north, and, as there was in those days no buildings at all, of any size, in that part of the city, my view extended away across the country to the

Deaf and Dumb Asylum on the northern hills. In the low foreground were the numerous trains of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, that were constantly going and coming out, the tracks being in full view. This sight of loaded cars speeding away to the North —to home and liberty—was not, you may be assured, exactly the thing calculated to make the close prisoner, who saw them from his window, feel any better contented with his prison. My first thoughts at this sight were, that I should quietly leap down the short distance from that window on to the pavement below, as it was but one story above the walk, where I might quietly glide over the open commons and "catch a train."

There were no bars to the windows, and the sash was not even fastened down, because of the necessity for ventilation, so that I was able to stick my head clearly outside, but I was paralyzed to discover on the first inspection that, down on the pavement below my window, every inch was being closely patrolled by a double guard of armed sentries, while the commons, a little distance off, were occupied as the camp for the outside-guard. That's exactly the way they had it arranged in 1862, and, I also observed very soon after my arrival, that there was an inside-guard pacing up and down the hall-way in front of our open doors. The outside sentinels did not allow *any* one except their own officers on the pavement or street, in their front, so that communication in any shape or form was out of the question.

The back stairway led out on to the porch of the L, that opened into the yard. Communicating with this wooden porch at one end was the front hall, which led through the center of the main building out on to First street, to the west. It was modeled precisely on the same old-fashioned plan of a large farm house or country hotel. A main building, divided in the center by a hall which opened on to the big back porch. As if to further complete the comparison with a country tavern, I found, on going down stairs that first morning, that the porch was provided with a number of wash-bowls and long towels on rollers, at which the guests were expected to make their morning toilets, assisted by that usual scraggy old comb attached to a yard of string, tied to each post of the porch, that contained, of course, a looking-glass which distorted one's face so that I imagined, at the first sight of my-

self, that a single night in jail had made me look like a horrible old murderer.

Meals were served by the proprietors, of course, but I was politely informed by an officer, in answer to some question about the rules and regulations of the house, that those who preferred it could select a caterer and have special meals served from the outside. I concluded to be a prisoner on the European plan, and joined a mess of two or three other hail-fellows-well-met, to whom I was introduced by the officer. There were no restrictions placed on my intercourse with this mess, though we were informed that the trio would not be allowed to have any communication with prisoners in the other part of the house.

I did not want to see anybody that I had ever known before—not even my brother, who was then at the War Department, and to whom I had secretly telegraphed to meet me with Mr. Covode. There is no other explanation of this feeling except an admission that it was a cranky freak I indulged in to the fullest extent. After my first breakfast, while in my little room engaged in looking out of the window at the shifting trains, I was surprised by a first call from a lady.

One of our mess, whom I will call English, because he was an English "Spy"—or had been arrested as being in communication with the Rebels—politely knocked at my half-open door, saying, in the most polite way, for he was a genuine English gentleman:

"Miss Belle Boyd desires to meet you, sir," and, before I could recover from my surprise, the door was darkened by the lithe and graceful figure of a neatly-dressed young lady, who had presented herself to my vision so suddenly as to suggest a spirit from the other world. It was Belle Boyd, the celebrated female Rebel Spy. I had heard of her in connection with her daring horseback raids about Winchester and in the Valley with Stonewall Jackson and Jeb. Stuart, but did not have any idea that she was to be a "fellow" prisoner with me. Without any embarrassment at all, and as if sincerely anxious to welcome me to the prison, she stepped forward smilingly and, with hands outstretched, took mine in hers, as she said: "I was anxious to see who it was that was here by Stanton's express orders."

I don't just remember now how I did act, but it's most likely

that it was in an awkward, embarrassed manner, that caused Miss Belle to say, reassuringly: "Oh, you are among your friends now, and I'm glad to know you."

To my immediate relief the conversation was further carried on by English and Miss Boyd in a strain which, while it gave me an opportunity to recover myself, at the same time put the thought into my brain that I'd "catch on," as we say nowadays, and find out what this racket in the Spy line was. Here were two Rebel spies, with whom I had been put in confidential communication, and it flashed across my mind in an instant that I would make some good come of the unpleasant surroundings and put myself in such a position that the War Department would be glad enough to acknowledge my services. There was not a shadow of a doubt of Belle Boyd's sincere interest in me. She said:

"I was in C. I. Woods' office last night when I heard him tell the officers on duty: 'You must not overlook the fact that the young man in the hall room, by himself, is here under the *express* orders of Mr. Stanton.'"

As Miss Boyd made this observation in her own positive style, her lip curled with scorn at the mention of Mr. Stanton's name. She said further, in words that I have never forgotten.

"There was something else said in an undertone that I could not gather, but I determined that I would see the prisoner who was under Mr. Stanton's express orders."

This was my introduction to Belle Boyd, and to this indorsement of Colonel Woods and Mr. Stanton I am probably indebted for the very warm and kindly interest this famous female Spy afterward showed toward me.

As I remember her appearance at that time, she was of light, rather fair complexion, and I think her hair was inclined to be a strawberry blonde. While she was not strictly a handsome woman, there was something in her manner that was very attractive. She reminded me of Maggie Mitchell in her younger days. She was graceful, and, if I remember her right, has been accorded much praise for her winning ways and easy bearings. Though she was older than myself at that time, and the center of attraction among the distinguished prisoners, all of whom seemed anxious to win her favor, I flatter myself that the famous female Spy took quite a fancy to me.

The gentleman whom I have called Mr. English was rather older than either of the little coterie that I had been invited to join. He was one of those fellows who have been everywhere and know everything; in short, a regular adventurer, after the style of the English novel. He was educated—at least, we all thought so—because he talked so glibly and knowingly about every conceivable thing, and incidentally mentioned some of the palaces he had visited, how he had been entertained by royalty. This, with an occasional hint as to the character of his family friends, and the accidental exhibition of a genuine coat-of-arms, convinced Miss Boyd and myself, in our inexperience with this sort of thing, that our friend was, of course, a disguised "juke," and from that time forth he was treated with the greatest deference by us, and ate the best part of our rations. Fortunately for me, he and Miss Belle Boyd did all the talking for the first few days. I became a quiet and admiring listener, had plenty of time in which to gather myself up, so as to be able to formulate my own story, when it should be called for.

But this everlasting Englishman talked so incessantly, snd so agreeably, too, about his wonderful adventures, "in the bush, you know," while in the East India service, and in the Crimea, that, as I said, even Belle Boyd, who was a great talker, had but little show.

Our friend could sing, too, as well as talk; each evening the prisoners assembled in the "court-yard," while our glee club, on the balcony above, which was something like a stage, led by the Englishman, who bossed everything, you know, furnished entertaining music. We had every song in the whole list well rendered. It is easier to mention what was *not* sung than to begin to tell all that were given by this improvised club. Among those we never heard was the Star Spangled Banner, and kindred airs. We had Dixie for reveille, dinner and tea, and it was Dixie for a doxology at taps.

We had regular taps and hours in O. C. P. just as they have in camp outside. At bed-time everyone was made to "douse his glim" with as much strictness as if we were all aboard a man-of-war at Fort Pickens.

While I played the Rebel inside the prison for a purpose, because, as I have said, I determined the first day not to beg off, and it came sort of natural for me to ventilate a little against Stanton,

I became awfully bored by the everlasting Rebel talk, and especially so at the Englshman's predictions, that we would all become willing "subjects of Her Majesty before long."

I must do the most violent Rebel prisoner the credit for resenting this sort of talk, every time it was broached in O. C. P.

One evening the Englishman was, as usual, entertaining the assembled crowd with his melodious bellowing of "Brittania Rules the Waves;" he could do that song up in the most approved operatic style; indeed, my later judgment is that the fellow must have been an opera singer among his other accomplishments. He sang this beautiful song standing before the prisoners in the most effective stage style, expecting, as a matter of course, to be applauded and encored at the end of the act. Instead of that, however, in a quiet, slow-speaking voice, I suggested involuntarily: "How about the Monitor and Merrimac?"

The quesition seemed so apt, and put in such a sly way, that it seemed to act as a match that exploded a slumbering mine. The Englishman never before had such applause, accompanied with loud laughter. It was a continuous "howl" for a few minutes. We retired that night, laughingly discussing the Englishman and the Monitor.

The incident served to break up the singing services, and after that we heard less of England. It also shows that, even among the United States Rebel prisoners in the Old Capitol Prison, in 1862, there was a smoldering or banked-up fire of genuine patriotism yet burning, that only needed a little stirring or poking up, to cause it to break out into a great flame.

I will not burden this narrative with this Englishman's story. His history, and especially his secret services for the Rebellion, as he related it every day in the three weeks that I was obliged to listen to his everlasting talk, would, to use a common term, fill a book.

He was evidently enamored of Miss Boyd, and the plans of these two Rebel Spies, after they should be released, were from day to day discussed in my hearing.

Belle Boyd's operations as a Spy, had been carried on principally in the Valley, where I was not at all known. During our many hours of confidential chat together, I learned from her, under pretense of expecting to use the information in getting South, when I

should "escape," the names and location of those people along the Upper Potomac and in Washington, who could be depended upon as "our friends," or as we called them in those days, "Rebel sympathizers."

The list was extensive, and embraced some Washington "officials."

If my services had not resulted in anything else, this information alone, which I gained as an involuntary Spy, was of sufficient importance to compensate for all my troubles. Of course, it will be understood here that Belle Boyd never once suspected my true character. She had heard me denounced by the officials of the prison as a "dangerous man." Indeed, without egotism, I may be allowed to say that, at that particular time, I was looked upon by the prisoners and attendants as a "remarkable character," to put it modestly.

I did not suspect at this time that I was the object of so much quiet Rebel homage and attention, else I might have conducted myself differently, and exhibited some vanity over the reputation I then enjoyed. As it was, I was set down as one of the quietest, least troublesome of all Colonel Woods' guests. That was my Old Capitol Prison record in brief; and I don't know now whether I should boast of it or not. Probably I do not deserve any credit at all for the simple facts were, that I was so sick at heart, and yet so stubborn in disposition, that I had neither inclination or desire to speak a word to *anybody*, and wanted to be let alone.

My brother called to see me the second day after my arrival, accompanied by some officious fellow from General Eckert's War Department Office, whose name I have forgotten.

When Colonel Woods personally called me down to his office, he said, in a kindly way, that my brother and a friend had called, and that, out of respect for us all, he would permit us to have a quiet interview, without any show of guards or the usual censorship of official attendants. I thought at the time that this was very kind in Colonel Woods, but I changed my mind after the interview had ended.

As I walked into the room, my brother stepped up to shake my hand, but the poor fellow broke down completely and could not utter a word. His exhibition of feeling surprised and, of course, affected me, and for the moment I more fully realized the effect

that imprisonment was even then having on my father and friends in the world outside. With this came a reaction in an intense bitterness, engendered by the knowledge that I was being at least outrageously treated, so that I became in a moment, even in the presence of my heart-broken brother, as cold and apparently as indifferent as the worst Rebel inside. It will be seen that this unjustifiable imprisonment had changed my whole nature for the time being. It had soured me, as it were, with the War Department Administration (but not with the country), as completely as a thunderstorm would have turned a glass of sweet cream into a cold thick mass of clabber.

The young fellow who accompanied my brother commenced to do the talking, expressing in his kindliest way, but in a drawling nasal tone, peculiar to a Down-east man who affects the moral-reform style, that has had the effect of setting me on edge ever since against this class of men, his "sincere regret at my unfortunate condition." His tone and manner not only put me on nettles, but his first proposition was, "Now, my dear boy, the best thing you can do, for your brother and yourself, is to freely confess to——."

That's all he said; he didn't get any further, because I snapped him up abruptly, saying, "Confess *nothing;* I'll do nothing of the kind, because there isn't anything to confess."

"But, my dear boy, why did you refuse to take the oath of allegiance? Surely if you——."

"Oh you go to——. I'm not going to make any further explanations to you."

Then, turning to my brother, I quietly told him that Mr. Covode would explain matters; that I would not, if I stayed there forever, ask any favors from the War Office. My brother said that this man had been sent down as a witness to my denial, and it was only necessary for me to say in his presence that I would take the oath.

But, I could not honorably do that. I could not swear falsely to get out of prison, that "I had never borne arms nor belonged to an armed organization against the United States." And I would not perjure myself, even with the orders of Secretary Stanton, with a long imprisonment threatening me for disobedience.

And I did not. To make the long story short, I went back to

prison. Colonel Woods, who had been called into the room and heard with surprise of my refusal to be released on such a "technicality," merely laughed as he escorted me back to quarters, fully satisfied in his own mind, no doubt, that I was a "case."

The Englishman and Belle Boyd had, of course, heard one side of his story of my "bribery," and, in consequnce, became, if possible, more interested than ever in the development of my interesting case.

Realizing from this interview that I was simply at Mr. Stanton's mercy, and that he was most probably influenced by the War Department suckers whom I have mentioned, and who were envious or jealous of my independent and important telegraph or secret communications, I made up my mind that it was going to be a long siege in O. C. P. for me. The more I thought about it, and as each day's scanty news brought us fresh and exciting intelligence of the military doings in front of our army, I concluded impulsively that I *wouldn't* stay very long; that I *must* be on hand and once more outside. I would vindicate myself independently of Mr. Stanton's advisers.

Our mess was served by a caterer from the outside, as I have already explained. The meals were brought in three times a day, on a tray, by a colored boy, or a contraband. I had noticed from my room window that this colored boy came from that direction, and had, in consequence, learned to look out for his appearance as regularly as we got hungry, at each meal time, so that it became a daily question in our mess: "Is dinner in sight yet?"

The same boy brought it every day. He had to pass the quartette of guards in front of the house, and his basket was "subject to inspection" inside the hall before it could be admitted through the house.

But, as a matter of fact, the inspection became somewhat of a fraud, because the hungry guards selected the best bits of everything by way of sampling the contents, so that we held so many indignation meetings and bothered Colonel Woods so much with protests and complaints, that he was glad enough to arrange with a "trooly loil" cook, whom he could trust to not pack any papers in our grub. In this way our boy was permitted to pass unquestioned, as he became so well known to the regular attendants.

It occurred to me that it would be a good scheme to personate the colored boy, and walk out with the empty dishes, past the guard unquestioned, and so escape from the prison.

Looking up into the colored boy's face, I noticed that his ragged, old, white, straw-hat, always worn well pulled down over his curly head, half concealed a black face that, while it was not exactly similar to my own features, may be set down as being (with the exception of the black) about my "style," in age and general appearance, if I should black my face.

Playfully at first, I suggested to Belle Boyd a scheme of exchanging places with the boy, coloring my face, dressing in his coat and hat, and attempting to walk out with his tray.

She looked at the boy, then at me, and, with a hearty laugh, declared: "It's the very thing; let's do it."

Mr. English was, of course, consulted, and graciously gave his assent to the undertaking, provided he was allowed to "make me up," and to boss the job generally.

This suggestion was fully discussed between us during that and the days that followed; indeed, we talked of little else for a while. How to conceal the boy, inside, until I should get safely out of reach of the guards, was the most difficult part of the problem. The trouble that would ensue from my friend's complicity, if he should be detected, was also fully discussed, and a plausible way out of all these difficultles was arranged.

I was to borrow or buy from the boy, his old hat and coat, and the patched pants and torn shoes I would manufacture.

I was to be already blackened when he should come in, at a certain evening meal, that was usually served nearly at dark. While he was waiting on our table I was quickly to don his hat and coat, and, with the empty basket of rattling dishes, to boldly march out, as he had been in the habit of doing, into the street, and then trust to my legs for the balance. We were a long time in arranging all the details. Indeed, the occupation it gave to us all helped to pleasantly pass hours that might otherwise have been distressing.

Belle Boyd was as much interested in my outfit as any school-girl is over the dressing up of her new doll, while the Englishman gave me enough instructions and orders to carry me around the world. He was certainly an adept in the business.

During my three weeks at the Old Capitol Prison, I made a number of peculiar acquaintances that were quite interesting in the year which followed. As I am only to furnish that which pertains to myself personally, I will omit the mention of any other except to record my first acquaintance with a most universally-known war character.

The party to whom I refer will be recognized by every soldier, I may say without a single exception, in all the armies. I regret very much that I can not give his name in Latin, but in war talk it was the "Greyback," or, in plain United States—lice.

These detestable things were in Old Capitol as thick as they only can be, and, after my first contact, I may say frankly, they stuck to me closer than a brother "for three years or during the war." This was one of the "things" that "animated" me to get out of that dirty old building, that I might rush down to the Potomac and drown myself.

Old Capitol is now a beautiful block of fine residences, containing, to-day, probably as fine and as luxurious furniture and occupied by as refined people as are in the country, but, personally, I wouldn't live in it for anything, because I feel sure the bugs are in the walls yet.

The plan I proposed was entirely feasible; we all agreed on that; not one of us doubted but that I would be able to successfully accomplish the dangerous undertaking. It was dangerous only if I should be detected in the attempt, as it would certainly end in my being sent off to Fort Lafayette in New York Harbor, where I would probably be ironed and placed in a dungeon as a dangerous character, and be kept there, too, during the war. It never once occurred to me that to have been caught in attempting to escape, or to have succeeded in doing so, would have reacted against me disastrously, to the satisfaction of those who were so anxious that I should afford them some proof by which they might be able to more fully substantiate the charges of supposed disloyalty, that they had whispered into the ear of the Secretary of War. It was quite an easy matter in those days for the suckers, like Woods, Eckert, and the gang of Pinkerton suckers, and others, who were around the War Department, to poison the mind of the powers that were against any persons they may have selected as a target for

their contemptible and cowardly persecution. It's a true story, well known among historians, that this was being done—in many cases where the victims were often men of great prominence and rank, that subsequent events proved to have been as loyal as the Secretary himself.

The Englishman's story, that I gathered from his continual gabble, would make a chapter in itself. I will only mention now that he was apparently in the service of at least some official of great prominence in the English Government. He told us of letters of introduction he brought to President Jefferson Davis and a number of the leading officers of the Rebel Government at Richmond; from ever so many "my lords" of high degree in England.

It was while endeavoring to reach Richmond through the Potomac blockade that he was captured, and, to his great disgust, all of his papers were "seized," as he said, "by some brutal soldiers, you know," and the vulgar officers absolutely declined to return his papers, and had actually been so preposterous as to send him under guard to "a vile prison."

That's about the style of his everlasting chin—from morning until night—and the fact that his accent, as well as his foreign airs of superiority and of contempt for the Yankees, necessarily accompanied the words, made him all the more disagreeable to me.

The most interesting part of his story is, as he in an ungarded moment, apparently, while talking with Miss Boyd, who had expressed a curiosity to know why he did not attempt to escape, too, confessed that the real object and purpose of his mission in this country, as he had been instructed before leaving England by his friend, was to purposely place himself in the way of arrest and imprisonment by the United States Government.

His papers were not of an incendiary character exactly, I suppose, and my recollection of it now is, that they were principally letters of introduction, which were prepared by English lords with the avowed purpose of being used by the bearer in making a "case," or difficulty, on account of his English citizenship, which would give them some grounds to make a claim for his release, that would create a breach, and bring about a war, all in the interests of the Southern people. This, in effect, was the story, and I took it all in very carefully.

One day, to my disgust as well as personal discomfort, Colonel Woods brought a gentleman to my door, whom he introduced as a fellow Rebel who would be compelled to share my room with me for awhile; because, as he explained, they were getting a little crowded. The party introduced to me, I recognized at once—that is I remembered seeing his face some place, but couldn't exactly place him; when Colonel Woods in a little further chat, intimated that my associate would no doubt be a boon companion, as he was an original Rebel, he left us alone.

My new room-mate was a man of thirty-five or forty years, with a face that I should now denominate as hard. He was pleasant; indeed, his manner was made especially agreeable to me. The story he told me of the cause of his imprisonment served to satisfy me—for the time being—that I had been in error in having supposed that I had ever seen him before.

He said he was arrested for having been implicated in an attempt to recapture and return to Virginia some fugitive slave whom he had caught in the District of Columbia. He gave me a long account of the law, as it then existed—which, by the way, is the fact—that in 1862 there was a fugitive slave law in the District.

As soon as my two comrades in distress heard of this associate having been thurst upon us, and dropped into our exclusive mess to become our company, their suspicions were aroused.

The Englishman declared that the object of putting "this person" in among us was to ascertain what we had been so thick about lately. I confess this had not once occurred to me. I was simply annoyed at being obliged to have the constant company of another person in my cramped little hall room; not that he was at all disagreeable personally, but probably because we three had become rather exclusive and wanted to select our company from among the convicts. It is likely enough that we would have resented any person's society from outside just then.

When the others expressed their conviction that it was a scheme to entrap us, my eyes become opened, as I recalled again my first impression, that I had certainly seen the man before. When I mentioned this fact to Miss Boyd, she at once jumped to the conclusion that he was a spy on us, which opinion was shared by the Eng-

lishman most decidedly, who gave us our orders as our commander to be on the *qui vive* for him.

It was thought best that we should treat him with the greatest possible coolness, but of course with decency. Indeed, our Englishman was so exceedingly polite and gracious to the new-comer that his assumed airs and comic actions were so amusing to Miss Boyd and myself that we could scarcely keep up our show of dignity. Miss Boyd performed the chilling process, and she acted the part so well that the poor man was frozen on to me, as the only one to whom he could talk sensibly. I talked lots to him when we were alone. The opinions, the very decided opinions, he got from me, on Mr. Stanton and his clerks, if repeated to his employers, would have made things more interesting for him and me too.

When I became satisfied, or thought I was, and imagined that I had for my room-mate or companion a Pinkerton man, who had been purposely sent in there by some of the War Department officials to manufacture testimony against us, we all took the greatest delight in filling him up.

The first night, when alone, I talked him to sleep. I told him all my grievances; at least, that part that I wanted the War Office to hear officially.

I was careful to only tell one story correctly, and that was the exact character and object of the Englishman's business in this country. I saw that my listener was interested in it from his actions and questionings, so that I gave him the full details, for a purpose. I knew, or suspected very strongly, that he would make a report of it to the Secretary, and I, as a victim of the Pinkerton clique, was willing that they, as detectives, should have the credit from the Secretary of unearthing that story.

My desire was to defeat the Englishman's purpose, and to benefit this Government, whose officials were persecuting me when I knew that I was entitled to a reward.

We made him sick; at least, the following day he complained of feeling unwell, and, under this pretense, he was allowed to go, ostensibly to the hospital, which was located in another part of the building.

His name was Horton or Norton, I have forgotten which. I learned, in a couple weeks following, that he was the detective we had suspected him of being. When I mentioned to my brother,

that I had seen him before, he told me that I had probably met him in Eckert's telegraph room, at the War Office, where he had been specially employed.

When relieved of our unwelcome guest, we set about with renewed energy to put into operation the plan we had now about matured for my escape.

Miss Belle Boyd entered into the preparations for this scheme as school-girls plan their tableaux.

Her quick manner, or apt way of being able to change the subject of conversation, in case of occasional interruption was, to me, a source of great astonishment coupled with admiration.

One evening, by way of experiment, I was, with the assistance of Belle Boyd and the Englishman, completely rigged out in the colored boy's clothes. Corks had been gathered up and scientifically toasted, or burnt, over the lamp flame by our Englishman, who handled the business so familiarly that I am constrained now to think he was a disguised showman instead of a scion of a noble family.

I was dressed in the rags we had collected for the purpose. Belle managing this part of the job with as much glee and interest as if dressing a bride for a wedding. She would stick a pin in here, or tuck up a rag at another place, look at me critically, order me to turn around or walk off, as if I were trying on a new dress. The Englishman rubbed my face, and, after the manner of an artist, cocked his eye to get a better view of the effect of the last touch of shade, and then both would nearly explode with suppressed laughter at my ridiculous appearance.

I was instructed in the best way to show all my teeth at once, duly cautioned not to speak unless I was obliged to, and drilled in the broadest negro dialect, to which I was somewhat accustomed through my long residence in the South.

When all was satisfactory, after dark, the curtain was rung up and I was ushered out into the hundreds of assembled prisoners to try my disguise, by mixing promiscuously among them for a while. I entered boldly into the fun, and, with the feeling that, if detected, it would only be considered a good joke, as long as I was not attempting to use it as a means to pass the guard, I, in a happy, careless way, went through my part in such a satisfactory manner

that even Miss Boyd and the Englishman, who were intently watching the play, involuntarily applauded me every time I happened to do a piece of silly business that tickled them.

As an amateur actor, my debut on that sort of a dangerous stage was satisfactory to the two patrons who were managing the "bringing me out."

I stepped up to Miss Boyd, who had been standing on the balcony watching the play, bowed low, and, in as broad a dialect as I could muster, requested her order for breakfast. She, in her quick way, had a smart reply:

"Sam, you ugly, good-for-nothing nigger, tell your master to use a scrubbing brush on you before you come to me again."

This, with some other unkind observation, which Miss Boyd addressed to the Englishman, as to the "villainous expression of that nigger's face," served to wind up the fun for me, when, at the first opportunity, I got behind my door and very quickly changed my color and clothes.

As an experiment, it was a complete success; so satisfactory that we agreed that there would be no trouble in my being able to pass the guards in this disguise, provided I could keep a stiff upper lip, and not become so nervous as to excite any suspicion. I was willing to risk that part of it. A day was set, which was to be Saturday evening of that week, only two days distant, for me to make the attempt.

I had minute directions from Belle Boyd as to the location of her Rebel friends—in Maryland and in Washington—who would furnish me assistance in getting back to the Rebel lines. Of these I made a careful mental note, and also procured from the lady some short notes of introduction.

If I had gone into that miserable prison as a Union Spy, with the object of gathering information from an intimate association with the inmates, I could not have hoped to be as successful in this direction as I had been while I was acting as an involuntary Spy.

It so happened, and I take pleasure in recording it, as something almost supernatural, or in the line of that providence that seemed always to be with me, and to control my actions at the right time, that at the very time I was arranging all these details in my

room, preparatory to an escape in the evening, a visitor was in the prison waiting to see me.

As I have so often said, while in the prison I had positively and even stubbornly declined to ask any consideration at the hands of the Secretary of War or his whelping advisers. This singular feeling I shall not attempt to excuse now, simply stating the facts. It was a mistake; but my whole life seems to have been made up of mistakes. The effect of it was to estrange from me even my best friends, and my brother who, on account of the confidential relations he held in the War Telepraph Office, was afraid to become too openly interested in my case.

Rather to my surprise, I was notified on this Saturday afternoon by one of the regular prison attendants that I was wanted in Colonel Woods' office. Of course I suspected at once that our little game had been found out, and that I was to be called upon for an explanation. This subject of escaping had been in my mind so much lately that I could not for the time think that anything else was probable. As if further to confirm my suspicions, the attendant who brought the summons to me said, in his polite but positive way, "I am ordered to stay with you, and you are to take anything you have along, as there is to be some change made in your case."

I had not brought anything with me to the prison in the way of baggage, and had really less to take away, excepting the greybacks, which we had always with us. My only baggage was my light wearing apparel, with the Bible which Mrs. Wells had given to me.

The purpose in thus suddenly summoning prisoners to headquarters was to prevent their relieving themselves of anything incendiary which a search of the person might have disclosed.

My request to be permitted to see Miss Boyd was politely refused by the attendant, who explained his refusal by saying, his orders were to take me at once to the office and to prevent any communication. I saw that it was no use to reason or argue with that New Hampshire Yankee—he had his orders and was going to obey them to the letter—so, gathering up my coat, slipping it on nervously, and, donning my hat, I was at his side, and in a few minutes more was inside Colonel Woods' office.

To my astonishment, I saw my brother and some stranger seated in the office chatting cheerfully with Colonel Woods. The greeting of Spencer on this occasion was so entirely different from the first visit, when he had involuntarily broken down on seeing me, that I was further surprised by his clapping me on the back, in his old-time brotherly way, and saying, "Well, boy, we are going to take you away from here."

I don't know what I said or did; probably the first feeling was one of disappointment that I was to be deprived of the fun of escaping; but, quickly realizing the fact that I had almost overlooked that there was a world outside, I joined pleasantly in the greetings until it was explained that there were some little preliminaries to be arranged, in the way of signing some papers.

When my brother's friend spoke up in explaining this, and observed that the Secretary was "disposed to be lenient in my case," a feeling of resentment came over me, which might have broken out in some expression, if my brother had not whispered: "Father wants you to go home, and says Covode will arrange everything right there."

The mention of my father, and a request from him has, under all conditions and circumstances of my checkered life, been respected, and, if possible, complied with. It has been my observation, too, that I have never made a mistake while acting under his advice, and, also, that I have always found it disastrous to disregard his injunctions. In this case my father's simple request had more effect than the Secretary's mandate.

An examination of the little papers that the messenger from Mr. Stanton presented to be in duplicate, showed at a glance that it was simply a parole of honor, without any conditions or penalties, by which I agreed *not to go south of a certain point*, until *authorized or released from the parole.*

Knowing that I could secure the necessary release through my friends, and, after a word of kind advice by Colonel Woods, I attached by name to the paper in duplicate, took one with me, and walked out of the door a free man, with my gratified brother, while the other copy was taken to the War Department, and is *on record there to-day*, as a proof that I was in the Old Capitol Prison during this time, as stated.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRED OUT OF OLD CAPITOL PRISON—"DON'T COME HERE AGAIN!"—MY FRIEND THE JEW SUTLER—OUT IN A NEW RIG—AT THE CANTERBURY THEATRE.

I was fired out of Old Capitol Prison as suddenly and unexpectedly to myself as I had been run into the old trap.

When I said something to the officials about my own expenses, the Colonel handed me a copy of the parole, saying in a jocular manner: "There is your receipt in full; that paper clears you. Get out, now, and don't come back here again."

I went out with my brother and his companion, first to a "haberdashery," kept by a sutler Jew on the avenue. He was one of the fellows whom I, as a railroad official at Fredricksburg, had granted some special favors in the way of getting his goods into the army, through the Provost Guards.

At the time, the fellow was all smiles, or rather grins, because in the position I then occupied, I had been able to secure him special facilities to carry on his profitable army trading business. I thought, of course, from the gushing way he had talked to me then, that he would be my everlasting friend, as he had so freely expressed his gratitude to me and desired to make me presents. Naturally I looked him up the first thing when I discovered that my neat wardrobe had become sadly in need of replenishing during the month. I wanted some clean, fresh clothing, "sheap for cash." We found the fellow easily enough; but, dear me! circumstances had altered cases with him. When I made known my errand, and asked an outfit on small payment, the broad open-mouthed grin of the ugly fellow closed up tight as an oyster, and his face became solemn as a patriarch as he began the lamentation of Jacob over his losses by the evacuation of Fredericksburg.

Through my brother Spencer's assistance, I was soon supplied with an entirely new and fresh outfit from the skin out. At first my demands for a complete rig rather struck my brother as being a little extravagant, but when I had explained that one of

the tortures Mr. Stanton inflicted upon his victims at the Old Capitol was the persistent bugs that the building was infested with, he let go my arm as suddenly as if he had experienced an electric shock, sidled off from me, and, without another word of arguement, fully agreed with me that the only and first thing to do was to get rid of everything—clothes and all, from hat to socks. Carrying my bundle to a barber shop, I had my hair cut, took a bath, donned my new suit, and generously donated my old clothes to the colored barber.

Disguised in a new suit of clothes, I walked the streets of Washington an hour after having left the prison. The first place I desired to visit was the War Department. I felt that I had some urgent business with some of the officials up there, that I was anxious to relieve my mind of at once.

My brother and his companion objected. This mutual friend called my attention to the parole, which I had carelessly left in my old clothes in the barber shop. I was gently reminded that I had agreed to go north of a certain point at once, and was not to return south of that line until properly authorized to do so by the War Office.

Instead of going to the train that evening, I went to the "Canterbury Theatre," an institution on Louisiana avenue as well known by old soldiers who spent a day in Washington as any of the War relics.

While seated in the theater, which was crowded by officers, soldiers, citizens, adventurers, sutlers, clerks, politicians, army contractors, etc., I was immensely amused when a pair of country officers, dressed up in full uniform, each wearing belt, sash and sabre, strutted down the crowded aisle, their accoutrements of war rattling at every step, making so great a noise that it disturbed Johnny Hart, a negro comedian then on the stage, who abruptly stopped his performance, stepped up to the footlights, and addressed the noisy incomers: "Say, why in hell didn't you bring your horses too?"

This brought the house down, and had the effect of silencing that part of the audience that brought their camp and garrison equipage to the theatre.

It was not so much of a joke, however, when a little later on

an army officer led a Corporal's Guard, armed with loaded muskets and bayonets stuck into their guns, down the aisle, and, at a lull in the performance, came to an "order arms," while this shrewd officer of the Washington Provost Guard demanded the passes of every one in the audience who wore a uniform. I felt quite uneasy when they actually arrested and took out of the same bench on which I sat two commissioned officers who could not show passes.

Fortunately I was not disturbed, but I lost all interest in the show, and soon retired to quarters where the Provost Guard couldn't find me.

The only thing I could hear from Covode in relation to our own embarrassing affairs was: "Oh, that's all right; just tell him that it will be all right."

If was true, though not much of a consolation for me, to be reminded by some kind friends that I was not alone a sufferer by Mr. Stanton's arbitrary orders. Even General McClellan had been not only relieved from command of the army, but had been ordered to proceed to Burlington, N. J., and there await orders. This I was told meant, in reality, exile for him in precisely the same manner as for my own humble self, though the phraseology of the order was a little different from that in my parole.

I went home, where I was affectionately received into my father's house by my sisters and my aunts—I had no mother then. Probably, if I had not so early in life been deprived of a mother, I would have been saved, by her teachings, from many of the hard knocks which I was receiving by way of bitter experience. My father, always kind and indulgent, seemed to think that it was our privilege and right to pitch in for ourselves, that we might learn from experience. He seldom gave his boys any of that "I told you so" advice, in the threatening manner which renders it so inoperative.

I had made up my mind, while in the Old Capitol Prison, that when I should get free again the very first thing I should do would be to enlist as a private soldier in the Union Army.

I reasoned to myself that my services as a Scout or Spy, while working as a civilian in the interest of the politicians at Washington, would not advance my military ambition. In fact, I had

learned from some hard hits already that it was an uphill business to operate in the field as a civilian. Somehow or other, all the military people were not exactly distrustful, but there seemed to be at least a prejudice against any person about the camp who did not wear a uniform. I was willing and anxious enough to wear a uniform, but my ambition was to be an officer in the Regular Service, attached to Headquarters Staff.

This, as I have said, was about as difficult to reach as the position of Brigadier-General in the Volunteers, because they were making Brigadier-Generals every day, and they were not making Second Lieutenants in the Regular Army.

I explained my plans to my father and a few friends. My father interposed some objections to my selection of the Regular Army, prefering that I should identify myself with some regiment from our own State, and especially from our own neighborhood.

I preferred the Regular Cavalry first, because I intended fitting myself, by the experience I should gain in the ranks under the severe discipline and drill, for a Second Lieutenancy in that branch. My father thought that I would not be able to stand the restraints the discipline would impose upon me; but, as usual, I had my own way, overcoming their preference for the State troops, by the reminder that the treatment I had received from the Secretary of War would serve as a club in the hands of malcontents and growlers, who are to be found in every regiment, kicking against newcomers' advancement.

Another difficulty was raised by the receipt of a letter from my brother, at Washington, which reminded my father that I was not allowed to remain at my home, because it was located south of the line of my stipulated parole.

The War Department detectives had tracked me even into my own home, through the connivance of some contemptible neighbors, who are descendants of the Revolutionary Hessians, and like the craven dogs they were, they helped to hound me away from my father's home. To relieve my father and friends of any embarrassment, I left the house, after bidding them another "Good-by," one evening, arriving in Pittsburgh before midnight of the same day. The first thing the next morning I hunted up the recruiting office, astonished the officers by offering myself, and

without any preliminaries enlisted into Company B, Second United States Cavalry, Captain T. F. Rodenbaugh.

When I applied for enlistment I never once thought of the bounty money I would become entitled to, therefore my entry into the army in the fall of 1862 was in no sense mercenary. I had served a year previously as a civilian and knew what was in store for me in the ranks.

I was not even "in the draft," as my parole would have relieved me from every obligation, if I had chosen so to use it. I volunteered from motives of duty and patriotism in 1862, at a time when recruiting was not so brisk as it had been; in fact, at a time when everything looked dark enough for our side.

Instead of availing myself of the parole that cleared me from obligation, I, in the darkest days of the war voluntarily enlisted as a private soldier. I felt in my heart that, in thus putting my life in pawn for the cause, I had from the first consistently championed, that I would forever put beyond discussion the question of the sincerity of my motives, and I became credited to Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, so that, after all, I was a "regular volunteer" from my own State and County.

Through the thoughtfulness of Captain Rodenbaugh, I was paid some bounty money, which I expended in the purchase of momentoes for my friends, believing that I should never again come home to them.

In the matter of my get-up as a soldier, Captain Rodenbaugh was quite useful to me, and became quite pleasantly interested, taking the trouble to accompany me to the tailor shop, where he gave the necessary directions as to the regulation pattern.

I was to act as his private secretary or company clerk, and I suspect that he also intended to use my good clothes as a sort of a dressed-up dummy, to stand around the office with white gloves on, as a decoy to entice recruits to his roll, pretty much as we see the "walking sign" now a days at recruiting offices.

In the Second Cavalry, the facings, instead of being the ordinary "yaller" of the cavalry, were of an orange color, to distinguish them as the "Dragoons," as they were listed previous to the reorganization of that service just before the war.

I was made a Corporal by the Captain, and had the stripes in a

beautiful orange on my arms. The cap was the regulation little fatigue or McClellan style, with the crossed sabers, and the insignia of company and regiment in brass letter—B 2.

At my earnest solicitation, Captain Rodenbaugh sent me away with the first detachment of recruits to Cavalry Headquarters, then Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. Here I had a regular circus every hour of the day, from reveille till retreat or tattoo. It's only those who have seen cavalry recruits drilled with regular cavalry horses and old drilled Sergeants, that can be made to believe the stories that are told of their accomplishments in this direction.

Carlisle Barracks was in crude form, just what the West Point Riding School of to-day is. I was anxious to learn to be a good soldier, and I did learn a good deal—in a mighty short time, too—while I was at Carlisle. I was taught some things there that I thought I had learned thoroughly before I went there. For instance, I had been a long time in Western Texas, and had ridden wild and bucking horses without a saddle, chased buck-rabbits in a zig-zag course over hog-wallow prairies in a reckless way that made my head dizzy, but it was reserved for my Drill Sergeant at Carlisle Barracks to show me how simple a matter it was for a trained cavalry horse to throw off a Texas cowboy. Those old Sergeants—and there were a number of them—had the drill horses trained so thoroughly, and withal so full of tricks, that they beat Buffalo Bill and any circus horses I've ever seen all to pieces.

It was lots of fun for the Sergeants and a few officers and their wives, who were always watching our evolutions from their barrack windows, but it was a little bit rough on some of the boys.

We were given lessons in mounting and dismounting by the hour, till I became so expert that I was relieved of that part of the drill and advanced into a squad who had been there some time, and were soon to be sent off to the front as graduates. We were all obliged to hold the bridle-rein in one and the same way; that is, in the left hand, turned up so that we could see the finger-nails. All the steering had to be done by merely turning or twisting the clenched hand around, keeping it in the same position. There was no hauling back of the reins permitted, except by drawing the hand straight up to the chin to check or tighten the lines; and the fore-arm must be always directly in front of the pommel of the saddle.

This part of the riding lesson was all new to me. I had always used my hands as I pleased, but here we must all hold the infernal wild horses with one hand turned upside down, and dare not even yank the elbow around without getting a cuss from the Sergeant. There were always two or three Sergeants to each drill; one gave the commands from his position in front, while another old rascal rode behind somewhere to watch our arms and legs and to do the extra cussing.

Some of the fellows in our squad had been farmer boys, and felt that they knew all about horses, and were disposed at first to talk horse with the Sergeants; but one lesson in deportment answered for the whole term at Carlisle Barracks.

Those old fellows all said they would far rather take a city man who had never been on a horse than a farmer who had been riding all his life. The city fellows made good Regular Cavalrymen. We learned to ride with our knees and to steer with the legs.

At first our little caps would not stay on top of our heads, but we soon became able to balance them, with the strap dangling under the nose or chin, instead of being fastened under the chin.

These old war-horses had been at the barracks a long time, and had been carefully trained to go by the bugle. At the sound "trot," they would all start off as neatly, with the left foot foremost, as any infantry squad. When the "gallop" was sounded every old horse would switch his tail take the bit in his teeth and go off like a shot over the field, helter-skelter, as if it were a hurdle race, or the whole Rebel Army were after them. This part of the show is where the most of the fun came in. Of course, some of the riders couldn't keep time with the horses, and their caps and sabers would become troublesome appendages, and were often cast off; then the old Sergeant, bringing up the rear would, yell like a Comanche Indian, which none of us could understand, and, as everybody thought it was necessary we should hear, it had the effect of rattling the whole squad. One of our first lessons was that never, under any circumstances, must we speak to our horses; everything must be done quietly and effectively by bit and spur; but when they got to running us off by the bugle, some of the farmer boys, when they would be tossed up too much, involuntarily sang out, "Whoa!" or else, too audible, cursed the man alongside for jam-

ming their legs. This would bring down such a torrent of abuse on the head of the offender that we were kept in a state of terror from the time we were on the horses till we dismounted.

The Sergeant, or perhaps an officer, after getting the squad well under way, would sound "to the right," and, of course, the horses new what the bugle said and obeyed the signal instantly; but most of the riders didn't, and were, in consequence, involuntarily going straight ahead or fell off at the unexpected turn of the horse. Then, on the home-stretch, they would so abruptly sound a "halt," that the horses would stop in two jumps, while the rider very likely went straight ahead.

I'm telling you the truth about Carlisle Barracks and the Regular Cavalry. I've been there — several times — and know it all pretty well. Why, it's a fact, that those old horses would, at the command "right dress," as soberly turn their one eye down the line and back up a step or forward as any infantry regiment; and on the wheel the inside horse always marked time beautifully, while the fellow on the outside had to gallop.

I had lots of fun during the couple of weeks that I was at Carlisle Barracks. Probably because I entered with so much zest and earnestness into the drill, which was really sport for me. I attracted the attention (favorably) of the Sergeants and officers, and was so rapidly advanced that my request to be sent to the front with the first detachment was approved. In this ambition Captain Rodenbaugh seconded me, as he had been relieved of recruiting duty, and was ordered to conduct the first party to the front.

We left one cold day in November, via Harrisburg, traveling all night in a box-car attached to a freight train. We were delayed all the next day in Baltimore, putting in the time standing around in the cold, miserable streets, under guard, awaiting our transportation over the slow Baltimore & Ohio to Washington. The second night we reached Washington, and slept on the floor of the barn-like affair they called the Soldiers' Retreat, then located down by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Depot. A great many soldiers will remember that shanty.

Early next morning, before any of my comrades were awake, I was up about daybreak, anxious to get a look at Washington, and

especially Old Capitol Prison, through the glasses of a Union soldier. It was a bitter cold morning; so early as 5 A. M., when I went to the door of our barracks, I was astonished to see, wrapped up in his big blue overcoat, the snow blowing all over him, and standing almost up to his knees in it, our Captain, C. F. Rodenbaugh.

I did not know then that it was an officer's duty, and one of his privileges, to stand around all night in the cold, while his men slept comfortably under shelter. I said something like this to the Captain, when he courteously answered that he was the officer in charge, and it was his duty to see that the sentries were on hand. It was an early lesson; and I will say right here that the Regular officers, though severe and strict in discipline, I found always ready to expose themselves before they asked their men to do so. Apparently the Regular officers held themselves aloof from their men, and though I was almost intimate with Captain Rodenbaugh, I would not have ventured to address him, except in the way of duty, and then only after a proper salute, after we had gotten out in the field. Yet, if I could have met him alone or unobserved, I should have been as free with him as with my best friend. This matter of Regular Army etiquette was fully understood as part of our drill, and the subject never gave us any uneasiness, but in all probability saved us much trouble. There were no favorites in our service; every man was treated alike, and as long as every man did his duty, right up to the scratch, in Regular Army style, he was as independent as any officer, in his way. I had some queer experiences in this way, which I will relate further on.

I was in Washington again, and, strange to say, we were camped for the first night right in sight of the Old Capitol Prison.

Mr. Stanton, the autocrat Secretary of War, failed entirely to suppress me. With all his arbitrary exercise of authority he could not keep me away from the front. Locking me up in Old Capitol Prison only detained me temporarily. If I had not been released I certainly should have escaped the same day.

The first visit I made in Washington after my return there as a soldier was to the Capitol.

Armed with a pass, duly approved by the Provost-Guard officers, and dressed up in my Sunday uniform, I called the member of Congress from my home District from his seat out into the corridor (Mr. Covode being absent), where I bluntly and briefly explained that I had given a parole not to come South until released, but being satisfied in my own heart that it was a wrong to me, and injustice had been done through the envy and malice of some War Department officials, I had, upon the advice of such men as Covode, decided to enlist in the army, and they had formally notified the Secretary of my intention of so doing.

I had not officially been advised that "I was forgiven," and desired Mr. Blair to see the Secretary and arrange the matter for me. He looked at me with astonishment at first, and then, realizing the absurdity of the thing, laughed heartily, saying· "Why, of course, that's all right; they would not dare to annoy you any further."

I was, further, most kindly assured that my friends in Congress would all see me through, in case I had any difficulties on that score.

I left the Capitol, going straight to the War Department, where I endeavored to get an interview with the Secretary, but, dear me, a soldier—a common soldier—only a little Corporal in the Dragoon's uniform—presuming to address the Secretary of War, was something so unheard of among the old regular attendants about the door that they were disposed to fire me out of the up-stairs window for my effrontery. I had found it difficult as a civilian to reach the Secretary of War on several former occasions, but I learned, to my disgust, that as a soldier it was entirely impossible.

The lesson in the Regular Army etiquette which I took that day, burned itself so bitterly and deeply into my heart that I never attempted afterward to address anything higher than a First Sergeant in the Regular Army, except through the regular channels.

On account of an accident that happened me at Carlisle, I was permitted by Captain Rodenbaugh to sleep in a boarding-house during the first days after our arrival at Washington City, or until horses were issued to us. At Carlisle there was an old horse widely known among all the Regular cavalrymen who have been there as

"Squeezer." At stable-call, I had noticed the men in the squad to which I had been advanced, all showed a singular alacrity in rushing to the task of cleaning their horses as soon as we broke ranks for this purpose. I learned by an experience that came near being serious, that this was caused not so much by anxiety of the troopers to clean horses, as to avoid a certain stall which Squeezer oocupied.

Squeezer was a good-enough horse outside of his stall, or away from a fence-post or the side of a house. The trouble with him was, that he would invariably catch the man detailed to curry him against the side of the stall, and the vicious beast would deliberately put the weight of his whole body against the man so caught, to try and crush his bones. The only satisfaction the old horse seemed to get out of the dirty trick was, in listening to the cries of pain the poor fellow so caught was obliged to give vent to.

The Sergeants in charge of the stables were up to Squeezer's tricks so well that they always carried a sharp-pointed saber-blade to the stable, which was the only thing, well struck in, that would make the old rascal let go his hold of a victim.

It was the custom to let the recruit get caught by this horse trick, and I, as the latest in our squad, suffered the penalty. Squeezer put his haunches up against my breast and forced me up against the board stall until the bones began to crack, when the Sergeant kindly gave him the steel, and he let go of me, but began to kick viciously at the Sergeant. I was hurt badly, and suffered severely from it for some days. I learned afterward that every man in our squad carried a saddler's awl as part of the outfit, and when Squeezer became too affectionate with the man to whose lot it fell to tackle him, he kept the awl in one hand and the brush in the other, and used them alternately.

It was one of the games of the men to lay for a chance to catch the old Sergeant near his heels, when they would give Squeezer an inch of the awl, and the heels would reach for the Sergeant in a style that took all the military dignity out of him.

For a few days our detachment was encamped in the roughest kind of barracks, located on Capitol Hill, near Old Capitol. We drew our rations of soft bread, but our meat was the regulation pickled pork, fished out of the original barrels on the spot. I

recall now, with a good deal of surprise to myself, the truth that there ever was a time in Washington when I had to take my slice of raw pork on a slice of bread, standing in two inches of snow, warming up with a quart of black coffee drank from a tin cup.

I am at the present writing a resident of this same Capitol Hill, within gunshot of the Old Capitol Prison and this former camp-ground. We would consider it a great hardship to be deprived of any of the comforts and pleasures to be extracted from a residence in this beautiful city.

How few of those who now enjoy the blessings of this great Government ever think that all of these pleasures were made possible for the children by the willing sacrifices and hardships of their parents in 1861–65.

After many unsatisfactory days spent about the old barracks on the Hill, we were at length ordered into camp near Fort Albany, Virginia. This fort was located on the high ground just beyond the Long Bridge, close by Fort Corcoran, or between the Long Bridge and Arlington.

I was at heart greatly rejoiced to find myself once more in old Virginia, even if it were only over the Long Bridge and the Potomac River. Though yet in sight, I was out of Washington, and safely beyond the reach of the meddlesome War Department detectives, who had become so numerous and about as thoroughly despised as were the army insect pests. It does not speak so well for the shrewdness or effectiveness of Mr. Pinkerton's corps, that I am able to record the truthful fact that they had not, with all their vaunted facilities of telegraph and military and civil police connections, been able to locate me, or discover that I, who had been represented to the Secretary of War as a dangerous man, was freely circulating all over Washington City.

Had I been so disposed, it would have been a simple matter to have concocted much mischief, with the aid of information I had obtained in the Old Capitol of Rebel sympathizers who were living in the city. Miss Boyd had given me the names and addresses of pretty nearly everybody she had known as a friend of the South; but I made no use of this myself, except to give the information in writing to Covode's committee.

At our camp, near Fort Albany, we were quartered in the regu-

lation Sibley tent, which all old soldiers will recognize without further description. As the company clerk, or private secretary of our Captain, I was pleasantly provided for in the First Sergeant's tent. There were but the two of us in the big concern, because we had to make room for the desks or writing-table and other storage for the company papers.

It is a little curious that I was selected to do precisely this same duty by the Rebels in their capital.

Through the good management of the Captain and the First Sergeant, who were, of course, my friends, and looked after my interests in the company while I was busy on the papers, I was supplied with a real beauty of a horse. He was one of the black Morgan type, a little small, but oh, my! I suspect that the Captain became personally solicitous about my being handsomely mounted, as I found myself detailed to act as an Orderly to himself and the other officers almost every time they rode into the city.

My little nag was what may be termed frisky and spirited. I am talking all this horse now, because in the days and weeks and months that immediately followed "Frisky" took an important part in all the adventures that I had. From this time forth most of my experiences were somewhat of a dashing character, dressed, as I was, in a neat uniform, and well mounted on a horse. One little trick of Frisky's will serve to illustrate better than I could describe in many words the nature of the animal.

The stable, in the field, you know, was simply a parallelogram composed of ropes tied to posts driven in the ground. Inside of this the horses were tied to the ropes. At every stable-call I usually went out to attend to my own horse, so as to get a chance to ride bareback to water. At a certain signal, all hands mounted their horses, and at the command all filed out of the ropes, under the leader, toward the water. Frisky, being well to the rear of the column the first time I got on him, astonished me and surprised the officer in command by suddenly jumping at a clear leap over the top of the rope and running off toward the head of the line. So that, at every water-call, it got to be a regular show for the officers to come around to Frisky's side of the corral to see him jump over the rope instead of marching around in the rear of the others.

I was at least as good a horseman as any of the rest of our batch of recruits, and probably my experience in Texas, supplemented by the lessons at Carlisle, had made me quite proficient in the regulation style of marching my horse.

We frequently rode over to Washington to spend an evening. I had lots of fun, but no adventures that I care to put in print. Nearly every Sunday a couple of us would get permission and passes and ride up to what was then called the Arlington House, and thence through the lines of heavy artillery sentries about the fortifications, over the Aqueduct Bridge, to Georgetown and Washington.

At last we were ordered to the front. I do not now remember the exact date, but it was sometime in December.

This is engrafted on my memory by the fact that the "front" —as the history of the war shows—was then at or near Fredericksburg, the same grand old historic town, so dear to my memory, from which I have been escorted a prisoner to the Old Capitol only a couple of months before.

But I was going back—so the fates had decreed, in spite of Stanton—to this very same place; not exactly the same place, as the Rebel Army occupied the town most of the time; but we were going to get as close as we could to it, and be neighborly, without getting into a fight.

Another circumstance which impresses this date upon my mind is, that I spent my Christmas of 1862 on the Rappahannock with the boys of the old Army of the Potomac.

I was as happy as a boy with a new pair of boots when the orders came for us to draw five days' rations and get ready to move. As company clerk, being in the ring, as it were, with the First Sergeant, I was privately advised that we were to go to the front, so that I got all the papers in my possession in shape, and had everything so packed away before the Sergeant was ready that I had to open up the box for him again.

I supposed, as a matter of course, we would ride our horses right through Fairfax to Fredericksburg, going the route leading somewhere near the old trail I had footed so faithfully while I was in the Rebel lines.

I had not told anybody in our company—not even my good

friend Captain Rodenbaugh—of my previous experiences in Virginia.

It will be readily understood that I was not anxious to disclose these things, which had given me so much trouble; in fact, I desired above all things to conceal them.

When I heard of the proposed movement, I went to the Captain personally, and took occasion to tell him that I knew something of the road to Fredericksburg, and felt competent to act as guide for the regiment, and offered my services in that direction.

The Captain looked at me for a moment, then, with a significant smile, he took my breath away by observing, pleasantly:

"Well, yes, Corporal, I understand you have had some experience down here that would seem to make you familiar with the roads; but it has been ordered that we march down through Maryland on the other side of the Potomac."

Though the Captain's manner was so agreeable and assuring, I was so astonished by the revelation that he, of all others, had learned of my private history, that I was for the moment so taken down I could hardly look him in the face. I felt as though I had been deceiving my best friend, and he had caught me in the act, as it were. When I ventured to offer some explanation, the Captain, in his courteous way, said: "Why, my dear boy, that's all right; we all—that is, the officers—have heard of your services, and, as a consequence, you have in advance plenty of friends in the regiment."

I was gratified to hear this from him, and asked no further questions as to his source of information, but ever after that I was further convinced not only of the Captain's kindly feeling toward me, but of the other officers as well, by the fact that, on almost every important occasion, I was honored by being selected for special Orderly duty with the officers.

We marched or rode our squadron out of Fort Albany camp one cold, damp December morning, crossed the Long Bridge, passed through the lower part of the city, up over Capitol Hill, where I got a farewell glimpse of Old Capitol Prison from under my fatigue cap, seated on a horse, going to the front.

We crossed the old bridge, beyond the Navy Yard, over the Eastern Branch, went up over the hill, and were soon out of sight

of Washington, traveling all day over the same route that Wilkes Booth took in his flight to Virginia the night of the assassination.

The next morning we reached the river at some point, and put in all that day in getting our horses and baggage ferried across about four miles of water.

The next night we slept on the sacred soil at or near Aquia Creek, in Virginia—precisely the same point from which I had embarked as a first-class passenger in charge of an officer *en route* to Old Capitol Prison.

The following day we marched over a long, wind-about road to cover the fourteen miles from the Potomac to the Rappahannock. How shall I write it, but that evening at sundown, as soon as I could beg the privilege, I rode my horse down to the Lacey House, which, as all old soldiers know, is located on the banks of the Rappahannock directly opposite Fredericksburg. The Rappahannock river only was between me and Geno; but, oh! my heart ached when I realized what a great gulf it was; and that was as near as I could get to Fredericksburg. Though at this point it is but a narrow stream—so narrow indeed that a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice could be carried on over it—I could not, except under the penalty of being at once shot to death by our own or the rebel forces, make even the slightest attempt at signaling to the other shore. The Rebel Army occupied that side.

I could see walking about the streets some few persons in citizen's clothes, but all along the river, and at the foot of the street leading to the river, were armed men in gray uniforms. They had possession of the town that held all that was dear to me just then —little Geno Wells.

I lingered until the early twilight of that December evening began to drop down like a curtain; then with a heavy heart I rode slowly back to our own camp, determined in my own mind and heart that I should get into that town somehow, in spite of our own and the Rebel Army.

In my hurry to go down to the river, I had not taken sufficient care to get the bearings of our newly-located camp, and on my return at dark I experienced considerable difficulty in finding my way home. In my bewilderment, I ran afoul of so many camps and extra sentries that I was detained until quite late

Our regiment was acting as Provost-Guard at Gen. Burnside's headquarters, and, as almost everybody knew where headquarters were to be found, I finally got on the right track.

It was fortunate for me, personally, that we were at headquarters, as I was enabled to at once make acquaintances that became useful to me.

With what exalted feelings I should have rushed over one of those pontoon bridges and charged up the streets to Geno's house, if I had been there at the right time, may be imagined. The anxiety and eagerness with which she must have looked for me among the first of the invaders I must leave to the imagination or fancy of the romantically-disposed young lady readers who may be following this narrative.

Captain Wells' house being located close by the river bank, near the point at which one of the pontoons was laid down, I have no doubt that its roof sheltered some of Barksdale's Sharpshooters, who so forcibly resisted this work of the Engineer battalion.

When we joined Burnside, we found that our regiment, the Second Regular Cavalry, was acting as Provost-Guard, one company doing duty as a headquarters or body-guard.

This took me personally right into the big family at the Army of the Potomac headquarters. I was delighted at this prospect. I realized that I should henceforth be privileged to enjoy riding a good horse in the cavalcade that always dashed along in the wake of headquarters. In addition to this, I should personally have the opportunity to rub against the headquarters men, which would also give me the facilities for knowing pretty nearly what was going on in advance of the other boys. There were other agreeable advantages in being at headqnarters, as any old soldier who is not cranky with envy will readily admit.

One of these, which I appreciated very much indeed, was that, after I became a fancy Orderly, and stood around with clean clothes on, and wore white gloves, I enjoyed also the very best of rations.

I became familiar with the Surgeon's Hospital Steward, who happened to be from my native city, so we messed together. It therefore became one of the privileges at headquarters, especially with the Hospital Steward, to draw rations from the hospital stores, which was an immense thing while at the front. I don't

mean the sick rations of rice, soup, etc., but the good, nourishing things that are always reserved for the poor sick fellows. We got plenty of tea and rice, to be sure—so much, indeed, that I have soured on it ever since, and never take tea except when I am so sick that I can't bear the smell of coffee. As for rice, I am fond of it. As the Colonel said, "I like rice very much indeed, if it is properly cooked—that is, about a quart of cream and milk, a pound of butter, and some eggs and sugar and nutmeg and all the other things, nicely stirred up and baked—and, oh, yes, I forgot—about a half teaspoonful of rice may be added."

The Steward's name was Fulton—Johnny Fulton—formerly of Fahnestock's great drug house in Pittsburgh.

It became the duty of the Surgeons to inspect the boxes before they would admit their contents into the hospitals, because, you know, they often contained articles of food prepared and sent by kind friends at home that might have been as fatal to the sick soldiers, if they had been allowed to eat them, as would have been the Rebel bullets. For instance, all sweet cakes, raisins, nuts, apples and other fruits were sure death for those troubled with the great army epidemic—dysentery. Pickles, as well as the innumerable sorts of canned stuffs, became confiscated, as too dangerous to let pass, so that we had to eat them up in self-defense.

There was scarcely ever a box opened that did not contain a bottle of something contraband—some old whisky. These the Surgeons usually took care of.

I know that some of the boys even now will be ready to swear at the headquarters' "dog-robber." I've been called that so often, and become so accustomed to it, and "loblolly boy," that it had no effect. We went straight along, having as good a time as we could, wore the best clothes and rode fast horses, and when we were not doing anything else on Sundays, we would be out somewhere horse-racing.

There were, of course, some disagreeable things about headquarters too, and we of the Regulars had a standing fight with a lot of fancy boys who came down from Philadelphia that year. They were Rush's Lancers. As some of the Western soldiers have never seen this sort of a soldier, I shall describe him as a Zoo-zoo on a horse—that is, he wore a fancy Zouave uniform of many

colors, and carried a pole about fifteen or twenty feet long in a socket in his stirrup. On the end of the pole was a sharp spear or lance, and a few inches from the end of the lance a little red silk flag fluttered. They were an awfully nice-looking set of fellows on parade. A thousand of them made about as dashing a show as can be imagined when galloping along in line or column.

It was expected that these long poles, with the sharp spears on the ends, would be just the thing to charge on an enemy.

I have often heard the owners explain just how they were going to do it when they should get a chance at the enemy. The custom or style had been imported from Europe, but somehow it didn't take well in the Army of the Potomac. The boys called them "turkey-drivers," probably because of the red patch on the end of the pole.

For a time they were at headquarters as a brilliant, fancy-looking attachment to the Staff; but every time we would go out with the "turkey-drivers" the "doboys," or infantry, would yell and gobble at them in such a ridiculous way that they had to be suppressed. I have heard as many as 10,000 men in the camps in the woods gobble at the "turkey-drivers," as if it were droves of wild turkeys, every time the lancers would ride along.

We of the Regular Cavalry at headquarters were, of course, pleased to witness the frequent discomfiture of the "turkey-drivers," probably because we were a little bit jealous of them, and feared, that their bright, dashing appearance might give them a preference over us as the headquarters' favorites.

Pretty soon they, like the Zouaves, changed their uniform to the old blue blouse, and threw away their long sticks for the noisy saber.

Although we had some fun among ourselves at headquarters, yet about that time—Christmas and January, 1862–63—were the dark days of the war. Seemingly, everything had gone wrong with the Army of the Potomac. Burnside had left some of the best blood of the long-suffering old army on the frozen ground over the river; the hospitals were filled with the sick and wounded, who could not safely be transported North; and, to my intense disgust, it seemed to me that I never rode out to any place, or made a visit to my friends in other regiments, that I did not run into

some of those professional embalmers or packers, who would be engaged at one of their ugly jobs. The weather was cold, and these men went about their work as indifferently as we often see the dead beef and hogs handled in market!

One of the saddest duties to which we at headquarters were subjected, at times, was the piloting of visitors, who came down from Washington with passes and reported first at headquarters, to the regimental or brigade hospitals, in which their wounded or sick were to be found. Generally the visitor would be an old father, perhaps a farmer, sent by the mother to take home a sick or may be a dead son.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LIFE AT HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC—SOME STARTLING REVELATIONS AS TO THE "TRUE INWARDNESS," NOT TO SAY CUSSEDNESS, OF OUR HIGH UNION OFFICIALS—INTERESTING DESCRIPTIONS OF FAMILY LIFE AT HEADQUARTERS—"SIGNALS"—CIPHERS—AGAIN VOLUNTEERING FOR SECRET SERVICE INSIDE THE REBEL ARMY—A REMARKABLE STATEMENT ABOUT BURNSIDE AND HOOKER—INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL MEADE—A NIGHT AT RAPPAHANNOCK INTERVIEWING REBEL PICKETS.

We were encamped on the side of the hill on the top of which was the large mansion house then occuped by Burnside and Staff. My memory is not reliable as to names, but I think it was called the Phillips House; anyway, it was a fine, large house, with all the usual surroundings of a Virginia mansion of the days. There were negro quarters, smoke-house, ice-house, stables, etc. These were filled up with the innumerable crowd that are always about headquarters. Our command was in camp in Sibley tents on the hillside or in the orchard, almost within call of the house. It was my daily habit, when not otherwise engaged (and I had the liberty of the camp), to loaf around the porch of this house. Some way there seemed to be a strange fascination in the general officer's appearance, and I took great delight in watching his every movement and in listening to the talk of the big officers on the Staff.

There was always something going on at headquarters. Either General Franklin, or the old, almost feeble-looking, but grand E. V. Sumner, or Couch, would be there as visitors, and before they would leave probably other corps commanders in the uniform of Major-Generals, with swords, and followed by their Staffs, would dash up to the fence, dismount, and strut in, with swords rattling on the frozen ground and reverberating in the big hallway.

I saw Burnside every day, and several times a day. Whatever may be the judgment as to his generalship, there can be but one opinion as to his handsome appearance and his courteous manner. I became a personal Orderly to the General, and bear my cheerful

testimony that he was always courteous and kind, and most tender-hearted and thoughtful of the welfare of the boys in the ranks.

It was my privilege to have seen him frequently when alone during the dark, dreary days that followed his terrible disaster. I have often since thought that his mind became affected by his great trouble. He would do some of the queerest things; as, for instance, one evening he came out into the back part of the house, where I happened to be at the time, in company with a chum, there being no one else near. He, in his bare head, coolly walked up to us. We, of course, jumped to our feet, saluted and properly stood at attention, expecting that he would pass on, but, instead, he stopped, and, with a peculiar little laugh, said, in words that I do not now recollect, but, in effect, it was: "Tell them it's all right." Then, as if suddenly recovering consciousness, probably at our stupidity in staring at him, he turned abruptly away, saying, hurriedly: "Never mind, never mind."

My companion, being older and more experienced than I, probably felt it his duty to whisper to me, as he touched my arm: "Come; don't stare so. Don't you see the 'old man' is full?"

I believed at the time, and for a long time after, that my companion was right, but, in the light of subsequent events, and coupled with some other singular things that it was my privilege to witness in the few days that followed, I am reluctantly inclined to believe that General Burnside was crazed by his defeat, and that he had not recovered the possession of his faculties when he planned the "Mud Campaign."

But, to better explain my reasons for entertaining this view, I will explain that, a day or two after this singular occurrence, when I found an opportunity to see the General alone, I took occasion to boldly make a proposition to him. As I put the matter in writing at the time, at his request (for my own good, as he in such a kindly way suggested), it is probable that the paper may be among the records.

I wanted to go over the river very, very much—that goes without saying. As I knew Geno was in the house, the roof and one corner of which I could see, I made almost a daily pilgrimage to the Lacey House, and sat there on my horse by the hour, hoping and praying that it might be that she or some of the family would recognize me.

When I made bold to personally address General Burnside, I am afraid that I began in a rather nervous voice and manner to unfold my plan of going into General Lee's lines again. At first he looked at me a little incredulously, then, as he recognized me as being one of the telegraph and signal men about his headquarters, he said: "Why, my dear boy, I couldn't send you on such an errand as that."

But I persisted, and, to assure him further, I told him I had been there before, and wasn't afraid to go again.

"You surprise me," said the General, genially. "Come into my room and I'll talk it over a little."

I followed him into his room, where we found at least half a dozen officers already gathered; indeed, there was always a crowd of them around headquarters. While General Burnside greeted them cordially, I stood at attention, at a respectful distance, in one corner of the room, where I was wholly unobserved.

While waiting for the General to clear up the business with his callers—which, by the way, seemed to me a long, long while—I heard, among others, one little story that I do not think has ever been printed.

Some officers were quietly discussing the recent battle; indeed, this was a subject that would not down. It seemed as if the ghosts of the thousands of dead soldiers who were slaughtered before Marye's Heights and at the pontoons were haunting the memories of our Generals.

And, by the way, the boys who died doing their thankless duty at the pontoons are almost forgotten, though they are almost as numerous as those who charged up the heights. Well, one of the officers whom I heard talking on the subject that day was, to my mind then, quite an ordinary-looking man. He was a little bit stoop-shouldered; at least, his careless, loose dress gave him that appearance, while with his muddy boots and spectacles and generally unsoldierly bearing, he gave me the impression that he was a Brigade Surgeon. Another of the officers, speaking of the failure of the army, made some remark about the left not doing its share. At this the Surgeon jerked up his head and his eyes showed fire through his spectales, as he said: "I want you to understand that my division on the left broke Jackson's line in our charge, and, if we had been sustained, the result would have been different."

There was a good deal more of this sort of talk, pro and con, to which I paid no attention at the time, because it seemed as if everybody that I heard speak was explaining something or finding fault with another, and it, of course, became tiresome. There was lots of this sort of thing around headquarters which we on the outside overheard.

One little circumstance indelibly impressed this one man's talk on my mind at the time. Holding up his battered, old, slouched hat, and sticking his bony finger through a bullet-hole, in the crown, he said, in a reply to a suggestion that "there was no enemy in front of him, as there was at Marye's Heights"—"I found it hot enough in my front."

After he left I asked who the doctor was. The man on duty at the door looked at me with disgust as he said: "That's no damned doctor, man; don't you know General Meade?"

That was my introduction to the future commander of the army. And I put it on paper here now, that Meade's Division, of the old Sixth Corps, made a charge, at Fredricksburg, on Jackson's 30,000 men (the best position of the Rebels, because higher and more precipitous than Marye's Heights) that equaled that of Pickett at Gettysburg, yet we never hear the survivors blow of it.

I had a much longer wait for my opportunity to talk with General Burnside alone on this business than the reader has in reading this story.

I might tell some secrets that I overheard that day, while lying about headquarters. My ears were always as wide open as the proverbial little pitcher's, and, besides, I had been in training so much under similar circumstances in the Rebel country that I could scarcely help picking up everything that dropped in my hearing or sight.

However, at last they were all gone, excepting the Adjutant-General and his clerk; these two were busily engaged with some papers, seated at a long dining-room table that had been drawn out out for a desk. After General Burnside gave some directions about his correspondence to the War Department, he turned to me and, taking a chair in each hand, asked me to sit down, and in as courteous a manner as if I were a Major-General he began apologizing for the delay. He drew his chair right up in front of mine, looking me

straight in the eye, as he said: "Now, my young friend, what is it that you propose?"

As briefly as I could put it I explained, what my plan was—to open telegraph communication from the town of Fredericksburg, inside the Rebel lines, direct with his headquarters telegraph operators. This at the first glance may seem to be a wild, visionary scheme, but that it was entirely feasible I soon satisfied General Burnside.

Those who were in the Army of the Potomac will remember the Signal Telegraph Corps. I do not mean the Military or Morse Corps, but the *Signal* Telegraph Corps. There were two distinct organizations doing practically the same character of work in the Army of the Potomac. As a natural consequence, these two army telegraph corps were in a state of active, bitter warfare against each other all the time. The Morse Telegraph Corps was a civilian or non-military affair under Mr. Eckert, who was located at the War Office. Through this fact, and the sinister influence of these jealous Washington telegraphers, they were successful in securing Mr. Stanton's hostility to the Army Signal Telegraph Corps.

Every old army man will remember the signal telegraph lines that were constructed, as if by magic, on the little ten-foot poles, which were stretched along the roads like miniature telegraphs, always taking the shortest cuts through the camps.

I presume that every Corps Headquarters was in immediate telegraphic connection with the General Headquarters, and that the little poles and gum-insulated wire extended to all the important outposts. This telegraph line was used in connection with the flag-and-torch system. For instance, from some elevated position on the outskirts of our lines, probably a tree-top or a distant hill, always overlooking the enemy's country (which was just over the river), would be located a signal station. Here would be found a signal officer and his squad of trained flag swingers. These stations were equipped with the very best field-glasses and telescopes that were obtainable in this country and in Europe.

The telescope, being the larger glass, would always be found supported on a platform or tripod, and usually leveled so as to sweep the enemy's country. Each of these stations covered a designated field, equal in extent to five or ten miles. A number of these sta-

tions were arranged so that the entire front, as well as the rear, if possible, and both flanks of the enemy, were being minutely inspected every hour of the day, and any unusual movement of men or teams were at once noted and immediately reported to headquarters.

The telegraph lines were generally used while in permanent camps to convey these reports back from the front. But in case of their being disarranged or on the march, when telegraphs could not be operated, the flag-and-torch system was used.

Those who have seen these temporary wires will remember that they were apparently about the thickness of a lead-pencil, but an examination would show that a gum or rubber casing inclosed a very thin copper wire. For purpose of insulation the best quality of rubber was used, while the wire was of the purest copper. It was made in Europe to order, and, as it was expected that the wires would receive some pretty hard usage, great care was taken in its manipulation.

The wire, though as thick as a pencil, was as flexible as a piece of rope of the same thickness. It could be looped, tied and twisted into any sort of shape in the roughest, shortest manner, and be undone without damaging it. It will be understood without further explanation from me, that the purpose in having this army signal wire made in this way was to secure perfect insulation for the electric current. It was expected that, in certain emergencies, the wire could be rapidly reeled off the hose-carriage-looking vehicle that carried it on to the ground, even during a battle, and signal communication kept up through it even while it lay on the ground or in the water. A corps of men with wagons arranged to carry cords of their little circus-tent telegraph poles would run along after the reel, like a hook-and-ladder company, and were drilled to rapidly pick up the wire and suspend it overhead, where it was not liable to be injured by men or horses coming against it.

I didn't have to tell him all of this, because he already knew all about it. The telegraph and the wire were both in his sight continually. I merely said to him: "General, I will take some of that insulated wire, submerge it as a cable under the Rappahannock, and go over there myself and telegraph your headquarters every hour, if necessary, from inside the Rebel lines."

"Why, my boy, if you were to attempt to take that wire over there, the first use that would be made of it would be to make a rope to hang you."

"But I'm not going over there with a rope in my hands," I said. Then I fully explained to the General, first, that I could get into Fredericksburg in apparent safety, under pretense of being a Rebel, because I had actually been taken away from there in arrest and confined in Old Capitol Prison, by Mr. Stanton's orders, which fact was well-known by some friends in the town. At this the General's mouth opened in atonishment, and he probably began to think he was talking with a crazy man. But, after a long talk about my former experiences and my recent personal troubles with Mr. Stanton, which interested the General, especially the latter, seemed to renew his interest, and he apparently gave me his sympathy and encouragement. The poor old General was in great trouble with the War Office just then, and probably from this fact he was able to better appreciate my queer position. How very insignificant and trifling my affairs became, as compared with his own distressing, heart-breaking burden!

The General, with a deep sigh, as an expression of pain passed over his face that I shall never forget, said:

"My dear boy, I should like to avail myself of your offer, and will think it over; but," with hesitancy, as his brow wrinkled with something like a frown of distrust, "I want to say to you in the way of secret-service confidence, that the position and location of the Rebel forces has been incorrectly reported to me by the War Department Secret Service officials."

In this connection I can only explain this voluntary observation by the well-known fact that, undoubtedly, Burnside was indirectly obliged by public sentiment, expressed through Halleck and Stanton, and perhaps the President, to make his unfortunate movement over the river, in the face of an enemy intrenched on the almost-impregnable heights, against his better military judgment.

Perhaps the War Department had information of the Rebel Army that would seem to have justified the attempt. I don't pretend to know anything more about it than I have gathered from General Burnside in the way I have indicated.

In after years, when General Burnside became a Senator from

Rhode Island, I was employed in the Senate as telegraph operator for the Associated Press. Major Ben: Perley Poore, the correspondent, learning from me that I had served with the General, incidentally mentioned the fact to him one day, and, in less time than I take to write it, the dear old General was in my office shaking me heartily by the hand. I met him in a business way frequently during his term, but he never talked on the subject of the war to me, except in a general, pleasant way,

I further explained, to the apparent satisfaction of the General, that I should submerge the wire in the river, at night, at a certain point, and not attempt to haul it out on the Rebel shore, except under certain contingencies, that were likely to occur, and which I could make use of from the other shore. I had studied the subject carefully; indeed, from my frequent visits to the river bank, I had evolved from my fertile brain the plan to kill two birds with one stone; *i. e.*, to get to see Geno, at the risk of my neck, and while there, under the protection of her father and friends, who would undoutedly vouch for me as a good Rebel, I should be able to go about unmolested, and learn the position and, perhaps, the plans of the Rebel Army, and then trust to a fortunate combination of circumstances to go and fish up my submerged wire and tap my important news to headquarters. Any telegrapher will see that this could easily have been done by the use of the little instrument, that could be concealed between the empty lids of a big watch-case. The current, or battery, was to be supplied from the other end, and all that I had to do to secure attention, or notify the operators at Burnside's headquarters that somebody was at the other end of their wire, was to merely lift the exposed end off the ground or out of the water. I can't explain all this, but that is the fact easily substantiated. The only difficulty about the plan was in getting hold of this end of the wire without detection. This was a very serious trouble; but, as I have said, I had carefully studied the thing out, and thought it over night and day.

I will admit, for the sake of argument, that my thoughts and plans were stimulated by the hope of getting over to see Geno. In my frequent rides along the river banks in search of a good landing for my cable, I had selected a point on the other side right below the piers of the burnt railroad bridge. Those who have been

there will remember an old mill that was located right on the bank, the water-wheel of which seemed to be almost on the edge of the water. From this wheel was a deep ditch, or waste-way, for the escape of the surplus water into the river. Back of the wheel there was, of course, the mill-race, which was quite deep and, like a canal, sluggish. This race, as it is called, extended in a winding way up into an unfrequented part of the town.

Now, my scheme was to watch a favorable opportunity from the Union side, and, with the connivance of our own officers, the first dark night I proposed taking a coil of that wire, and, under the pretense of escaping over the river in a boat, I should, when near the Rebel shore, drop the coil with its anchor, and make a certain signal, at which our pickets were to fire their guns as if they had discovered me and were in hot pursuit.

Of course the Rebel pickets would be expected to be on the alert all the time, and, to prevent detection, I proposed suspending the coil of wire in the water from the start, attached to a rope, which I could quickly let go, and the coil and anchor would quietly drop out of sight to the bottom.

Once on the other side, I would have to run the risk of being recognized by the Rebel officers, to whom I should undoubtedly be taken at once. I hoped that by this time I had been forgotten by my old Rebel friends. Once safely through this gauntlet I should appeal to Captain Wells for recognition and release as a Rebel. There would be no trouble about that, you know.

Then, after looking the ground over, I could, at my leisure, go fishing for my coil of wire, and extend it up the mill-race either into the deserted old mill or beyond, out of the range of the pickets, and astonish the boys at Burnside's headquarters by signaling to them from the other shore. There was nothing about this plan impracticable, and General Burnside was so favorably impressed with my scheme that he heard me through with an apparently deep interest, and even suggested some changes in my project.

It did not occur to me at the time, though I learned subsequently, that one of the reasons which induced General Burnside to delay the consideration of my proposition was (very properly) to enable him to make some inquiries of my immediate officers about my past experience and supposed fitness for secret service

among the Rebels. I was quietly informed of this by a friend at court.

The result of this investigation must have been satisfactory to the General. He sent after me one evening, so late that the messenger had considerable difficulty in finding me, because I was wrapped up over head and ears in my army blanket for a night-gown, so sound asleep that I did not hear my name called.

As all of us were lying around loose in that shape, looking like mummies of the same age, he took the very great risk of resuscitating the wrong one, when the Orderly gave notice that "The General is waiting for that Telegraft Signal fellow to report."

Everybody within hearing at once took a part in the search, and I was rooted out of my snug corner by the order to "Git out of here damned sudden; you're wanted at headquarters." This sort of a summons aroused the curiosity of every old soldier that happened to be around, and that's saying a good deal.

It's only those who have lived among the old soldiers (I mean those regular chaps who have been in the service twenty or thirty years) that can understand fully what is meant by exciting their curiosity with an order for a comrade to report to headquarters.

They looked upon me with various expressions of pity, contempt, envy and wonder. The general impression was that I was getting into some kind of trouble, and one comrade sympathetically whispered words of cheer and comfort; another bade me "Good-by," etc.

Being only an enlisted man, I was quartered with the "non-coms" around headquarters, my immediate chum being the Hospital Steward.

As soon as I was wide enough awake to realize the situation and understand the summons, I knew well enough what it meant, but feigned wonder and surprise, and, hastily dressing myself, rushed through the dark yard to the house before any one could question me.

There were the usual sentries around headquarters, but my man got through them quickly, and we entered the house through the big hallway. There was but one light burning there, as every one of the numerous Staff had gone off to sleep. The Orderly gently knocked at the door as if he were afraid some one might hear. A quiet voice said, "Come"; the Orderly opened the door, put on his

"Regular" face, jerked himself in sideways, stiffened up, saluted, and reported that he had "fetched the man he was ordered to."

"All right; 'fetch' him a little more, Sergeant, till I see him," were the exact words the General uttered in reply, in his pleasant way. Without waiting for any further introduction from my escort, I brushed my bangs down, wiped off my chin, and stepped inside of the door, saluting the General according to the regulations. The General dismissed the Orderly with a pleasant "Ah, here he is; that will do Orderly." Turning to me, with the pen he pointed to a chair, saying: "I wanted to see you,and it seems as if the only oportunity I have is after everybody else has left me. Take a seat till I finish this note."

After expressing my readiness to wait upon him at any hour, I sat down as directed, and for the time being I was alone with the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac.

If I were permitted to live a thousand years, that lapse of time would not efface from my memory the impressions that this singular midnight interview with General Burnside has left upon my mind.

Previous to my reporting, the General had probably been engaged with his private correspondence, and was at that moment very intent in an awkward effort at steering his pen over a sheet of paper. The General, like all other great soldiers, was a poor penman. It made me nervous watching him scratch over the paper, so that I felt like volunteering my services as an amanuensis to help him out of his labor, though I am a poor penman myself—which, by the way, is the only claim that I have for comparison with great men.

Almost everybody is familiar with the broad, honest, generous face of Burnside, with his English side-whiskers — "Burnsides"; but, like most pictures, it fails entirely to show him with his face lighted up by his happy, encouraging smile.

Though there were upward of a hundred thousand soldiers sleeping on that cold, inhospitable ground in this darkness, all was as quiet in the Army of the Potomac along the Rappahannock at that hour as if it were a great national cemetery containing a hundred thousand quiet graves. As I sat there and watched the General's features as he continued to write, the thought occurred to my mind that this one man could, by a word, call into active life every one of those around, not only on this, but on the other side of the river.

Right over the little Rappahannock River, on every one of the hills that were in the background, we knew well enough was another sleeping army; but their dreary winter camps were enlivened somewhat by their hundreds of cheerful campfires, the light from which seemed to flicker in our faces a happy sort of defiance at our wretched darkness. All along the river front, almost within gunshot of our headquarters, was stretched a line of camp-fires at such regular intervals that the scene resembled the lights of lamps on a long, winding street. They were allowed camp-fires on their picket-lines. We were prohibited from lighting a match at the front.

After the General had finished his task of writing and sealing the note, he rose from his chair, threw up both arms, as if to stretch himself out of a cramp, as he walked toward me, saying, abruptly: "It seems to me, young man, that you are in a position that will enable you to do us great service."

When I made a move to get on my feet to assume the soldier's first position of attention, the General motioned me back into my chair, with a command to: "Sit still; I want to stretch my legs a little while I talk this matter over," and he halted in front of me as he put the question: "Do you think you can get to the other side in safety to yourself?"

I assured him that I had no doubt of that whatever, and went on to explain that my recent relations with the people there would serve to protect me, but that I must not go in the uniform of a Federal soldier.

"Are you sure that your friends over there have not heard of your being in the army?"

I thought not--indeed, I was sure they had not—as some of my best friends in the North were not aware of the step, because I had not joined with any of the State troops, but had united with the Regulars, where I had become lost, as it were, among strangers.

During this examination I had assumed that, as a matter of course, my proposition to submerge the cable was in the General's mind. I had spent some time and considerable labor in the interval in carefully preparing a section of the soft rubber or insulated wire for this use. Sufficient length had been carefully selected and tested with the electrical batteries, and then I had put the whole Quartermaster's Department in a stew by a requisiton, approved by

headquarters, for some linseed oil, which was something that was not in the regulation list. I wanted to use the oil as additional coating to the rubber, as a better protection in the water. After much red-tape business, I got some oil, and put my coil of selected wire into the barrel for a good soaking.

When I began to tell the General about this additional security, he interrupted me: "Oh, never mind about that now. I fully appreciate your ingenuity, and believe that some such plan might become practicable hereafter, but (with an impressiveness that I shall never forget) we know pretty well the extent and disposition of the enemy's forces over there."

With a deep sigh he hesitated a moment, as if recalling his recent battle, that had so terribly demonstrated this fact.

"The Government was deceived to a great extent by Scouts; what I now desire is to deceive the Rebels."

I didn't "catch on," which the General probably discovered by his intent look into my eye.

"We must deceive them the next time; and if you are willing to take the risk on yourself of going into their lines, you can no doubt aid us very much better than by taking the wire along with you."

I expressed so decided a willingness to do anything, that the General smilingly said: "I see that you will do; and, as you have explained, it will be no great risk to you personally, I am satisfied to have you make the attempt." After a few more words of friendly caution, the General said, finally: "It will be better that you should make the crossing either above or below, and come up into the city. A few signals may be arranged beforehand with some of the Signal officers, which you can, no doubt, perfect yourself better than I."

I assured him that this could be easily done, and with a word or two more of caution and a suggestion to arrange my signals, and when I was ready to go to report to him, the General bade me "Good-night."

I left General Burnside's office that night without any very clear understanding of what he wanted me to do. I was only sure that I was expected to go over into the town for a purpose which he had not yet explained. This was sufficient for me. I went off

in the dark to find my blanket, my head swimming with delight at the prospect of personally serving the General of the Army and the Government in a way that would at once secure advancement for me; but, best of all, I should at the same time be able to see Geno; and perhaps the fortune of war would be so altered by another move as to enable me to escort her and the Wells family away from the ill-fated old town.

But I shall leave the romantic portion—the love story—out of this narrative of fact. Perhaps some person better able than myself may in the future weave a romance from these plain statements of facts that I have somewhat reluctantly been putting down from time to time, in the midst of the bustle and confusion of my later-day work of a newspaper correspondent at Washington, yet scouting around among Rebels for news.

I found my blanket undisturbed during my absence. It had served as a sort of claim to that part of the floor in the large room over which were scattered a half-dozen sleeping men. One of the boys was wide enough awake to begin questioning me in regard to the nature of my business with the "old man"—the General was always the "old man," you know. In anticipation of this, and remembering a word of caution from the General, I had fixed up in my own mind a plan to put them on the wrong track. I explained—very confidentially, of course, knowing very well that it would get out the better and be believed if in that form—that I was to be questioned about the material necessary to build a telegraph line up to Washington on our side of the river.

It will be remembered that there was no direct communication with Washington by land from the army at Fredericksburg. Ostensibly, the Union forces occupied that portion of the territory, but, practically, the Rebel residenters, bushwhackers and guerrillas, assisted by Stuart's cavalry, infested the entire region between Alexandria or Manassas and Fredericksburg. Occasionally our cavalry were up in that region about some of the upper fords of the Rappahannock, but it was to all intents and purposes the enemy's country.

It was expected that I would convey some false or misleading information as coming from our forces to the Rebel officers. In a word, I was to become a decoy-duck.

While lying there all alone thinking this over carefully, and the exuberance of my feelings over a personal and pleasant interview with the General had subsided, I began to realize the dangerous position in which I might be placed.

The character of the decoy messages, and the manner of conveying them, the General had discreetly kept from me until the time for action. I was satisfied that I could easily get through to the Rebel headquarters and perhaps see General Lee personally. My "sympathizer"—Old Capitol story—would, no doubt, take well, especially in Fredericksburg.

The first danger that I should encounter would be a chance recognition of my "former services," but this was only equal to about one in a thousand. The only matter that I feared at all was going into the Rebel headquarters as the bearer of any important apers; they might, notwithstanding my friends in Fredericksburg, become suspicious and, perhaps, be induced to keep a watch over me as a sort of hostage for their fulfillment. If the intelligence I had taken to them had misled and caused disaster to their army, I would have to suffer.

The only way to circumvent this was to get out of the way before it was too late. Geno was over on that side, and the prospect of once more seeing her settled in my young impulsive heart the question. I determined that I would go, and go, too, as soon as possible; and with this thought fixed in my mind, I at last went off into a sound sleep, to dream of the happy hour when I should again take her hand in mine and tell her of the difficulties and the dangers I had met and so persistently overcome, that I might once more enjoy the happiness of being near her.

All the different headquarters were in direct communication with each other and the General Headquarters, as well as the Signal Station, from their points of observation, by means of this wirp signal telegraph, which I have described.

This field telegraph was operated on the "induction" principle, which is the basis of the telephone patent. In the field telegraph, instead of vibrations, the induced current causes the deflection of a sensitive needle, which noisily points to letters of the alphabet on a dial synchronously with the transmitting apparatus.

Compared with the Morse system, it was a little tedious, and, at

times, as uncertain as a telephone. It had the advantage, however, of simplicity. We called these "coffee-mill telegraphs." Since the war the "coffee-mill," or English system, has been greatly improved — the same principle operating the Atlantic cables. Instead of a needle revolving on the face of a dial, it is made by a wave of electricity, to simply dip or deflect, as desired, either to the right or the left of a zero point.

In this way the two simplest of all known characters are formed; *i. e.*, the "dot" and the "dash" of the American Morse system.

This principle has an important bearing, not only in the action of this narrative, but it is the basis of a system of signals first applied to use in war by myself, as developing the practicability of signaling from even the inside of an enemy's line into headquarters of his opponent. Since our war developed its uses, it has been adopted by nearly all the Governments of the earth.

It was designed by myself that, instead of being burdened by the attempt to lay a cable under the water and concealed in the earth, through which it was hoped to signal, that I should go over to Fredericksburg and, once safely in Geno's home, I could, by visual signals, communicate directly with an accomplished signal officer to be located at the Lacey House.

This was entirely practicable. Captain Wells' house was barely discernable from the Lacey House. I was to take a position at a certain window in the Wells' House and, when alone, signal directly over the water and through the air to a window in the Lacey House, by the simple use of this dot and dash system.

Those who have seen the signal-flags and torches will remember that there were but two simple motions, one to the left and the other to the right of a perpendicular—the stroke down, or in front, merely signifies a stop—the dot (or No. 2) is represented by a quick motion *to the right;* a dash (or No. 1) by a motion to the left of a sender.

At the end of each word, abbreviation, conventional or prearranged signal, a "front" motion is made.

I put in the cold days and long nights in studying up signals and in arranging with my "pard" for their exchange. He entered heartily into the scheme, believing, as we all did, that I, of all others, was just the person to undertake the business, because I would be recognized as a Rebel in that town.

From an up-stairs window of the Lacey House we discovered that two windows of Captain Wells' house were plainly visible. There was also, a single "dormer" window in the roof, which the bombardment had seriously damaged.

These up stairs windows were visible over the top of another house that stood between it and the river.

There was no other point on our side of the river from which signals could be quietly made that would not attract the attention of the watchful Rebels. Even from an obscure window of the Lacey House we feared it would be risky to attempt any demonstration in the way of signals. It was on this account settled upon that very few, if any, signals should be made to me.

There would be only some common recognition of my presence. We arranged that when one shutter of the Lacey House window was open it would signify to me in the Rebel lines that my man had his telescope leveled at my window, of which I was to open one shutter to signify my presence in that room.

Now, the telescopes used in the United States Signal Service were of the very best character. It will seem to many to be an exaggerated statement when I assert that I have distinctly and clearly read flag-signals a distance of twenty-five miles, and these at the rate of fifteen to twenty words a minute, too. At night torch-signals may be distinctly read by this method. It is only necessary that the exact point or bearings of the distant signal station be known. For this purpose a first-class pocket compass was furnished each signal officer.

In this case it was not necessary to see the compass to find the window, but we located with the telescope and compass certain other points miles to the rear of Marye's Heights and the Rebel Army, which I was to find in case the window was not available.

The window was altogether the best point, provided I could get use of it, because I could sit back in the shadow, and out of view of any person outside, and be seen by the use of the telescope, especially at night.

With my hand, or with a wand or a fan, I was supposed to seat myself in that room, my feet cocked up on a window-sill, smoking a cigar and nonchalantly signal or spell out this one-two alphabet by the waves of a fan. The objection to that was that it was winter-

time, and fans were not necessary, but it was generally understood that I was to use anything that happened to suit best, and to change as often as possible—merely to show a right and left motion was all that was necessary.

Circumstances may arise in the future in which some such conditions may be availed of, as they were in our war on more than one occasion. Exactly what I was to telegraph back did not occur to me. In fact General Burnside did not seem to attach very much importance to this part of the plan, which was more attractive to my own and my chum's mind than his decoy matter.

It was my intention to travel at will, through my Rebel friends in the town, and, if possible, get into the lines even to General Lee's headquarters, and hear their telegraph instruments, and if anything important was learned I should at once "open my half-shutter" and watch for the open half-shutter in the Lacey House. When they were ready to "receive" both shutters were to be opened, and as long as both remained opened they were "getting me down" in black and white. In case of the loss of a signal or a word, an attempt would be made to close one shutter, when I would see that I was to stop until signaled to "go ahead" by the opening of both shutters again.

It is not to be understood that it was expected of me to "spell out," by this motion system, every word that I might want to communicate over the river. There is scarcely a word in general use that was not abbreviated by the phonetic spelling and pronunciation, so that every message became a blind cipher, excepting to those who understood the phonetic system. For instance, the long word "communicate," which I have just used here, is reduced to two simple letters, as follows:

Communicate	km.	Communication	kmn.
Communicating	kmg.	Communicated	kmd.

The suffixes ing, ed, tion and ty to this word, and wherever they occur, were shortened by the use of the letters g, d, n, and y, respectively. I can "communicate" with a flag in shorthand as rapidly and as correctly at a distance of twenty miles as our official reporters will at twenty feet, and if the weather does not permit the use of flags, a battery of guns can be made to "km" as far as they can be heard, in a storm or in the dark.

For my own especial purpose, we had arranged a few additional signals by which I was to quickly "km" with headquarters. For instance, the important information that I had been successful in spreading the false information was to be known by a continuous repetition of the signals "sk, sk, sk," signifying successful.

I felt that I could with perfect safety to myself stand on the bank of the river, and, while apparently using my handkerchief in an ordinary way, make these two simple signs so that it would be readily understood. If I signaled re-rd, it meant General Lee was in Richmond; or Lt. was not Lieutenant, as would be supposed by any signal officer, but meant Longstreet; while a simple X was for Stonewall Jackson. Enh was "enough."

Before everything was in readiness, I was looking for an opportunity to see General Burnside and tell him of the character of our arrangements. I was disappointed in not seeing him for a couple of days; my recollection is that he was in Washington. Any way, I felt at the time that he was not as much interested in the matter as I had supposed he would be.

Finally, I succeeded in seeing the General, but not alone; indeed, he was seldom, if ever, without some sort of company. When he stopped his conversation long enough to hear me, he simply said, in his polite, kindly way: "Well, you come in and see me again, won't you?"

Of course that settled it for that interview, and I had to go off disappointed. I watched for the next opportunity, and when I sent a little note to his room to say that I was ready, he surprised me by sending out to see me one of his Staff officers, who, holding my note in his open hand, came up to me and began to explain that the General had directed him to see me, etc.

This officer said, very kindly: "The General has informed me of your proposed service, and has directed me to afford you every facility possible. What can I do for you? He is very much occupied just now."

That was very kind, but it was not exactly satisfactory, as I wanted to talk to the General; however, I told this officer I wanted to cross the river below the town, under the guise of a deserter, and, once over, to act as I should find best. He heard of my proposed signaling with amazement, and after explaining his grave doubts

about the safety of such an undertaking, he told me, with a significant confidence for such a short acquaintance: "The army is to move in a few days right over into the town precisely as we did before. The General, you know, is determined to make a success of his former plan, but he especially desires that the Rebels should be led to believe that he proposed to cross below. Therefore, he directed me to say that the only directions he had were that the enemy should be made to believe this, and directed me to confer with you as to the best method of accomplishing this result."

He went on further to detail a plan of crossing the army at a place called Hoop-pole Ferry, and said they would make a demonstration in that direction, but they would cross into the town again.

It never once occurred to my innocent heart that this smooth-talking Yankee officer was lying to me. They did not intend to cross at the town, and he knew it. At this very time General Burnside was planning his campaign to cross above the town some distance, at Banks or United States Fords, and he was only prevented from doing so by the "stick-in-the-mud."

In stating so positively that he intended to redeem the army and "lead his own Ninth Corps" up that hill, right through town as before, he purposely and, perhaps, wisely deceived me, and I was in turn to further deceive, or attempt to deceive the Rebels by making them think he was to cross twenty miles below.

After I had gotten under my blanket, the night following the interview with General Burnside's Staff-officer, I instinctively felt it was my last peaceful sleep under the protection of the old flag.

It was then, when alone with myself, that I camly and dispassionately thought over the entire matter.

I will admit that I was a little bit cowardly when the time neared for working this case in the dark. I am not afraid, however, to put myself down here in cold type as being afraid of the Rebels. I may be permitted to say, that no one soldier, in all that army, carried a greater risk than myself in being there.

It will be understood the prime motive with me was a longing desire to see Geno. For her dear sake I was willing to risk my life, knowing, if I were successful, I should win promotion and Geno at the same time.

I recalled, with feelings of intense gratification, the Staff-officer's words: "We shall cross into the town again as we did before."

It occurred to my dull comprehension that if this were to be so what would be the use in my taking any risk on myself to find Geno, by going over into the hands of the enemy, in advance of the army.

I reasoned very clearly, the more I thought over it, that it would be decidedly safer, and in every way better to answer my purpose, to ride a horse over the pontoons under the protection of our cannon than to go over alone only a day or two in advance.

General Burnside's Staff-officer, in thus lying to me about the crossing, unintentionally over-reached himself. But I had said to the General that I would go, and all the preparations had been made to signal. I could not, therefore, decently back down on my own proposal.

I was a coward both ways—afraid to go and afraid not to go.

I concluded, by way of compromise, to do as a great many of our Generals have done, who were also afraid sometimes—I would procrastinate, in hopes the army would move before I did—I would also make a "demonstration" below town, but hope to get into town by the convenient method of the pontoons.

The scene of this adventure is, of course, along the Rappahannock, the season that of the dreadful winter of 1862–3, on Stafford Heights, once the farm of Mrs. Washington, the mother of the Father of his Country.

The scenery was changing, like that on the stage, from the "snowy shroud that winter weaves around the dying year" to the more disagreeable mud that Virginia alone can supply, and that so effectively tied up everything that does not go on wings. In addition to the innumerable enemies in the front, in the rear, and on the flanks, that the old Army of the Potomac had to contend with, one of the most obstinate was the mud.

It was arranged that I should be quietly furnished with the facilities to enable me to "desert" over the river. All these arrangements were practically in my own hands. Everything that I desired was cheerfully afforded me.

During two of the coldest, most disagreeable days and nights of that memorable winter, I bivouaced with our cavalry outposts, located on the river bank some distance below the town.

I was there for the purpose of watching a favorable opportunity to desert to the other side.

That I did not go, was not to be charged to a lack of facilities. I was not in a hurry; in fact, I was hoping against hope that the the whole army would move. I, at last, concluded that I should have to make a demonstration to satisfy my friends, with whom I had talked it over.

The weather was so terriblely cold and rough along that river bottom that, after a few days' experience, I felt it would be a relief to get over the river, alongside of the snug camp-fires of the Rebels, which seemed to beckon me over, as an *ignis fatuus*. The Confederates were allowed camp-fires all along their picket-lines. We were not even permitted to light a match.

The Rappahannock, at the point patrolled by our cavalry, was narrow and deep, the banks on either side being abrupt and covered in most places by a close undergrowth of willow. Directly opposite, and within speaking distance, were the Rebel pickets. Their outpost camp-fires were in a little grove of saplings, so close to the bank that, from our side, we could see their every movement at night by the light of their fires, and could count the number of men laying about on the ground. We imagined that we could hear their snores, so close were they. It seemed as if we were on guard over them.

When their fires would burn low, one of the number would crawl from under his blanket, stir up the embers, put on some more wood, and again lie down to sleep in perfect security. There was no firing on picket-lines at that time.

During the daytime there would frequently be a general exchange of agreeable, but sometimes sharp, words between the pickets.

On our side there was a general order prohibiting this communication, but, when the officers were not around, we talked more freely with the Rebels than we would have dared with the sentry on the beat adjoining our own.

It was only necessary to call "Johnny!" to get a quick "Hello," or if Johnny called first it was "Hello, Yank."

But little, if any, reliable information passes through the lines in this way. The pickets out on the line, as a rule, know less about their own army than anyone else. Of course a stranger, or even a soldier unknown to the officers, is not permitted on the line.

What I am relating is an actual experience from real life in the picket lines.

These incidents resulted in bringing about some remarkable developments that, in the days and months and years that followed, produced a sadly, sweet influence on the lives, not only of myself, but upon that of some famous Confederate officers and the family of Captain Wells; but to tell the story of the "other side," at this time, is to be left for a future occasion. This is to be a straight narrative of one experience.

Picture to yourselves a stormy, snowy night. The men of the relief to which I had been temporarily attached, who were to be called, could not be found, because the snow had actually covered them out of sight.

Soldiers who lay down on the ground to sleep during a snow storm wrap themselves entirely with the blankets, which the snow soon covers. Strange as it may seem, we slept more comfortably and warmly when thus shrouded under the snow.

The night I had selected to cross to the enemy was of this kind. In the early part, I had slept sweetly under this white blanket of snow, and, when called up to take my position, I felt loth to stir, with such first thoughts, perhaps, as a criminal who is awakened from sound sleep on the morning of his execution.

At that time, in addition to two heavy flannel shirts and drawers, we usually wore two complete suits of fatigue uniform, one right over the other. The boots were large, and came high. Over the leather we learned, in very cold weather, to draw an old woolen sock. If the reader has never tried this, he will be surprised to see how much warmth even an additional cotton sock adds when drawn over the outside of a boot. It is equal to three pairs inside.

We also discovered that the placing of an old newspaper between blankets increased their warmth doubly without adding to the weight.

It will be seen from this description, or attempt at one, that a Union cavalryman on picket on a winter night, on the Rappahannock, resembled, as he sat on his horse, something that has not yet been pictured in any war-book that I have ever seen! Of course, under all this bundle of blankets and ponchos he carried across his knee his carbine, or perhaps it was "slung."

As a general thing, if the night was very cold, the poor picket allowed his heavily-loaded feet to hang out of the stirrups, because it assisted the circulation and kept the feet warmer than when resting in the stirrup.

Determined that I should settle the question that night, at a favorable opportunity I called, in a voice that I fear was somewhat tremulous, "Hello, Johnny!"

Not getting any reply, I waited a few moments, watching intently every movement around the fire in the little grove. Presently one tall fellow, with whiskers all over his face, whom I took to be an officer, called gruffly to one of the sleeping Rebels, as if directing his attention to the picket-line. There were a few words or growls in a sleepy tone, and all became quite. Fearing that they would all go off to sleep again, I called out loudly, "Come down to the river a minute."

At this the officer got up, stared into the darkness over his fire as if the voice had come from a ghost in the tree-tops. Again I called: "Come over a minute; I want to give you some dry coffee."

This stirred up the officer, whose pleased smile I could see by the firelight.

"Hello! is that you, Yank?" Then, urging the sleeper to get out, the two had some sharp words, which I didn't hear.

It was only a few moments before both strode away from the fire-light in the direction of the river. At the time I was so nervous that I thought it an hour's delay.

Our officer was conventiently absent at the time, and while I knew that I would not be molested, except as a feint, I still felt that for effect I must go quietly about this, and this feeling served to make me act the part nervously.

There was a flat-boat or raft tied on the other side. This little, square, coffin-shaped craft had been manufactured by some Georgia soldiers. The sides were straight up and down and the bottom flat. A good name for the thing is "a boy drowner"; that's what they call them on the river where I learned to swim. To navigate this concern, a rope had been stretched over the river and anchored at each side, the rope sinking under the water. That rope was there permanently, just in such shape as I had proposed to lay a cable. Our officers only knew in a general way of its existence from the

fact that the little boat was drawn or ferried almost every night by means of it.

When the two Rebels that I had roused from sleep had gotten close enough and began to feel along the shore ice for the boat, which was always kept on their side, I excited them to greater exertion by saying in a whisper, intended to be confidential, but which was heard easily over the river: "I've got a canteen of commissary here I will sell or trade."

Whisky has its uses. It enters into almost every conspiracy in some shape or other; in this case it was only to be applied as a sort of taffy. The officer called back eagerly: "All right; we'll make some kind of a dicker."

The boat was scarcely safe for one and wouldn't carry double without kicking over. It was built on the theory that the one passenger would part his hair in the middle, and to get an exact balance, the "chaw" of tobacco could be shifted to that side of the jaw that required the weight. It would do well enough for a plaything in the summer time, but to risk a bath in the middle of a winter night was not to be so lightly considered.

The officer insisted on the soldier coming over. By way of persuasion I heard him tell him that if he should get a little wet, the commissary that Yank had would warm him up. That settled it.

He came over in less time than I had taken to tell about it, jumped through the bushes and stood before me on the hard-frozen ground.

Nearly all of the old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac have been a party to these little "exchange of courtesies" on the outposts, and will understand better than I can explain just how the thing was done. For those who have not seen the reality, I would suggest a picture. The scene is on the Rappahannock; the background shows the heights below Fredericksburg covered with snow. The characters in real life are the Rebel soldier and his boat. He stood by me wrapped in a dirty butternut blanket, in that style of drapery that only a Rebel soldier or an Apache Indian can adapt himself to.

I have already described my bundled-up appearance, topped off with a poncho. We were meeting at that lonely spot in the middle of a winter night, ostensibly to trade coffee and whisky for tobacco; but in fact it was, with me, a meeting for the purpose of hatching

out a conspiracy as important in one sense, if successful, as was that of Benedict Arnold and Major Andre's meeting. I was there for a purpose, with the indirect knowledge and consent of the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Armies.

I preferred very much to talk with the officer; he would have the authority to grant me the privileges I wanted to negotiate for, before I should surrender my liberty.

The man in front of me was a middle-aged, unshaven, ugly-looking specimen of a Georgian or North Carolinian Tar-heel. All he knew was to do as his officer directed, and he was of a kind that would do that at any cost. Whisky was the best or quickest way to reach his confidence. The rebel and I "drank from the same canteen" on the picket-line. He did the most of the drinking, while I only pretended to take swigs of it.

The officer on the other side couldn't see what we were doing; he became uneasy and called out: "Don't fool 'round thar too long."

My rebel called back, "I'm a-comin' with some good stuff."

He went back to his boat, hauled out a lot of leaf tobacco, and after the style of the Indians trading, laid it down, saying: "It's all I got, but there's plenty of it."

I was not making a tight bargain just then, and agreed to all his terms so readily that probably, under the influence of the commissary, he could scarcely find words to express his good opinion of me, etc.

I broached the subject uppermost in my mind by growling at our hard luck in having to stand out there in the cold. His reply to this put me off my pins entirely:

"Well, why don't you all go to your own home in your own country?"

I explained that we would like to do so, but being soldiers we had to stay here against our will.

I then mildly suggested that we felt like going over to their side, that we might have such comfortable fires, etc.

"A right smart of your men do come over."

"What do they do with them?"

"Oh, they are sent away down to the coast some place, where they are in no danger of getting caught by you all."

That was one important point learned; they would send me off

South if I should go over as a deserter. I didn't intend to be sent away so far from Geno, and I decided mighty suddenly just then that I wouldn't go along back with him.

The Johnny started to return, when I asked him if he ever went up to the town. He had been there, but was seemingly as dumb and indifferent as an animal about everything but the whisky and coffee.

"I've got some friends up in town there that I'd like to send some word to. Can't you go up there and see them for me?"

"Why, yes, I'll do anything I can to oblige you; but I'll have to ask the Captain about that, you know."

Then I drew from my pocket a letter or note, sealed in an ordinary envelope, addressed to Captain Wells, and confidentially whispered as I looked around me, as if afraid some of our officers would see or hear me: "I've a sweetheart up there, and between you and me I would like to send her some word explaining why I am here. The fact is," I continued, as the fellow reached his hand and took my letter, "I only came into this Yankee army for a chance to get to see her, and if I thought I wouldn't be sent South I'd go over now."

The fellow was then so much softened by the whisky that he tugged at my hand to "Come right along; come on, old fellow." I only got away from him by proposing that he see his officer about it first, and if they could give me any assurance that I'd not be sent South I'd go over the next night I was on duty.

Again assuring him that the letter contained nothing that I should object to his officer seeing, he left me, ramming into his pocket the document containing the misleading information that General Burnside's Staff-officer had suggested that I personally convey. I had prepared the document myself, which was in the form of a friendly letter to Captain Wells and family, detailing my experience in the Old Capitol Prison, and explaining that I had joined the army as the only means to get back there; then, as if it were an ordinary bit of news, I added the decoy information to the body of the note in these words:

"I have heard from my brother, who you know is a telegraph operator at the War Department, that General Burnside has been ordered to cross the river again; but next time it is to be away

down the river at Hoop-pole Ferry, so that I hope to soon be with you all once more, etc.

When the Rebel got back and had talked a while, and had probably given the Captain a swig at the commissary, the Captain called back to me to say, "Thank you, old fellow; much obliged to you, sir." Then, in an undertone, "Are you all alone?"

I signified that I was, when he said: "I know those ladies very well, and will see them myself tomorrow."

What could have been better for my purpose? It will be remembered there were two older sisters, Miss Sue and Miss Mamie. I flattered myself with the reflection that Geno was then too young for company—especially Rebel company, or any other kind but me.

In this manner I was in every way as successful in accomplishing General Burnside's purpose as if I had gone over personally; perhaps more so, as there would be no doubt in the minds of the Wells family that I was sincere in these statements, and they would indorse me strongly to the Rebel officers. If the letter had been intercepted it would have answered precisely the same purpose. The message was delivered to the Wells family, and, no doubt, the contemplated move of General Burnside below town was reported to the Confederate officers.

While General Grant was preparing for his Wilderness campaign, I learned—in some way that I cannot now recollect—that Captain Wells was a prisoner in the Old Capitol.

At the first opportunity I procured a pass from the Provost-Marshal's Office in Washington, and, calling at the Old Capitol, asked for Captain Wells. I was then in uniform, so that the outside attendants did not recognize in their visitor a former prisoner.

In a little while the Captain was shown into the room. At sight of him my heart ached. The poor old man seemed to have aged wonderfully in the year since I had last seen him. He looked at me, but his eyes were not so good, and, seeing my uniform, he probably supposed that I was one of the guard, and was about turning to an attendant to ask who had called to see him, when I spoke and reached for his hand. Then his face brightened up as he heartily shook hands, and the first words he spoke, in answer to some remark about our altered appearance as he looked at my uniform, were: "We heard you were in Stoneman's cavalry."

General Stoneman was then Chief of Cavalry, and the Southern people, after their own manner, usually named the troops after the commander. When I asked how he had heard from me, when I could not get a word from them, he looked up with that curious smile of his, as he said, significantly: "We got word from a certain good friend of ours telling us about it."

Further conversation was carried on in this guarded way, as an officer sat in front of us and heard every word that was exchanged.

When I asked the Captain about his accommodations, and proposed sending him some fruit and eatables from the outside, he warmly thanked me, adding, with the same peculiar smile: "You know about what we get here, I suppose?"

At this I had to laugh, so did the old Captain, the officer between us looking curiously from one to the other, to try and discover what the joke was that created such merriment.

He told me, then, something of the dreadful experiences of the family, in Fredericksburg, during the bombardment and battles, declaring that he should take them away from there at the first opportunity.

The interviews of visitors were limited to a certain number of minutes, and when my time was up I had to go.

In a few days after the experience of negotiating the decoy over the river, the Army of the Potomac did move, and a demonstration was made precisely as I had indicated. But the history of General Burnside's famous stick-in-the-mud march has already been so well told that I need only to add that this was his plan. If the weather had not changed, or the dreadful Virginia mud had not prevented, General Burnside would have crossed above the town, and might have been successful then, and redeemed himself.

It is now certain that General Lee would have been surprised, and have been compelled to fight the Army of the Potomac on equal terms, outside of fortifications, with General Burnside for a leader. General Hooker afterward did precisely the same thing that General Burnside is so mercilessly criticized for attempting. Hooker failed miserably, after he was over, and when everything was in his grasp. Burnside might have managed it better in Hooker's position.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONSPIRACIES AMONG UNION GENERALS AND NORTHERN POLITICIANS—THE DEFENSE OF THAT UNAPPRECIATED ARMY, THE CAVALRY—HOOKER AND DEAD CAVALRYMEN—STONEMAN'S CELEBRATED RAID TO RICHMOND TRUTHFULLY DESCRIBED, AND ITS FAILURE TO CAPTURE RICHMOND ACCOUNTED FOR—A CHAPTER ON THE "SECRET SERVICE" NOT REFERRED TO IN OFFICIAL REPORTS OR CURRENT WAR HISTORY.

It is with considerable reluctance that I make this jump in my narrative from the date of Hooker's taking command until his first active movement at Chancellorsville. The months of February, March and nearly all of April were spent in comparative idleness. The massive Army of the Potomac, with its 100,000 men, were in their restful winter quarters on Stafford Heights, opposite Fredericksburg. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that there was no activity at the headquarters of that army.

We were boiled and stirred up incessantly at headquarters by the little wars and inside conspiracies between our own general officers and against the War Office. The secret history of some of these bickerings would be interesting reading, by way of foot notes to the articles now being contributed to the *Century* and other war books by some of those who were active participants in these traitorous schemes. I however do not know enough of it (except from personal gossip about headquarters) to permit my venturing upon any detailed exposition.

Sufficient is known, however, in a general way, by the survivors, who were cognizant of the affairs at the time, to bear me out in asserting that among other schemes there was a widespread, organized conspiracy among certain officers to attempt a *coup d'etat*, by which McClellan was to be made Military Dictator, in place of President Lincoln.

This may be denied again and again, but the unadulterated facts are (and they froze so hard that winter that they will keep to the end) that there was such a conspiracy. The correspond-

ence on the subject with the Copperhead politicians in the North, who were to manage that end, is probably yet in existence. Some day, when the active participators are dead and gone, perhaps the truth may be made known.

On the occasion of a visit to Washington during this long winter siege, I was questioned privately by the Covode Committee as to procuring some information on the subject.

As I have stated before, I had had enough of the politician secret-service business, and did not take kindly to their making any use of me as a spy on our own headquarters. But this much was established: there were agents in Washington, wearing the uniform of the Union Army, who were in communication with our Generals in the field and politicians in the North, who personally sounded certain officers at a certain hotel room on the subject. These officers procured from this traitorous committee all the information they could, and promptly gave it to the Government officials.

Only one more word of this: one, probably two, of the officers who procured this information are prominent officials in the Government service at Washington to-day. Their character for reliability and truthfulness is unimpeachable. That is all I have to say on this question at present.

General Burnside was aware of the intrigues—to call it by a mild term—that were going on among his own officers. As a telegrapher I handled some correspondence with the War Department at the time which, turned onto a screen, would make some "handwriting on the wall" that would more than surprise the war-reading public. The effect would be greater than any magic-lantern or stereopticon exhibition of battlefields.

Burnside wanted to arrest Hooker and his friends as public conspirators. I have heard him talk and act so wildly on this subject, that I believe, if the provocation had been given Burnside, he would have shot some of his corps commanders dead. This is not given as an opinion; I state that there was, and probably is to-day, correspondence on file in the secret archives that would confirm this statement.

It was Mr. Lincoln who personally and privately, through certain friends, held Burnside in check.

Of course Burnside was a little "off" on this subject, but under the distressing conditions and treacherous surroundings of the time it is not surprising that he should lose his balance at times. General Hooker probably was obliged to swallow, in secret, some terrible doses of the same medicine he and others had given to Burnside.

The unhappy condition of our family affairs at headquarters did not affect me directly. There was a general change of staff officers with the change of commanders. (Of course the orderlies followed their chiefs.) I have heretofore explained that I was a "special," on telegraph and signal duty. My work could not be performed by every one, therefore I was let alone.

In general appearance General Hooker was as fine a looking specimen of a General as one would wish to see. In this respect he had but slight advantage over Burnside, whose appearance was more of the "bishop" style of high-toned, gentlemanly dignity. Hooker was a soldier all over. In his ordinary talk he was short and abrupt. When he came out of his office for a ride, he would strut out to his horse, mount him in a jerky way, as if in a bad humor, and ride off on a gallop as if he were going into a fight every time. He was surrounded by a staff who were of course suited to the chief.

In this way the dreary months were passed at headquarters until just before the preparations began for the move to Chancellorsville, when I was ordered on special secret service to go with General Stoneman on his raid to the rear of General Lee.

I do not know either the exact date of Stoneman's raid nor the number of horses used. I have nothing in the way of histories of the war for reference. Desiring to secure something definite in the way of a date, I looked up Appleton's Cyclopedia, which is supposed to be the American standard of reference. Turning to "Cavalry," I found several closely-printed pages of fine type devoted to the subject. With the feeling that the entire Cavalry history of our war would be condensed in this American authority, I squared myself in a comfortable position to study up the subject. After wading through a good deal of ancient history of cavalry in foreign wars—which, by the way, was commended to the Americans as a model system—I at last got down to our

own war. Imagine my surprise, if not indignation, to find this authority stating, among other things, that the "Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was not effectively organized until after General Grant had placed it in charge of General Sheridan."

This statement, so false and misleading, the writer mildly qualifies by admitting that the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had been, in a manner, organized by General Hooker, etc. After those few lines of stinted praise devoted to the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, this historian goes on at great length to detail the history, organization and work of the Cavalry in the great West.

The authority of General Grant is printed also for the reorganization of that arm of the service in the West, which seems to have required it too. The article shows that General Grant gave General Wilson *carte blanche* to put this arm into effective service in the West. Then follows a fulsome history of the Western Cavalry, in which the services of General Wilson prominently figure.

Such names as Pleasonton, Stoneman, Custer, Kilpatrick, Buford and Gregg on our side, or Stuart, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, Butler, Mosby and others, on the Rebel side, are lost sight of.

I threw the standard American authority on Cavalry down in disgust, and after walking the floor long enough to cool off a little, I turned to the index of the contributors or authors. The explanation was found in one word—it was Wilson. General Wilson furnished the Cavalry article to Appleton's Cyclopedia.

I may be treading on somebody's toes in this little prelude, but I feel that I shall never get on with this story until I relieve my mind on this question. There is in my mind no disposition to criticize the soldiers of the Western Cavalry force, but this fact should be put down, that the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac did as much toward ending the cruel war as any other branch of the service.

Hooker offered a reward of fifteen dollars for the body of a dead cavalryman. That was Hooker's bluff way of talking, but the facts are, nevertheless, that the cavalry at Chancellorsville did their duty and cut Lee's communications, and if Hooker had done his share there, the Cavalry would have gathered up the trophies and laid them at his feet. Hooker, like some others, talked too

much. We all remember his famous message to the President from Chancellorsville (which, by the way, is the only instance on record of the recognition of the Almighty on the part of our general officers in the conduct of the war):

"I have got Lee in such a tight place that God Almighty can't get him out."

Yet within two hours after Hooker had sent this he was running his 130,000 men away from Lee's 60,000.

The Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was composed of as fine a body of men in 1863 as were to be found in the Army. Our officers were such men as Stoneman, Pleasonton, Buford, Custer, Kilpatrick, Gregg. Such men as the present Commandant at West Point, General Wesley Merritt, who was a Lieutenant in my Company, composed the line officers.

In the Rebel Army, against this force, rode the best blood of the South in such men as Wade Hampton, J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Mosby, etc. Not only this best blood in the riders, but the stock they mounted and the arms they carried were of the very best quality.

The Western armies had, comparatively speaking, a free field; they rode hundreds of miles unmolested, while we in Virginia dare not show a head without danger of getting it hit. I am saying all this here not only to relieve my mind, but to help establish the fact that Appleton's Cyclopedia is way off. The Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac made its reputation and did much of its best fighting before Grant and Sheridan saw it. History will prove this. If the reader will ride with me on this raid to Richmond and go over Brandy Station battlefield, also to Aldie and up to Gettysburg, he will be convinced on this point.

When I read of Sheridan's ride down the Valley, done up in poetry, song and painting, I think of Buford's cavalry battle and Hancock's ride to Gettysburg, on the first day, when he turned defeat into a great victory. It was then and there that the great anaconda of secession and rebellion had its back broken. When Grant and Sheridan came out of the West, the head of the serpent was, of course, alive and dangerous, but it was scotched. Therefore the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac earned, by hard fighting against a superior force much of its glory before Sheridan came.

Of course there was not much chance for the Cavalry to operate while we were in our winter quarters. The river served to separate the two armies as a sort of barrier or dead-line over which it was dangerous to venture. Yet, almost every winter night a

large force of Cavalry was detailed to ride to the upper fords to watch J. E. B. Stuart's raiders.

When spring opened at last, almost everybody expected and desired to get out of our tiresome quarters. Therefore, when the order came to pack our five-days' rations, I may say that the cavalry arm was rejoiced.

One of the reasons for my not being more familiar with the regimental brigade and corps history is that I was always on the staff. I only knew of the movements of such regiments as contained my friends, whom I visited while in camp. On the march I seldom saw any of them. We rode along in a loose, dashing way, seemingly as the spirit moved the General, without any rank formation; the orderlies bringing up the rear in the dust or mud.

I was ordered to hang to headquarters closely, as it was expected that I would be of valuable aid in tapping the Rebel telegraph lines between Richmond and Lee; also, to do any scouting or piloting in the advance to Richmond, and to signal, if necessary, by rockets, from the rear or otherwise, as would be found best, over the rebels' heads, to our army signal officers in Lee's front.

We moved off quietly at night, crossing the river at early dawn at one of the upper fords. I don't remember whether it was Kelly's or Beverly's; anyhow, we had to swim our horses partly over it. I didn't know exactly whither we were bound, except in a general way, that it was to be a big raid behind Lee and perhaps into Richmond.

We succeeded in a remarkable manner in getting started without detection. Stuart's cavalry had been led off on a stern chase after some of our fellows. We passed between Stuart's cavalry and Lee's army. This fact is important, because the Southern historians assert that General Lee was not surprised by Hooker's movement on Chancellorsville. He was, because Stuart couldn't communicate with his General.

I saw at headquarters a dispatch that had been captured by our advance, which indicated this so clearly that our officers were congratulating themselves over the fact of our safety as we rode along the first day.

That our movement was a complete surprise was also clearly seen by the conduct of the inhabitants. We went along quietly

enough for awhile, passing houses from which perhaps we could only see a few ladies gazing at us from behind the screened windows. At one door stood an old man leaning on a cane, looking about as old folks are supposed to do when a funeral procession is passing.

In the "quarters" of the contrabands, usually behind the houses, the sights were entirely different, however. Big fat aunties stood out in front of their cabins, but out of sight of the houses, and waved their bare arms or their aprons at us in a happy way; old uncles lined the fences, or stood in the fields with their hoes at a "present" as we went by; pickaninnies of all sizes and shades ran around laughing, showing their white teeth and white eyeballs, capering as they do now a days when a Barnum circus goes along.

At the first halt over the river a sort of general order was read, or, in most cases, talked to the different regiments by their officers, to the effect that "we were in the enemy's country on an important campaign." It was, therefore, imperatively commanded that there be no straggling, no foraging, except under proper escort and under command of an officer.

Each man was asked to exert himself to the utmost to make the movement a success. It was also explained that the movement not only required the greatest vigilance on the part of every man in the command, but it was expected also that the powers of endurance, both of men and horses, would be taxed to the utmost. We must conceal ourselves as much as possible during the daytime and march at night.

One of the towns we reached *en route* was Louisa Court House. In Virginia, all the county seats are named court houses. Louisa was not much of a prize, to be sure, but it was directly in General Lee's rear at Chancellorsville.

In this quiet old place we bivouaced for a half day or more, while our forces were up and down the roads, destroying railroad tracks.

Somewhere in this neighborhood is the railroad running betweer Gordonsville and Richmond. This track was torn up, and all the railroad route to Manassas Gap and Washington City from the South was made useless.

Most of the readers know how a railroad track is destroyed in war, so I shall describe it very briefly. Of course we were supplied with the "tools" for drawing spikes from the ties quickly. A number of rails at a certain point are lifted; the cross-ties are then taken up and built into a sort of open-work, brick-kiln-shaped pile several feet high, being quite narrow at the top. On top of this pile of well-oil-soaked, weather-dried logs are laid the iron rails which have been lifted from them. These are placed so that the middle of the rail rests on the ties, the long, heavy ends being balanced over the sides. A fire is kindled in the tie pile; the grease in the ties, perhaps aided a little by more combustibles, soon makes as hot a fierce as comes from the top of a furnace. The ties burn up slowly, but with such a constant heat that the iron rails soon become red hot. While in this soft condition the overhanging weight of the long ends causes them to bend and twist out of shape. This renders the rails utterly useless for a railroad track. They become old scrap-iron, and must be worked over at a mill before they can be used again as rails. It cannot be straightened out by any process that will admit of its being again used in rebuilding the destroyed tracks.

I saw at one point on the track where these hot rails had been lifted off the fire and twisted around the trunks of trees. After they had cooled in that shape, the only way to get the old iron was to cut down the tree and lift the loop over the stump. Of course, the rebels could repair the tracks in time, but to do this required several days in which new rails could be transported to the spot.

One of the purposes of this raid to Richmond was to destroy the immense Tredegar Iron Works on the James River. This large establishment supplied the Confederates with nearly all their iron materials, such as cannon, shells, bridge material, and a thousand other articles necessary in war. To have effected its demolition would have most seriously crippled the Rebellion.

Of course the details for this anticipated railroad destruction had been carefully planned before we started. All the necessary appliances for the work had been brought along. Each officer knew exactly what he was expected to do, and, as a rule, they all successfully completed their tasks. It was expected that I should

be of service in tapping the telegraph wires, and to me was left, in a general way, the oversight of the telegraph business.

The General and his Staff, to which I was attached, did not, of course, ride in the extreme advance. Imagine my surprise and disgust, on coming up with a party of these railroad wreckers, to find that they had exceeded their instructions, and cut down nearly a mile of telegraph poles to burn with their ties. They had gathered the wire up and piled it in heaps on the fires. This was exactly what I did not want done. My purpose was to first tap the wires and attach my pocket instrument and have some fun out of it. Another reason for disappointment was, that I had discovered—if not patented—a safer and surer method of destroying telegraph lines. Of course a mile of wire is more easily transported then a mile of rails. Two men can carry a half-mile coil of wire. A telegraph line can be rebuilt and used with the wire lying on trees, or even fences, in dry weather. Therefore, the cutting out of a mile of poles was not an effectual interruption. My plan was—and I call attention of future war-telegraphers to it—to first take some of the small magnet wire, which is so thin as to be almost invisible, attach this to the insulator hook, or wire at the top of the pole, lead the thread of wire down the pole, imbedding it, if possible, in some seam or crack to further conceal it, and at the bottom of the pole run the other point of wire into the ground. If this is done, be the wire even as small as a silk thread, and made of copper, all electric communications is effectually conducted off its channel. Each current, or wave, or signal, sent from either side of this wire will take the short cut and follow it to the ground, where it becomes lost. Neither side can converse or signal over such an obstruction, and they do not know the character or location of the trouble, as the wire works as usual. Of course each operator will wonder why the other does not respond to his signals, and absence is taken for granted as the reason.

I had supplied myself with a quantity of this fine copper wire. Finding the point nearest Gordonsville where the wire had not been removed from the poles, I attached a thread of this thin wire to the line-wire and led it to the earth, so as to be concealed. I knew very well, from long experience, that the telegraph operator at Gordonsville would know, from the loss of all circuit, that the

wire had been destroyed at some point, and it would become his first duty to send a man out along the road to find out and repair the damage.

We did not want Gordonsville to know that we, the Yankee raiders, were the destroyers. The piece of wire which I attached to the ground made the circuit short but complete, so that the wire worked as usual up to that concealed point, but no further. When the linemen should come out to repair breaks he would find the wire broken. This he would repair speedily and return to Gordonsville without discovering the little ground-trap that I had set. In time it would be discovered, by a system of tedious and expensive tests from pole to pole, but this would probably consume several days. A broken or destroyed gap of wire could be at once discovered and rebuilt in a few hours.

On the same evening, at a point some distance below this destroyed gap of railroad and telegraph wire, I drew the wire down from a convenient pole in a secluded way-side grove.

It was about sundown when I, with a few helpers, was dancing around a pole when the General and Staff road by. Seeing us engaged in this apparently mysterious business, their curiosity was of course, aroused; we were questioned, the General and his entire Staff stopping to watch the result of tapping the rebel wires.

Unfortunately, the premature cutting of the wires that morning had interfered with my plans for working quietly and secretly in this direction. When I got my little relay attached to the wire, you may imagine with what nervousness I took hold of the adjustment spring to feel for a signal from a distant rebel operator, probably in Richmond.

At first there were no signs of life on the wire. It was while my face was turned away from the instrument, talking to General Stoneman of the mistake of the men in cutting the wire, that I heard a faint click on the magnet. I turned from the General abruptly, bent my ear to the little ticker, and listened with every nerve and sense strained.

A second signal was soon made, which was lost to my ear by some loud talking among the Staff. I nervously turned to them and ordered General Stoneman and his Staff to "keep still."

That's a fact. The General laughed quietly, but didn't dare to open his mouth again.

I made the signal for interrogation, or question, which all operators understand to mean, "I did not hear you," or "What did you say?," The answer came back "Sign," which means give your signature or your office. I judged at once that, whoever it was, he'd got wind of the raid and was suspicious. I merely said, as any operator was likely to do after a wire has been interrupted, "Is this wire O. K. now?" The answer came back from some point that I dare not attempt to locate by a question: "The wire has been down all day."

I was compelled to break off the talk by wire to gratify the curiosity of the General and Staff by an explanation. I told them I had "got" somebody, but did not know who, and was afraid to give myself away by asking any questions. The General suggested, "You had better say that the Yankees cut the wires, and that they have been driven back home again."

As suggested by the General, I telegraphed: "The wire was cut by those Yankees on horseback, but it's fixed now."

"Is that so? Who is it?" were the questions fired at me.

"I'm a repairman sent out to fix this wire. The Yankees were chased back by J. E. B. Stuart to-day."

"Good enough. I thought Jeb wouldn't allow that," were some of the expressions which were used in reply.

I conveyed these messages to the General and Staff, to their great delight and amusement. The General was anxious to find out whom we had on the wire. They all saw from the automatic ticking of the little machine, when my hands were off it, that it was something at a distance making the signals. To gratify the General, and get around the question, I asked: "Is it 'Rd?'" which is the signal I had myself heard used, when I was at Beauregard's headquarters, from the Richmond office.

"No; it's Supt.'s Office." That was enough. It was the Railroad General Superintendent's Office. I had reason to think they had been led off by this talk, and hoped that they would notify the Richmond officials that the communication by wire had been restored, and that the Yankees had been driven off. In reality, we had more effectually destroyed their communication. Instead

of being driven off, these Yankees proposed moving south at once toward Richmond.

The General and Staff rode off, evidently well satisfied with the little experiment. I was directed to lose no time in following. I "fixed" this wire to the ground, as I had the other side of the gap, and, after reporting to the Superintendent's Office that everything was O. K., left.

I have no doubt that both the Superintendent's Office and Gordonsville "called" each other quite a long time that evening, and perhaps each supposed the other had closed his office for the night and gone home. Each one of the wires seemed to be all right; in reality it was, as far as these two taps to the ground.

To make a surer tap, or to more effectually blind the regular telegraph repair force, I carried with me some leather thongs rolled into a shape resembling an ordinary piece of line wire, These bits of leather "wires" were inserted in the telegraph line and connected by the twisted joint, precisely in the same manner as the real wire. The effect is to break the continuity of the wire, or metallic circuit. A piece of this sort of leather an inch in length, inserted into the wire, as completely destroys the use of 100 miles of wire as if 50 miles of it had been torn down. Of course, it will be understood that the leather is a non-conductor of electricity. Not a wave of the current will get over it. To prevent detection, the leather, or tarred twine, should be an exact imitation of the real wire. In time it will be detected, of course, but an ordinary repairman on the lookout for a break will inspect the wire for days without discovering the hidden flaw.

We traveled nearly all of that night, reaching, I think, nearly to the James River the next morning. We did not all go in a body or bunch, of course. Every road was occupied by detachments of the raiders. We went as we pleased, giving to the people of the interior of Virginia a sight of the Federal uniform for the first and only time.

A great many of these F. F. V.'s, whom we called upon at their mansions, discovered, to their chagrin, that the despised "Yankee on a horse" was a good soldier and a gentleman. Such men as Custer, Kilpatrick, Buford and Gregg were there.

It would fill a good-sized pamphlet to tell all that I saw on this

raid, so I shall condense as much as possible. We had destroyed all the railroads in our rear, and were ready to move on the direct line between Fredericksburg and Richmond.

Several days after we were out, the headquarters were resting or bivouacking at a large, old-fashioned tavern. I don't remember the name of the place, but it may be briefly described as one of those country stopping-places that are so frequent on roads traveled by stages and freight wagons. On the front of the house, along its entire length, was the wide porch, containing the usual row of benches and clusters of big hickory chairs. From this porch, doors opened into a broad hall running through the middle of the house, also into the office, or bar-room, at the end of the porch. Around the corner were the benches, or sinks, containing the basins, or bowls, for washing, while on the wall were hung a row of towels on rollers.

Seated about this porch, promiscuously, were General Stoneman and Staff. They had sampled some of the whisky in the bar, and ordered warm meals for themselves. The attachés and orderlies were scattered around, as were the bodyguard.

A little distance from the house was a stream of water, or "crick," which we learned emptied into the James River, near by.

We were then above or west of Richmond, on the James River. We were all feeling pretty tired, and, to put it mildly, we rested uneasily at the old house. The landlord was like every other landlord at such a place—pot-bellied, red-nosed, good-natured, and pompous.

I had expected, when we rode off so briskly, that I should ride into Fredericksburg from the rear. I felt on that side of the river, which had separated us all winter, I was sure of seeing Geno at last. The great obstruction of the river, which had been in sight all winter, was now out of mind for the time being. Having heard of the occupation of the town by our forces, it occurred to me that I might make a little break on my own hook, and ride up to Fredericksburg.

I said something about it to one of the Staff-officers, who replied that I'd better hold on and go along with the rest of them. Getting impatient at this point, where it seemed as if we were hiding (ourselves and horses) in the woods, I suggested going out to our advance, in hopes of finding a telegraph wire to tap for news.

This was readily agreed to. I was furnished a couple of men and directed to the nearest "main road." This, as I now recall it, was a road running west from Richmond toward the Valley. My impression—gathered from the colored people—was, that the road led to Lexington or Staunton. Anyway, I followed it out some way until we found an old-fashioned telegraph line. I mean by this, one of the early kind built along the highways.

There seemed to be but little travel along that route just then, so we had a good chance to get at the wire without being seen. One of the men held our horses and kept guard while another climbed or reached up to the wire from a fence.

I felt sure, from its dilapitated appearance, that it was some abandoned old wire. It was rusted so deeply that it snapped asunder at the first touch of the nippers. While hastily drawing it together again I felt the shock of a live current in the hand which held the wire. This satisfied me that we would get something for our trouble.

After I had inserted my instrument into the circuit, the delicate little armature was at once strongly attracted to the magnet. Adjusting my spring, I discovered, to my surprise, that our cutting of the wire had interrupted some dispatches. That they were important, I gathered from the impatient manner of the operator, demanding to know why he should be stopped so long in such an important dispatch. I let the two operators fight it out among themselves for a few moments on that line, each accusing the other of being responsible for the delay. When they got started again, I quietly listened to the ticks of the sending operator. The first words seemed to be giving an account of a battle, in which certain friends had been injured.

Not being able to restrain my curiosity, and knowing, too, that we occupied dangerous ground on that highway, I "broke in," at the first chance, to say:

"Are the Yanks in Fredericksburg?"

"Not much," was the answer which came to my ears and made my heart sink.

"Why, I heard they were there."

"They were there, but Uncle Bob scattered them all back, and they are running on Washington. Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm a strange operator from New Orleans. I stepped in at this office to get the news, and found the operator out."

"Well, the news is, the Yanks are all gone to h—— again, and General Lee is marching on Washington."

I don't remember whether I thanked the Richmond man or not; it's likely not, as I was so much worked up that I didn't know what I was doing. I hastily told my companions what I had heard.

They indignantly denied the truth of the story, and insisted that the Rebel operator was fooling me. On being taunted with this insinuation, I returned to the key to ask further questions.

In the meantime the ticking kept up, and when I again directed my ear to it, I heard that which convinced me of the truthfulness of the report. A report, or long dispatch, was being sent, explanatory of Stonewall Jackson's being wounded, etc. Without again questioning the operator, I learned beyond a doubt, in a convincing way, that there had been a battle, and that the Rebels claimed a victory.

That was enough for that day. We didn't stop to fool any longer with that wire, but left it open on the ground, took to our horses and galloped back to the big house. The General and Staff were in the dining-room. I gave my information breathlessly to one of the Staff, who communicated it to the General. At once officers were ordered to go in certain directions, to confirm, if possible, this report. In a very little while my report was so far confirmed by other scouts that the mass of the force then scattered over the country, was ordered to move back rapidly under cover of the coming night.

We at headquarters lay around the house until dark, the General and officers assuming an air of cheerfulness and indifference they did not feel.

In order to deceive the landlord and any Rebel spies that might be hanging around about us, an order was openly issued for a large detachment to move forward, or in the advance to Richmond. The officer in command was, I think, Custer. He understood his business, and quietly let it be known, through his men and the colored people about, that they were all going ahead. As a matter of fact, his orders were to move cautiously in that direction

and to conceal his force in the woods. At dark he was to retrace his steps and follow us, becoming our rear-guard on the retreat.

We were in a tight place, a mighty tight place, being miles from our own base, not only with a victorious army between us, but J. E. B. Stuart had got loose, and now had the leisure to follow us up. We must recross the Rapidan and Rappahannock at certain fords. I can not go into the details of this great movement. Anyone who reads must see that the problem of extricating this large body of cavalry was a most difficult military feat. Yet the movement was made completely and successfully by the skillful handling of the troops by General Stoneman and his efficient aides—Custer, Kilpatrick, Buford and Gregg.

At the time I knew General Stoneman he was a little past middle age. I think his short beard and mustache were tinged with gray. In features he somewhat resembled Sedgwick. He was not, therefore, a handsome man. In fact, to most persons; General Stoneman had rather an austere, dignified bearing that was somewhat repellant. He was cross—awfully cross about headquarters. The boys used to call him "Dyspepsia," which I think rather an appropriate title. As a rule, the pet names given the Generals were suitable.

Some of those who had probably run against him when his hardtack and bacon did not sit well on his stomach, were fond of intimating that he had conspired to beat Pleasanton and his friends out of their commands. I don't know how this was, but it is certain Pleasanton was manœuvred out of it for the time being. Pleasanton recently told me this entire history. There were many "conspiracies" going on in Virginia about that time. Stoneman's loyalty was even questioned by some of our extra patriots from New England; probably because he was connected by marriage with an influential Southern family residing in Baltimore.

I reckon he was one of the McClellan-Franklin-Fitz-John-Porter-Smith-and-Hooker clique. One little incident on the march will serve to show his notion of the proper conduct of the war.

We all foraged a little, despite the general order prohibiting it. As a matter of fact, it was necessary that we should do so to procure feed for our jaded horses. While on these expeditions after

forage for horses, etc., the men took the opportunity to buy from the colored people.

We had a great supply of imitation Confederate money along. Indeed, the boys generally found out that any piece of paper that looked at all like a dollar bill would go among the ignorant contrabands. Paper money was new to them, and it was all alike, good, whether the label off a pill-box or a genuine greenback. In this way we got around the order against foraging. We also tendered to the white people their own Confederate money. If they got mad and demanded gold and silver, the boys were apt to get mad, too, and help themselves. One day a lot of us were clearing out a smoke-house in the rear of a big mansion. A certain officer —now a Brigadier-General in the Regular Cavalry Service—was in command of the detachment. We had tried to buy, but they wouldn't sell, so the boys helped themselves.

In that part of the country, the farmers, being so far distant from the towns, kept a large supply of provisions on hand. In addition to hams and shoulders, etc., there was a barrel of molasses inside. Every fellow there filled his canteen and everything he had with the long-drawn sweetness. It was this slow-running molasses that got us into trouble, by keeping the boys there too long, waiting their turn at the spiggot. While we were leaving, Stoneman and Staff rode by the house. Seeing us coming away loaded down with hams, etc., he halted, asked for the officer, who rode up and saluted.

"What are you doing there?" yelled the General.

"The men were foraging." The officer only got this word out when Stoneman stopped him with an oath—

"Foraging h——! You're stealing; you're leading a band of robbers." Turning and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed down the road, leaving the discomfited officer standing at the head of his enlisted men, who had heard the unmerited rebuke. That officer was Wesley Merritt, now General. I suppose General Stoneman was afterward informed that we had tried to buy, etc.

On a long march of this kind, it is the horses that first give out. As a cavalryman, I believe I speak for the whole of that arm of the service in saying, that we were always willing to do without ourselves, but the poor horse must be provided for.

A cavalryman may be starved and tired almost to exhaustion, but he will walk miles, in all sorts of weather, doing without sleep or rest, to carry back an armful of hay or fodder for his horse. It's one of the dreadful things to be compelled to ride, day and night, a tired, hungry, but ever-faithful horse.

The men become so much attached to their horses that they will steal, and risk their lives recklessly, to get them a feed. In the Regular Service, the men were discouraged from forming any of these horse attatchments. It was found that, when once a soldier made a pet of his horse, he was apt to be too careful of him.

Mr. Lincoln's jocular remark, that horses had become more valuable than their riders, because the horses were getting scarce, contains a great deal of truth.

More consideration was given to the horses than to the men. As an illustration of the point, the first night of this return march I was approached by an officer, who was hunting volunteers to ride in the advance to the river, to get help at the crossings. I explained that I had been out in the advance every hour and was played out, and was willing, but afraid I could not stand it. The only consolation I got from the officer was, "Can your horse stand it? We will risk you."

The officer explained further that he had been sent after me, because I was understood to be familiar with the country. I was not familiar with that part of the country, but I agreed to join this advance. Orders were given to be prepared to move quietly when called upon, and we all layed down for a little sleep.

In all the pictures of the war published, I have failed to find what I think would be one of the most striking—a squadron of cavalrymen, sleeping on their arms under their horses' noses. The horses, saddled, are all in line; the men, all heavily armed, are lying right in front sleeping, with the bridle-rein loosely fastened to their left hand. I have slept soundly, and sweetly, in a line like this. The horse will sleep and rest also. There is no fear of the horse treading on his sleeping rider. He seems instinctively to understand that they are both occupying dangerous ground and must stick together.

It was while resting in this position, after the interview with

the officer, that I formed a plan to go alone in advance of this advance to our army. At the first opportunity, I suggested to this officer that I should go alone and see the lay of the land. I preferred this to being one of a squad of mounted men to ride along to hunt the Rebel sharpshooters.

If there is anything in war that is embarrassing, it is to be on a cavalry line with orders to draw the enemy's fire.

On Stoneman's raid, and after, the force generally was fought dismounted; that is, No. 4 holds the horses of Nos. 1, 2 and 3, who advance as an infantry skirmish-line. They are armed with Spencer rifles, and go along gingerly over a big field, at the other end of which is a wood, to ascertain if the Rebels are in that wood. The poor skirmishers know damn well the Rebs are there, but their orders are to go down in this way, and find out by getting shot at.

Having had a taste of this sort of advance-guard service, wherein I had attracted too much Rebel fire, I was anxious to be excused. My plan was to go alone on my horse as a Scout or Spy. I should not carry any arms to be seen, and would dress as a Rebel or country farmer-boy. I thought that, in this guise, I could ride freely over the roads and get into our lines. The scheme seemed to please our officer immensely, and he reported the matter to General Stoneman's Chief of Staff. I was ordered to report to the Chief, and again unfolded my plan. He suggested, among other things, that I should, if I met any questioners, endeavor to mislead them as to the number and, especially, the route of our cavalry.

A disguise was obtained; it was a dirty old jacket, borrowed from a contraband cook. Several persons interested themselves in my make up; one got me a straw hat, another a pair of trousers, etc.

I left all my arms except a pistol, and, when ready to go, I paralyzed them by demanding a bunch of signal rockets. I explained that I should only use them in case of extreme danger; that the appearance of a certain rocket at night would indicate that that neighborhood was to be avoided. In carrying these rockets, and exploding them, I knew that I ran great personal risk, but somehow I felt that, alone, I would be able to get through. I was only nervous and doubtful of myself when working in company.

The General, or at least his Staff, was most solicitious that I should deceive or mislead the people as to their real force and purpose. We only anticipated serious trouble at the fords on the Rapidan, and possibly the Rappahannock.

The General had heard, through the Captain, of some sick and wounded Rebel soldiers who were returning from Chancellorsville to the interior, that Hooker had been defeated. He had also ascertained that the report I had brought about their marching on Washington City was exaggerated. We expected, naturally, that some steps would be taken by our army to help us out. We also expected that Stuart would endeavor to head us off and capture the entire force.

This was about the condition of things when I started out on the road alone towards the Rappahannock. For mile after mile I met nothing. At the few scattered houses I would dash up and breathlessly ask for information about the Yankees. At the colored quarters I scattered the news that the Yankees had gone back into the Valley.

On this return march, Stoneman did not once show a horse on a road during the daytime. This fact probably accounts for his success. During every day the men were all concealed in suitable places. Skirmishers, of course, kept guard, and, at a moment's warning, the whole cavalry force would have been up in arms as infantry behind breastworks to repel an attack. The marching was all done at night. Men sleep pretty well on horseback when they are as tired out as were Stoneman's raiders. A column of horses will follow each other without the use of any bridle over the most devious roads.

One of the funny things about the raid was, that nearly half of the caverlymen were bareheaded when they got back. This resulted from sleeping in the saddle on these night marches. The narrow roads we were compelled to take were overhung with the branches of trees; these stripped the hats off the sleeping beauties. Very often, too, the rider in front would grasp a switch, or limb, and hold on till he was safely passed; then, without a thought of the sleepy rider in his rear, he would let go, and the switch, flying back, would strike the man in the face. This sort of thing wakened up a good many sleepers and made some disturbances in

the ranks. It had the effect, also, of making the faces of those who caught the switch look decidedly as if they had come out of a free fight, especially if they were hatless.

My ride along during that day was without special incident. I was more than surprised to find the path clear of Rebel soldiers. I did all that was expected of me as a Scout, in circulating freely the false information that our force had gone the other way.

With a great deal of trepidation I approached the crossing of the Rapidan. I knew that, if there was a force of Rebels any place in our path, they would be there. I inquired particularly of everyone I would meet if there were any Yankees on the road. I knew very well that, in asking this question, I'd find out whether there were Rebels around. There were no Yankees there, but a few of the Rebels had been seen over the river in the morning. Here was my dilemma. The crossing was clear now, but how long it would remain so was uncertain.

I was too far from our men to make any signal to them that the road was clear. I didn't like to venture over the river alone, where those Rebels had been seen. The important thing was to report that ford clear. I staked my horse in an adjoining grove, determined to conceal myself until night.

As the early evening wore on and no enemy showed themselves, I became impatient at lying idle, and boldly determined to ride back to our force before dark. I knew very well that, once we were safely over that river at this crossing, with its steep precipitous banks, with our men in force, we had a clear field for a run, or a fight with J. E. B. Stuart to the Rappahannock.

Therefore I rode back at a gallop over all the long road. Just after dark I met the advance of our force,— the same I had been asked to volunteer with.

Hastily informing the officer in command of my observations at the ferry, that the crossing was not occupied, etc., he reported to the General.

In a little while there came dashing up the road the head of our column. Nobody stopped to thank me for the good news that we could get over the river, but all were intent on getting there at once. In a word, the entire force got over all right, and, in due

time, we crossed the Rappahannock, and were once more safely within our own lines.

I do not know the figures for this raid. I have drawn my recollections of it to an abrupt termination. My impression is, that we lost nothing of material importance. We captured a good many prisoners, probably more than we lost. My notion is that the cavalry can boast that we brought back the force intact.

One great good was accomplished by the raid—the Rebels were again taught to show more respect to a Yankee on horseback. It was Hooker who failed, not his cavalry.

The truth should not be overlooked, that the partial success of the expedition was not due to General Hooker, nor even to his Lieutenant, General Stoneman. The one man to whom more credit is probably due than any other was General Alexander, the Chief of Staff of the Cavalry Corps, who served both with Stoneman and Pleasonton. It was he who planned and organized this great raid; it was his object and aim to go to Richmond, and that we did not go in while at the back gates of the city is to be charged solely to Stoneman or Hooker.

This is not an opinion merely. I rode close by General Alexander one day, and heard him with my own big ears urge, yes plead with Stoneman to go on into Richmond anyhow. I heard Stoneman's voice utter the words: "I know d—— well we can do it, but my orders are not to go to Richmond."

General Alexander was a large man, with a full beard, who talked in a slow, deliberate voice, but always in a kindly manner. He became somewhat ruffled at Stoneman's declining to act upon his suggestion, and I recall very distinctly how this ordinarily quiet man became as much interested in his subject as a Methodist preacher or politician in an argument, on horseback.

Both were so intent upon the question that neither took any notice of the little orderly in a dirty uniform who was riding near them.

My impression then was that Stonemen was too much of a regular of the old school to disobey an order, even if he knew it would result in great good to his cause.

Whether there was such an order from headquarters can prehaps be established from the records—

That one could have gone into Richmond was freely admitted by the general officer in command.

We returned to our old camps at Fredericksburg again. In this way I hovered about that ill-fated Fredericksburg during all that winter, and until the movement to Gettysburg, without once having an opportunity to get into the town, though our troops had been there. It was my luck to have been absent at the time. For some unfathomable reason, the fates were against me every time.

I shall never do this subject justice until I write a novel, giving the entire story.

Fredericksburg during all these days presented, from our side, a gloomy, deserted appearance. There were always a few Confederate sentries on duty, which we could see on the streets. At the river crossing, or ferry, an occasional flag-of-truce boat would be rowed over, but on these occasions the General Staff-officers conducted the courtesies. Men and orderlies were invariably placed to prevent any but the two officers interested from getting a word with the Confederates.

Right here I will remark that I've witnessed innumerable flag-of-truce exchanges, but I do not recall a single instance in which a bottle was not passed around as a preliminary to the business in hand. I presume the custom originated from the Indians smoking the pipe of peace.

One funny remark on an occasion of this sort remains in my memory. An enlisted man near me, seeing a Rebel taking a long pull at the flask of Union commissary, which our officer presented with a supercilious bow, said: "Well, I'm —— if this is not getting to be too much of a civil war." He probably felt disgusted because he did not have an opportunity at the flask.

One day I was startled by the sounds of artillery, and an accompaniment, which, to me, resembled more than anything I can compare it with, a whole lot of carpenters tearing down a frame house. One would have thought there was a man with a hatchet, pounding sharply on every board, as if they were having a contest among themselves to see who could hit the fastest.

I rode hurriedly down to the river, below town, to see what it was all about. In those days, I never stopped to ask anybody's advice or consent, but followed my own impulses and inclinations.

I passed some General officers and Staff on a hill-side near the batteries that were firing, who had their glasses pointed in the direction of the hammering.

When I got to the river, as close as my horse could go without jumping down the steep bank, I saw, to my surprise, that from all along the rifle-pits that lined the top of the bank on the Rebel side was a line of white smoke—indeed, the smoke almost concealed the rifle-pits.

It was from behind this bank of foggy smoke that all the hammering noises came. It was caused by the sounds of hundreds and hundreds of rifle-shots "at will," but in such rapid succession that it resembled, as I have said, innumerable hammers on a frame house.

My horse could not get me close enough to see down to the edge of the water on our side, and I was about to dismount and get closer, when I saw coming up the steep road, that had been cut in the bank, a procession that took the blood out of my heart. There were two men dragging (not carrying) a dead soldier, while a closer glance showed all along the side of that steep bank dozens of others, either dead or dying

It was the Engineer Corps of the Army of the Potomac that were down there behind that bank trying to lay a pontoon bridge over the Rappahannock.

The artillery "support" had no more effect in quieting that incessant hammering than if their shots had been fired into the air.

I stood there for a while, absolutely paralyzed, at a distance not much greater than the width of a street, watching those Rebels bob up all along that rifle-pit, puff out the white smoke, and their heads go down behind the long line of yellow clay out of sight, all along the line.

I have often since wondered that one of those fellows did not pick me off my horse, as I sat there an absurdly-conspicuous mark.

If they had not been so busy watching those who were trying to lay that pontoon, they would undoubtedly have dropped me. My position on the horse would naturally be taken for that of an officer. I assert here that more desperate or more heroic service has never been performed than by those of our Engineer Corps in

their laying of pontoons in the face of the enemy's fire from rifle-pits.

It seemed to me, on a closer inspection of the work that day, that they carried out a dead man for every plank they laid on the pontoons. When it is remembered that these men necessarily work *en masse*, and that almost every shot from an enemy must hit something, it will be seen how much exposed to deadly fire the quiet Engineer Corps become. In the charges on rifle-pits or forts, or on an enemy's line, there is always something of the excitement of a rush or hurrah that impels men forward with loaded guns and pointed bayonets in their hands; but, in laying pontoons over a river in the face of the enemy, a courage and nerve are required that, to my notion, is far beyond the ordinary.

I often wonder that some of the accomplished Engineer officers do not give this matter their attention in the histories of the war that every other branch of the service is showering upon the land.

These men, supported by the artillery and a few infantry, succeeded at last in getting so many boats launched that the Rebels concluded it was time to quit bothering them any longer, when, all at once, every Rebel popped from behind his rifle-pits, took to his heels and ran for dear life across the plain toward the hills. Of course, our artillery opened upon them at a lively rate. In spite of the fact that the dead and wounded were thick around me, I yelled with as much fun and delight as I have since at base-ball games to see a man make a home-run.

Not a single Johnny dropped, though they threw their guns away to lighten them in the race for the home-run.

This occurred some distance below Fredericksburg, and as there did not seem to me to be any intended movement of troops over the pontoons, which had been laid at such a terrible sacrifice of life, I rode off to the upper fords near the Lacey House, expecting to get over there. I was told, on reaching headquarters, that this was simply a "diversion," to detain, or ascertain if the enemy were still in our front.

Great Scott! what a disappointment to me. What a terrible thing is war, that will permit, as a simple diversion, the murdering in cold blood of hundreds of men without intending to profit by their work at all.

The services of a single reliable Spy, or Scout, would have accomplished more than all of this diversion. That evening the Staff moved off and I went along. I did not know then where we were going. I supposed, as did everyone else, that it was to be another battle somewhere near Fredericksburg. It never occurred to my mind then, that, in riding away from the Lacey House that June evening, I should never see it again.

I do not suppose a dozen persons outside of Gereral Lee's staff, imagined we were going to ride home to Pennsylvania—to Gettysburg. That's where we went. And, before leaving Fredericksburg, I wanted to say a few words of farewell to Geno.

There are one or two old, old songs, which have always remained such particular favorites with me that my friends have learned to expect me to call for them, in season or out of season.

I mention them now for the benefit of the sons and daughters of veterans, and the other friends, young and old, who have followed the "boy" in his love-making under the great difficulties that a war develops.

They are beautiful songs besides and the words and melody more clearly define the romance then my pen could describe.

I have already detailed the experiences with Geno, who so gracefully handled a guitar in her beautifully-formed bare arms, as she skillfully played an accompaniment to "Juanita." It was that old, old song and "them" eyes that put me in Old Capitol Prison.

I would advise any of the young lady readers, with black hair and pretty eyes, to get a guitar and practice "Juanita" on the boys. It will bring them down every time.

Another old favorite is "Evangeline," which so fully expresses my sentiments on the past.

Surely, there never was a sweeter and more appropriate love song than my "Lost Evangeline." While the song of separation is the sweetly familiar "In the Gloaming."

Another beautiful air and words is entitled "Someday"—strikingly expressive of future hopes. This I heard sung first in the parlor of a hotel in the far, far West, when I was traveling in California, where it had the effect of making me homesick.

Since the close of the war, I have wandered all over the land, like Gabriel in search of his Evangeline. I was shipwrecked on

the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River, in the extreme Northwest. I sailed up the Columbia River with some such feelings as an explorer must experience on discovering a new continent. I visited the eternally snow-capped Mount Hood, rode around Puget Sound to British Columbia, went over the Cascades and The Dalles, in Oregon, to the western slope of the Rocky Mountains in Montana, thence over miles of wild mountain roads in Oregon and California on stage coaches, where Indians and stage-robbers thrive. I have lived in San Francisco, spent part of a winter in Los Angeles, lived among the Mormans in Utah for six months; in truth, I have been everywhere, but I have not yet found a trace of the long-lost Geno. While I have not exactly been searching for Geno on these travels, I have never given up the hope of some day seeing her, and as long as I live I never shall.

I don't know how it may be with Geno; it is likely she has a good husband—better than I would have been—and that she is devoted to him and her family; but, in my secret heart, I hope the old saying will prove true, that a woman never forgets her first love, and that some day, in some unseen manner, Geno may read this and see that I have not forgotten her. This has been to my life only a sweet memory, which I shall cherish fondly as such to to the end. "Her bright smile haunts me still."

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more."

After leaving Falmouth, the headquarters of Cavalry corps were quartered in an old house somewhere convenient to the railroad and telegraph wires that run into Alexandria. It was probably close by the Sixth Corps' position, as General Sedgwick occupied the same house with his Staff, and as their horses were tied about the fences.

One little incident will serve to locate me. General Pleasonton was then the Chief of Cavalry, to whose General Staff I was afterward attached. He also occupied rooms in this same building. Late one night a message was brought into me to deliver to

the General. The building we were in had been apparently deserted by the family. I was told by some of the officers that I'd find General Pleasonton in his room up stairs. I went tramping up the uncarpeted steps, with my big cavalry boots and spurs rattling and resounding through the great empty hall in the "wee sma' hours," so that I awakened Colonel Blake, who was wrapped up in his blanket trying to sleep on the hall floor. The old Colonel gave me a terrific blast from his bugle mouth, which awakened every officer in the house. Some one crawling from under another blanket pointed to General Pleasonton's room, which I entered unceremoniously, glad enough to get any place out of sound of the old Colonel's voice.

I found General Pleasonton, by the aid of the commissary candle I carried for a lantern, lying asleep on an ambulance stretcher. At the head of his couch stood an empty cracker-box, on which was the remnant of his student lamp—about an inch of candle—along side of which were two derringer pistols.

Probably because I was nervous or rattled, by the fuss I had raised in the hall outside, I abruptly awakened the General, at the same moment stooping down to light his candle with mine. The General must have been having a nightmare. The moment I spoke he started up, grabbed for his pistols, and scared me so badly that I dropped the candle on the floor, leaving us in the dark, retreating to the door, as I said: "Don't shoot; it's me." After another "blessing" for my midnight endeavor to deliver a message, I got the mattter straightened out.

I was telling General Pleasonton of this incident recently, which he recalled in his usual pleasant manner, though he insists that he never carried a pistol during the entire war.

General Pleasonton was certainly one of the most courteous, gentlemanly General officers in the Army of the Potomac.

It was my privilege and pleasure to be near his person a great deal up to Gettysburg, and I cannot recall a single instance of his using harsh or ungentlemanly language toward his associates. Indeed, the General had more the appearance and manner of a Presbyterian minister than of a dashing cavalryman. During the war, he wore his full beard closely trimmed, going about the camps in his quiet, easy way, like a chaplain.

It was Custer, and Kilpatrick, and Gregg, who possessed the dashing, dare-devil style. Buford, like Pleasonton, was an old Regular, and went about among his troops as if the war was a business that could not be hurried.

I saw General Pleasonton angry one day at a matter that seemed so trifling that all the Staff enjoyed the affair. His servant, or hostler, who took care of his blooded riding horse, had been regularly supplied by the General with a little cash, to be used in keeping a supply of loaf or lump sugar on hand. It was the General's habit before mounting to receive from his hostler a lump of the sugar, which he fed himself to his horse. It is said, you know, that the feeding of a lump of sugar to a horse regulary has an effect similar to love powders, and creates a peculiar attachment of the horse to the feeder of the sugar.

On this occasion, either the contraband had spent the sugar allowance for "commissary," or some one desired to play a trick on the General by substituting some lumps of drugs from the hospital steward's chest for the sugar. The horse found out the deceit and kicked on it, and investigation showed the General that he had been trifled with, and he was very mad about it.

It is probably true that General Pleasonton, as the Chief of Cavalry, will be held responsible for not having obtained information of General Lee's escape from Fredericksburg. I have talked with General Pleasonton as recently as the summer of 1887 on this subject, but his explanation would make an interesting chapter in itself and does not pertain to this narrative of facts.

I hope it may not be considered egotistical in me to observe here that I, as a scout and spy at headquarters, was in no way responsible for the lack of information of Lee's departure. I was not Chief of the Secret Service. I cannot resist the temptation to say right here, in connection with my proposed services with Burnside, that, if he had remained in command, I would have been doing signal duty from Geno's house in Fredericksburg, or from some point in the enemy's lines.

If I had gone over the river, as proposed, and had mixed with the Confederates as a spy, I certainly would have secured information of the movement of two of Lee's corps. I should most assuredly have been able to have signaled this information over the

river, and then and there General Hooker would have received the credit for having "so wonderfully divined the enemy's movements and thwarted his purposes." The poor, despised Spy would probably have been hung, and his services never been heard of.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAREWELL TO FREDERICKSBURG—GENERAL PLEASONTON—CAVALRY FIGHTING AT BRANDY AND ALDIE—LOOKING AFTER STUART'S REBEL CAVALRY—A COUPLE OF CLOSE CALLS—CHASED BY MOSBYS GUERILLAS—WITH CUSTER IN FREDERICK, MD—THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE, FLIRTING WITH THE GIRLS.

Just how long we of headquarters were on the march from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg is beyond my recollection. We went the longest way around to get there, I think, but we will hurry the reader along the war-path to Gettysburg. As it was Pleasonton's business to find out where Lee was going, we had to cover considerable ground in chasing the devil (Stuart) around the bush.

The first incident or date of importance was the great cavalry battle of Brandy Station, which has been so fully written up that I only need to mention that I was "thar or tharabouts"—in the rear of a haymow.

It was Buford, of my brigade, who should have the credit of maneuvring the cavalry there. In result, it rather astonished the Confederates. After this encounter, a "Yankee on a horse" was more respected by them. It was the only cavalry battle of the war. We had other little skirmishes on the outposts, of no particular interest to this narrative. One little circumstance remains vividly fixed in my mind in connection with our cavalry skirmish along the rugged, rough Blue Ridge Mountains or Gaps.

At one point—Middleburg, I think—we had a rumpus with some of Imboden's, or Stuart's, men, who were opposed to our looking through the Gap to see what Lee was doing in the Valley.

I had been sent out to scout, and for this mounted secret service a second man was sent along.

The instructions were to get on some untraveled road and reach the top of the mountain, or, at least, some position from which we could use our signal glasses to view the Valley on the other side. It was understood that Lee was moving down or up the Valley, but Pleasonton desired to know just what infantry force was yet in

front. To obtain this information, two of us started out alone about three or four o'clock one morning, hoping to get a secure place in the woods on a mountain-top by the light of an early dawn, where we would remain quietly all day, using our glasses from tree-tops, etc., and signal back from the mountain.

Now, bear this in mind, we were to signal back, indicating our position by the old Indian plan of a column of smoke. The signal men about headquarters, seeing the smoke ascend, would level their glasses at the point from which it was supposed to originate. We rode along quietly enough, without meeting anyone, and dressed so that we would have passed ordinarily for the guerillas that infested the country thereabouts.

I was particular, however, to keep on my uniform jacket and pantaloons, saber, etc., though I disguised them by rents and rags as much as possible.

I knew very well that to have been captured in the disguise of countryman meant being hung as a Spy. The uniform and arms protected me from detection and immediate execution.

We got to a point in the road from which we turned into the woods, leading our horses over the rough growth of underbrush a half mile or so, where we securely tethered them in a little ravine, safe from observation. The poor, tired horses were only too glad of a chance for a little rest and quiet, and on this account we did not fear their making any noise.

Laboriously climbing up the rough mountain on foot with our paraphernalia, we at last reached a point from which we had a clear view of a certain portion of the country on the other side.

We saw nothing at all like an army below us; in fact, the Confederate army had previously passed out of sight at that point, en route to Gettysburg. I turned in leisurely to make our coffee and "smoke," while my chum stood guard with his glass.

After climbing half a dozen trees, to try to get a back view, we at last were compelled to give up, because of the presence of a dense wood below, behind which our headquarters were sunken completely from our sight. As the next best thing to do, we made the signal of "two smokes," which had been previously agreed upon to signify "no enemy in sight."

We remained long enough in the mountain to satisfy ourselves

that there was no enemy there and not likely to be, and, as we could not flag back, we decided to smudge the two fires, so that the two smokes would be seen for some time after we should leave on our return.

Finding the horses all right, and feeling so well satisfied that there was no enemy near enough to trouble us, we probably became too careless. On reaching the road, I proposed riding ahead on the road to the summit before returning. My companion, who, by the way, was chief clerk of our Adjutant General, and, being as big a fool as myself, consented, so we trotted on up the road, feeling perfectly safe. At a point right at the summit, probably, we were paralyzed to see a blockade or rifle-pit across the road.

We abruptly stopped at the sight of this, but receiving no salute of welcome, we sidled to one side of the road to make room for any cannon-balls that might want to pass down. Not stirring anyone, my friend suggested that it had been abandoned. Feeling assured by the deserted-looking appearance of the road, we were ready to advance again when, on looking to one side of the road in a direction we had not thought of scrutinizing, my comrade observed, as he jerked in his horse: "There's a man over by that old barn," pointing to the right, and then in hurried tones: "There come two more around the corner."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw a half dozen mounted men at the edge of a wood; but the first one wore blue clothes, so I reassuringly said: "Why, it's some of our men who are out here foraging."

"No; I'm —— if it is. I'm going to get out of range, anyhow;" with that he turned his horse's head. I kept my eye on the men, and saw, to my horror, two of them raise their guns and point at us.

As quickly as if I had been shot, I jerked my horse around and dodged my head on the other side of his neck; the horse turning suddenly as I made this motion, threw me entirely out of the saddle on to my feet on the ground. Just as I turned there were two shots in quick succession.

As we were within very close range, the Rebel cavalrymen seeing me dropped out of the saddle, stopped firing, supposing, of course, I was hit. The funny part of it was, my companion's horse

had been so accustomed to going "double" that he could not be made to budge a step until my horse was ready to go along with him.

I had not lost the reins and was soon in the saddle, hanging by the neck of the horse. I spurred him for dear life and led the other horse out of the scrape. It was a close call, and I have not the least doubt but that my fall out of the saddle saved us both, as they supposed we were sure game and didn't follow up until we were galloping down the road, there being a fence between us.

These men were part of the Confederate cavalry that had been on the very mountain below us all the time we had been in the woods above.

We returned to camp at Aldie, reported the matter, and were complimented highly as "two —— fools."

During these every-day cavalry skirmishes, while *en route* to Gettysburg, I saw a great many horrible sights in the way of wounded cavalrymen and horses. One of the most disagreeable, to me, was to see them carry a dead soldier across a led horse's back, while a companion walked along side, holding him steady by the heels, precisely as if the man was a bag of potatoes, or corn, going to mill. There was a great deal of this, which seemed to be the only method to get the dead out of those mountains, where ambulances could not travel. It is not pleasant to think or write about; but, dear me, I sometimes feel as if all the horrible truths should be told. In the war-papers we find but little mention of the rough manner of taking care of the wounded, and the disgusting disposition of the dead heroes. As General Sherman says: "I don't want to make any more speeches about the war—it's not a pleasant subject. You know, boys, as well as I do, that war is hell."

I will just observe, in passing, that a chapter on the "ruling passions" and dispositions of men, as they lie in field hospitals, would be a curious study. My observation has always been that the big, blustering fellow, who was often a bully in camp, on getting a little wound, was the fellow to make Rome howl when he got under the Surgeon in a hospital. Quiet, inoffensive boys, probably lying near him with serious and painful wounds, were compelled to hear the booby howl like a school-boy who had stumped his sore toe.

We were at Aldie several days. General Hooker's headquarters were somewhere about Fairfax Court House, some ten or twelve miles distant, or to our rear. Between this cavalry outpost and the Army of the Potomac communication was kept up over one of the best of Virginia pikes. I think it must be a section of the National pike, leading to Winchester and the West; anyway, it is a good and a very straight road, running up and down the hills, so that it seems to be always in sight. I remember the road very distinctly, from an adventure with guerrillas over it.

I had been ordered to take a lot of Quartermaster and Paymaster papers into Washington from the Adjutant-General's headquarters. A headquarters ambulance, driver and two good horses were furnished me to reach the railroad at Fairfax Station. Mr. Emerick, the civil-service Telegrapher who had been at our headquarters, accompanied me on this return to Washington. This was the same operator whom I had described at Aquia Creek, while *en route* to Old Capitol. He did not recognize me at all, and, of course, I was not anxious to identify myself. Being on the move, there was no telegraphing to do, and he, as an independent civilian, left the army for Washington when he desired to do so, without consulting the Generals in the field.

Right here I will say, as serving to further exphasize the policy of the telegraphs as well as the signals being under military control, that the Army of the Potomac was practically without a word of telegraph communication with Washington from the time they left Fairfax and the railroad until two days after the battle of Gettysburg. There was, of course, some telegraphing from Frederick, Maryland, but it was not reliable, as Stuart was somewhere between the lines.

This is an important fact that should not be forgotten. The civil telegraphers abandoned the army when they saw proper, and this at a time when it was most important of all the war that they should have been in communication with Washington. The Signal Corps, on the other hand, established and operated a line of signals all along the march from Sugar Loaf Mountain to South Mountain, Monterey, Green Castle, Pennsylvania, up to Parnell's Knob, in the Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania.

The ambulance that brought us to the railroad was ordered to

await my return from Washington. I reached Alexandria in the evening, when I was met by my elder brother, Spencer, then in charge of the railroad telegraphs. My brother took me to his boarding-house to spend the night. He, having recently married a wealthy Maryland lady, Miss Katie Hyatt, of Hyattsville, was living in considerable style for Alexandria war times. I therefore felt quite uncomfortable in their society, dressed only in my hard-used uniform. When shown to my room, in which was a comfortable, clean bed, I couldn't think of occupying it, so slept on the floor alongside, more comfortably than if I had been between the clean sheets.

The next day I delivered my package of papers, muster-rolls, pay-rolls and a whole haversack full of Adjutant-General's papers to the proper officers at the War Department, and started on my return via Alexandria and the railroad to Fairfax.

I found the ambulance waiting for me all right, and we at once started off via Fairfax Court House. Here I found a headquarters horse, and as the ambulance was to be detained at Fairfax for a couple of hours, waiting an escort to convey it out to Aldie, I concluded to ride on out in advance.

It was not a very sensible conclusion, to be sure; but, as I have so often said, I did not have very much sense, and acted usually as the spirit moved me, without thinking about the probable consequences.

I rode along nicely for several miles, passing our infantry and outposts, who were stationed along a little run some distance in advance of Fairfax Court House. Along in the evening, just about sunset, I reached a hill-top, from which I could see the road straight ahead over a valley and thence up another hill. The road on the other hill ahead of me was cut through a dense wood, such as is usually found on these hills.

I discovered something ahead, apparently standing in the road, on the top of the further hill, but paid little attention to it, supposing it was merely a wagon-train stopping for a feed or going into camp for the night. I rode on down the hill carelessly, getting almost out of sight of the hill-top beyond while in the valley below.

Seeing considerable smoke ahead, I was confirmed in my first impression that it was a wagon-train camp just lighting their camp-fires.

On coming closer, I observed a great deal of bustle around the wagons, but, as that was nothing unusual among a lot of teamsters and mules, I paid but little attention to it, and jogged along on my horse, singing to myself the popular song of those days, "Gay and Happy."

But when I came in full view, and so close that I could see a wagon on fire, I began to get suddenly interested. Men were flying around at a lively rate, as I supposed putting out the fire. I didn't exactly like the looks of the thing, and determined in my own mind to reconnoiter and advance slowly. Discovering a little, old house in the edge of a clearing to the side of the road, a short distance from the scene I have described, I rode into the little yard, and called to a woman who was holding a baby in her arms: "Who are those men up the road?"

"Soldiers, I reckon, sir."

"Yes, I know; but what soldiers?"

"Colonel Mosby's soldiers, I reckon, sir."

That was enough. I had a package of reports and papers and some private letters in my pocket, to deliver to Pleasonton and other officers about headquarters. Feeling sure of my belt, pulling my cap down tight over my face, I took a short grip on the reins.

"What are they doing up there?"

"They done captured that wagon-train, sir; and I reckon they will burn the wagons when they get the horses away."

I turned my horse back to the main road, feeling a little nervous, but determined to run for my life.

The moment I got into the road, and without looking up at the burning wagons, I turned my horse's head back and put spurs deeply into his flanks. I had not made five jumps before I heard the cracks of at least a dozen rifles. This only nerved me to more desperate lashings with spurs, leaning forward to the horse's mane as I thrust the spurs into him at every jump. They came after me, yelling like a band of Comanche Indians; but I had a good start, and their guns were empty.

It was a good race for about three miles. I won, and saved my neck again. As I reached the picket-lines that I had passed, I reported to the officer in command that guerrillas were burning our

train, but this fellow—a Colonel—refused to cross his men over the run to help to save them.

I rode on back toward Fairfax and met some officers of Hooker's Staff, giving them my adventure. While I was talking to them, we heard sounds as if a distant blast was going off. Looking ahead over the straight road, in the direction whence I had retreated, we saw a dense cloud of white smoke, like a fog-bank, rise over the tops of the trees. Hooker's aide said:

"Well, those fellows will get badly fooled if they are burning that ammunition train."

That was it. They hurried back to Fairfax, and, there being no other cavalry available, Hooker sent out his bodyguard—Rush Lancers—whom I piloted back to the hill-top. When we got near, one or two wagons were yet unburned, but as they were surrounded by the debris of the explosion, we were afraid to go near, lest another wagon-load of ammunition would go off.

I have read Mark Twain's old joke regarding his bravery, in being in the army where cannon-balls and bullets were thickest—right where whole wagon-loads of ammunition were going right past him—but after this experience with a wagon train, I'm willing to admit this as about as dangerous as anything in an army.

I saved my papers, my life, and got back to Aldie and headquarters that night under the escort of Hooker's bodyguard—or "turkey drivers," as we called them.

It was Pleasonton's cavalry scouts that definitely ascertained that Lee had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. We of the headquarters moved rapidly from Aldie, crossing the Potomac at some point near Leesburg. I think it was the Sunday preceding the contact with Lee that headquarters spent in Frederick, Maryland. We were comfortably quartered at the City Hotel, on a main street of that old town. It was one of the old-fashioned country taverns, with a big yard or court in the rear, for the accommodation of the country teams that visited the city on market days. On this particular Sunday the stables were filled with the horses of the Headquarters Staff, while the yard was crowded with ambulances, baggage-wagons, commissary supplies, etc.

Custer was with us in Frederick all of that Sunday, and spent most of his time at the big parlor window up-stairs flirting with a

couple of quite young girls who lived opposite the hotel. The people usually lived above their stores in the town, and I remember very distinctly the name on the sign was spelled "Schley"; so, if there were one or two Misses Schley in Frederick in 1863, their children will have the testimony of a very-much-interested eye-witness that their mothers were beautiful ladies, who so attracted the handsome General Custer that he almost forgot all about his cavalry pickets who were on the South Mountain hunting Stuart's lost cavalry. In those days Custer wore his hair long; it was quite curly, and touched the blue velvet boyish-looking jacket which he always wore; this, with the long, loose ends of the invariable red necktie, gave the cavalry hero a very picturesque appearance, especially when he dashed along on his horse with all the Staff and orderlies spurring after him in the dust. As I remember, we of the cavalry were after J. E. B. Stuart. No one seemed to know where he was; even General Lee was at that time in entire ignorance of Stuart's whereabouts.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SENT TO FIND GENERAL BUFORD—A HASTY RIDE—THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—CEMETERY RIDGE—GENERAL DOUBLEDAY—GENERAL HANCOCK—THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE.

It was the Rebel Scout, Harrison, who gave to General Lee the first information about the close pursuit of Hooker. This one faithful tramp Rebel soldier carried on foot to Lee and Longstreet at Chambersburg the important intelligence that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, and General Lee, on the report of this single scout, in whom he had implicit confidence, issued orders at once recalling his forces from the front at Harrisburg, and concentrating his entire strength at Gettysburg. I mention this fact, because it is the only instance on official record of a great General giving credit to his Scout or Spy for important secret service.

This solitary Scout succeeded in doing for General Lee alone what was expected of Stuart's large cavalry force, and which they failed to accomplish.

I was sent out from Frederick with orders to find General Buford, who commanded the Cavalry Division in the advance. It was expected that I would be of service in military signaling, and especially in opening up communication with Washington and Baltimore by wire. This was my special duty, and when we ran into a country where there were telegraph wires, I became quite an important fellow; all the Generals being so anxious to get or send news, they cheerfully afforded me all the detail of soldiers I could use to help me.

I found Buford, but when I got to him he was so busy out on the hill, on the morning of July 1st, that he didn't have any time to talk to me. The night before the battle I spent with some of Buford's headquarters men near a town called, I think, Middletown or Middleburg, Maryland. It being very late when I got up to them, I turned my horse into a little stable, or barn, belonging to the house at which the boys had quartered themselves. Headquar-

ters usually selected a good, hospitable-looking house for their temporary quarters, you know.

Thoroughly tired out with my hard day's ride in the sun, while hunting Buford all over that part of the country, I lay down in the haymow of the stable, and was soon sound asleep, and wholly oblivious to all surroundings. I think that I must have had two sleeps that night, instead of one long one. Probably it was on account of my secluded position that I was not awakened until late the following morning, and then it was by Buford's first guns at Gettysburg. Rubbing my eyes open, I saw, with astonishment, that the bright sun was peeping through the cracks of the old barn.

The sound of each distant gun served to hasten my hay-loft toilet, and sliding down out of the haymow as quickly as a fireman gets down his pole, I had the saddle on the horse and was ready to travel, in either direction, in as short a time as the fire-engines get their rigs ready when an alarm is sounded. In my hurry I did not take time to count out an exact dozen of eggs from a nest in the manger, from which my sudden appearance had scared the old hen. She expressed her surprise and indignation in a great deal of noise, but I took no notice of her protests, and slipped, with a dexterity that only a cavalryman of the Army of the Potomac had acquired, the whole lot into my haversack, nest-egg and all, and hastily threw it over my shoulder.

Getting outside, I was further surprised to discover that the place had seemingly been abandoned in the night, not only by head-quarters, but by the occupants of the house. There was not a soul to be seen, and without being exactly sure whether I was within the enemy's lines or our own, I mounted and hastily spurred on toward the sound of the guns, that was becoming more frequent.

I only knew that I was on Pennsylvania soil, my native State, and within a day's ride from my birthplace, and hoped that I should find myself among friends. There was certainly enemies where the firing was going on. I had not gone far until I met a farmer's wagon loaded, apparently, with every member of his family, and, no doubt, all their worldly goods that they could pile into it.

When I stopped them to ask about the racket down the road, all of them began to talk at once, in broken Pennsylvania Dutch, about "the war down below town." I learned further from some scared

natives and some stragglers in blue, that were scurrying along the road, and were becoming thicker the nearer I got, as they put it, "The Rebels are fighting with our men on the other side of town."

That was enough for me. I was young and active, and, as a Pennsylvania boy, I was most anxious to participate in some way in fights that were to take place in my own State. I made that old horse dash along the road to the battle field of Gettysburg, for about four miles that morning, in a way that would have put to shame General Sheridan's ride down the Valley. If my celebrated ride could have been done up in poetry and set to music, it would, as a parody on Sheridan's ride, go down into the literature of the century after the style of John Gilpin's famous ride at the sound of artillery. I'd give the old nag the spurs and make him jump ahead as if the cannon balls were after instead of ahead of us.

That beautiful morning of July 1st, as I rode along that old pike, the one fear uppermost in my mind was that the battle of Gettysburg would be all over before I could get there. I felt that I should never be able to meet my Pennsylvania friends again if it should unfortunately happen that Buford would drive the Rebels out of the State without my assistance. That's what made me in such a hurry.

I was delayed a little on the road by an accident. I had noticed, while tearing along, that there was an awful bad air in that part of the country, but I had, as a soldier, become accustomed to bad smells hovering about an army in Virginia, that I didn't take much account of it—rather satisfying myself with the reflection that the smell simply indicated the presence of the Rebel Army in the neighborhood. But it became so oppressive that I checked up my Mad-Anthony-Wayne gait long enough to look around me. It was the eggs in my haversack. In my excitement, I had forgotten all about them, and, of course, every time my horse galloped the haversack, being strung loose to my saddle, tried to keep time, but couldn't always do it, with the result of beating the eggs up into a soft mess, and mixing shell-dry coffee, hard tack and cold meat into a fancy omelette.

When I discovered the horrible condition of things, the eggs were dripping down my horse's flanks, and when the horse stood still the odor wafted itself around me. I got one good whiff and then cut

the thing loose, boldly sacrificing my expected breakfast of eggs and also all the good coffee and other nice things my kit was packed with. I have always believed that there must have been more than one bad egg in the dozen. In writing up this ride in poetry, after Buchanan's Sheridan, this incident should not be made too prominent. I record it simply as one of the necessary ingredients of a true story.

I had a double incentive after this to hurry me along; the awful stench clung to the flanks of my horse and I tried to ride him out of the range of it. When I reached the top of the hill, now so widely known as Cemetery Ridge, on the morning of July 1st, it was as quiet and restful as the old graveyard probably is this July 1st, 1889. Beyond the town, to the west, which was visible from this point, were to be seen in the air over the tops of the trees the too-familiar little curls or puffs of white, steamy-looking smoke, that I knew were from exploding shells. For the moment there seemed be a lull in the proceedings—only an occasional gun and the more frequent sharp, hammer-like sound of infantry firing on a skirmish line.

But I'm not going to attempt a description of the battle of Gettysburg; that has already been done too thoroughly and well. I'll tell only what I saw that day, in as few words as I can put it.

When I rode through the town the people were gathered in groups in the street; ladies were at the windows talking in a whining, half-crying way to other nervous neighbors, who were, perhaps, at an up-stairs window, praying at intervals, or asking in a beseeching way, "What is to become of us all?" During all this time the soldiers inside of the town, in a sullen, quiet, business way, peculiar to old coffee-coolers, were moving about, indifferently, amidst the excitement that must have struck the inhabitants as being very unconcerned for soldiers.

I remembered one fellow in blue loitering where I had halted for a drink, while the lady of the house was kindly dishing out glasses of water. She appealed to him for something encouraging or hopeful. He looked up at her, and then, turning around in the direction of the occasional musketry, as if he had just discovered that there was something going on, assured her in an easy-going way: "Oh, that's all right; that's only a little squabble. Our army isn't out there."

I forged ahead straight out of the Chambersburg Road, galloped my horse up the hill and on past the Seminary, and might have gone a little too far on that line if I hadn't been summarily stopped by an officer, who was standing close behind the fence beside the road.

"Where in —— are you going?" was the polite salutation.

"When I explained that I was a Staff orderly from headquarters hunting General Buford, he observed: "Well, you go out that road any further and you will find some Rebel General."

Another officer, more polite and obliging, kindly volunteered the information, "Buford's cavalry were in those woods this morning," pointing to a grove to the left.

It was further explained that the fence was down a little distance up the road. I made a break for the gap, and got safely out of the now-deserted highway, and ran in behind the big stone barn and dismounted, when I discovered that I was right at the front of our lines. Before me, stretched along the ground at full length, was a brigade of infantry, extenting to the grove on the left. This was the advance of our line of battle, under Doubleday. I wanted very much to get into that grove, to communicate with headquarters, but I had run myself, precipitately, into a trap, and couldn't get out without the risk of being shot.

It was safe enough, for the time being, while behind the old stone barn, but there was that awful gap of a quarter of a mile between it and the grove. I dismounted, went inside of the barn, and there witnessed such a scene as can best be described by a reference to a first visit to an insane asylum. It seemed to me that from every corner, crevice and stall of the dark old basement of the barn I saw glaring at me the wild eyes of maniacs. In a word, the barn was full of skulkers—of cowards, who no doubt looked upon me as the leader of a detail to drive them out into their ranks in the front.

I was worse frightened by those fellows than by the line of battle of the Rebels in the front, and, hurrying out of the place, got on my horse and hauled down my cap, felt for the security of my belt, and was making ready for a dash over the Gap, when my attention was attracted by some officer's loud voice, who, in a whining, half-crying tone, was haranguing his men, who were lying down in his front.

I shall never forget the expression on the faces of those poor fellows as they would look up at their officer and glance longingly to the rear, and alternately gaze with a frightened, serious look toward the Rebel lines, their pale, blanched faces looking the whiter through the dirt and smoke of battle, that was on them like a war-paint.

In this connection I have a conundrum for the Chaplain: How is the indisputable fact to be accounted for, or reconciled, that the same men in line of battle, facing death, will, in one and the same moment, be praying and cursing, as I heard them in this line—"God have mercy on us," and after the first volley, or when a charge was ordered, the prayer, almost in the same breath, turned to the most terrible oaths—"God damn your souls."

I went up to the Colonel and reported the discovery of the men in the barn. To my surprise, he only said: "Oh, that's nothing; let them alone."

I have looked carefully into all the accounts of the different battles for some mention of the cowards and skulkers, but, somehow, this part of the battle is not brought to the attention of the reading public nowadays, though it is not denied that these form quite a large percentage in each army.

It was imperative that I should obey orders and report to General Buford.

I had found him all right, but there remained between us the little space that I must cross. I screwed up my courage to the sticking point, and, with my head bent low, I made the run safely into the grove, where I found General Buford sitting quietly on his horse, accompained by one or two of his Staff. He did not seem to have a happy or satisfied look, and I judged at once, from his uneasy manner, that something was going wrong. I soon found out. General Reynolds was lying by the two little elms along side of the fence, dying or dead. This was what put so serious and sorrowful an expression on the faces of all the officers just then. A Rebel sharpshooter from that stone barn had killed the best General the Army of the Potomac contained—he whom we all knew at headquarters should have been its Commander-in-Chief.

Every moment we staid in the grove was a holy terror to me; it seemed as if the whole Rebel artillery had discovered that it was headquarters, and were concentrating their shells into it. They

would go crashing through the tree-tops, shrieking and tearing through the branches of the trees as we used to throw clubs into apple trees to knock down the fruit. General Buford, noticing my uneasiness as I'd glance up through the trees, as if expecting to see the apples fall, quietly observed to me: "They have not got the range yet." He said this in a tone indicating that he was only waiting till they *did* get it, before he should leave.

My horse became awfully nervous, to say nothing of myself, and I didn't feel that I wanted the Rebel artillery to hunt their range with me for a target.

I became suddenly solicitous about the expediency of looking after some signal and telegraph business in the town, a mile or so to the rear, and safely "beyond range."

So, riding up to the General, saluting in the Regular Army style, bowing my head low as a shell went over, I meekly suggested going back to town to see if there were any telegraph operators to be found.

"All right," said the General, significantly, "We will all be back there soon."

Turning my horse's head to the rear, I didn't hesitate so long about starting as I had for the barn, but boldly made a dash to the rear over a lot of old fields that lay between the grove and the Seminary.

I thought it about a mile distant at that time, and I have since visited the ground and was surprised to find it so short a distance; but I covered it so quickly then that some allowance may be made for the miscalculation.

I don't believe any horse-race jockey ever got over the same amount of the earth any quicker than I did that last quarter on the home stretch—I had got "in range," and was in a hurry to get out.

This was a piece of open ground, where it seemed all the shells that passed through the trees in the grove stopped and ploughed into the earth, and scattered the dirt or exploded in the air and scattered the pieces of iron.

I felt for the minute and a half that I was out from under the imaginary protection of the trees, that the whole Rebel Army were after me. Really I was so badly rattled that I did not know whether I was on a horse or afoot. Once behind the big brick

Seminary Building, I felt it safe enough to dismount, cool off myself and the horse, and repair damages.

Discovering that both the horse and myself were unharmed, and being anxious to see how the rest of them out that way were getting along, I availed myself of my privilege as a signal man on the Staff, and climbed the stairs to the top of the building, getting out on the cupola.

There were several Generals up there. They were somewhat excited, and talking together in an earnest manner about something that was going on in another part of the field.

They left the cupola as if they were in a hurry. So did I, without stopping to examine the outlook very closely. There was plenty to be seen—it was quite a moving panorama of blue and gray, and far more realistic from *that* platform than the cyclorama I have viewed from similar elevations in the center of the battle scenes they depict.

I noticed from the cupola that there was some excitement or stir to the right of the town. I had not thought of there being any Rebels, except those I had seen immediately in our front. As I had seen enough of this part of the field, I concluded to go over to the right and see what I could do to save the day there.

I went down the steps, three or four at a jump, and was on my horse before any of the Generals, who had preceded me.

I rode out toward the right as far as it was expedient for a horse to go.

In 1863 there was a railroad embankment, or fill, along that edge of the town. Behind this I dismounted and fastened my horse to a fence, discreetly advanced as dismounted cavalry to reconnoiter, and, if possible, learn what all the fuss over here was about. I soon found out—one good look was enough. There was another barn out that road, and from behind it, or from all corners, puffs of white smoke were to be seen at frequent intervals. Beyond this there were other lines of this same white smoke; and, before I knew exactly what was going on, there came suddenly from another direction that *awful* sharp din of volleys of musketry. Dear me, how sharp and how sudden the noise of musketry—it rings to-day in my ear, after a lapse of twenty-five years, as distinctly as it were but yesterday. I frequently visit Gettysburg—the place has a

strange fascination for me. As I walk alone over the very ground I am trying to tell about here, I recall every incident, and wonder, and wonder, in the strange quiet of the old town, where all the 200,000 are to-day!

"No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, Oh *these battles! they last so long—*
From boyhood to the grave."

After this outbreak, which we all knew preceded a charge, there came the usual confusion, accompanied by the yells and indescribable ugly sounds, the echo of which seems to chill one's blood, even now.

In this confusion and rush, I nearly lost my horse; he had torn loose from his fastenings, in the jam and tear of artillery, breaking to the rear along the road; he was retreating in disorder among the boys of the Eleventh Corps. When I caught up with him and mounted again, there was a crowd of infantrymen jamming along the road. It is a fact that a "doboy," as we cavalrymen called the infantry, instinctively hates a cavalryman of his own army as much as he does that of the enemy, so that, in my isolated predicament, in trying to navigate my horse along a road filled with excited Germans, with bayonets on their guns, I had, literally, a hard road to travel.

I intended to go back to the Seminary, which I had recently left, thinking it the best place to get a good view of the field. I was steering my horse in that direction, down the main street of the town, when I discovered that, seemingly, everybody was coming away from there.

It looked as if the show was over and the crowd was rushing along the streets, as if anxious to catch the first car, or the last train.

I did not realize that it was a retreat until I saw riding up the road, in a direction away from the Seminary, a cavalcade, which I knew to be a General and Staff.

It was General Doubleday. The handsome General, erect and dignified at the head of his Staff, was riding alone with a bearing very much as I have witnessed other Generals on the fancy parades at the head of the column of play soldiers.

Except for an angry flush on his face, and evidently in a bad humor about something that had gone wrong, he was as cool as I have seen him since on ordinary occasions.

On looking through the dusty and crowded streets that dreadful afternoon toward the Seminary, which I had so recently left some distance inside of our lines, I was astonished beyond measure to see that a battery was right in the middle of the road firing like all nation toward us. It has always remained one of the great surprises of my life to understand how that Rebel battery could possibly have gotten through our army so suddenly and have been firing shells down the road into our retreating column from *our* hill, when I thought, according to the tactics, it ought to have been two or three miles out of the road on their own hill. The frequent shots did not hasten General Doubleday's pace a particle; he kept on giving his orders in a sullen, ill-natured tone, but walked his horse as slowly as if heading a funeral procession.

My young heart was distressed to see that our men were beginning to pour into the main street from every direction—all were eagerly making for the main road through town to Cemetery Hill.

It was very much as if a church, or theatre, had been dismissed in a panic; the people who were in the side aisles were rushing down on the crowds in the main entrance, so that everything became blocked by the confusion worse confounded.

The ladies of the town, from almost every house and window, were imploring the men to give them some explanation of the movement, the very suddenness and excitement of which bordered on a panic.

As a Pennsylvania boy, I felt that it was disgraceful to abandon one of our own towns to Rebel invaders, and with such thoughts burning within me, and fired by the excitement of the hour, remembering that in my ride into the town that morning, I had passed Slocum's (Twelfth) Corps only a little way out, I rode up, facing the stately Doubleday, and, after saluting, said:

"General, I passed General Slocum only a little way out the road." The General, without halting his slow movement, guffly said:

"Where is Slocum?"

"Why, out the road a little piece."

"When did you see him?"

"This morning."

Just then a shell went over the top of a house, exploded on the roof, making a most infernal noise, which scared all the horses, and in the mix-up, as I was facing the General, my horse could not march backwards, I became tangled up with him, and impeded for a moment his progress. Turning to me, with a savage expression, he said:

"Get out of my way, ——you. We all know where Slocum was this morning. Where is Slocum, now?" Who in —— are you, anyhow?"

I didn't insist on continuing the conversation with General Doubleday at the time; but I have had the pleasure of hearing from this grand old man, since the publication of this day's experience,

When I saw so indisputably that everybody else was going to leave town, I concluded that I might as well go too, and I stood not on the order of my going, but went at once.

On the occasion of President Cleveland's visit to Gettysburg, it was my pleasure, as well as my business as a newspaper man, to accompany that party. I heard then one of the old residents—one of the "reliable old liars"—tell a distinguished party that the Rebel band played "Dixie" on the square of the town at 1 P. M. on that day.

I want to say that is not true. There was lots of music at 1 P. M., but there were no bands playing that day that I ever heard of. It was late in the afternoon when we had our parade through the streets of Gettysburg to the music of booming cannon, screeching shell, and the sharp notes of musketry.

This music was in the air all around us, accompanied by the groans and cries of the wounded and dying men, who were being piled into the court house and churches of the old burg.

I managed to crowd my frenzied horse through the dense mass of soldiers, wagons, etc., who were surging up the main street toward Cemetery Hill.

I got there just as soon as I could, too.

On reaching the brow of the hill, I was gratified and surprised to see General Howard sitting on his horse, quite alone, in the lot to the right of the cemetery gate, or across the road from it.

All of this time, the men of the Eleventh Corps, which, in the retreat led the way, had been coming steadily up the hill from town and kept on going down over the hill on the other side, like so many sheep that follow a leader blindly over a fence.

It never occurred to me that there would be any halt then, and I assert here, bluntly, my opinion, as being unprejudiced and based solely on the events as they actually occurred to me at that day, that General Howard had not, at that hour, any other expectation than to retreat further back. He certainly had not made any effort whatever to stop the rushing to the rear of his men of the Eleventh Corps. They not only swarmed up the one road, but came straggling through the by-ways and fields, skipping over the stone fence, and, unmolested, kept going on farther back, as if it were a matter of course.

I stopped on the side of the road, near General Howard that I might look around from this elevation.

To my consternation, I discovered, from the musketry and confusion, that the Rebels were going it lively over toward our extreme right, in the direction of what is now known as Culp's Hill.

I was satisfied that the Rebels would get around to the road I had come down on, and capture the entire force then at Gettysburg.

For obvious reasons, I did not intend to be made prisoner, if my horse's legs could keep me out of the grip of the encircling Rebs.

While I was making my way back to the road I ran against General Hancock, who had just come up in search of Howard. Hancock—brilliant, dashing, glorious Hancock—rode across the way to Howard, who had been standing silently biting his finger-nails, evidently as much rattled as it was possible for a good soldier to be.

"Howard," said Hancock, in a voice and with an emphasis that attracted the attention of the crowd that had gathered there, "let's get them behind that stone fence; they can never get us out of that."

Howard looked surprise, and said something in a low voice, trembling with excitement, which I took to be an acquiescence with Hancock's suggestion. There were some other words between them that were not heard, but we all knew that Hancock, from his fiery, almost blustering manner, was urging Howard to the importance of

this step. Hancock's very presence seemed to inspire the men, who had now begun to gather on the hill in great crowds, attracted by the excitable manner of the General.

Just then Doubleday reached this point. Hancock, upon seeing this fighting General, abruptly leaving Howard, turned to Doubleday and began to explain with excited gestures the importance of securing this position. Doubleday, at a glance, seemed to take in the importance of this step. He and Hancock talked together for a moment only, when Hancock, without again referring to Howard (who still sat silently in his saddle, looking over toward Culp's Hill, his back now turned to the crowd), said to Doubleday: "Now, you put your men behind that fence, and don't let another man go back of it." Then, turning to the Staff of assembled officers that were there, he said: "Don't allow another —— man to go over that hill; drive them all up behind that stone wall."

Some one asked if they—the Staff—should use force indiscriminately. Doubleday retorted, violently: "Yes; shoot any —— man that refuses to obey."

Some officer whom I can not locate turned to all of us, took command, and ordered every officer and soldier to draw his pistol and saber and prevent another man from going down the hill. For the first and only time during the four years of the war I used a saber on our own men of the Eleventh Corps. No more men went back, thanks to Hancock. Howard and Hancock, standing together, were having some further animated conversation. I was close enough to hear only these words, spoken petulantly by Howard in answer to something that had been said to him: "Hancock, you can not command here to-day."

Hancock rode over to Doubleday; they exchanged a few words in private, heated talk; Doubleday took charge, and it was he who executed Hancock's commands and saved the position. Howard received the credit and the thanks of Congress for having selected this position, but I assert here, as if it were a dying statement and my hopes of eternity hung on it, that Howard did not, until Hancock forced him to act, take any steps to hold the place.

Hancock's arrival upon the field, in obedience to General Meade's command, turned defeat into victory. His imposing presence, together with the admirable disposition of the First and Eleventh

Corps and Buford's Cavalry, created in General Lee's mind the impression that we had been reinforced. In proof of this fact I will refer to the official reports of General Lee, lately published, in which he states that he had "restrained pursuit" because of the belief that we had been reinforced.

Much has been written upon the subject of this battle of Gettysburg, but this point has been little touched upon by any writer who is a wholly disinterested witness. My testimony is not of a regimental kind, for I am simply trying to tell of my own personal observation and experience. As a Headquarters-Staff man, I went everywhere I considered it safe to go. I only knew such regiments as contained Pennsylvania friends, and especially those of the Pennsylvania Reserves, while I knew certain other commands in the Second and Fifth Corps. I generally knew where to find them when we were in camp, but would only meet them on the march accidentally.

There was one little incident that occurred, however, in the presence of Hancock, Howard, Doubleday, and the crowd which had gathered around them on Cemetery Hill, that some of the survivors who may read this article will remember, and may thereby establish the identity of the men or regiments which were "going up the hill and down again." After it had been decided by Hancock and Doubleday to try and stop the rout of the Eleventh Corps, Howard "caught on," as we say nowadays, but only awakened to the importance of holding the place after Hancock had bulldozed him into it. One big, tall fellow, with side-whiskers (I give his description because I do not know his name or regiment), who was carrying the regimental colors, rolled up, stalked over to where Howard was spurring his horse around at a lively waltz, issuing his orders to everybody who would carry into effect Hancock's suggestions.

This Color-Sergeant, in a wild and dramatic way, stood beside Howard's frisky horse and made his little speech, which was listened to with more apparent deference than had been accorded to Hancock. I am not conscious of having any personal feeling or prejudice against General Howard—in fact, I am politically the other way—but think, as a chronicler of events, that I can be perfectly fair now in my estimation of men and events which occurred

twenty-five years ago. This Color-Sergeant and Howard had a little scene up on the hill to which almost everybody else was oblivious, having as much as they could attend to at the time themselves. But I heard the Sergeant say, in quite a loud voice: "I'll take the flag down there," pointing to the stone wall just below, "if these men will stand by me." Howard replied in a low voice, tremulous with excitement, at which the color-bearer and a few men started down toward the stone wall, which was the last I ever saw or heard of them, although I have little doubt, if this man lived through the battle, he was favorably mentioned in Howard's report, and got his commission, as it was a brave act on the part of the color-bearer; but I can't help but think it would have looked better (to my eyes at least) if he had stopped with his colors at the wall on his way up, and not have made his little speech for apparent effect.

Perhaps some person will ask why Generals Hancock and Doubleday did not lay claim to the credit of this manœuver at the time. Probably they did, but of this I know nothing. Howard was Hancock's senior, and, as such, was entitled to the command during Meade's absence. But through some hocuspocus Howard received the vote of thanks by Congress for doing that which he did not do, and so the matter stands to-day.

Hancock was a noble-looking soldier. There was something in his appearance during a fight, while on his large horse, that was wonderfully impressive. Sheridan's ride up the Valley, in which his presence is credited with turning a disastrous defeat into a victory, was no more important in its results, in my estimation, than Hancock's dashing and well-timed arrival on Cemetery Hill on the afternoon of the first day of Gettysburg. There can be little doubt but that his prompt action secured the position, and his very presence, while talking with Howard, served to check the fugitives who were passing over the hill in droves.

It may also be asked why I bring this subject up at this late date, and after Hancock's death? For years I have avoided all talk on the subject of army experience. I would have sooner asked Hancock to take a drink in a public-bar-room than to have broached this matter to him. He was not the sort of a man who invited everybody's opinion. He always impressed me, and I was near him often, with the feeling that he was the ideal Regular soldier, and

could only be approached through official channels. It was probably to this disposition, to leave everything to official reports, that can be attributed the fact that he did not always obtain through the newspapers the credit to which he was clearly entitled.

I therefore contend that Hancock is the hero of Gettysburg, not only of the third, but of the first day; and had he been in supreme command, and remained unharmed, General Lee would not have gotten away so easily; the war might have ended a year sooner than it did, and more than likely Gettysburg would have been in history what Appomattox now is, while Grant would have equally divided honors with Hancock. I sometimes think that, like a great many other good Generals in the East, Hancock became soured by the promotion of Grant's Western men to the best position in the Army of the Potomac.

Grand old Army of the Potomac! Noble, patient, long-suffering Army of the Potomac. Its greatest battles were fought while Meade and Hancock were subordinates—before Grant came out of the West to lead it to the Wilderness and Cold Harbor.

Everybody on Cemetery Hill did their utmost to check the shattered column, which had been doubled back from the right and the officers and men thrown into confusion; and the few men of the Staff had a hard time to rally these demoralized soldiers, for, as is well known to everybody who has had any connection with the army, a body of men once broken are about as hard to control as is a resistless mountain torrent.

I became so much engaged in this work, personally, that for a while I neglected to look around to see what was happening elsewhere. The men had come up from the town, and all stopped on the hill behind the wall, their guns cocked and lying across the top.

I was seated on my horse by the side of the big arched fancy gate of the old Cemetery, and, before I suspected that the Rebels were near, a minie-ball struck the brick-work of the gate, which I found, upon examination, was but a few feet above my head.

I had turned briskly around in search of some of my recent companions, to tell them that evidently the Rebel sharpshooters had secured places on the roofs, when I was almost paralyzed to discover that they had disappeared—scarcely anybody to be seen, save a lot

of infantry, who were hugging the ground all around. Not being under the orders of any particular officer, I was, of course, like "nobody's child," and had to look out for myself. I hurriedly got behind the hill, when, to my consternation, I heard the rapid, sharp, hammer-like firing over on Culp's Hill, which seemed to me to be directly in our rear. It is a geometrical fact that the Rebels were almost in the rear of our position on Cemetery Hill. A glance at a map will explain this. Cemetery Hill projects like the point or promontory of a peninsula out into the sea of the Rebel Army, which was apparently on three sides of it.

The first thing I did was to look around for Hancock, thinking, if he was somewhere about, I would attach myself to him, as a means to get me out safely. But he was nowhere in sight; neither was Doubleday, Howard or any of the big guns I had just left on the hill; and, glancing down the Baltimore road to the rear, I saw such signs of general commotion that it gave me the impression that we were going to be surrounded.

I thought then that Hancock had made an awful big mistake in allowing the men up there to be caught in the rear while lying behind the stone wall looking in the opposite direction. I was not the only one who entertained this opinion at that juncture, by a large majority. But future events proved that Hancock was right and we were all wrong.

I went back over the same old road, along which I had dashed so gallantly in the morning, and did not stop until safely established near General Pleasonton, and so far to the rear that the sound of guns did not disturb my rest that night.

One day of Gettysburg should be enough. It was for me. The battle has been fought over so often in the newspapers that there is scarcely anything new to be said. Of course, my experience was peculiar in this—that I went as I pleased. Regimental history relates only to the observations from one fixed point.

The evening of the first day it looked badly enough to me, and if I had been Commander-in-Chief, I think I should have changed the base to a point a little farther away from the Rebels. I was defeated.

I was on hand bright and early the morning of the second day. I was not in so much of a hurry to save the day as I had been the

first day. I rode down the same road I did the morning before, but I went along more cautiously. There was no booming of guns to be heard. Though nearly two hundred thousand men had been gathered there in the night, the surroundings the second morning were decidedly peaceful—unusually quiet—ominously as compared with the first morning and the evening of the first day.

I had slept in the same haymow from which I had been awakened the previous morning.

I came down the road straight toward Cemetery Hill to find headquarters—at least, that is what I started out to reach. I was stopped before I got up the hill, by an order from somebody to "Get out of the road." I got off as directed, and went into a little grove to the left, and almost in the rear of the Cemetery, where I had seen a group of officers on horseback. I do not remember who they were, but, seeing that they did not know any more than I about the "prospect," which was just then the important question, I tied my horse to a tree, that I might reconnoiter on foot, and find out something for myself. I proceeded to climb up the crest of the hill on my hands and knees, with all the humility, respect and caution that I felt was due to the Rebels. I wanted to see them all once more very much, indeed, but I did not care to have any of their sharpshooters discover me first. There were batteries upon batteries, the horses of which were down on the hill to the rear, in care of their riders. The artillerymen were, of course, around their guns, but most of them were hunting places not too much exposed. I did not see the line at first; you know the artillery is always behind, or to the rear of a line of battle, supported by infantry. Bound to see the shape of our advance of that line of battle, I went as far out as the very crest of the hill nearest the Cemetery gate. When I got that far I was paralyzed by another yell, from some unseen quarter, to "Get down, there!" I got down, and in that abject position heard the voice explain, in not very gentle tones, "The sharpshooters are on the tops of those houses." The houses referred to were so close that I could almost count the bricks in the chimney-tops.

There was another curious fellow—an officer—some distance ahead of me, standing behind a tree, looking for all the world as if he was having lots of fun playing hide-and-seek with someone. I

concluded to play, too, and crawled up to the base of another tree close beside him. When I got behind the tree, I felt perfectly safe from an attack of the whole Rebel army. I was feeling so secure in this position that I became bold enough to stand to one side, that I might get a good view of our fellows. I saw them lying down or silently moving about behind that old stone wall.

While I was yet intently gazing over the valley in hopes of seeing the Rebels, there was a little "ping" noise near me, a sharp sting on my face, as if some one had thrown a handful of gravel at me. It was only some of the bark of the tree, which had been dusted into my face by a minie-ball.

I got behind the tree. I stayed there, too, standing up against it as stiff as a post, and hugging it as close as its own bark. I was afraid to turn my head either to the left or to the right. I had seen enough, and slid down to the ground and crawled back on all-fours, after the manner of the harlequin on the stage. I found the headquarters, which was located not very far from that spot, but out of reach of any hiding sharpshooters on the house-tops at the upper end of the town.

During all that morning I was about headquarters, trying to find out what in thunder was up; everything was oppressively quiet.

In the early afternoon I sent a note addressed to General Meade into the dingy little old shanty where he had his headquarters. They were having a prolonged caucus. I proposed to send a detail of men to try to open up telegraph communication with Baltimore and Washington. I had discovered that the wires were down at some point on the railroad, and wanted to rebuild the line. In reply to this suggestion, which may be on file some place, as it was a written communication, General Meade sent me out to see General Gregg. This officer, who is a native of Pennsylvania, and at present is residing at Reading, greeted me most courteously, saying: "General Meade directs me to say to you, sir, that he appreciates the importance of securing the telegraph service, and desires you to be prepared to act upon it."

I was at the headquarters later on, when all the Generals who had been attending the Council of War came filing out, with their swords rattling, their faces wearing a determined, if not anxious, expression.

Each of the officers, without uttering a word, but acting as if he had an important business engagement on hand and was behind time at the appointment, quickly mounted their horses, all darting off in different directions.

I took the liberty of propounding a question to General Gregg. I should consider it impertinent, at my present age, for any one to ask me such a question.

But these were war times, which is the apology I now tender to General Gregg publicly. He will get a copy of this book with the author's compliments.

I asked the General, bluntly, if there "was anything up." He answered by significantly pointing over his shoulder to General Meade, who was at the moment in big boots, strutting off to his horse, which an orderly held near the assembled Staff.

"It looks as if something was up, don't it?"

I thought it did;—and as everybody else was mounting their horses I followed the example; that is, I followed General Meade, who was my example, over toward what was then the front of the Round Tops or Sickles' salient.

I can not go into Sickles' fight at Gettysburg. I know nothing more about it than has been published, except the impression that I gathered at the headquarters, and throughout the army at the time, in the days that immediately followed, which in effect was, that General Sickles had played a big card in hopes of accomplishing something on his own account that would give him the command of the Army of the Potomac. As all know, it was a continual fight between our Generals as to who should be the Chief. Sickles lost his opportunity and his leg at the same time. It was the common talk then, and few cared to dispute it some years ago, when Meade and Hancock were get alive, that, if Sickles had not lost his leg, he would have lost his commission.

I was at Gettysburg with General Sickles in July, 1886 and 1888, and interviewed him for the press on this subject. He showed considerable feeling over the hostile attitude of other distinguished officers toward his absurd claim of having won the battle of Gettysburg, by being defeated the second day.

At the time, it looked to me like another first day, and, as I was

anxious to be on the safe side, I retired to the valley between the Round Tops.

While riding out toward the rear, from between the Round Tops, I met a double line of battle slowly advancing. It was so long a line that I could not see either end of it through the undergrowth. In endeavoring to find a break, or hole, to get through, I asked some of the officers what troops these were, and my recollection is they were the Pennsylvania Reserves. I have often wondered since why some mention is not made of this reserve being on hand there to receive Longstreet if he had come through Sickles.

The appalling fear before me, as I faced those fellows advancing, with their guns loaded and bayonets fixed, pointing at my horse's breast, was that they wouldn't let me through, but might drive me ahead of them. I was not ambitious to lead them down through that valley, where so much noise was being made by Rebel yells and musketry.

I will never forget that double row of dirty faces. They had been on a forced march all day, perhaps, to reach the field. The dust of the roads had adhered to their perspiring faces, presenting a war-paint effect that was ludricious even at so serious a time.

"How does a man feel in battle?" is a question often asked, or "Were you frightened the first time?" My answer is: "Yes, and every other time." I never heard a shell screech, or a minie-ball whistle or whiz, that I wished, with all my soul, that I had not come. I was scared when I went in the first and the last battle.

At the end of every fight I felt, somehow, as if the war was a failure, and we might as well go home, we so seldom had the satisfaction of seeing the Rebels run.

A majority of people have formed an idea that a battle is a continous uproar, from daylight until dark, or during all of the day on which it occurs. As a matter of fact, the real fight is soon over, one way or another; that is, the actual contest of the larger bodies ends about as suddenly as a collision on a railroad.

It is a long time beginning; may be the picket-firing of the night previous is the first indication; then will come the more frequent clattering from the skirmish-line, with an occasional shot from a battery; perhaps it ends with this.

I have nearly always noticed that the officers and men thought

it had ended, and were only suddenly awakened to the fact that it had not, by a tremendous boom from some battery, that would nearly always be discovered to be at some point they did not expect a hostile shot to come from.

It may not be an agreeable thing to print, but it has been my experience in battle, that it was always the unexpected that happened to our officers.

The first time I was under fire, I happened to be near a battery, and became so much excited by the booming of the guns, and the action of the men and officers, that I did not realize my danger.

A battery pounding shot into an enemy is the most inspiriting music a soldier can hear. Of course, you can not tell whether the shot hit any one or not, as they go so far, but you instinctively feel, from the big noise and fussy kick the thing makes every time it is fired, that something must get hurt at the other end.

As a rule, it is not the artillery that does the damage; the shells most frequently go entirely over the heads of a line of battle and drop far to the rear, where they stampede the mules about the wagon trains and scare the skulkers.

The wounds are not always received at the front. It is the nasty *little* bullets that do the greater damage to the men in line.

On this occasion I felt, from the way this battery had been pounding into the woods, a mile or so away, that they had killed everybody over there, so I boldly advanced on my horse to the front or skirmish-line. On my way out, I saw coming toward me two fellows carrying, or rather supporting, a third between them; getting closer, I discovered that the man they were carrying had his leg off; indeed, it seemed as if his whole lower body had been torn off at the hip, leaving his bleeding flesh hanging in shreds to his light-blue pantaloons.

I naturally stopped when they got nearer, when I discovered, to my horror, that the poor man's bowels were actually trailing on the ground. He was yet alive; his eyes were fixed upon me in a sorrowful, longing way that I shall never, never get out of my mind.

While paralyzed by this sight, I was so sick that I almost fell off my horse, by seeing one of the men accidentally tread on his bowels, which served to draw more of his entrals from his torn and bleeding body. The poor fellow was then past all pain. I hurried

forward to get away from the horrible sight, only to come on a boy in blue, who was lying flat on his face, as if he had been literally biting the dust, all choked up—dead.

You will notice in all the pictures of battles that the dying are usually represented as throwing up their hands and falling backward gracefully.

As a matter of fact, the men usually fall forward, unless they are struck by a missile so large that its weight will carry them backward by the momentum. I have observed that a wounded man's head drops forward; this, I presume, has a tendency to cause the body to fall forward with the weight of the head; and the fact that the dead, who die on the field, are nearly always found with their faces down, burrowed, has created the expression, "biting the dust."

As it generally rains after a battle, I have noticed the wounded and dying nearly always crawl to a pool of water, and their dead faces are often found as if, they had died in an effort to wet their parched tongues.

Every person I have talked with for five minutes about Gettysburg, asks the question: "Were you there when Pickett charged?" as if that famous incident comprised the whole of the battle, whereas it was only the fire-works at the end of the three days' meeting.

When Pickett's charge was made I was behind the stone wall, about three miles away, and, consequently, did not see it.

At the "supreme moment," I was quietly picking blackberries in an old field where the reserve artillery had been parked.

When the tremendous firing began and the reserve artillery were ordered down, I stopped my blackberrying, out of season, and went down to the front to see what the fuss was all about.

Pickett's charge has been done—and over-done—so very thoroughly by both sides, that I shall not even attempt to add a word to the mass of stuff that has already been printed about it.

There is, however, a little story about a charge of Pennsylvanians in the Virginia "burg," led by the glorious but unobtrusive Meade, that the *old* Army of the Potomac should not themselves forget, nor allow their old-time enemies to obliterate, or snow under. I refer to the charge of Meade on the left at Fredericksburg, December 11th, 1862, where, with fewer numbers, he accomplished greater results than Pickett against greater odds:

With the Rappahannock River in the rear, Meade led his Division over a mile of plain under a heavy artillery fire, and *broke the celebrated* Stonewall Jackson line, and penetrated 600 yards beyond their line. If he had been sustained, the slaughter at Marye's Heights would have been avoided.

It was also at Marye's Heights, where greater heroism was shown, where not one grand attempt was made, but where charge after charge was made against an absolutely impregnable position, yet one never hears of these charges.

The gallant Allabach, the veteran of two wars, led the last final onslaught on Marye's Heights, at the head of a small brigade of Pennsylvania troops of Humphrey's Division that had never before been under fire, and this handful comparatievly, went into the very jaws of death, and, though they did not reach the stone wall, they got nearest to it and kept their ground, within a few rods of it till dark, when they were ordered to fall back.

No prisoners were taken at Fredericksburg as there were at Gettysburg.

The snake, Secession, had its back-bone broken at Gettysburg to be sure, but boys of the dear old Army of the Potomac—patient, noble, long-suffering old Army of the Potomac—remember the early, the dark days, when Meade, Hancock, Reynold, Warren, Humphreys, etc., were our immediate commanders; do not forget the *old* Army of the Potomac and its numerous general officers when the proper praises are so freely being given to its later chiefs.

Though the final charge of Pickett, preceded and attended as it was by peculiarly dramatic surroundings, has furnished a subject for more speeches, historical essays, paintings, poems, than any other event which ever occurred in America, yet, in point of fact, history is wrong in ascribing the credit to Pickett.

The charge was not led by Pickett, neither were the troops who did the most gallant fighting Virginians.

It is reserved for these Spy papers to record, on the testimony of reliable, Confederate officers, that Pickett did not get within a mile of our lines.

The *best* fighting was done by the North Carolinians and Tennesseeans, led by Pettigrew; therefore, it should be *Pettigrew's*

charge. In this, as in many other matters, the historians of the war are at fault.

May we hope that the humble efforts of the "Boy," in these pages, will, at least, call attention to some of these inaccuracies, with a view of getting at the truth.

As I have intimated, I have endeavored to collect some recent testimony from the Southern side, having spent some time on the old war-trail, which I hope to be able to put in shape soon. The time must come when the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, will be known, and then, perhaps, future generations may be taught to see that to the Pennsylvania Reserves is due some of the honor, valor, gallantry and patriotism that is now being so freely offered to the Pickett survivors.

No one will question their bravery at Gettysburg on July 3rd, 1863; but since then, and on July 4th, 1887, the survivors have left themselves open to attack, in assuming their positions in reference to monuments.

There remains among the Southern people an ignorant, deep-seated belief, which is being taught the "New South," that, if Longstreet had properly supported Pickett, they would have been successful, and the country would have become a Confederacy. There is a great deal of "if" in all the survivors' talk in the New South, so that we may indulge in the use of the little word, and propose a few conundrums—possibilities.

What would have been the result, *if* Meade had been supported by Franklin, when he broke Stonewall Jackson's line at Fredericksburg? And *if* Sedgwick had been properly supported by Hooker, at Chancellorsville, when he drove Early from behind the "impregnable" works on Marye's Heights? Once more: *If* Pickett had succeeded and had broken into our line, and had been supported by Longstreet, then *if* the Sixth Corps, which had scarcely been engaged in the great fight, had turned in on them on the flank, *if* any of them had gotten back at all it would have been a miracle. *If*, on the other hand, General Meade had taken Hancock's advice and turned the Reserves and the Sixth Corps loose after Pickett the war might have ended. *If* they were to try it again they would be whipped worse. *If* they don't believe it, fire on Fort Sumter. *If* we had never been born we would not have to die.

There was one little episode I have never seen recorded. After the charge of Pickett—on the third day—had failed, everything had quieted down. Meade, accompanied by his Staff, went over the wall and rode along our entire front, from Cemetery Hill to the Round Tops, receiving the cheers of the whole army, or all that was left.

That was the only time I ever heard music on a battlefield; then it was from a band in the woods at Little Round Top, that played "Hail to the Chief."

I never hear that old tune, nowadays, on these fancy parades, but it brings up the recollection of that great day and causes the cold chills to creep up and down my spine.

I rode with General Meade this day; to prove which, I will ask some of the survivors who witnessed that event to recall a smooth-faced boy on a lame horse that brought up the rear of the dashing cavaleade. My nag got hurt the first day, and I did not have a chance to steal another, and, as I was bound to be on hand, I had to ride my lame horse.

The General and Staff always go at a break-neck gallop, the Staff tearing along in the rear, like a tail to a comet, so that, in this case, I "got left" about a gunshot to the rear; and, because I so energetically spurred the lame horse, to catch up, our boys, behind the stone wall, gave me the laugh and some cheers of derision. They were all feeling pretty good just then, and were excusable.

One of the Staff-officers told me that we had captured General Longstreet, and when I got over among the Reserves I told this bit of news, where it created a sensation.

I have never seen an account of that ride along the lines in print. It is correct, though it may have been the fourth day instead of the third. You will find in the Rebel reports of the battle, that General Lee states that, on hearing these shouts and cheers from our army, he thought it meant an advance on his line, and he made preparations to meet it. I think it was the cheers for General Meade that he heard, even so distant as his headquarters.

But we will leave Gettysburg. I want to say something about Kilpatrick and the Corn Exchange Regiment of emergency men, that came out of Philadelphia at that time to repel the invasion.

It is not for me to criticise General Meade for not closely pur-

suing Lee's shattered army. We all know that, when a rattle snake is chased into his hole, he don't leave his tail exposed, but at once presents his head to the entrance. I remember that some days after Gettysburg, while we were at Emmittsburg, or between there and Frederick, Maryland, General Kilpatrick and some of his associates had an animated conversation about it, which everybody in the neighborhood heard, as Kilpatrick was a free talker when he became very much interested in a subject. On this occasion he freely expressed his disgust with the slow proceedings, but no one who knew Kilpatrick well paid much attention to his bluster. He was nick-named "Kill Cavalry," because of his recklessness and apparent disregard of his own and the lives of his men.

I will relate a single incident illustrating this General's character, that occurred in my hearing at Hagerstown. At the time of the Gettysburg campaign there had been quite a lot of emergency toops called out by the Governor of Pennsylvania—"ninety-minute men" we called them. On our march from Gettysburg we met with these home-guards at different points. I remember that just outside of the town of Frederick, Maryland, there was a regiment of these men doing guard duty. As we marched by, and these citizen-soldiers, who were fresh in their picturesque, zoo-zoo uniforms, or, as they are sometimes called, "Night-drawers Cadets," the dirty-looking, old, blue-bloused veterans chaffed them most unmercifully. It was wet weather, and the roads were muddy, as is always the case after a battle. Wherever these ninety-minute men were stationed on guard duty, they were to be found perched as sentries on top of a pile of cracker-boxes or fence rails, to keep their feet out of the mud, the boxes giving them the appearance of a statue on a pedestal.

"Pretty boys," "Nice little sogers," "Don't get your feet wet, sonny; you might take cold," "Let me kiss him for his sister," are mild specimens of the expressions hurled at them from the marching columns of old vets.

My recollection is that these were Philadelphia troops. When we reached Hagerstown, we ran into a lot more of them, that had come down the Cumberland Valley from Harrisburg and Chambersburg to head Lee off. One of these organizations was, I think, called the Corn Exchange Regiment, recruited, or at least fathered,

and sent into the field by the wealthy gentlemen of the Philadelphia Exchange. They were composed of what may be termed the better class of men; at least, that was their own estimate of themselves. At their Philadelphia home they probably ranked as rather an exclusive set of boys. Their officers were decidedly "fresh," to use a slang term; at least, we around headquarters, who had become accustomed to pay some attention to military etiquette, were disgusted to see these line officers crowd around our Generals, to stare at and talk as familiarly as if they were all corps commanders.

Custer and Kilpatrick, with whom I was then serving, were at first immensely amused at the efforts of the militia officers to make themselves agreeable. The officers and men, too, felt, no doubt, that it was their only opportunity to see a live General, like Kilpatrick and Custer, and were bound to gratify their curiosity while they had a chance.

In addition to their curiosity, these chaps were continually imploring General Kilpatrick to let them have "just one chance at the Rebels." They begged that they might be permitted to have an opportunity to distinguish themselves before they returned to Philadelphia.

One evening Kilpatrick told Custer, in my hearing, to put some of these men out on the picket-line, which was really a most dangerous place, for they were in close proximity to the rear-guard of Lee's army. The rear of an army cornered, as was Lee's at that time, is an ugly place to put a recruit, and General Kilpatrick knew very well that, in yielding to their foolish requests, he was subjecting them to great danger. But General Kilpatrick concluded he would have a little fun out of the recruits, so he placed some of them on the advance line, and watched to see what they would do if attacked. We all dismounted, and were watching the lines of Rebels. The officer of the guard protested against having these new men on his line, saying they would be likely to raise a hornets' nest about our ears, but Kilpatrick told him to let them try their hands a little while. These men went up the hill a little distance, when their brilliant uniforms attracted the attention of the Johnnies, and, as they acted as though they were going to drive Lee's army across the Potomac, they let these recruits have a few shots by way of warning, which was answered by the Philadelphians, who

became excited, with a broadside. The Rebel fire had injured about a dozen of the recruits, one big fellow keeling over and yelling like a boy stumping a sore toe. Instead of continuing up the hill, or even falling back, they all crowded together where the wounded lay, and began to condole with them. They were finally brought away, with the loss of a few more men, and they did not bother General Kilpatrick again to be placed in the front rank of the army. But there was one thing about Kilpatrick: he never ordered a man to go where he was not willing to lead. I stood beside him the following day, near Williamsport, when a rifle-ball whizzed close by his ear. Jerking up his hand nervously, as if stung by a bee, or to brush off a mosquito, he turned to me and said: "Holy Moses! That ball came near hitting me." But he didn't move out of range of that sharpshooter—but I did.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CLOSING CHAPTER.

We were all expecting another great battle at Hagerstown. I hung close to the headquarters in the stirring days, after Gettysburg, during which I witnessed some scenes that would make quite interesting reading. At this time there was frequent communication between the Washington War Department and Headquarters, the greater part of which, coming by wire, I had an opportunity of scanning.

In reading the recent *Century* war-papers, and also some of the official reports now being published, the thought oftenest occurring to my mind is, why don't they publish *everything*, even the little straws, which significantly tell which way the wind was blowing at that time. We were in a manner besieged by the visitors who thronged about Headquarters, after Gettysburg, in a *civil*, inquisitive way that was very annoying to the officers.

General Meade has never received the full meed of praise to which he was entitled for his management of the Army of the Potomac during and in the days immediately following Gettysburg.

He was a peculiar man—in many ways, one not constituted to "command" attention. He was evidently conservative, and, perhaps, too cautious, but when one recalls that he had *won* a great victory, and in forcing a second battle, unprepared, he not only staked his hard-earned laurels, but he risked the army and the Capitol.

I happen to know that General Meade felt keenly President Lincoln's severe criticism, though it was uttered in his usual, joking way. The General was an exceedingly sensitive man, and when he got to hear that the President compared him and his pursuit of Lee over the Potomac to an old woman shooing her geese over the river, he actually wanted to resign.

General Meade was every inch a soldier, as well as a gentleman, by birth and training.

In camp he was the most unpretentious looking of the General

officers. His spectacled face, rather quiet, scholarly bearing, reminds me of professors or doctors whom we frequently see; they resemble him in appearance.

He always wore a slouch hat, and around his neck was invariably worn the old-fashioned leather *stock*, used in the Regular Army on recruits to keep their heads checked up.

He usually slept in an ambulance attached to Headquarters.

We learned that Lee had retreated the night before the impending battle, and early in the morning the cavalry were astir, in persuit. I rode from Hagerstown to Williamsport, Md., with General Kilpatrick, following precisely the same road I had footed it when scouting, just before Bull Run. We passed through the deserted camps, in which the fires were still burning. The Rebels had so hurriedly left them that in many places their camp equipages were left behind.

Kilpatrick was *mad*. He was very mad—on seeing the enemy had all gotten away, and, putting spurs to his own horse, dashed ahead of his advance guard, and rode so recklessly that those of us not so well mounted had difficulty in keeping up.

He instinctively saw that there was no force in his immediate front, and, without paying any attention to the hundreds of Rebel stragglers who were on the road, he gave order to his command to hurry on to the river after him.

On reaching Williamsport, we made a little haul of stragglers, but Kilpatrick sat on his horse sideways, looking over the river into Virginia with an expression of disgust on his face that I shall never forget.

Some of the colored residents of the town told Kilpatrick of the enemy's manner of retreat. Not a Rebel was in sight, but they also notified him of a Rebel battery that was slyly masked in the woods over the river, intended as a deadly ambuscade for any troop that should precipitately follow too close.

On hearing this, Kilpatrick quietly put a house between himself and the aforesaid masked hattery. When our artillery came up with the cavalry, I was sent to conduct a section of it to a certain place behind the houses, but which admitted of the guns pointing between two adjoining houses.

The colored people who lived in them gave the gunners the exact

location of the Rebels, and in less time than it takes for me to describe it, our section let them have a dose of the medicine they intended for us.

The Rebels were so surprised they did not have time to return the salute, but scampered away as fast as they could. At this, the entire colored population of the town, which had assembled, broke out into the wildest yells of delight I had ever heard.

Custer, accompanied by a few officers of his Staff dashed up to Kilpatrick, who, by the way, was the senior, or the General in Command, and in his eager, boyish way, said: "General, hadn't I better go down below here and see if we cant find some of 'those people'?"

General Lee never called the Union Army Federals or Yankees—it was always "those people."

Kilpatrick laughed as he said something to Custer that was not intended for his superior, General Meade's ears.

Custer, in his nervous manner, again suggested going after some of "those people" down below.

As if to gratify Custer's eagerness, not with any expectation of finding an enemy, Kilpatrick indifferently gave his consent, and Custer, turning to the Staff-officers, who were with him, gave a few orders and dashed off. I followed Custer at a gallop.

We rode three or four miles perhaps, when we reached some of our own cavalry and infantry.

This was in the neighborhood of Falling Waters, and here, on the Potomac river, almost the same place I had, as a Scout, crossed into Dixie a year previously. We will, for the present, say good-by to the grand old Army of the Potomac.

There was a little battle at Falling Waters, in which Custer's Division participated.

I cannot part from Custer, however, without a heartfelt word of praise and devotion for the gallant "Boy General." His Michigan troops were among the very best in our army. I hope some of the Western readers of this will see that I bear my humble testimony to the exhalted opinion Custer had of them. It was the custom of the General to frequently discuss the relative merits of their troops, and Custer certainly did love his old Division.

On this occasion, one of Custer's aides was a Michigan Officer,

and in my hearing, while still on horseback, under fire, I heard Custer assure the officer that he had given Michigan full credit for certain work in his official report.

While straggling off from the headquarters during a skirmish with some Rebels upon a hill-top, I was surprised to see two good-looking young men in gray uniform come out of the woods and ride up to me. While in the midst of our army, it had never occurred to me that I was in any danger of capture, but, as I was still some distance from any of our troops, these two rebel chaps had me sure. Both were armed and well mounted, while I was, at the time, dismounted. To my great relief, however, they surrendered to me, stating that they were tired of the war, and did not want to go back to Virginia, so they had concealed themselves in the woods until an opportunity offered of surrendering. I welcomed them cordially to the North. One fellow at once handed me his pistol, belt and saber, which are to-day in my possession as trophies of war. The pistol contains yet the five loads that were put in it by the Rebel soldier. As my horse had been struck in the leg by a spent ball while on South Mountain, and was lamed from the bruise, I also traded horses with the Rebel.

And now we will again say a reluctant good-by to the Army of the Potomac.

So it came to pass that I returned to the very same grounds on which we had first visited the Army of Patterson, previous to Bull Run. We are again on the Potomac, nearly at the some point we had started from two years previously.

Obtaining a furlough from the ever-accommodating General Alexander, Chief of Staff at Cavalry Corps Headquarters, I turned my horse's head North and, instead of following the Army back into Virginia, I rode my Rebel horse, as the "solitary horseman," dressed in my war clothes and wearing my captured saber and pistol, through Chambersburg to the little hamlet where I was born, where I enjoyed a few days' rest with a sister, who was attending school at Chambersburg, and who had witnessed the Rebel Army's occupation of the place. Her story would make an interesting chapter in this connection, but we are off duty now enjoying the furlough and must hurry home.

In the few days that immediately followed, I rode, solitary and

alone, along the old pike, over the Blue Ridge Mountains to Bedford, Pennsylvania, and from there debouched across the mountain by an almost unfrequented path to my father's home at Wilmore near Cresson, where I surprised the homefolks by dashing up to the door about supper time, one summer evening, wearing the uniform that I had taken away from there less than a year previously. It had, however, received its baptism of fire at Gettysburg and all along the line.

The old Rebel horse remained on my father's farm for many years.

The story from this out must be told at another time. The wonderfully thrilling and romantic story of Geno and the Wells family—which represents the "other side"—will make a volume of romance in real life that is indeed stranger than fiction, and exceeds my own adventures in our lines.

"The story of our love is incomplete;"
The leaves of many years are missing;
Lonely apart we pined, each seeking truth
Together, we will find love's land enchanted.

The past is flown, the future still have we;
So let our twin souls blend beyond the ages,
Till young and fair, beside the Jasper Sea,
We may discover all love's torn out pages.

One word of retrospect. As will be remembered, I was ambitious to secure a commission from the War Department. I had worked zealously and faithfully for it. My trials and troubles with the War Office have been told here. It had resulted in my being disappointed for many days. Yet, at the time of which I am writing, while I was serving as an enlisted man, drawing my rations and pay as such, I was in fact an officer and did not know it, and only learned it some months afterward. This anomaly was brought about after Gettysburg by Mr. Lincoln, who, on learning of my former services, ordered my commission ante-dated one year. So that, when I got my parchment at last, I found that I ranked some of the older officers in seniority.

As I have furnished other references to establish the correctness of my statements, I take especial pride in putting before the readers the following correspondence.

I lost my original parchment while traveling in California in 1884. General Stoneman, then Governor, to whom I wrote about my loss, kindly interested himself in assisting me in my search for

it, but, not finding it, I applied to the War Department for a certified copy. The following is the reply, which explains itself:

[2677 A. V. P., 1885.]

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, April 29, 1885.

MR. ——— ———.

Sir: Complying with your request of the 27th instant, I inclose herewith copies of your commission as Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps, and of letter of June 12, 1865, from this office, notifying you of the acceptance of your resignation as such, to date June 9, 1865.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. MCKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General, in charge.

(Two inclosures.)

As will be seen in the copy, I did not resign until after the war was over.

The original was on parchment, with Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Stanton's autograph signatures.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know ye, That, reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of J. O. Kerbey, I have nominated, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint him Second Lieutenant in the Signal Corps, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the third day of March, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. He is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Second Lieutenant by doing and performing all manner of things pertaining and thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Second Lieutenant. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General, or other superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline

of war. This commission is to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and in the eighty-ninth year of the independence of the United States.

[SEAL.]

By the President. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

I especially call attention to the *dates* of these papers.

I would like to put in parallel columns Mr. Stanton's order for arrest or confinement in Old Capitol, and his parole, wherein the words, "dangerous man, disloyal, Rebel spy," etc., were used.

The above copy of the original commission is furnished to the person named therein, the original commission having been destroyed or irrecoverably lost. This commission is not now effective, having expired previous to this date.

C. MCKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
April 29, 1885.

COPY OF MY BREVET COMMISSION.

OFFICE OF CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 1865.

Sir: I am directed to inform you that the Chief Signal Officer desires to send to the General of the Army your recommendation for brevet. You are requested, therefore, to forward to this office copies of any papers bearing upon your services which may be in your possession.

It is the object of the Chief Signal Officer to secure whatever material may influence to favorable action in the case.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
RICHARD P. STRONG,
Acting Chief Signal Officer.

This accounts for my "Captain-Major's" title. Promotions in this branch were rare—indeed, there were none; but I enjoyed, as a

General Staff-officer, all the privileges and none of the responsibilities of the rank of a Major-General.

As I have indicated, I stayed till it was over, and would do it again.

As the reader will have seen, the work of a Spy is at all times unpleasant, exceedingly dangerous as well as thankless.

It is, however, a necessary service in war. There is with some minds a vague impression that this secret service necessarily implies deceit and treachery. This is so only in the same sense that the strategy so often applied by the General is treachery.

Strategy is an artifice of war that is considered honorable, and is practised by all the nations, yet it is seldom, if ever, applied without resorting to deceit and treachery. Therefore a spy may be as honorable as the General, who profits by his work. Often the victories of the Generals are made possible by the preliminary information obtained of the enemy's force and movements, yet the official reports of the victorious Generals give the despised Spy no credit.

It is the *motive* which should give character to any service. With me there was no mercenary consideration, and, as will be seen, the service became in a manner almost involuntary.

I was simply willing to sacrifice myself that I might accomplish some good for the cause.

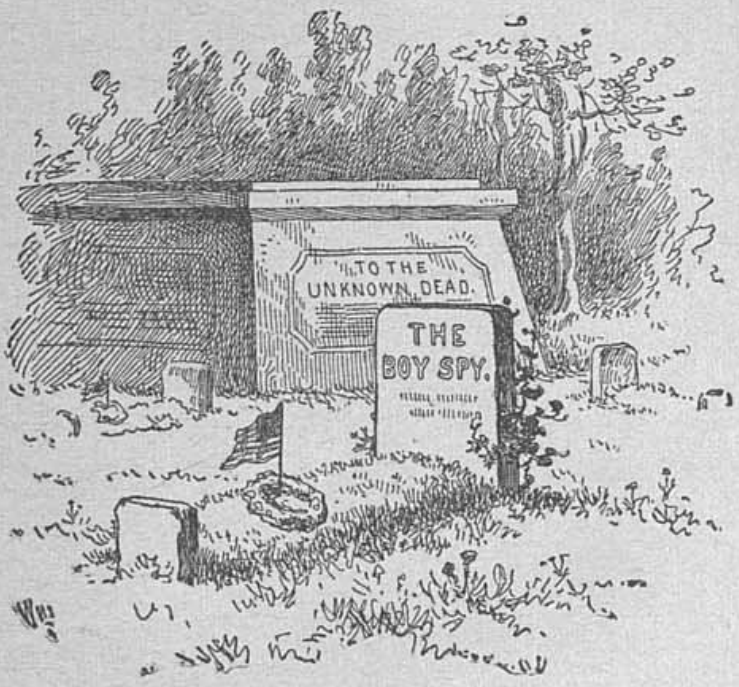
After the lapse of so many years, there has recently been unveiled in Hartford, Connecticut, a monument to the memory of Nathan Hale, who was a Spy of the Revolutionary War, captured and executed on his first attempt to work in the enemy's lines. Upon this tablet are these words:

Stranger, beneath this stone
Lies the dust of a
A Spy
Who perished upon the gibbet;
Yet
The storied marbles of the great,
The shrines of heroes,
Entombed not one more worthy of
Honor
Than him who here
Sleeps his last sleep.

Nations
Bow with reverence before the dust
Of him who dies
A glorious death,
Urged on by the sound of the
Trumpet
And the shouts of
Admiring thousands.
But what reverence, what honor,
Is not due to one
Who for his country encountered
Even an infamous death,
Soothed by no sympathy,
Animated by no praise!

I would, as a last word, again say that my efforts as a Spy during the Rebellion were prompted solely by a disinterested patriotism and a single desire to do some good for the country.

When my time is up, and I am mustered out, I ask of my comrades, of the Grand Army of the Republic, not a monument, but a simple head-stone to a "Low green tent" with the bivouac of unknown at Arlington, marked—



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