the fair-haired lady was none other than the witch, the godmother of the giant. I am not sure enough of the fact, however, to dare warrant it. It is always prudent to believe, without proof, that a woman may be a witch, but it is never wise to say so.

What I can say on the word of an historian is, that the feast, interrupted for a moment, went on gayer than ever. Early the next morning they went to the church, where, to the joy of his heart, Yvon married Finette, who was no longer afraid of evil spirits; after which they ate, drank, and danced for thirty-six hours, without any one thinking of resting.

The steward’s arms were a little heavy, the bailiff rubbed his back at times, and the seneschal felt a sort of weariness in his limbs, but all three had a weight on their conscience which they could not shake off, and which made them tremble and flutter, till finally they fell on the ground and were carried off. Finette took no other vengeance on them; her only desire was to render all happy around her, far and near, who belonged to the noble house of Kerver. Her memory still lives in Brittany; and among the ruins of the old castle any one will show you the statue of the good lady, with five bullets in her hand.

**HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.**

**BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.**

XVI.—THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE.

Capture of Colonel Hurd; of Colonel Raynor; of Colonel Murphy.—Life in Prison.—Anecdotes.—The Escape from Prison.—Wanderings through the Wilderness.—Perils and Sufferings.—Reaching the Potomac.—The Crossing.—Adventures in Maryland.—Received on Board United States Cutter.—Arrival in Washington.

In the summer of 1861 three young patriot officers found themselves fellow-captives of war within the gloomy walls of the old tobacco-warehouse called Libby Prison, in Richmond. One of these, Colonel J. R. Hurd, then Captain, was a Kentuckian, faithful found among many faithless. The love of adventure had lured him in very early years from his home, and, reveling in the wild and semi-barbaric life of a frontiersman, he had become inured to hardship, peril, and self-reliance.

When the treacherous bombardment of Sumter rolled its echoes over our land young Hurd was at Nashville, in Tennessee. He immediately returned to Kentucky, resolved to exert all his influence to induce the State to be true to the nation, and not to take that position of neutrality which it then seemed disposed to assume. In about four weeks he raised a company of volunteers, which was soon mustered into service at Camp May, near Cincinnati, Ohio, for three years, in the Second Kentucky regiment of infantry. With scarcely any time in camp for drill, the regiment embarked in steamers for Western Virginia, and landed three days after at Guyandotte.

The regiment soon moved into the Kanawha Valley, and encamped near Poocatago. General Wise was in this vicinity, threatening to sweep down the valley with a large rebel force, and to cross into Ohio. On the 17th General Cox ordered about fifteen hundred men to capture a rebel camp, about five miles above him. The expedition started early in the morning, under Colonel Lowe. They crossed the Kanawha River in a steamer to take a road leading across the country to Scaryville. They were instructed to drive out the rebels if they found them in a position from which they could easily be dislodged; but if not, they were to take some strong position, and hold it until the main body of the army could come to their aid.

The column, with a march of about five miles before them, moved cautiously, with scouts on both sides of the road. About 3 o'clock in the morning, as Captain Rogers’s cavalry, which was in the advance, was rounding the brow of a hill they were met by volleys from a battery, which killed one man and dispersed the rest. Captain Totten’s artillery was immediately brought forward, and took position near the top of the hill. They could see, about five hundred yards before them, on the opposite slope, the huge breast-work of the enemy. The rebels had two rifled 6-pounders; we the same. In fifteen minutes our better-trained artillerists, if not braver men, had silenced their guns. The infantry now advanced, pouring in volleys of musketry, which were distinctly heard at the camp on the other side of the river. Scaryville was a mere hamlet of a dozen log-huts. The rebel infantry were in these
huts, firing through the chinks between the logs. Captain Toten turned his artillery upon them, and his percussion shells could be seen, in their terrible explosion, scattering logs and guns and the limbs of men. And now the order was given to charge. The Twenty-first Ohio, with a few companies of the Twelfth, rushed down the hill, forced a stream knee-deep, and rushed upon the hostile intrenchments. Reinforcements just then came to the rebels. Our troops, who had nearly exhausted their ammunition, were compelled to retire, having lost nine killed and thirty-eight wounded. The rebels did not pursue.

A messenger had, however, arrived at the patriot camp, with the erroneous information that we were victorious, and that the rebels had broken and fled. Colonel Woodruff, Colonel De Villiers, Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, and Captains Austin and Hard, left the camp to see the retreat. Galloping to the picket-line, they again heard that our troops were the victors. Ascending the banks, on the same side with their encampment, they came to a point nearly opposite the battle-field. Here they found a ferry-boat, and after some little deliberation in view of the peril, being impressed with the conviction that our troops were in possession of the field, they crossed the Kanawha.

The boat would carry but two mounted men at a time. Colonels Woodruff and De Villiers crossed first. As soon as they reached the opposite bank De Villiers galloped forward, while the more cautious but equally brave Woodruff, who had been persuaded contrary to his own judgment to cross the river, waited for his companions. Not far from the spot where they landed the road running in the direction of the rebel camp forked, one branch leading directly up the river, and the other bearing off to the right. When the three officers came to the fork they could not ascertain which road De Villiers had taken.

The evening twilight was now deepening, so that, though they examined the road narrowly, they could not trace his horse's tracks. After waiting a little while in hopes that De Villiers would return, and having no good reason to doubt that our troops were in possession of the battle-field, they cautiously moved forward. Woodruff was evidently impressed with the improvidence into which he had been gradually and so naturally led, and he ordered one of the company to ride in advance, and reconnoitre so as to give the alarm in case any suspicious circumstances should appear. Thus they approached within a hundred yards of the rebel camp. A large fire was blazing which brilliantly illuminated the whole scene, a cooper's shop being in flames.

Our men at that time wore dark-gray pants, and the resemblance of the rebel uniform to our own increased the conviction that they were approaching our own comrades. To add to this delusion, as they halted for a moment a rebel rode up in citizen's dress and said:

"Why, hallo, friends! I see you are Federal officers. Please ride up to the fire and stop your men from destroying my property."

"What is your name?" inquired Woodruff.

"My name is Morgan," he replied. "I own this property. After your men had gained the field they set fire to my buildings."

Completely deceived by the rebel's artful story, the three patriot officers rode directly up to the fire, and Woodruff, who was determined not to allow our men wantonly to destroy the property of non-combatants, demanded in a loud and authoritative voice why they were burning that shop, and ordered them immediately to go to work to extinguish the flames. The rebels were as much astonished at this apparition of three Federal officers in the midst of them as our officers were destined soon to be in view of the company into which they had plunged. For a moment the rebel soldiers were quite confounded, probably expecting instantly to see, emerging from the gloom, solid columns of national troops. But as the surprised ranks did not appear they soon recovered themselves, cocked their guns, and ordered unconditional surrender. The astonishment and chagrin of our friends may be imagined, but certainly can not be described.

Suddenly they delivered up their arms, and were conducted across Scary Creek to the quarters of Colonel Jenkins, the rebel officer in command. He received them politely, shook hands with them, and congratulated them upon their lucky captivity. They were then escorted to a brick house, and were allowed the range of the house and yard upon their giving their parole. They had hardly passed through this ceremony when they were informed that Colonel De Villiers was also a captive. They were then ordered, under a guard, to Charlestown, Virginia. The ride was long and dreary, and they reached the city at daylight on the morning of the 19th of July. Here they were assigned comfortable rooms, and upon giving their parole were allowed the limits of the city.

The news of the arrival of the Yankee officers spread like wild-fire. Captain Hard ventured to take a stroll through the streets. He was soon followed by an excited and ever-increasing crowd. And as he returned to the hotel and, through the throng, entered the door, he was greeted with many not very amiable epithets, and sundry expressions of desire to see how he would look pendent from a sour apple-tree. The landlord soon after came to the prisoners and urged them not to expose themselves, as he greatly feared that they would be mobbed. De Villiers, an impulsive French gentleman, who had no comprehension of this kind of chivalry, was exceedingly irate. He sprang from his chair, exclaiming:

"I not 'fraid to die. I not want to be kill-ed like a spy. If I be guilty, let me be tried by one court-martial, and den, if guilty, den shoot me like one soldier. I send for General Wise."
During the day the captives were visited by several officers and citizens. Several of these reproached Captain Hurd that he, a Kentuckian, should espouse the cause of the National Government against the South. They declared that there was perfect unanimity throughout the South in favor of the war, and that so long as there was a single man or woman left they never could be subdued.

In the afternoon General Wise called, with his son and a member of his staff. In reply to the indignant remonstrances of Colonel De Villiers, the ex-Governor stated that as long as they were under his charge they should receive kind treatment, and that if they were molested he would call out the troops and suppress all riotous demonstrations. He observed that the war would teach the South many valuable lessons, that manufactures of all kinds would spring up, and that they would no longer be dependent as heretofore upon the North. He very obligingly allowed the captives to remain in Charleston until they could receive their baggage, and assured them that he would do all in his power to induce the authorities to release them upon their parole.

Early Saturday morning, July 20, they were told to prepare for their journey to Richmond. At 11 o'clock an antiquated Virginia vehicle halted before the door of the hotel. In addition to the Northern captives there was a Southern Union man, heavily ironed, to be of their party. Major Duffield and Richard Wise, with a guard, accompanied them. At Gauley Bridge they stopped for supper, and at midnight reached a celebrated ledge of rocks called the Hawk's Nest.

Captain Hurd writes: "What my feelings were in that lone midnight hour I shall not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that a project for escaping was uppermost in my mind. My sense of honor would not permit me to violate my parole, but I made up my mind never to accept of another when released from the one which then bound me."

The night was dark, the road rough, the carriage rolled and pitched uncomfortably over the ruts, and the most gloomy thoughts oppressed the minds of the captives. In the morning they stopped for breakfast at the house of a noted secessionist, Dr. Tyrell, near the foot of Sewell's Mountain. Colonel De Villiers, always attentive to his toilet, had arrayed himself before starting in full uniform, with epaulets, etc. Naturally an impulsive, eccentric man, he had during the morning expressed himself very severely in denunciation of the rebels, and particularly of the Southern women as prominent instigators of this cruel and unnatural war. As soon as he left the room, Mrs. Tyrell turned very angrily to Colonel Wise and said:

"Why do you permit that contemptible French Yankee to talk in that style? You ought to handcuff him, and strip him of his gay uniform and distribute it among the poor Confederate soldiers. You treat the Yankee prisoners altogether too kindly."

Immediately after breakfast they resumed their journey. The road led over Sewell's Mountain, which they crossed with jaded steeds, climbing an ascent four miles in length. Sunday evening they halted in the little town of Levensburg. Here they met quite a number of Kentuckians, who, true to their country's flag, had joined the ranks of rebellion. After much effort Major Duffield succeeded in obtaining three two-horse wagons to convey the party to White Sulphur Springs. It was now raining in torrents. The roads were miry, the wagons poorly covered; still, through storm and mud they were driven on, until they reached the Springs just before dark. Here they were happily delayed three days before transportation could be found to convey them to Jackson, at the terminus of the Virginia Central Railroad.

Captain Hurd writes: "Justice constrains me to say that we could not have been better treated than we were by Major Duffield and young Wise; nor is it possible that we could have enjoyed ourselves better under similar circumstances."

Thursday morning, just as they were preparing to move, they received tidings of the disaster to our arms at Bull Run—a disaster which a kind Providence seemed so to overrule as to convert it into one of our most signal blessings. The rebels were jubilant over the victory, and represented to our distressed prisoners that their army had captured twenty thousand Union troops. Colonel De Villiers's prompt response was: "It is one lie."

A sad ride of twenty-one miles took them to Jackson. Here they remained until 2 o'clock the following morning, when they took the cars. They met here quite a number of Confederate officers, who had been taken prisoners by the Union army, and whom General M'Clellan had generously liberated on parole, hoping probably that the Confederate authorities might thus be influenced to imitate the example. These officers assured the Union captives that they would be liberated on their parole as soon as they reached Richmond. Breakfasting at Gordonsville, they there became convinced that the rebels had gained a victory at Bull Run. Through the windows of their cars they could see many wounded and prisoners, who seemed to be treated with great rigor.

It was after dark before the train left Gordonsville on its way to Richmond, where they arrived about midnight. They were conducted to an office, where they were ordered to remain until their arrival should be reported to the authorities. From the assurance given them by General Wise, and the oft-repeated declarations of the Confederate officers whom they had met, they had no apprehension that the rebel authorities would so violate the usages of civilized warfare as to place them in close confinement. After the absence of a couple of hours Major Duffield returned with another
It was now two o’clock in the morning. Taking a friendly leave of Major Duffield they followed their new guard in a long walk through the dark streets until they came to an old tobacco warehouse. They passed two sentinels, who presented their pieces to the guard, entered a door, and found themselves the inmates of a Southern prison. But they were not alone. Through the gloom of the dimly-lighted apartment they could discern many prostrate forms, some in sweet sleep, perhaps dreaming of distant homes, while through the barred windows the heavy tramp of the sentinels could be distinctly heard. They were hungry, weary, and cold, and yet neither fire, bedding, nor food was provided for them. A humane man would not so treat his horse.

An officer, whom they soon ascertained to be Lieutenant Tomkins of the United States Army, disturbed by the noise of their entrance, raised his head from his cot and inquired if they had just come in. The conversation which ensued collected quite a number of fellow-sufferers around, who with brotherly kindness fed them with such food as they had, and shared with them their scant bedding. Tired as the captives were, the gloom which oppressed their minds did not allow them much refreshing sleep. With the earliest dawn they rose and thoroughly inspected their prison. There was not a chair, or a table, or any article of furniture whatever, to relieve the comfortless aspect of the apartment.

Breakfast was brought in. It consisted of a large kettle containing a decoction of hot water and burned sweet-potatoes and rye, in which it was said that there was a slight mixture of damaged coffee. Then came two negroes, one with a large wooden bowl of bread, and the other with a pan of meat. These articles were placed upon the floor, and the officers were invited to breakfast with the words, “Yankees, your grub is ready!”

The prison was situated on Main Street. It was three stories high. Our captives were on the lower floor. Through the centre of the room there was a row of tobacco presses. Companions in misery soon became acquainted with each other. The Hon. Mr. Ely and Mr. Hustin, a brother-in-law of Secretary Seward, were confined there. Privates and non-commissioned officers were incarcerated in the rooms above. The room was crowded. There was no bedding, and but few blankets. The prisoners had no opportunity to wash their clothes, and the most earnest entreaties could not obtain permission to walk outside.
Let us now turn to the capture of another of the inmates of this dismal prison. The awful disaster at Bull Run occurred on the 21st of July, 1861. It was a beautiful Sabbath day, though oppressively hot. The First Ohio, under Colonel M’Cook, in a brief lull of the battle, was prostrate upon the ground, panting in utter exhaustion. The joyful thought echoed along the lines, “The day is ours! The rebels are running!” The Ohio troops sprang to their feet and with parched lips gave new wings to the cry. They could not, however, cross the Run until the pioneers had hastily constructed a bridge. While waiting, a young officer, subsequently Colonel W. H. Raynor, went, in company with two sergeants, a short distance to the left to get some water. Just as they had reached the much-coveted stream they heard a trampling through the thick underbrush of the forest, followed by that unearthly savage yell with which our troops afterward became so familiar, and a squadron of rebel horsemen came thundering down upon them, crashing and roaring like an avalanche. Bewildered and almost stunned by the sudden onset, Colonel Raynor instinctively drew his pistol and fired, just as a buckshot from the foe struck his instep and numbed his foot. He dropped upon his knees behind a large tree and gazed with awe and admiration upon the appalling scene. The snorting and trampling of the excited horses, the demoniac yells of the men, the rattling fire from their pistols and carbines, all blending with the roar of the battle raging around, seemed like the phantom of a delirious dream.

One of the horsemen, who had already fired his piece at Raynor, swung his carbine in passing in lieu of a sabre, and brought it down with all his force upon the head of the wounded soldier. A few scintillations of light flashed through his eyes, a pang of acutest anguish shot through his brain, and he fell senseless to the earth, apparently dead. After the lapse of some time he was brought slightly to consciousness by some one tugging at his clothes. In utter bewilderment he raised himself upon his elbow, and found that a rebel soldier, who was stripping the dead, had already taken possession of all his accoutrements, sword, pistol, canteen, and cap, and was endeavoring to get off his coat. The robber was so terrified at this sudden resurrection, as of a corpse, that he sprang upon his horse and disappeared in the forest as though a ghost were pursuing him.
As Colonel Raynor gradually regained his senses and recalled what had happened, he found that the rebel cavalry had swept over him in their impetuous charge, had apparently met a repulse, and had retired in as great haste as they had made the onset. He staggered to his feet by the aid of the tree which had protected him from being trampled to death, and while standing, covered with blood and half-bewildered, the woods all around being still filled with the exchange of hostile shots, he saw two rebel horsemen approaching. One said: "There's a Yankee; bring him along!"

They immediately rode up to him, and the two powerful men seized him by each wrist, and dragged him violently between them for some distance, until the woods partially sheltered them from our fire, which was quite severe. As Colonel Raynor was thus forced along he saw several rebels drop from their horses, struck by our bullets. At length he was lifted upon the horse in front of one of his captors and carried behind the shelter of a small hill, where several of the rebel wounded had been collected. Quite a group gathered around the prisoner, cursing him in the strongest epithets of denunciation they could coin. But their victim, faint from his wounds, suffering excruciating pain and deadly sick, closed his eyes and paid no heed to curses or questions.

This silence enraged the rebels. One drew out a formidable knife, saying: "Let us cut out his cursed abolition tongue; he's got no use for it." Another struck him a violent blow with his clenched fist. A feeble effort of the half-dead captive to resent the insult provoked peals of derisive laughter. At the same time another rebel came up, covered with blood and with his right arm in a sling, and presenting, with his left hand, a pistol to the head of their helpless prisoner, exclaimed, with one of the most brutal oaths: "This is the infernal hound who shot my horse and gave me this broken arm. I'll kill him!"

In the attempt to execute his threat he fired his pistol. But another at the instant struck up the assassin's arm, so that the ball just passed over his head into the tree against which he was leaning. This cowardly act raised quite a commotion, and several cried out vehemently against it, declaring it to be shameful to kill a wounded prisoner. Others, however, defended the act, contending that every prisoner should be instantly put to death. "What did he come down here for," they exclaimed, "but to kill us, steal our slaves, ravish our women, and destroy our property? Don't they all deserve hanging?"

In this hour of weakness, pain, and despair death seemed not an unwelcome visitor; and the bleeding captive almost regretted that the ball had not pierced his brain. He was, however, soon lifted upon a horse behind a rebel soldier and conveyed about four miles to the Junction. The battle was still raging at Bull Run, and many fresh rebel troops were met hurrying to the field. Our blood-stained captive, almost blinded with weakness and pain, was assailed with the most peremptory abuse, and many a wish was expressed to try the effect of a bullet or a bayonet-thrust through his heart.

It was early in the evening when they reached the Junction, and the captive was taken to a stable, where quite a number of the wounded rebels had been conveyed. His guard, a kind-hearted man, immediately sought a surgeon to examine his wounds. The surgeon, as he looked at him, said, disdainfully, "Why, that's a Yankee; let him wait; enough of our own men to attend to now!" Another surgeon was found who was more compassionate. His wounds were washed, and he was made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. The generous guard, J. H. Lemon, of Radford's Cavalry, truly acted the part of the good Samaritan. He got some ice, pounded it up in his own handkerchief, and tenderly bound it around the throbbing brow of his captive. He inquired if he had any money, evidently intending to give him some if he were destitute. In reply to Raynor's earnest expression of gratitude he said: "I only hope to get the same treatment from your men if I ever fall into their hands. If you will relieve the distresses of a suffering brother mason when in your power I shall be well paid."

As he said this he pointed to a masonic pin in Colonel Raynor's shirt-bosom, and hastily mounting his horse rode away, leaving the wounded soldier in pain and despondency, surrounded by the dying and the dead. In the morning the captive was removed to another barn, where he found some twenty Union officers, and learned for the first time the extent of our calamity. All these prisoners were then transferred to a train of cars to be taken to Richmond. The constant arrival of fresh captives delayed the departure of the train until after noon. All Monday night, and until the evening of Tuesday, the train crept slowly along, being constantly impeded by trains from Richmond crowded with troops hastening to reinforce Beauregard's rebel army.

As no preparation had been made for such delay the sufferings of the prisoners from hunger were extreme. Scarcely any of them had eaten any thing since Sunday morning, and some of them had not tasted a mouthful of food since Saturday night. At every station large crowds gathered to gaze upon the prisoners, and many were the insults heaped upon the "abolition hirelings who had desecrated the sacred soil." "What did you come down here for?" was the indignant and constant query from both old and young. Many, however, especially of the women, manifested an eager desire to obtain some relief of the Yankees. Buttons were in great demand, and frequently passed for dinners in the purchase of food. The prisoners reached Richmond after dark on Tuesday evening, the 23d, and were immediately marched to the tobacco warehouse, and over a thousand in number,
many of them wounded, were crowded into the second and third stories of the building. So dense was the crowd that it was impossible to lie down. The weather was excessively hot and sultry even in the open air. No one dared to approach a window, for whoever did so was sure to be fired upon by the South Carolina troops who were guarding the prison, and who seemed to be inspired by an intense desire to shoot a Yankee.

No tongue can tell the horrors of the night which ensued. Two officers had been wounded as they attempted to catch a breath of fresh air at the windows; others had met with a very narrow escape. No food, no water, no rest; darkness, suffocation, misery. It was horrible! It was reserved for Richmond to emulate the world-renowned savagery of the Black Hole at Calcutta. There was no provision for those demands of nature which these frail bodies require. The wounded were trodden upon by the swaying mass. The heat and trampling caused a pungent gas to ascend from the loathsome, saturated floor, which seized the bronchial tubes and lungs, rendering respiration painful and almost impossible. It is strange that any could have survived the horrors of that night. In consequence of its tortures hundreds sank subsequently through the stages of emaciation and agony into the grave. Before the morning dawned two were found dead upon the floor. The rebel authorities who could perpetrate such a crime merit the eternal execrations of humanity. Another day and another night passed away and there was no relief. The scene presented was too revolting to be described. The awful condition of the floor; the sick, the wounded, the dying! The heart sickens at the contemplation of such woes! And who are the criminals whom the world should hold accountable for such atrocities? They were the leading men of the rebellion.

On Thursday about sixty of the officers were removed to the first floor of an adjoining warehouse. Here they found a room, about 100 feet long and 40 wide, divided in the centre by massive tobacco-presses. One half of this room was assigned to these officers, and the other half to their guard. Every day additions were made to their numbers. The second night several Union officers were brought in from Western Virginia. Among them Colonel Raynor recognized, with both grief and joy, the face of an old friend and school-mate, Captain John R. Hurd, the narrative of whose capture we have already given, and who shared the remainder of his captivity, and contributed greatly to their escape.

And now let us turn to the capture of Lieutenant C. J. Murphy. Though still quite a young man he had done good service in Mexico, serving under General Taylor when but sixteen years of age. Loathing war, and all its scenes of cruelty and blood, of which he had witnessed more than enough, when rebellion raised its flag he immediately joined the Thirty-eighth Regi-

ment of New York Volunteers, leaving his happy home and his young wife, to defend his country. In the disastrous battle of Bull Run, though a staff-officer, he seized the musket of a man who had fallen, and fought in the ranks until the regiment was broken up and entirely dispersed. The ground was then covered with the dying and the dead. A document, signed by five of the army-surgeons and other officers, gives the following emphatic testimony to his heroism on that occasion:

"Lieutenant Murphy remained with the surgeons at Sudley Church, after the battle of Bull Run, and devoted himself to the care of the wounded, and chose rather to risk death or imprisonment than leave the brave soldiers to die on the field uncared-for. His aid to the surgeons, by his energy and activity, was greater than that of any other five men; and from the close of the fight until the following night, when he was removed to Manassas, he did not take a moment's rest, but, like a noble-hearted and generous man, as he is, gave himself entirely up to the suffering men around him. The conduct of Lieutenant Murphy merits the warmest commendation, in that, with ample means of escape, he sacrificed even his liberty for those who had no just claims on him."

At Manassas the officers who were prisoners were placed in a barn. Here Calvin Huston, Esq., District-Attorney of Rochester, was found of the number. He had been merely a spectator on the field. But he was destined never to see his home again. He lingered for several months through the sorrows and sufferings of the most cruel imprisonment until he died.

The night which ensued was awful. The air was filled with the groans of the wounded, and the eye could rest only upon spectacles of misery. Lieutenant Murphy writes:

"Morning dawned upon as strange a looking group as were ever huddled together in so small a space. Imagine our surprise at hearing the voice of a woman, and an aged one. She was the wife of a Michigan soldier, Mrs. Jane Hinsdale, who had followed her husband to the battle-field. General Beauregard had given her a pass, and, with the ready and kind service of a woman, she passed in and out, bringing us many a bucket of water, which was eagerly seized upon. We often spoke of her
One sufferer was brought in with a bullet through his brain. He was totally blind and unconscious, though such vitality still remained that he was able to walk about, grooping ever his way, a melancholy spectacle, through the crowd. Thus he lingered for forty-eight hours. The prisoners were kept in the barn for four days, fed upon extremely salt ham, and with but very little water to drink. They were then put into box cars and sent to Richmond, where they arrived at 11 o'clock at night. Under a strong guard they were marched through the streets to the tobacco warehouse, where they were all huddled together, officers and men, in the third story, in a crowd almost as dense as they could stand. In the morning the officers were sent down to the first floor, and here Lieutenant Murphy met Colonel Hurd and Colonel Raynor, with whom he afterward effected his escape.

As we have mentioned, Colonels Hurd and Raynor had been companions and friends in childhood. They now became inseparable. Through a friendly guard they obtained a few yards of calico, and some cotton and thread, with which they made a quilt, which, with a block of wood for their pillow, constituted their only bed. Mr. Murphy was regarded as a surgeon by the rebels, and was consequently allowed, under close surveillance, to visit the hospitals where our wounded were languishing. He was thus enabled to contribute very much not only to their relief but to the aid of his suffering companions in the warehouse. In one of these hospitals he found Mrs. Major-General Ricketts, who heroically had consecrated to become a prisoner-of-war that she might attend upon her wounded husband. This noble woman moved through the sad wards of that hospital at Richmond an angel of mercy, another Florence Nightingale, sharing the misery she attempted to alleviate. Officers and soldiers alike were cheered by her tender hand and her sympathizing heart. "She was obliged," writes Mr. Murphy, "to quarter in the same room with her husband and some six other officers, with only a small shawl used as a screen to shield her from observation."

And here we can not refrain from paying a brief tribute of respect and gratitude to the Sisters of Mercy, who were unerring, day and night, in their devotion to the sufferers. They asked no questions whether the patient were on this side or that in the strife. The fact that there was a brother before them bleeding, fainting, perhaps dying, moved all their sympathies, and, with humanity ennobled and intensified by Christian faith, they devoted themselves, as taught by their Lord, to the relief of those who were sick and in prison.

As the captives gradually became accustomed to their prison-life messes were formed of from four to twelve, as persons were drawn together by sympathy. These messes generally used everything in common—ate together, slept near each other, and maintained very intimate social relations. Each officer in turn took one week in catering for the mess, and each contributed according to his means toward providing articles not furnished in the meagre diet of the prison. One officer was permitted each day to go to market, accompanied by two guards.

Colonel Hurd soon indicated to some of his companions his resolve, if possible, to effect an escape. Both Mr. Ely and Mr. Huston endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, assuring him that the chances of success were very small, and that the penalty, if recaptured, would be very severe. They also thought that influences were at work with our Government which would in a few weeks secure their release by exchange. The drear monotony of prison life can not be described. Hours, days, weeks, months, linger heavily along, and the "iron enters the soul."

All efforts at cleanliness were rendered abortive by the condition of the rooms above. The two upper stories were crowded with soldiers; and as there was but a limited supply of water, and they had no change of clothing, they were soon swarming with vermin. The flooring being very open, all the dirt from the first story was sifted down upon the second, and thence to the lower floor. Even while eating it was necessary to keep a cover over one's food to prevent the vermin from falling into it. One day Colonel De Villers had his French blood inflamed to the hottest by finding three huge specimens of the pedicellato vestimentis falling upon his bread. The irate European officer ran about from one mess to another, exhibiting the well-fattened specimens, and exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! Look at zis; one, two, three fall on my bread while I eat. Mon Dieu! I no stay longer to feed Jeff Davis's cattle. I wish I had him here. I cram dese down his trot." The guard and jailers were changed every two or three weeks. On the 4th of August, 1861, Lieutenant Todd, a brother-in-law of President Lincoln, was assigned command of the prison. All alike testify that he was one of the most brutal and unfeeling wretches who at any time had charge of the captives. He sought every opportunity to prove that he had no sympathy, as he expressed himself, "with his d—d abolition brother-in-law's hirelings."

One of his suffering captives writes: "He was the incarnation of malignant inhumanity and bitter cruelty."

The jailers and guard from Virginia and South Carolina were generally found brutal in the extreme, while those from Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana were frequently humane and courteous. The Madison Infantry consisted of a fine battalion of gentlemanly young men from Louisiana. They had charge of the prison for four or five weeks, and secured the cordial respect of their captives. Many good-
nared tricks were banded between them and their prisoners.

There were several gas-burners in the room, which were allowed to burn at full flow until ten o'clock, when the order was given by the officer of the night, "Lights out!" Then the prisoners were required to turn off all but one, which was left dimly burning. One night, by mutual agreement, all the prisoners lay down and apparently fell asleep with every light in full flow. At ten o'clock the usual order was given, "Lights out!" No one stirred. The requisition was sternly repeated. As well give orders to the slumberers in the garden-yard, their foigned sleep was so profound. A Lieu-
tenant was on duty whose kindliness of heart, it was well known, would allow of no rash act. He was embarrassed to know what to do in view of this strange insubordination. Such oblivious and stentorian sleep had never been witnessed in the prison before.

After a little delay the Lieutenant brought in a squad of soldiers, and then the order was given, "Put out those lights or take the conse-
quences!" Still not a muscle moved. The or-
der was repeated: "Put out those lights, or in two minutes the guard will fire upon you!"

There was such silence that the ticking of the watch, which the Lieutenant held in his hand, could be almost heard as the two min-
utes glided swiftly away. The order, "Make ready!" was given. Every musket was brought to the shoulder. Still not a prisoner moved. They all knew that a kind heart throbbed in the bosom of the Lieutenant. There was a moment's pause; a brief consultation with the guard, and then a corporal of the guard went around and turned off the burners.

Soon a suppressed titter was heard among the prisoners, then a laugh, which was followed by burst after burst of such hearty peals that all the captives in the adjoining prisons were awak-
ened, and the prison-guards in alarm turned out. It was some time before the excitement was allayed.

The next night the prisoners were beautiful-
ly outwitted in their turn. They endeavored to re-enact the scene. Another Lieutenant of the same company was the officer for the night. He ordered "All lights out!" None of the pro-
strate throng in their sound slumber could heed the order. "Put out those lights instantly," was the stern command, "or you will regret the conse-
quences!" Every person continued as motionless as so many marble statues. There was a whispered consultation among the offi-
cers, and then one stepped forward and blew out each gaslight, leaving the gas streaming up into the room. This would never do, for every man would soon be suffocated. One of the prison-
ers with a yawn, as though just awaking from a profound sleep, exclaimed: "Say, there; why don't you turn off the gas? Don't blow out the light!" Another, looking up, said: "Why, he
don't know anything about gas; he was raised down in the swamps."

The rebel officer continued to make his way among the pretended sleepers, taking care to tread upon as many as possible until each light was blown out. In a few moments the room was filled with the escaping gas, and the cough-
ing, half-strangled prisoners sprung to the gas-
burners and turned them off. The guard now commenced laughing, clapping their hands, stamping their feet, and pounding the floor with their muskets, until, in the excess of their delight at having "outwitted the Yankees," they created a clamar which exceeded that of the preceding night.

During the first two weeks many visitors came to see the captives. The officer on duty, like the keeper of a menagerie, piloted them through the room, pointing out the celebrities. Many of these visitors were courteous; others were overbearing and insulting. "What did you come down here for?" was invariably the first question. "Do you think you can subjugate us?" was the second. This was so often repeated that when a fresh batch of visitors came in, often twenty prisoners would shout out at once, "What did you come down here for?" "Do you think you can subjugate us?"

Frequently the crowd, astounded at having their own questions thrown into their teeth, would turn and hastily go out. On Sunday great crowds would collect in front of the prison, the greater portion of whom were women of the aristocratic class, in their carriages.

Among the visitors was Edward Ruffin, a gray-haired rebel, who, with great self-com-
placecy and insolence, called attention to the fact that he was the one who fired the first gun at Sumter. The pitiable old man, after the fall of Richmond, became the avenger of his own crime, and committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a pistol.

With every prisoner the all-engrossing thought was how to escape. Many plans were suggest-
ed, pondered, and abandoned. Numerous at-
tempts were made, nearly all of which failed. Some succeeded in getting out of the city, and one found his heart throbbing as he caught sight of the star-spangled banner, when he was cru-
elly seized by rebel scouts and dragged back to bondage. Captain Hurd was a man of immense physical energy, and was endowed with nerve and resolution to brave any peril and to endure any privation. The risk of recapture was so very great, and the penalty so severe in being brought back and confined in irons, that it re-
quired great courage and almost recklessness to make the endeavor.

In the mean time all conceivable measures were adopted to beguile the weary hours. One mode of pastime was the organization of a soci-
ety called the Richmond Prison Association. Mr. Ely was President. The Society met three times a week. Each member was bound to contribute to the general entertainment, either by a declamation, a story, or by singing a song. The meetings were conducted in strict accord-
ance with parliamentary rules. They held also
mock-trials. There was one very serious case brought forward of "breach of promise." Captain Hard was the aggrieved maiden. The faithless swain gave his name to the Court as Lieutenant Jawbones. Colonel Woodruff and Mr. Huston were counsel for the plaintiff. Major Potter and the Chaplain of the Fifth Maine Regiment appeared for the defendant. Mr. Ely was judge. The arguments of the opposing counsel and the charge filled the gloomy old prison with such peaks of meritment as to help the prisoners, for the moment, to be oblivious of their misery.

As the days lingered along, and the hope of release by exchange grew darker, the mind became prepared for more desperate endeavors for escape. There were a large number of the prisoners, sick or wounded, distributed through buildings called hospitals in close proximity. But one surgeon was detailed for about seven hundred men. The suffering was so terrible that several Union surgeons who were prisoners, were, at their earnest solicitations, permitted to assist. Upon giving their parole they were provided with a red rosette, and were permitted to pass from one prison to another, and also to go about the city. Among these, as we have mentioned, was Colonel Murphy. But he had been deprived of the right in consequence of his earnest endeavors to mitigate the condition of the sufferers. Colonel De Villiers, who had paid some attention to medical studies in Europe, succeeded in passing himself off as a surgeon, obtained this great privilege of the freedom of the city on parole. He exerted himself to the utmost to help his comrades, and by his indefatigable perseverance he obtained an interview with Jeff Davis, and implored that his fellow-captives might be treated with the usual humanity of prisoners of war. The rebel chieftain received him with his characteristic icy politeness, but was utterly unrelenting.

On Sunday, the 1st of September, Colonel De Villiers returned to prison, his parole having expired and Jeff Davis refusing to extend it. The Colonel was unusually reticent during the day. In the evening, with great nonchalance, as if on his accustomed round of medical duties, he walked out of prison, out of Richmond, and was no longer a prisoner.

Captain Hard had now resolved, at whatever risk, to attempt his escape. At night he whispered his intention to Lieutenant Raynor. After anxious deliberation the plan which they settled upon was to adopt the disguise of surgeons, and in the dusk of the evening to pass the guard. They were all to meet at a designated corner, which could be seen from the prison windows, and then trust to circumstances. Lieutenant Murphy also joined them. Fortunately Captain Hard had a red flannel shirt, from which they cut their rosettes which they were to pin upon the breast of their coats. The few who were informed of their plan earnestly endeavored to dissuade them, saying that it was a fool-hardy undertaking, and that they would be brought back and placed in irons. Colonel Raynor was to go first, between five and six o'clock in the evening. The other two were to follow at eight. Anxiety of mind de-
prived the Colonel of all appetite for dinner. He dressed himself as well as possible for nights of exposure in the swamps, and at the appointed hour, with throbbing heart, but with calm exterior, walked up to the guard, who sat on a tobacco box at the door with his bayoneted gun extended across it. With marvelous coolness the feigned surgeon raised the gun. The guard looked at the rossette, nodded, and the prisoner passed out. One can hardly read the account without holding his breath. Who can imagine the emotions which must have agitated the principal actor in this scene, and his friends who were looking on?

The guard turned his eye toward the escaping captive, as though a momentary suspicion had been aroused. One of his friends called out, "Doctor, don't forget those pills; I must take some to-night!" "All right!" said the Colonel, "I'll get them!" Another guard was to be passed, who merely glanced at the rossette, and the Colonel continued his walk. He was now free. But he was surrounded by perils most imminent, and weary leagues were to be traversed, and days and nights of hunger, cold, and exposure were to be endured before he could reach the lines of the Union army. He had gone but a few steps when he met one of the officers of the prison-guard. With an erect head, and looking him steadfastly in the face, the Colonel passed.

The rebel officer, probably merely recognizing a familiar face, nodded. The salutation was returned, and the Colonel walked slowly on. A few steps further he encountered the "penny post-man," whom he had often conversed with in the prison. The man looked inquiringly into his face, stopped, turned round, gazed upon him in evident surprise, but gave no alarm. With affected carelessness the Colonel sauntered along through the streets, when suddenly he felt a hand grasp his shoulder, and heard the hard breathing in his ear as of one who had been in hot pursuit. His heart sank within him, and his knees trembled so that he could scarcely stand. Turning around he beheld a Confederate officer, who, seizing his arm, gave him a punch in the side, exclaiming:

"I say, Cap'n, ain't—(hic)—ain't this bully news?"

It was manifest that the fellow was drunk, and that there was nothing to fear. But the shock was so great that for the moment the Colonel was almost unmanned, and he reeled from weakness as much as did the rebel from his cup. The jolly bacchanal, without noticing the surprise of his companion, continued:

"Lee's got Rose—Rose—Rosenzweigs, and all his army, an—an—and (hic) next week we'll get McClellan too."

"Is this true?" inquired the Colonel.

"Jis as true as gospel, Cap'n. I say," he continued, "where do you belong, Cap'n?"

"To the Thirty-third Virginian," was the reply. Colonel Raynor had learned that that regiment had arrived the day before.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the drunken man, "why I'm a Thirty—Thirty-third myself! What's your company?"

Here was a contretemps. But the Colonel's ready wit came to his rescue.

"I have just arrived," he said, "and have not yet reported to Colonel Cummings, and do not know what company I shall be assigned to."

"Well, Cap'n, I'm leutenant of Company C. Let's go in here and take a drink."

At the door of the saloon the Colonel slipped away. With many sagacious precautions to avoid exciting suspicion, he succeeded in purchasing a compass to guide their path through the woods, a map of Virginia, a lot of matches, and a bed-cord. He then returned to the vicinity of the prison, where he fortunately met Dr. Le Bouliller, of the Second Minnesota, who passed in and out upon his parole. By him he sent word to his friends Hard and Murphy of his success, and that he would meet them at their appointed rendezvous.

Let us now return into the prison. Hard and Murphy stood at the window watching the movements of their companion, as he went out, with such intensity of anxiety that they could almost feel the fevered pulsations of their hearts. Two long hours of terrible suspense passed away. The question, almost more fearful than that of life or death, for it was freedom or the dungeon, was soon to be decided. While absorbed in these reflections two rebel officers were admitted, who had some trouble to persuade the guard to pass them out.

Colonel Neff, with sympathetic sorrow, came to the young adventurers and said, "Your chance is gone. You must give it up." "Perhaps not," Captain Hard replied, his cheek blanched with emotion but not with fear; "however it is too late to falter; I will make the trial." The gallant Colonel Corcoran came to them and said: "Be careful, and may success attend you!" Colonel Sprague also addressed them in words of cheer, saying, "Were I a young man I would go with you. Be vigilant, and may you get safely through! and then let the people know the truth about us."

The two young men, with their surgeon's badges, then walked carelessly toward the door, chatting with those around them. The whole programme had been carefully arranged. "Come, Doctor," exclaimed Lieutenant Murphy, in a voice loud enough to arrest the attention of the guard, "it is time for us to go!"

"Yes, I will be with you in a moment," was the reply. At the same time Colonel Corcoran, Sprague, and others gathered around requesting the pretended doctors to purchase some tobacco for them. Arrangements had also been made for some of their comrades to answer to their names at roll-call for several days, till many miles should be placed between the fugitives and their prison. The guard was thoroughly deceived. They passed out without opposition. The last words they heard from their dismal prison as they entered the streets
was the kindly voice of Colonel Sprague calling out to them, "Doctor, don't forget to bring me that tobacco. I need it very much!"

Colonel Raynor was anxiously watching in the street. He saw in the dusk two figures come out of the prison, whom he at once recognized as his looked-for comrades. He followed them a few moments unobserved, and then stepping up, tapped each on the shoulder. A shudder of alarm shook their frames as they apprehended that it was the hand of an arresting officer. The peril was yet too imminent to allow of any hearty rejoicing. Still, as they pressed along the crowded streets they assumed the swaggering air of Southerners, talking loudly and laughing.

Emerging from the city they struck a broad road running to the northeast, and after walking about two miles encountered a toll-gate guarded by a squad of soldiers. The night was dark, with drizzling rain. Fortunately they were not observed, though some dogs took the alarm, and commenced furiously barking.

They threw themselves flat upon the ground as they saw the door of the toll-house open and soldiers come out. Creeping back several hundred yards through a ditch they concealed themselves near a breastwork, where they heard several shots. Remaining perfectly still for a couple of hours, they, by a circuitous route, passed around the gate, struck the pike a mile beyond, and traveled rapidly all night. They often heard wagons approaching. These they eluded by leaving the road and hiding in the bushes or behind the fences until the market-carts, on the way to the city, had passed. Several times they were very near being discovered by the dogs which invariably accompanied these carts. At about four o'clock in the morning they passed a small hamlet, where the dogs raised an outcry sufficient to awake every sleeper within a mile. Hurrying through along the main road they soon found it bearing so far east that they entered a sort of wood-path which led north. The roar of a passing railroad train informed them that the railroad was close by them on the left. The dawn of morning was now beginning to appear. They entered the woods, and creeping under some thick, wet bushes, thoroughly exhausted and soaked, they fell soundly asleep.

Soon after sunrise of Friday, September 6, they were all suddenly and simultaneously aroused by the crack of a whip at their ears, which sounded like the report of a pistol. Greatly alarmed they looked up and beheld a teamster passing so near that he could have touched them with his whip. In the darkness they had lain down just on the edge of a road leading through the forest. But the teamster did not chance to turn his eyes toward the thicket, and they escaped unseen. But it was necessary immediately to change their position. After a brief consultation they cautiously took up their line of march in true military order.

Colonel Raynor led the advance, with the ordnance stores, consisting of a compass, a map, and a box of matches. Lieutenant Murphy followed with the commissariat of two sandwiches. Colonel Hurd brought up the rear in charge of the engineering department, with the supplies of a jack-knife and a bed-cord. As Colonel Hurd was familiar with all the wild and perilous adventures of frontier life, and was
a man of indomitable energy and bravery, it would have seemed natural that he, with his engineering tools, should have led the march. But being not quite so quick of hearing as Colonel Raynor, it was deemed best that he should compose the rear-guard. Colonel Murphy had been city-bred, and thus not being familiar with woodcraft, manifestly the judicious post for him to occupy was the centre.

The plan of their perilous campaign was as follows: They were to travel as rapidly as possible through the night, hide in some thicket by day, never moving forward by daylight unless under cover of some dense forest, or through some of the spacious corn-fields, which afforded excellent shelter; they were never to enter a house, or to allow a single human being to see them if they could avoid it. They had resolved, though unarmed, to fight against any odds, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible rather than to be recaptured.

With stiffened limbs and wet clothes our adventurers were cautiously moving to find some safer place of concealment for the day, when they were startled by the report of a gun very near, and a man was seen approaching directly toward them. With throbbing hearts they concealed themselves as best they could. The man stopped, picked up the squirrel which he had shot, calmly reloaded his gun, and gazing into the tree-tops for game, passed slowly along and soon disappeared in the forest, each shot indicating his greater distance. Thus this danger was escaped.

The woods were so dense that they deemed it as prudent to travel as to attempt to lie quiet. They therefore, though keeping a very close watch, pressed on by the compass in a north-easterly direction, designing to strike the Potomac somewhere in Westmoreland County, near Tappahannock Town. They soon came upon a clearing, and, as they skirted it with extreme caution, a pack of hounds set up their dreaded clamor. "I do verily believe," writes Colonel Raynor, "that every house we passed in this portion of Virginia supported from five to twenty dogs each; and invariably the whole canine family proclaimed our proximity from throns which never tired."

About 4 o'clock P.M. they came to the end of the woods which they had been so rapidly traversing. Colonel Hurd climbed a tall tree on a reconnoitring tour. He reported an open, scattered country spreading out before them. In the distance he saw an irregular belt of timber which his experience in such matters assured him indicated a water-course. As it was imprudent to attempt to pass over this open country by daylight they retired into the woods and waited for the night. Dividing one of their sandwiches into three parts, they took a mouthful each. This was their first meal since leaving the prison. In the early evening twilight, as concealed in a thicket they were waiting for the darkness, two negroes, with a dog, passed very near them. The dog came snuffling and growling toward them, when one of the darkies said, "Possum dar!" "No," the other replied, "Hector neber growl dat way at possum. Suffin else dar!" They both stopped. Our party remained as immovable as if they were dead. The natural timidity of the slaves prevented them from exploring the thicket. The dog growled, but seemed indisposed to attack them, though both of the negroes clapped their hands and tried to urge him on, saying, "Seek him, Hector; seek him, boy!" The dog merely growled the louder, but made no nearer approach. The two darkies and the dog soon passed along.

About ten o'clock, all traveling having apparently ceased, the night being very dark with only an occasional star visible, they again entered the road. Just before midnight they came to the Chickahominy, which they crossed by a mill-dam, over which there was but a shallow depth of water. The road crossed by a ford a little distance below. Regaining the highway they pressed on for a few miles until they saw several lights twinkling at a little distance before them. It was probably an encampment of soldiers. They immediately turned into the woods, assailed by the yelping of the omnipresent dog. Giving the lights a wide berth, they found themselves in a field of potatoes, both sweet and common. Starving as they were they eagerly filled their stomachs and their pockets with the raw potatoes, which they found not unpalatable. Upon leaving this field they entered one of corn, and they added a few ears to their commissariat stores.

Guided by their compass, and avoiding themselves of roads only when they led in a right direction, they at length found themselves bewildered amidst the paths of a large plantation. The blowing of the horns to awaken the negro to his daily toil warned them that it was near daylight, and that they were in no little danger of being encountered by some gang marching to their work. Being quite exhausted, and finding two logs near together, they all three laid down between them, and slept soundly until the morning of Saturday the 7th. When they woke the sound of voices and axes all around satisfied them that their position was not a safe one. They therefore retraced their steps that they might get around the plantation, and make their way through a dense forest which seemed to skirt it on the left. In doing this they had to pass near the gate of the plantation. Here they encountered a large troop of negroes walking along the road. They, however, succeeded in concealing themselves until the slaves had gone by.

A few moments after they heard a noise behind them as they were moving through the woods, near and parallel to the road. Looking around they saw a negro, who had lagged behind the others, hurrying down to overtake his companions. Each one instinctively sprang behind a tree, and this peril was escaped. Cautionly threading the densest part of the woods
they got beyond the limits of the plantation and ascended a high hill. From this eminence they could see that the country toward the north was quite open; and just west of them, at a distance of not more than two miles, there was a large village. A train of cars was entering the village, which was probably Hanover Court House. Toward the east the forest still extended. Keeping carefully within its shelter they resumed their march, descending the hill. They soon entered upon low bottom-land, wet and muddy, and then encountered a swollen creek. In endeavoring to cross upon a log Colonel Raynor fell in.

Colonel Hurd's impetuous nature could not brook a moment's delay. Insured to hardship he seemed insensible to fatigue. His companions noticed that the strongest motive which seemed to impel him onward was the fear that his regiment, in which he was then a Captain, might get into a fight before he reached it. Murphy, not accustomed to such privations and toils, was now suffering very severely. His feet were swollen, his strength exhausted, and it was with great pain and difficulty that he could limp along. Colonel Hurd was just as fresh as at the outset, and Colonel Raynor's vigorous frame bore up wonderfully. The solace with which Colonel Hurd, as he tramped along, endeavored to cheer his companions was not very satisfactory.

"Oh, this is nothing!" he exclaimed; "this is nothing! Wait till you have lived on mule's meat twenty-seven days among the Rocky Mountains, with the snow four feet deep, and then you may have reason to complain."

Toiling on they reached the limits of the forest, and crossing a fine gravel pike leading to the northwest, they passed through a cornfield, whose tall and waving stalks completely sheltered them, and entered another belt of timber and found themselves upon the banks of a large, rapid, unbridged river, swollen by the recent rains. It was the Pamunkey. There was no boat to be found; but there were half-floating logs scattered here and there along the bank. Colonel Raynor cut the bed-cord into convenient lengths and waded into the water, while his comrades brought him logs, which he tied together and made a small raft. The air swarmed with mosquitoes, huge black tormentors, who instantly settled, with their poisonous sting, upon any exposed portion of the body. Colonel Raynor was terribly bitten. The in-
flammation was so immediate and severe from
the deep puncture of their bills that his com-
rades declared that they could not have recog-
nized him.

As soon as their small raft was constructed
they placed their clothes upon it. Colonel
Hard tied one end of the cord around his
body and took the lead swimming. The other
two swam, pushing behind. Colonel Raynor
wrapped his watch, map, compass, and matches
in a handkerchief and bound them upon the
top of his head, not caring to trust treasure so
precious to a frail raft. The mosquitoes fol-
lowed them unrelentingly in clouds. Safely
they effected the passage of the swift, turbid
stream and found a fringe of timber on the
northern bank. Breaking up their raft, and
carefully preserving the pieces of cord, they
followed along the edge of the stream until
they entered an extended forest, where, in a
very secluded ravine, they ventured to kindle a
small fire and roast twelve small potatoes, about
the size of walnuts, and two ears of corn.

They had traveled all day foodless. An-
other dark night was at hand, through whose
gloomy hours they must grope along as rapid-
ly as possible. Colonel Murphy's exhausted
condition seemed to demand a little rest. But
no reply could be made to Hurd's renewed as-
swer, "This is nothing to living on mule's
meat twenty days among the Rocky Mountains,
with the snow four feet deep. Besides," he
added, "I would rather lose my right arm
than have my company get into a fight before
I get back to them."

Again these indomitable men, with strength
almost miraculously preserved, took up their
line of march. It was important to get through
the forest and to strike some road before dark,
as it was impossible to make much headway
through the woods in the night. Following a
small stream, which ran through a deep ravine,
about an hour before sunset they came in sight
of the open country. Just then they heard,
very near them, a shot, followed by the barking
of a dog. Colonel Raynor exclaims, with
good reason, "I have hated dogs ever since
this trip." They were very apprehensive that
the sagacious animal would detect them. As
the hunter was on the same side of the ravine
with them they hastily recrossed, and had just
concealed themselves in a thicket, when two
other shots showed that the hunter had crossed
also and was approaching them. As they
thought it almost certain that the dog would
discover them they decided, after a hurried
consultation, to capture the hunter, take his
arms, gag and tie him fast, and then, as soon
as dark, to leave the neighborhood as rapidly as
possible. Colonel Raynor, who was a very pow-
erful man, was to strangle the dog. Fortunat-
ely for all the young men turned his steps away
from them, and they saw him retire to a house
not far distant.

Our adventurers remained in their retreat
until ten o'clock at night when they visited a
barn, hoping to obtain something to eat. Here,
to their great joy, they found a lot of unhreshed
wheat, and they filled their pockets with the
corns. It was very dark, and as they were
groping about Raynor felt some animal rub-
bing its nose against his leg. It was a large

![Crossing the Pamunky](image-url)
THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE.

dog. But the brute manifested no hostility. Hurd proposed that they should kill and eat it, saying that it must be as good as "mule's meat." But Murphy, as he champed a mouthful of wheat, suggested that they had better wait until they had been "in the Rocky Mountains twenty-seven days, with the snow four feet deep."

The dog accompanied them to the confines of the plantation and then quietly returned to his home. It was now Saturday night the 7th. Moving as rapidly as their exhausted limbs would allow along the road, a little after midnight they sat down for a moment's rest by the roadside. Their exhaustion was such that they almost instantly fell asleep. They were aroused by a wagon rattling furiously by, which impelled them again to take to their feet, as it was necessary that they should find some place of concealment before the light of day should be around them. As they toiled along, Raynor in advance, Hurd in the rear, the indolent frontiersman cheered his exhausted comrade, who composed the centre of their line of march, with sundry pleasantry, interlarded with allusions to "mule's meat," "Rocky Mountains," "twenty-seven days," and "four feet of snow."

Dawn was now approaching. They took shelter in some thick woods, and after sleeping soundly a couple of hours, were awakened by the bright Sabbath sun shining in their faces. They picked the kernels of wheat out of the ears, with which their pockets were stuffed, and made a frugal breakfast. Under cover of the forest they pressed along until they reached its limits, when they saw before them a small orchard. Half-famished as they were the desire to get some fruit was so strong that, notwithstanding the risk of discovery, they entered it. The few small sour apples which they found were so refreshing that Mr. Murphy's spirits were revived; and Colonel Hurd, for the whole forenoon, made no allusions to the "Rocky Mountains."

As they left the orchard they beheld an open, thickly-settled country before them. There was, however, a dense forest in view which promised ample shelter. But it could only be reached by crossing an open field, with a large house on each side, and many people moving around. Much valuable time would be lost by remaining where they were until night. To attempt to cross the field in open day exposed them to inevitable observation and probably to recapture. After a very careful reconnaissance they observed a small depression through the field, along which a man might possibly creep without being seen from the houses, though one half of his body would be exposed should he stand erect. Colonel Hurd's desire to join his company "before they had a fight" overcame Colonel Murphy's exhaustion and Colonel Raynor's sound judgment, and, throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they wormed their way through the field and gained safely the friendly shelter of the woods.

Finding a corn-field they plucked some ears, and, retiring to a wild ravine, they built a fire and prepared themselves a very savory repast of roasted corn. In traversing a swamp soon after they found their dessert prepared for them in the shape of about half a pint of whortleberries. The spurious corn-fields, with their thick, tall spires afforded them far better protection even than the densest forest. As they were threading one of these fields a party of negroes passed very near them.

Emerging from the corn-field they struck a shallow stream, which was sunk deep beneath its banks. They waded down the pebbly bed of the stream until they reached the banks of a large river, the Mattaponi. Following the forest-fringed banks of this stream for a mile they watched their chance, and, crossing by a bridge, plunged into a low, marshy piece of timber. The utmost circumspection was needful, for many parties were seen on the road moving to and fro. Here they found mosquitoes in myriads, and the torment which the venomous insects created was almost insupportable. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon of the Sabbath. Notwithstanding the sufferings they endured from their swarming foes, who bit through their clothes, they did not dare to leave the place of their concealment until dark, for white men and negroes were constantly passing.

Night came, not merely dark, but black. With the utmost difficulty could they grope along the road. They met a man. It was too dark to see him. His footsteps and the rustle of his garments alone rendered his presence palpable. Indeed the man ran plump against Colonel Hurd, who, as we have said, brought up the rear. There was nothing to excite suspicion, and the probable rebel and the patriot each passed on his way.

About midnight it grew a little lighter, and they reached one of those groups of houses which in the South are called villages. They were not a little perplexed to know where they were. Seeing a notice tacked upon a door they carefully tore it off, retreated into the woods, and lighted a piece of candle which Colonel Murphy carried through the whole trip. It proved to be a notice that the estate of General Garnett, who was killed at Rich Mountain, was for sale. It convinced them that they were at Bowling Green, in Caroline County. They then examined their map, and laid their course to strike the Potomac at its nearest point. Rapidly they pressed along the road until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when they again struck into the woods, and finding a good place for concealment all lay down and went to sleep. But scarcely had they closed their eyes ere they were aroused by the clatter of several horsemen passing at full trot on the road near by, not improbably rebel scouts in pursuit of the fugitives. Indeed the Richmond papers had announced that such vigorous measures had been put in operation for the capture.
of the fugitives, Colonels Hard, Murphy, and Raynor, that it was scarcely within the limits of possibility that they could escape.

Removing deeper into the woods they slept soundly for a few hours in sweet oblivion of pursuers and of throbbing feet. Their sufferings from sore feet were more terrible than can be described or imagined. The two months in prison had rendered their feet very tender. Being half of the time wet and in constant use they were blistered and raw. Colonel Murphy's feet were in a dreadful condition, and Colonel Raynor's nearly as bad. Colonel Hard seemed to possess marvelous endurance.

When they awoke the next morning, Monday, September 9, a dense fog had settled down over the whole country. Colonel Raynor led, compass in hand, the others following close behind. Entering a corn-field they filled their pockets, and passed a gang of negroes but a few yards from them, though the fog was so thick that they could not be seen. Protected by this friendly veil they fearlessly entered the road, relying upon their ears to give warning of the approach of danger. They walked bare-footed and made no noise. Several streams they crossed on bridges. Though they could hear the cackling of chickens and the voices of people, indicating dwellings all around them, they were effectually shielded from observation.

Having walked thus about twelve miles on the open road, about noon the fog began to lift and again they took to the woods. They lay down and slept under a clump of bushes during the afternoon. About sunset they were roused from their sleep by a negro boy who passed close by them calling for the cows.

As soon as the young moon had gone down they resumed the road, and about an hour before midnight reached a small village. At the outskirts there was a guide-board at the junction of two roads. Hard and Murphy raised Raynor on their shoulders, who pulled off the board, and they then went into a thicket where they could safely strike a light to read the direction. It was with great difficulty that they could ignite the matches, which the fog had damped. After a dozen unsuccessful efforts, just as a match gave out its brilliant flash, illuminating every object near, they saw a man standing within three feet of them. It was probably a slave skulking about. The match instantly went out. But the terrified slave was heard rushing through the bushes, leaping the fences, and flying in the utmost dismay, as if he had seen an apparition of fiends and they were pursuing him.

A glance at the guide-board told them that it was twenty miles to Tappahannock, and twenty-two to Bowling Green. Having their posi-
tion thus accurately defined, cheered by hope, and refreshed by the nap which they had enjoyed in the afternoon, they pushed rapidly on over the road, though to two of them every step was torture. Just before light they came to a large plantation where the people were up. This compelled them again to plunge into the woods, where, after the toilsome travel of the night, hungry, thirsty, and foot-sore, they hid under some bushes for rest.

After a few hours of sleep they awoke. It was Tuesday, the 10th. A careful reconnaissance showed them that they were in a small grove of about three acres, surrounded by the most highly cultivated and densely populated country they had yet seen. It was manifest that they could not safely leave their covert until night. Rest and sleep they greatly needed. But the sleep which with drooping eyelids they strove to gain was driven from them by their intense thirst. In half-delirious dreams they saw fountains of fresh water and tables greening with delicious food.

There were so many people moving about that they did not venture to leave their hiding-place until about nine o'clock, when the moon went down and most of the people were in their beds. They then cautiously started out. They were all barefoot. The bottom of each foot was raw flesh, an entire sore from heel to toe. They had previously cut holes in their boots wherever they pinched. This had let in sand and water and mud, and their feet were in a state which can not be described. And yet in this condition they were traveling in their zigzag course, through swamps and forests in the gloom of night, often without food and without water, an average of forty miles every twenty-four hours. We have read of suffering, of endurance, of heroism, elsewhere. But greater than this, exhibited by these heroic patriots, escaping from the fiendish spirit of treason and rebellion, we know not where to find.

"Our thirst," Colonel Raynor writes, "overpowered the pain in our feet, and good time was made. We traveled several miles before any water was found; and that was nothing but a hog-wallow, 'yet it tasted sweet.' Soon after they came upon a cool running stream. "Ah," exclaims Colonel Raynor, "how few truly know what real hunger or thirst is! Yet we were less than thirty-six hours without water."

About one o'clock in the morning of Wednesday the 11th, they caught sight of the Rappahannock. The agitating question of how they were to cross the river, which was here a mile wide, banished fatigue. The wind was blowing so fresh that they could not cross upon a frail raft; and they were too much exhausted to attempt to construct one. They, however, pressed on, and soon came in sight of a struggling village of six or eight houses on the banks. They crept noiselessly through the silent street to the water's edge, and there, to their inexpressible joy, they found a skiff with paddles drawn up upon the beach out of reach of the tide. Their united strength was just sufficient to shove it into the water. Not a moment was lost in embarking, and they soon reached the opposite shore. They then set it adrift that it might not reveal the line of their escape. Our adventurers desire here to present their thanks to the owner of the skiff for its use, and their hope that in good time he gained possession of it again. Colonel Murphy had accidentally, in the excitement of pushing off the boat, left his shoes upon the opposite bank. Raynor and Hurd fortunately kept theirs with them.

The gloom of night still enveloped them, and the wind was high. They found an old shed into which they entered, and thus protected from the wind they struck a light and examined their map. They judged that ten miles, in a direct line, would take them through Westmoreland County to the Potomac. This cheering prospect nerived them with new energies. They soon found a good road running east. But it was of hard, rough clay, which tore Murphy's lacquered feet terribly. Still he hobbled on, though unable at times to repress his groans. Colonel Hurd seemed to have nerves of steel, and was ever urging haste. Colonel Raynor was so weary that he could scarcely lift one foot in advance of the other, and found himself falling asleep as he toiled on with strength every hour growing weaker. Still they did not rest until daylight, when they left the road and sought concealment in a small piece of woods. After a short nap in a thicket, impatience to reach the Potomac, now so near, again roused them. Just as they were about to start a negro thrust his face into the thicket close to them and commenced calling for his cows. It seemed as though he must have seen them, though he said nothing but went on his way shouting "Sukee, Sukee!" at the top of his voice.

They immediately struck out, by the compass, northeast through the woods. It was the morning of Thursday the 12th. The brambles and thorns lacquered Murphy's bare and gory feet terribly. Some of the vines must have poisoned them, for they were feebly inflamed and swollen. Every few moments he would fall from exhaustion and pain. Still he hobbled along, his faithful companions refusing to abandon him. Soon they came upon one of those immense swamps with which eastern Virginia abounds. It extended in all directions as far as the eye could reach. Here was indeed a dilemma. None of them could endure the thought of the dreary miles they must travel in the endeavor to pass around the vast morass. Should they plunge into it, there was great danger that in their extreme exhaustion they all might perish in its miry bottom. After anxious deliberation the proposition of Colonel Hurd was adopted that they should attempt to force their way through. As there were many encampments of Confederate soldiers in the vicinity the attempt to go around would expose them to almost inevitable capture. In response to the proposition Raynor said, "Well,
go ahead and we will follow." Hurd started, and the first step plunged him in mud and water up to his waist. The swamp was about three quarters of a mile broad, partially covered with a rank growth of reeds and water-lilies without trees or brush. Sometimes they would not be more than knee-deep in the slimy ooze. The next step would plunge them to the arm-pits, and then they would encounter a pool of the green, stagnant, stenchful slough, through which they half waded, half swam.

In an hour they reached the dry land on the other side, and ascending a slight eminence sat down to rest. For the first time a cloud of despondency seemed to be gathering even upon Colonel Hurd's brow. Despairingly they gazed for a moment into each other's faces, and not a word was uttered. But suddenly Hurd jumped up, exclaiming: "Why, boys, I have lived twenty-seven days in the Rocky Mountains on mule's meat, with the snow four feet deep, and this is nothing to that!"

This started them all again. They passed a deserted garden, where they found a few green tomatoes and a ripe cucumber. "I can testify," one of their number writes, "that a ripe cucumber raw does not taste good even to a hungry man." Ascending the brow of a hill they saw the broad, silvery waters of the Potomac in the distance, with the blue line of the Maryland shore barely discernible beyond. Few can imagine the emotions which this sight enkindled in the bosoms of these weary wanderers. More than one silent prayer of gratitude ascended to that Providence which had protected them thus far. Tears of joy dimmed the eyes of these men whom no woes could compel to weep. They now entered a cornfield, and with decided relish ate of the green ears.

As they drew near the river they came upon a group of negroes near an old house all fallen to decay, leaving but the chimney standing. There was a marble slab near bearing this inscription: "On this spot was born George Washington, February 22, 1732." "We could not," writes Colonel Raynor, "repress a feeling of indignation that so sacred a spot should be surrounded by traitors." They came upon the negroes so suddenly that there was no chance for a retreat. So making a virtue of necessity they walked boldly forward, and told the negroes very truly that they had been lost in the woods for many days and were almost starved. The kind-hearted slaves gave them the remainder of their breakfast, which consisted of a small lump of corn-bread and about two ounces of fit. They said, apologizing for the small quantity, "Massa don't gib much now, and we eats all." In reply to the inquiry for a boat to cross over into Maryland they replied, "Massa Wilson has a boat 'bout tree miles up de creek, but dar is not anudder boat fit to cross the Tomac in de neighborhood."

Just then a white man, probably their overseer, rode up and gazed in apparent astonishment upon the fugitives in their ragged and forlorn condition. They represented to him that they had been lost in the woods, and that they wished to get over the river to recruit soldiers. He scrutinized them quite suspiciously, and said, "Mr. Wilson has a boat, and it is the only one this side of Mathias Point; but I don't think he will let you take it," with especial emphasis on the "you." He then rode on. As they approached the creek, which was here quite wide, and about a mile from its entrance into the river, they saw a negro coming across in a canoe or "dug-out." Hiding in the corn, they waited until he tied the boat and threw the paddle in the grass upon the bank. As soon as he was out of sight they took the boat and commenced paddling down the creek. It blew almost a gale, the hollowed log was but about twelve feet long, and when all three were in the gunwale was not more than an inch above the water. It was evidently impossible to cross the storm-swept Potomac in so frail a bark. Near the mouth of the creek they saw a negro fishing in a little larger boat, but one in which no sane man would think of encountering the heavy seas then running in the river, which was here over six miles wide.

They compelled the negro to exchange boats with them. He remonstrated pitiously, saying, "Massa will kill me when I get home for doing it." Colonel Hurd replied, "But I shall kill you here, and now, if you do not do it." The poor slave yielded, but said, "You'll never get over in dis storm, Massa, neber, neber!"

They paid the negro three dollars in Confederate money, as boot, in the compulsory exchange. The skiff had no rowlocks or thole-pins, was very frail and leaked badly. Just as they were starting the negro shouted out to them, "Go starn fo'most, Massa, starn fo'most; dat's de safest way." They followed his advice. But for this sagacity of the negro the boat would inevitably have been swamped, and they all would have perished.

Raynor took a paddle and steered. Hurd stood in the centre of the boat, with his coat for a sail, while Murphy did good service in bailing out the water. Fortunately the wind was blowing directly across the river in their favor. As soon as they had left the shelter of the bank and felt the full force of the wind the waves began to pour in above the sides of the boat, and it seemed inevitable that they must be swamped. But to return to the shore was not to be thought of. There was evidently quite a commotion there. The owner of the skiff was on the bank calling upon them to return his boat, and the overseer whom they had met on horseback was eagerly watching them. The scat now ran so high that both Hurd and Murphy had to devote all their energies to bailing. When in the trough of the waves the tops of the trees on either banks could not be seen.

Their safe passage of the river under such circumstances seems almost miraculous. By
going stern foremost the bows of the boat cut the on-rushing billows, and throwing them on each side prevented their breaking into the boat. In about three hours after leaving the Virginia shore they were approaching the Maryland side at the mouth of the Wicomico Creek. There is here an extensive bar, over which the waves were dashing furiously, throwing the spray many feet into the air. It was low-water, and the spectacle of danger was terrific. But Hurd's animating voice was still heard shouting, "Keep her straight, Raynor; we are all right yet!" Just then a huge crested billow swept them far up the bar and nearly filled the boat. They leaped out, dragged the boat over the bar, and found themselves safe in comparatively still water. Soon they reached a fishing sloop within the creek, Captain Faunce, of Washington City. Being satisfied that the vessel could not be there unless its owner were loyal, they went fearlessly on board, told their story, and were received with great hospitality. The kind-hearted fishermen served up for their hungry guests a luxurious repast of fish and oysters, and gave them beds to sleep on. Tears filled the eyes of the good old Captain when he looked at Murphy's feet; and he would not allow his guests to leave the boat until the next morning, though Colonel Hurd was anxious to land and walk through Maryland to Washington, declaring that he was "not tired."

The next morning, Friday, the 13th, they took leave of their kind host, and set out in their skiff to skirt the Maryland shore until they should meet some one of the blockading squadron which would convey them to Washington. Captain Faunce advised them not to trust any of the inhabitants along the coast, as they were rank rebels, until reaching Lower Cedar Point, where there lived a Mr. Burroughs, who was a true Union man, and who would give them all the assistance in his power. For some time they endeavored to make their way along the shore by paddling their skiff. But an angry sea and an adverse wind were long compelled them to abandon their boat and take to the bank. Their progress was slow, for Murphy's feet were in a horrible condition. They were so swollen and discolored that they bore a great resemblance to two huge boiled puddings, stained and discolored where the fruit had broken through. By adopting the expedient of letting down his pants over his feet and tying them beneath, holding the waistbands by the hips on each side, his feet were in a measure protected from the oyster-shells and gravel with which the banks of the Potomac were covered. There were times when he was semi-delirious with anguish. Still he pressed on.

They met some young men, to whom they represented that they were Confederate soldiers who had been lost in the woods, and who were trying to escape into Virginia. The young Marylanders told them to make their way up to Watson's, at the mouth of Pope's Creek, and he would run them over, as that was his business. But they advised them to
keep clear of Burroughs's, at Lower Cedar Point, as he was "a d—d Union hound," and "we are going to burn him out one of these nights." One of these young men accompanied them some distance, and aided them to cross a large creek, by which they saved several miles of travel. About noon, being completely used up, they went to a farm-house, and passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers received a good dinner. The benevolent old man, rebel sympathizer as he was, was so moved by their pitiable condition that he took a horse out of the plow, harnessed him to an old wagon, and sent them, with his boy for a driver, several miles to Mr. Burroughs's house. There they were kindly received, though Mr. Burroughs was evidently alarmed in view of the vengeance he might bring down upon himself for showing any sympathy with Union soldiers. About four miles above they could see a revenue cutter—the Howell Cobb—anchored opposite Pope's Creek. Watson's residence could also be seen on the shore. Colonel Hard was impatient to reach the cutter. There was safety, rest, and the means of rejoining his company before they had a fight. Colonel Raynor was also very anxious to get on board the vessel, for they were still in the midst of rebels, who might at any moment seize them. Colonel Murphy, notwithstanding his awful sufferings, was determined not to break company with his companions.

They started, walking on the beach. But their progress was very slow and painful in the extreme. The oyster-shells and gravel hurt Colonel Murphy's feet so that once or twice he crawled over rough places on his hands and knees. Hard, being much the strongest, proposed that he should hurry forward, get on board the vessel, and send a boat for his more exhausted comrades, who, in the mean time, were to hobble forward as fast as possible. Colonel Raynor generously remained behind to help his comrade, who was so fearfully crippled. The sun was but about an hour high when they set out from Mr. Burroughs's house, and the evening twilight was fading into darkness when Colonel Hard left his companions.

It was quite dark before Hard reached a point opposite the cutter. He hailed the boat and asked to be taken on board. The reply came back that they could not take him unless he told them who he was. He shouted out his story, pleading for himself and his comrades. It was all in vain. Colonel Hard then asked if they would drop a line and take him on board if he would swim out to them. The cruel reply was, "If you come near the gun-boat we will fire upon you." We fear that the response of Colonel Hard was not couched in the most gentle terms.

In the mean time his comrades, toiling painfully along, after the lapse of half an hour, listened eagerly for the sound of oars coming to their relief. Disappointed, they crept slowly along, much of the time wading in the river, as the cool water was somewhat refreshing to their gory feet. Continuing on in this way, at nine o'clock at night they arrived opposite the vessel, which was anchored about a quarter of a mile out in the stream.

They could not imagine what had become of Hard. It was evident that something had befallen him, for they knew that he was incapable of deserting them. They hailed several times, but no responsive voice came back through the silence and darkness of the night. They hailed the revenue cutter, over which the Stars and Stripes were floating in the moonlight, but no answer was vouchsafed them. Soon they heard the grating of the chains as the anchor was uplifted, and saw the unfurling of the sails. They clapped their hands in excess of joy, believing that the cutter was coming to their rescue, and that in a few moments they would find themselves safe under the protection of that flag for which they had suffered so much.

What was their astonishment to behold the vessel, as her canvas filled with the evening breeze, sailing away up the stream! They gazed upon the receding boat in mute amazement and despair. "What can it mean? Is this all a dream?" they asked themselves over and over again. As they sat there in the gloom of night, and enveloped in the still deeper gloom of their own disappointment, they heard voices up the river, and walking a little distance they found some negroes engaged in night-fishing. To the question if they had seen a strange white man about during the evening one of the negroes replied:

"A white man came here, hail de ship, tell dem he a Cap'n, want to git aboard; 'jis den some of Massa Watson's men run down de bank to cotch him; but he drop his shoes an' run away from dem. I hear dem say up to de house day no cotch him."

They further said that Massa Watson was going to run some goods over into Virginia as soon as the moon went down, and that the starting-place was from a marsh two miles below, where two large batteauxs were hid. Raynor and Murphy, after anxious deliberation, determined to go back to Burroughs's house, thinking that Hard would naturally strike for that as a place of safety. The negroes guided them to a dust-road, which they would find easier to their feet than the oyster-shell beach. Uncomplainingly these men of iron nerve and energy trudged along, when soon four large dogs rushed out upon them. A negro came running out from the house, and calling off the dogs, inquired, "Who is ye?" They replied, "We are anxious to get over into Virginia." "Well," said he, "if you will hurry along you can overtake Massa Watson, who, with a lot of men, will run some boats over as soon as the moon goes down. Come along," he continued, "and I go wid you." "No, no," Raynor replied. "You stay here and keep the
DIDFNET POINTS OF VIEW.

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dogs back, and we’ll hurry on and overtake them.”

The negro returned to the house, and they hid in a thicket until half an hour after the moon went down, when, concluding that “Massa Watson” was on his way across the river, they resumed their painful tramp, and reached Burroughs’s about three o’clock in the morning. Mr. Burroughs (may God bless him!) rose from his sleep, took them in, gave them refreshments and a good bed. Weariness and exhaustion overcame the sense of pain, and they slept soundly. When they awoke in the morning the first object that met their eyes was the Howell Cobb, anchored in the stream opposite the house. A boat coming ashore, Colonels Raynor and Murphy were taken on board.

Captain Franks, in command, listened attentively to their story, and told them that he had heard their hail the night before, but believing it to be a decoy to get his men ashore, and knowing the neighborhood to be a dangerous one, he had weighed anchor and stood away. He did all he could to make amends for the misunderstanding, and treated them with the greatest humanity. Mrs. Frank wept at the sight of the inflamed, swollen, bleeding feet, and tenderly bathed them with her own sisterly hand. After partaking of a hasty breakfast Colonel Raynor was permitted, at his own earnest solicitation, to take a boat’s crew and go ashore to hunt up their lost comrade. There were but six seamen on board the cutter, and Raynor was allowed to take two. As they were getting the boat ready a man was seen coming rapidly down the beach. It was Colonel Hard. A boat was sent for him, and he was soon on board the cutter. They were now all safe. Their wonderful escape was accomplished—an escape, when viewed in all its aspects of sagacity, of endurance, of heroism, of unselfishness, can find but few parallels in the history of man.

Colonel Hard confirmed the narrative of the negro. While hailing the vessel the night before, and shouting out his story, he was heard by Watson’s men. They sprang down the bank to catch him, intending, doubtless, to carry him across the river in their boats and deliver him to the rebel authorities. As they rushed upon him, calling upon him to surrender, he dropped his shoes, darted between them, and in the darkness gained the woods, where he hid behind a log and slept till morning. He then worked his way back to Mr. Burroughs’s, and was happily united with his companions beneath the folds of our national banner.

A steamer coming up the river, they were transferred to her. Opposite Acquia Creek the gun-boat Yankee, the flag-ship of the blockading fleet, under Commodore Craven, was at anchor. Commodore Craven and his officers, after carefully questioning the adventurers, received them with the utmost kindness. Hard and Raynor were provided with socks for their feet, but none could be found large enough to cover the blotted mss into which Murphy’s feet were swollen. The Commodore gave them a letter to Captain Dahlgren, Commandant of the Navy-yard at Washington, and sent his swiftest tug, the Resolute, to convey them to the city. Just at sundown on Saturday evening, September the 14th, the steamer reached Washington. As they stepped on shore Colonel Hard turned to his companions and said, very impressively:

“Boys, I have lived twenty-seven days in the Rocky Mountains on uncle’s meat, with the snow four feet deep. But that was nothing to this!”

This frank admission, though coming so late, was gratefully appreciated by his comrades. Before the close of another week Murphy and Raynor were at their homes, and Colonel Hard was with his company, ready for a fight.

Space will not allow us to trace out the subsequent career of these heroic men. Sublimer deeds of daring were never performed than by Colonel Hard, at Chickamauga, and Colonel Raynor, on the Red River. At Harrison’s Landing Colonel Murphy, with his accustomed energy and tact, rendered services which won the love of thousands ready to perish.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Turn the white owl to the martin folk,
In the belfry tower so grim and gray:
“Why do they deafen us with these bells?
Is any one dead or born to-day?”

A martin peeped over the rim of its nest,
And answered, crossly: “Why, ain’t you heard
That an heir is come to the great estate?”

“I aven’t,” the owl said, “you my word.”

Said the snail so snug in his dappled shell,
Slowly stretching one cautious horn,
As the beetle was hurrying by so brisk,
Much to his Snailship’s inward scorn:

“Why does that creature ride by so fast?
Has a fire broke out, to the east or west?”

“Your Grace, he rides to the wedding-feast.”

“Let the madman go. What I want’s rest.”

The swallow around the woodman skimmed,
Pouting and turning on flashing wing;
One said: “How liveth this lump of earth?
In the sir, he can neither soar nor spring?

“Over the meadows we sweep and dart,
Down with the flowers, or up in the skies;
While these poor lumberers toll and slave.
Half-starved, for how can they catch their floe?”

Quoth the dry-rot worm to his artsman
In the carpenter’s shop, as they borel away:
“Hark to the sound of the saw and file!
What are these creatures at work at—say?”

From his covered passage a worm looked out,
And eyed the beings so busy overhead:
“I scarcely know, my Lord; but I think
They’re making a box to bury their dead!”

Says a butterfly with his wings of blue
All in a flutter of careless joy,
As he talks to a dragon-fly over a flower:
“Our is a life, Sir, with no alloy.

“What are those black things, row and row,
Winging along by the new-mown hay?”

“That is a funeral,” says the fly;

“The carpenter buries his son to-day.”