Andrew Roy.
Recollections of A Prisoner of War

By Andrew Roy

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Recollections of
A Prisoner of War

CHAPTER I.
THE BATTLE.

WHEN the Civil War began, by the rebels firing on Fort Sumter, the President called for 75,000 volunteers for three months to suppress the insurrection. The Governor of Pennsylvania, foreseeing that the war would assume great magnitude, organized a division of 15,000 men in addition to the quota called for by the President, which he named the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps. It consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and several batteries of artillery.

The division, which was commanded by Major-General George A. McCall, was divided into three brigades: the first being
commanded by Brigadier-General John F. Reynolds, the second by Brigadier-General George G. Meade, the third by Brigadier-General E. O. C. Ord. The Pennsylvania Reserves was the only division in the Union Army in which all the regiments were from the same state.

These three brigade commanders rose to high command: General Meade to the command of the Army of the Potomac; General Reynolds to the command of the First Corps in the Army of the Potomac (he was killed in the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863); General Ord to the command of a corps in the Army of the Potomac. The presence of the Pennsylvania Reserves in Washington, the day after the first battle of Bull Run, saved the capital from being captured by the enemy.

The division was in eighteen battles. Of the forty-seven regiments which sustained the greatest losses in battle, during the war,
forty belonged to the Army of the Potomac, eleven of which were Pennsylvania regiments, four of them being regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, and one of the four was the Tenth. In the assault of the Union Army at Fredericksburg the Reserves lost, in killed and wounded, more men than Picketts division at the Battle of Gettysburg.

The Reserves went into action at Fredericksburg with an effective force of 4,475 men, and lost as follows:

<table>
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<th>Killed</th>
<th>Wounded</th>
<th>Missing</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>175</td>
<td>1,241</td>
<td>457</td>
<td>1,873</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.9 per ct.</td>
<td>27.7 per ct.</td>
<td>9.7 per ct.</td>
<td>41.3 per ct.</td>
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Picketts division went into battle at Gettysburg with an effective force of 6,204 men, and lost as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Killed</th>
<th>Wounded</th>
<th>Missing</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>232</td>
<td>1,157</td>
<td>1,499</td>
<td>2,888</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.7 per ct.</td>
<td>18.6 per ct.</td>
<td>24.1 per ct.</td>
<td>46.4 per ct.</td>
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When the Seven Days Fight opened in front of Richmond, on the 26th of June,
1862, the Pennsylvania Reserves composed the extreme right of the Union Army, and occupied a strong position on the left bank of the Chickahominy River at Beaver Dam, near the village of Mechanicsville. The Reserves had been recently detached from General McDowell's command stationed at Fallmouth, on the Rappahannock River, and sent as a reinforcement to General McClellan, who had promised the President that as soon as the division reached him he would attack and capture Richmond.

McClellan intended to attack Lee on the twenty-fifth, but during the night of the twenty-fourth he received word, through his scouts, that Stonewall Jackson was advancing with his division, and three brigades of Ewells' for a formidable attack on the Union flank, and McClellan was thrown on the defensive. On the afternoon of the twenty-sixth our pickets were driven in at Meadow Bridge, and the Reserves were or-
dered to fall into line of battle. The weather was hot and dry, and we could see by the clouds of dust that the rebels were advancing to give battle.

The fighting started by a furious attack on the Pennsylvania Reserves at Beaver Dam. Our position was naturally a strong one and we had strengthened it still more by an active use of the pick and spade during the time that we were on the Peninsula. The rebels fought bravely; assaulting first one position, then another, in the hope of breaking our lines; but they were repulsed at all points, until darkness closed the combat. They then withdrew out of reach of our fire. During the battle the rebels massed in column of division and charged a battery, which the Tenth Reserves was supporting. While the attacking column was crossing a swamp on the double quick, within a hundred yards of the battery, it opened on the charging column with grape and canister.
The enemy was thrown into confusion and fled. During the night some of the wounded made piteous appeals to our men to carry them within the lines and give them water. Our boys would gladly have done so; but were afraid of being fired on in the darkness by the enemy.

The boys, who were greatly elated at the outcome of the battle, expected the fighting to be renewed on the following morning, and that they would be in Richmond before night. But when morning came we were ordered to fall back to Gaines Mill, six miles down the Chickahominy, where the divisions of Morrell and Sykes were stationed. These troops composed the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by General Fitz John Porter, to which the Pennsylvania Reserves were temporarily attached. When the boys were ordered to fall back they could not understand what it meant. They had repulsed the enemy at all points, and now were retreating before
him. The rank and file were not aware that the enemy had been reinforced during the night in overwhelming numbers, and would have destroyed our forces had we remained on the field. The movement developed itself after we reached Gaines Mill. We were not molested on the retreat, and reached our new line before noon.

The division which attacked us at Beaver Dam was that of A. P. Hill, consisting of six brigades, and numbering twelve thousand men. Two of our regiments, the Sixth and Eleventh were absent on detached duty. We had less than eight thousand to oppose them; but our strong position more than made up for the superior force of the enemy. Stonewall Jackson, who expected to join Hill before the battle opened, did not arrive until it was over.

Hill followed McCall to Gaines Mill, having been reinforced by Jackson and Longstreet with 35,000 men. The enemy ap-
peared in force at two o'clock and attacked our line of battle, but could make no impression on it, because of the entrenchments which protected our men. As soon as Jackson and Longstreet arrived, however, Jackson, who assumed command, massed his forces and hurled them with the utmost impetuosity upon the Union lines. Porter sent for reinforcements and Slocum's Division was ordered to his assistance. Before they arrived our men had been driven from their entrenchments, and were falling back fighting. Slocum's men restored the combat, and threw the enemy on the defensive. We were, however, greatly outnumbered; but so stubbornly did we fight that both Longstreet and Hill thought they had the whole Union Army in their front.

The rebels hurled column after column upon our lines and forced them, by their superior numbers, to give ground again. Our position became so desperate that parts
of regiments were sent to points which were hardest pressed.

While this terrible strife was in progress at Gaines Mill, General Lee was making furious demonstrations on McClellan's lines, on the south of the Chickahominy, leading the Union general to believe that he was about to be attacked along his whole line. These demonstrations had the desired effect; they prevented McClellan from sending further reinforcements to Porter until it was too late to win the battle.

General Magruder, who was in command under Lee, on the south side of the river, had only 25,000 men, while the force in front of him amounted to 55,000. All competent military critics are agreed that if McClellan had assumed the offensive, he would have taken Richmond. General Magruder admits as much. In reporting the situation he says: "I received instructions enjoining the utmost vigilance. I passed the night with-
out sleep. Had McClellan massed his whole force in column, and advanced it against any point in our line of battle—as was done at Austerlitz, under similar circumstances, by the greatest captain of any age—though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum would have insured him success, and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently of the city, might have been his reward."

On the opposite side of the Chickahominy, where the fighting was going on, the conditions were reversed. Porter had not more than 25,000 men including Slocum's reinforcement, while Jackson had 55,000. The two armies, McClellan's and Lee's, were equal in numbers, but the rebels had nearly two to one where the battle was raging. Lee had completely outgeneraled McClellan.

The Pennsylvania Reserves were brought into action late in the afternoon. The
Tenth had been supporting a battery, but toward evening was moved on the firing line, and as the regiment was in the act of forming on the right, by file into line, Company A commenced firing without orders into the Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves, which was in our front, hotly engaged with the enemy. The officers and a number of the cool privates cried, "Stop firing—the boys in front are our own men."

After order was restored I looked along the line of our regiment and could see the muskets of the boys trembling. The sight did me a world of good, for I thought I was the only man in the regiment possessed of a feeling of fear.
CHAPTER II.

BEFORE the Tenth went into action, the regiment was ordered to lie down, and when the command was given to charge bayonets they sprang to their feet and made for the enemy. I was in the rear rank, but seeing an opening between Company A and Company F, dashed into the gap. My comrade, on the left, had his hat in his left hand and while waving it aloft and cheering lustily the enemy fired, and he fell dead from a bullet which pierced his heart. At the same moment I felt a terrible blow on the left side, as though some one had struck me with a club, and I was knocked half way round. I leaned upon my musket for support but soon became insensible and fell. When I regained consciousness a comrade was leaning over me; he examined my cloth-
ing and found that a minie-ball had passed through my left side, a little above the groin.

The volley which the enemy fired into our charging line, did not even stagger the regiment, and the rebel line broke and fled pursued by our men. The enemy replaced the gap in their line with fresh troops, who, in turn, forced the boys in blue to give ground. They retired slowly, loading and firing. After passing over my body the line halted, and for a few minutes I was lying between the two lines, under a terrific fire from both sides. The rebels were furthest from me and their balls that fell short, sometimes threw the dirt over my clothes. I expected to be shot again every moment, and was terribly frightened.

It does not require a great amount of courage to go through a battle creditably, for a soldier feels no fear while fighting. It is when he has to take the enemies fire and cannot return it, that he feels like running away.
I, certainly, would have run had I been able. In a few minutes, which I thought were hours, the boys in blue went after the boys in gray again with the bayonet, and drove them back to their second line. The hospital corps came with a stretcher, carried me to the rear on their shoulders, and placed me in an ambulance.

It already contained an occupant, a comrade of the same company named Joseph Stewart. He had been shot in the head by a buckshot. This was the second time he had been wounded — the first time on the picket line, six months before — the ball having entered his cheek, passing out through his neck, carrying away part of his jawbone. He had but recently returned to duty, when he received the second wound. He had been offered his discharge, but declined to accept it, declaring he would see the end of the war, or leave his bones on the "sacred soil of Virginia."
A few yards from where the ambulance was standing, a battery of six guns was in position. It had no infantry support, they having been transferred to the firing line which the rebels were making superhuman efforts to break. A rebel regiment was massing in column of division to charge the battery and soon their yells rose wild and high. Our gunners fired upon them; the driver of the ambulance lashed his horses to a gallop. I turned my head to see the issue of the charge—the gunners were spiking the cannon before abandoning them.

When I was lifted out of the ambulance at the regimental hospital, which was in a hollow, the surgeons were busy with their work of mercy, dressing wounds. Tears were rolling down the cheeks of the assistant surgeon, and the hands and shirt sleeves of both were besmeared with blood. The assistant came over and handed me a bottle of liquor bade me take a good drink; I did
so, when he added: "Take more, it will do you good." As soon as he had washed the blood from my wound I inquired if he thought it was fatal; he replied, "It was lucky for you that the ball came out where it did."

It was now sundown; the battle was still raging, but the roar of musketry too clearly indicated that our line was giving ground. Shortly after sundown it was broken in the center, but there was no stampede, for the regulars and zouaves held together and brought up the rear, retiring slowly and in good order. At dark loud shouts were heard in the rear, and were distinctly heard at the regimental hospital where the wounded were lying. The cheering came from General Meacher's Irish brigade, which was advancing as a reinforcement from the other side of the river. Stonewall Jackson thought our men were rallying, and General Whiting dispatched an aide to Gen-
eral Longstreet for reinforcements. But it was too late for further fighting, darkness having thrown her mantle of mercy over the blood-stained field.

About nine o'clock the captain, the first lieutenant and two sergeants came over to the hospital to visit the wounded of the company. After inquiring about my wound the captain said to me: "Roy, McClellan has taken Richmond." This report was spread through our lines and was generally believed. McClellan and Porter had discussed the feasibility of attacking Richmond the night after the battle of Mechanicsville, and the general was then impressed with his ability to break through Lee's weakened lines; but lost heart when the time came to attack.

The captain remained in the hospital until midnight, when he left to take charge of the company, Porter having been ordered by McClellan to withdraw his corps to the
south side of the Chickahominy. Before he left I overheard the captain say to the surgeon:— "What a pity for one so young to die so far from home and friends." "Captain," said I,

"Had I as many lives as I have hairs
I could not wish them to a fairer death."

Two days later the captain himself was shot through the body in the fourth battle of the Seven Days' Fight and left on the field for dead. One of the boys of the company remained with him, and nursed him back to life. Both fell into the hands of the enemy, and were sent to Richmond. In spite of his cruel wound and lack of proper treatment, the captain recovered, but was not able to longer serve his country. Could he have been spared to the army he would have risen to high command. He had been thirteen months at West Point before the war, and had drilled his company so thor-
oughly that it looked like regulars on the march or drill.

All the wounded who were able to walk went with their commands to Savage Station, on the opposite side of the river. Numbers of others were taken across in ambulances. The two sergeants of the company remained with me all night. They had endeavored to secure an ambulance to convey me across the Chickahominy and, failing to get one, offered to carry me across in a blanket; but I was suffering so much that I was unable to stand the trip.

At daybreak the following morning the sergeants made a fire, and were boiling coffee for breakfast, when they observed a cloud of dust indicating the approach of the Confederates. They bolted for the woods, and escaped being captured, having gone but a minute when a Confederate vidette rode forward, with a navy revolver in his hand, and asked if we were wounded.
On being answered in the affirmative, he replied, "Well, you deserve it for invading our country." I asked him if he knew where our army was; he answered, "It is whipped all to hell." Said I, "That is not my information; I understand McClellan has taken Richmond." He threw himself back in his saddle and roared with laughter, exclaiming, "McClellan is killed." I told him I did not believe it. "Well, he has had an arm shot off," and away he rode, holding his revolver at arms length.

My wound had pained me so severely all night that at times I could scarcely endure the agony it caused me; but toward daybreak the pain subsided and I was resting easy when the vidette rode up to us. All the wounded had left, except seven or eight, two of whom had died during the night. These two comrades suffered terribly, and uttered loud lamentations and groans until death kindly stepped in and relieved them.
of their sufferings. One of the wounded, M. C. Lowry, of Company A, had received a flesh wound in the thigh. He had walked to the hospital after being shot; but the wounded limb afterward became so stiff and sore that he could not accompany the retreating column, and was made a prisoner in the morning. He had been a silent listener to the conversation with the rebel vidette, and complimented me. He crawled on his hands and one leg to the edge of the woods and, procuring a stout stick, limped back to the fire, which the two sergeants had built, and made some coffee for himself and associates.

This man proved to be my guardian angel; but for his careful nursing I must have died. After partaking of a frugal breakfast of coffee and hard tack we entered into conversation, and I found him very intelligent. He was a school teacher by profes-
sion, and had been a reader of books. His home was in Somerset, Pennsylvania.

In the hurry of the retreat one of the hospital corps left his knapsack. It had been placed under my head, and I held on to it. It contained a blanket, a band belt, pen, paper, and ink, and a bundle of letters, all of which I kept, except the letters, which I burned, as they had been written for no other eyes than his. We had unslung our knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens before going into battle, and the knapsack which I "captured" proved a special providence for me.

I had noted down in a memorandum book a synopsis of each day's doings, and as it was in my knapsack I lost it. Some Confederate soldier "captured" it and no doubt keeps it as a war relic.
CHAPTER III.
THE HUMANITIES OF WAR.

FITZ JOHN PORTER had no sooner crossed the Chickahominy river with his retreating forces than he burned the bridges to prevent Stonewall Jackson from following in immediate pursuit. It took two days to rebuild these bridges, during which time the bulk of the rebel troops, which had fought at Gaines Mill, were bivouacked on the field. Jackson detailed a corps of men to gather together the wounded Federal prisoners. About ten o'clock of the forenoon of the day after the battle Confederate privates carried the wounded on stretchers to a mansion which had been a hospital for our sick before the fighting opened. As they laid me on the ground one of them remarked: "This is the gamest Yankee that we have handled today." When they
lifted me on the stretcher, seeing that I was very severely wounded, they handled me with great care and did not hurt me, so I replied: "If I have not complained it is due to your care and tenderness, and I thank you for it."

The house was full to overflowing with sick and wounded, and I was placed on the ground, under the shade of a large tree, which served as my quarters for the next two weeks. There were a number of large trees around the house, under whose protecting shade about one-half of the prisoners found rest and shelter from the blazing mid-summer sun, until they were removed to the tobacco warehouse in Richmond. All the outhouses, fences, and part of the weather-boarding of the mansion had been used for fire-wood by our army. The owner of the plantation had removed his family to Richmond on the approach of the Yankees.

He returned, a day or two after the fight,
and mixed freely with the wounded prisoners. He told us that he did not know his own farm, so greatly had war's wide desolation deformed it. The most painful incident of his visit, he said, was the loss of a small Shetland pony, which belonged to his little boy. Since removing his family to Richmond, the little fellow had asked his father many times a day, when he was going to get his pony again. Now it was gone and the father hated so badly to go back and tell the boy that the pony had been stolen by the Yankees. The news would almost break his heart. The planter was a man of splendid physique, and was very much of a gentleman. He had no word of complaint to utter, treated the wounded with great courtesy, and recognized the fact that ruin followed on the trail of an invading army.

Jackson detailed a number of Confederate surgeons to care for the wounded prisoners; this being a customary humanity of war.
A young doctor approached me and asked to see my wound. He was dressed in a blue uniform and I mistook him for one of our own surgeons, and asked if he were a Federal surgeon. "Sir," he replied, snappishly, "do you mean to insult me?" "No, sir," I retorted. "I meant to honor you." After he had washed the blood off both sides of the wound, I asked him what he thought of my chances of recovery. "Sir, you cannot live three days," was his reply, delivered in a blunt and unsympathetic voice. It is strange, but true, in all wars, that the non-combatants are overcome with war rage, while the soldiers who have met in battle have little feeling against each other.

Surgical science was not as far advanced during the Civil War as it is now, and this was not the only case of a surgeon being mistaken when he told a wounded soldier that he could not live.

A rude operating table was constructed
and placed in the shade of a tree, and the surgeons addressed themselves to the work of amputation. More regulars than volunteers, in proportion to their number, were wounded in the limbs, and suffered the loss of a leg or arm. All the patients were put under the influence of chloroform, but a number of them regained consciousness during the operation, and swore worse than the British army did in Flanders, as they writhed in their agony. The surgeons were with us for two days at the plantation house. After treating all the wounded they rolled up their instruments and started out to renew their labors of mercy at some other hospital on the battle-field. We were left without bandages, simplex cerate, or any other necessary articles for dressing our wounds. We were also without medicine for the treatment of the sick.

Jackson, however, detailed six unwounded prisoners to act as cooks and nurses. These
poor fellows had more than they could do for the first week, to furnish water to cool our fevered wounds and quench our thirst. There was a fine spring of clear, cold water about fifty yards from the hospital. The nurses carried this water in canteens to the wounded. One of the nurses was a choleric Frenchman, who had seen service under Napoleon the Third. He was very industrious—running to the spring with a load of canteens. As he returned each trip a score of empty canteens would be raised at arms length, their owners yelling at the top of their voices: "Frenchy, Frenchy, fill my canteen." The little Frenchman's vocabulary of English was rather limited, and when his temper got the better of his big heart, he would relieve his surcharged feelings in French, gesticulating and talking twice as fast as an American could. Some of his sentiments would not do to translate and print.

I had become so weak from loss of blood
that, when I was raised to a sitting posture to have my wound dressed, I became stone blind. The terrible pain which I at first experienced had, however, subsided and I could converse freely. Quite a number of the citizens of Richmond had ridden out to the battle field, and were mingling with the prisoners. One of them, noticing that the flies were swarming around my wound, cut a leafy switch from the tree overhead and, sitting down beside me, brushed them away. He chatted with me in a kind and friendly manner, inquired about my home and my friends, and when he left handed me the switch and urged me to use it constantly.
CHAPTER IV.

A WAR OF WORDS.

On Sunday, June the twenty-ninth, Stonewall Jackson rode in camp, and I got a good look at the already famous Confederate general. He was resting on his horse, leaning sideways on his saddle, with one foot out of the stirrup. He was not a man of distinguished appearance. His gray uniform was covered with dust, and he seemed to have a tired, dreamy, far-away look, reminding one of some well-to-do farmer. But notwithstanding his modest and unassuming bearing he was, I verily believe, the ablest general which the Civil War produced on either side. He was killed too early in the war to fill a large space in its history. Had his life been spared the war might have had a different ending. It was at Jackson’s suggestion that Lee assumed
the offensive in the campaign of the Seven Days' Fight, and so skillfully did Stonewall mask his movements in leaving the Valley to reinforce Lee, that neither Shields nor Fremont, who were in his front to hold him there; nor the Secretary of War, nor McClellan, knew anything about his position until he suddenly appeared on McClellan's right flank and put the Union general on the defensive.

While he lived he was Lee's strong right arm. Lee never lost a battle when Jackson was with him; he never gained a victory after Jackson was killed. Cromwell and Jackson were men of the same stamp; both trusted in God, but kept their powder dry; both were alike invincible in war. Next to Cromwell, England never produced a general of equal ability to Jackson—not even the Iron Duke. But he was fighting against the civilization and enlightened public sentiment of the nineteenth century, and that God
to whom he so often and so devoutly prayed to vouchsafe his blessings on the Confederate cause, could not smile with approval on the upbuilding of a nation founded on a corner-stone of human slavery.

Many of the rank and file of Jackson's army, while awaiting the rebuilding of the bridges across the Chickahominy, mingled with the wounded prisoners, and discussed with them the causes and the probable result of the war. Some of them were bitter and defiant in statement, declaring that every man, woman and child in the South would die in the last ditch sooner than submit to subjugation. Quite a number of the privates, and particularly the non-commissioned officers, were men of good social standing, and were well educated. These men laid the blame on such men as Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley and William Lloyd Garrison, as the cause of the war. The majority of the privates, however, were of the class known
as the poor whites of the South. Few of this constituency could read and write intelligently; but they were as ready with argument as with their muskets to defend their positions; they were, however, better fighters than debaters. They spoke with the accent of the darkeys of the Southern plantations. None of them had ever read a line of the Constitution, but they were ever appealing to it in proof of the justness of their cause.

One of the privates of this class and I held a very friendly conversation on the war question. He belonged to an Alabama regiment, and was barefooted. Before leaving he asked me if I had anything to eat; I answered that I had not; whereupon he thrust his hand in his haversack and drawing out a large hard-tack cracker, broke it in two and tendered me one of the pieces, stating it was all he had. I thanked him kindly, but declined the friendly offering, telling him that I could not eat, and that we would be fur-
nished rations by the commissary; he still insisted, but I finally induced him to put it back in his haversack. My shoes were lying beside me and I tendered them to him, but he at first refused to accept them; I urged him to take them, stating that I had no use for them, and would get another pair long before I would be well enough to wear them. He finally consented to take them as a present from me. Having tried them on and finding that they fitted him, he thanked me from the bottom of his heart and went on his way rejoicing. I have always regretted that I did not ask his name and home address, as I would have gladly renewed his acquaintance after the war, in case he survived it. Scenes like these leave an indelible impression on the mind.

M. C. Lowry and I were the only two members of the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves located at this hospital. We were both laid under the shade of the same tree. He was
much less severely wounded, and was much stronger than I. He was intensely patriotic, and neither wounds nor privations could make any impression on his dauntless heart. He engaged earnestly in discussing the issues of the war with the more intelligent Southern soldiers; told them frankly but kindly that the war would never cease until all the seceded states returned to their allegiance to the General Government. Hearing one of our boys say to a rebel soldier that the war was now practically over; that if the government did not put a stop to it the people would rise up in their might and stop it themselves, Lowry roared at him in rising anger: "You're a damned liar." "There," exclaimed the Southern soldier, "There is a brave man — there is a man who is not afraid to speak his mind." On another occasion, having got into a discussion with a citizen of Richmond, evidently a man of some consequence in the city, about the relative social
status and intelligence of the people of the North and South, the citizen said, among other things, that a Southern man knew more about Chesterfield in five minutes than your Northern mudsill did in a lifetime. Lowry's eyes flashed fire as he retorted: "I have not found all Southerners gentlemen and I'm damned if I am talking to a gentleman now." The boasting son of the South collapsed.

The three days of grace which the rebel surgeon had informed me would be my allotted span of life having expired, and feeling very weak, although not quite ready to yield up the ghost, I scrawled a brief note to my mother, informing her that I had been very severely wounded in the battle of Gaines Mill three days before and was a prisoner, with many other wounded men; that my wound was probably fatal, and that as I had no way of sending the letter through the lines, I would put it in my blouse, and if
I died the soldiers who buried me would find it in my pocket and mail it as soon as they could. Two comrades of the company I belonged to, however, had written and informed her that her son had been mortally wounded and left with the enemy. Two days later one of the comrades, Thomas Hawley, was himself killed, struck by a cannon ball which carried away one of his legs, at the battle of Glendale. The other, Hugh McMillan, was killed at the second battle of Bull Run, the following August.

The following is a copy of the letter as I remember it:

"Gaines Mill, Va., June 30, 1862.

Mrs. Mary Roy,
Frostburg, Alleghany Co., Md.

My Dear Mother—Three days ago I was wounded in the left side, the ball passing through my body just above the groin, in a bayonet charge at the battle of Gaines Mill, and the wound is probably mortal.

I am a prisoner of war, and am left with many others on the battle-field. I will keep
this letter in my blouse pocket, and if I die it will be sent you by some of my comrades after they are exchanged.

Dear mother, farewell.

Your loving son,

ANDREW ROY.

In a day or two after penning the note to my mother I began to gain strength, and the day before the prisoners were transferred to Richmond, tore it up. On receiving my comrades' letter, mother put on mourning, and was wearing it when I wrote to her, after being paroled, that I was back in "God's country" once more.

The six nurses, and the less severely wounded who were able to assist them, had more than they could attend to, ministering to the sick and helplessly wounded. As soon as I had recovered a little strength, I crawled to the spring to fill my canteen. Having no trousers, I wrapped my blanket around my body as a Scottish Highlander wears his kilt, and fastened it to my waist.
with the yellow band belt. Having no shirt, I buttoned up my blouse. Notwithstanding these precautions the mosquitoes would find a bare spot and plunge their lances in it.
CHAPTER V.

FIGHTING MAGGOTS AND MOSQUITOES.

BEING still too weak from suffering and loss of blood to fight the flies that swarmed around my wound, it became filled with maggots, as the Richmond citizen predicted it would, in case I did not keep them away with the switch he gave me. Every one of the very severely wounded became afflicted equally with myself, with these pestiferous vermin. My friend, Lowry, whose wound was a flesh one, fought the flies away and was not a victim to maggots. He addressed himself to the task of cleaning them out of my wound. He whittled down a short stick to a point, procured a leaf from the tree overhead, and with those rude surgical instruments attacked the enemy. He used the stick to pull out the vermin, holding
the leaf under the wound to catch and throw them away.

Lowry made daily attacks, and soon gained ground, but was not able to clean them all out. The wound was about six or seven inches long, and although he attacked the maggots from front and rear alternately, he could not reach the enemy's center. He was a good singer, and while digging deep into the wound with his stick, sang the beautiful song of "Annie Laurie," which every soldier knew by heart, and which on the march the whole army would often sing with such volume of voice that it could be heard several miles distant. While Lowry was chanting the song his eye had a dreamy look, for his mind was back in the hills of his native state, where "the girl he left behind" lived and loved him; and it revived many memories of the land of my birth and boyhood. I copy the song from memory:
"Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gaed me her promise true:
Gaed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

"Her brow is like the snow-drift
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on —
That e'er the sun shone on.
And dark-blue is her eye:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet:
And like simmer soft winds sighing,
Her voice is now and sweet—
Her voice is now and sweet.
And she's a' the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

One poor fellow, who lay next to me, had been wounded in the neck and was literally covered with maggots. When the nurses
lifted him to a sitting position to dress his wound, the sight was heart-rending. He could not speak, being too far gone for utterance, and died the following day.

The Richmond government, as soon as it was informed of the condition of our wounded, sent out a supply of turpentine to our nurses, which they poured into our wounds. The maggots now bit harder than ever. It was a question for some hours whether they would kill the wounded or the turpentine would kill the maggots. The endurance of the soldiers triumphed, and we were not further troubled with the pestiferous vermin.

But we still had another enemy to meet, the mosquitoes. They bit harder than any mosquitoes that I have ever seen, before or since. Every time they inserted their long, sharp bills into our poor bodies they drew blood. We fought them off with some degree of success during the day, but while asleep
at night we were at their mercy, and they were strangers to mercy. We were awakened again and again by the pain of their merciless lances, and in the morning our faces looked in many cases as though we had been in a prize fight.

Many melancholy scenes were witnessed during our sixteen days' sojourn on the battle field. Among the more very severely wounded was a tall boy, evidently not more than sixteen years of age. He was shot in the back, and the wound paralyzed both of his legs. He had been laid down in the shade of the planter's house; as the day advanced the shade left him, and he was exposed to the fierce rays of a midsummer sun. He would then call piteously for somebody to move him over into the shade, and if his call was not immediately answered would burst out in loud lamentation. One of the wounded, a regular, whose arm had been shot away in battle, went over to him and told him that
if he did not cease crying he would horse-whip him. "I am wounded," moaned the poor boy. "So are we all wounded; but that is no excuse for a soldier playing the baby," cried the one-armed soldier.

Men died every day from the severity of their wounds; or from lack of medical treatment. The nurses carried the dead out about twenty or thirty steps from the camp and threw a few shovelfuls of dirt over the bodies. The rain cracked the thin covering of earth, exposing the bodies which had become a mass of maggots. General Sherman never said a truer thing than, "War is Hell."

Among the slightly wounded was a tall and handsome man about thirty years of age. He had been wounded in the knee and ought to have gotten well soon; he had a wife and family whom he dearly loved. He fretted so much about them that it made him sick. He would often say, "Oh, if I could only send word to my wife and children what a
load it would take off my mind;" then he would ask the comrades, "Do you think we will ever get out of this place?" I endeavored to comfort the poor fellow by telling him that wars always produce similar suffering and privation, and hoped that we would all live to tell our friends the thrilling story of our prison life.
CHAPTER VI.

HARD TIMES.

AFTER Stonewall Jackson's command left to join their comrades in pursuit of McClellan's retreating army, and the Richmond citizens had become tired of visiting the battlefield and looking at the wounded Yankee prisoners, we were left alone in our misery. The more slightly wounded were becoming able to hobble to the spring for water to dress their wounds and quench their thirst. All the prisoners except the incurably wounded became more cheerful and light-hearted as their strength began to come back to them.

Occasionally some convalescent Confederate soldier would pass en route to join his regiment, and leave a copy of a Richmond paper, which we eagerly devoured, for we possessed no means of getting news about
our own army, nor of sending communications through the rebel lines, and anything in the line of a newspaper was "a welcome visitor to our home circle." The Confederate papers were full of the most absurd accounts of the series of battles which occurred during the six days of McClellan's retreat, and predicted that the Yankee government would soon acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

I had lost my cap while being lifted into the ambulance; had given my shoes to a kind-hearted Confederate soldier who was bare-footed; had my pants taken off when my wound became filled with maggots, and a straggling Johnny Reb stole them; had torn up my shirt for bandages; and all my worldly possessions in the way of clothing consisted of my blouse, a pair of socks, and a blanket—the latter I found in the knapsack which I had picked up at the Regimental Hospital the day after the battle of Gaines Mill, but,
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

I wrapped my body in the blanket, kept my blouse buttoned up to protect myself from the lances of the mosquitoes, and having regained a little strength, fought off the flies as best I could with a leafy switch; poured cold water on my wound, which cooled the fever and kept down the inflammation; and was not altogether unhappy. Lying under the shelter of a friendly tree, I breathed the pure, sweet air of heaven, and heard the sweet songs of birds.

There were several heavy rains the first week of our imprisonment. During the storm I took refuge in the planter's house. If was so full of wounded men that the air was foul from the emanations of their lungs and wounds, and I was glad to get back under the tree as soon as the rain was over. Many of the wounded preferred to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm to the sicken-
ing stench of the house. Their frames had become so toughened by exposure in the bivouac and on the march that a shower of rain had no terrors for them. When the sun came out, their clothes soon dried on their backs.

Depressing as the situation was, there was not a single regret expressed by any of the wounded that they had enlisted to fight for the preservation of the Union. All were ready as soon as their wounds were healed, to return to duty and assist in the overthrow of the rebellion, that the Government, bequeathed by their fathers, might be handed down unimpaired to their children.

After we had been nine days on the battle field everything in the commissary had been eaten up. The conviction forced itself upon us that the Rebel government had deliberately determined to let us die of starvation; and curses both loud and deep were heaped upon Jeff. Davis and his despicable
Confederacy. We reasoned that a government which would allow wounded prisoners of war to remain on the battlefield without shelter, or medicines, or medical attendants, was heartless enough to abandon them to die of starvation.

In the hasty retreat of our troops across the Chickahominy, the commissary department had thrown out some wagon loads of hard tack near where we lay; but the recent rains had reduced the whole of it to a pulpy mass, bespattered with mud. The nurses and the wounded who could walk went after this dirty paste, selected the best of it, and brought it to their helpless comrades, and for two days this was the only food we had. Sharing the general feeling that we had been abandoned to perish of starvation, I penned a vigorous letter to one of the Richmond papers, protesting against such inhuman treatment, and closed the communication with the statement that "the brave but un-
fortunate prisoners knew how to die for the Union.

I read the letter to two of my comrades, Lowry and Sayers, for their opinion of its propriety. Both heartily approved of it. Lowry, however, asked me to erase the word "brave," stating that it smacked of boasting; but Sayers stood up for the letter as it was written, and said that if we were to die of starvation it was well to let the Rebel government know that we died game, and Lowry yielded. But before an opportunity offered to send the letter into Richmond, a supply of hard tack was sent out to us.

Lowry was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg the following December; but Sayers survived the war, and is still living. We did not hear from each other for several years after we were paroled, when I received the following letter from him:
Mr. Andrew Roy, Sharon, Pa.:

Dear Sir—I came across a Scotchman from West Virginia the other day, and in our sociable I told him I would like to know the whereabouts of a countryman of his who served in The Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves, by your name—the man who laid with me on the battlefield of Gaines Mill, a prisoner of war—and I am informed that you are the man. Were you not wounded in the groin, and do you not remember a man of the Eighth Pennsylvania dressing your wound, and assisting or rather partly dictating a letter to the Richmond Dispatch about the starvation of our prisoners, when happily hard tack was brought the same evening by the rebels, which we exchanged for flour? We saw Stonewall Jackson Sunday, June 29th.

It was not my suffering with you that made me inquire for you, but your grit, or otherwise true patriotism, though a wounded soldier, in defending the cause of the Union against the rebel soldiers and citizens, who visited the battlefield after the retreat of our army. How have you been prospering since the war? Please answer, and I shall be glad to hear from you.

Your comrade,

ROBERT A. SAYERS.
Next to Lowry, Sayers was the best friend I had. He was wounded in the thigh and was soon able to limp about with the aid of a sapling of the forest. He was well educated, and was a college student when the war broke out. He brought me water from the spring and dressed my wound. We have met since the war and still correspond.
CHAPTER VII.

THE CLASSICS.

Quite a number of the wounded prisoners were men of superior education, and possessed a taste for the classics. Not having access to books, they whiled away the lazy, leaden stepping hours rehearsing the works they had read, and had eager listeners. I was fortunately able to quote many passages from Shakespeare, Byron and Burns, also selections from Books V and VI of Paradise Lost, which I had memorized while digging coal in the mines of Arkansas the year before the war, and they were still fresh in my memory. These books relate to the Rebellion in Heaven, where Satan, fraught with envy against the Son of God, summoned all his regent powers to give battle to the Almighty, and establish his throne equal to that of the Most High.
Millions of fierce-contending angels fought on either side, who tore the hills from their foundations and hurled them in mid-air against each other's line of battle. Horrible confusion rose, which would have wrecked Heaven itself, had not the Almighty commissioned His Son to go to the front, in his Great Father's Might, armed with his bow and thunder to assume command of the loyal angels. The presence of the Son withered all the strength of Satan and his rebellious crew, who fled like a herd of timorous goats before the victorious army of the Great Son of God, who pursued them:

"With terrors and with furies to the bounds
   And crystal walls of Heaven, which opening wide
   Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
   Into the wasteful deep."

Whoever has read Book VI of Paradise Lost must have been struck with the parallel between the Civil War in Heaven, and the
Civil War in the United States. Both wars had their origin against constitutional authority. Satan and his followers rebelled, because the Almighty had selected His Only Begotten Son to be the head of the government in Heaven; Jeff. Davis and his followers rebelled because the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, had selected Abraham Lincoln to be the head of the government in the United States. Satan's army was successful in the early part of the war; Jeff. Davis' army was successful in the early part of the war. Satan's Rebellion ended in sudden collapse; the Southern Rebellion ended in sudden collapse. Satan was imprisoned in Hell; Jeff Davis in Fortress Monroe. Neither of these great leaders ever asked for pardon.

I have never met an American who was not an admirer of the poetry of Robert Burns. The Boys in Blue were no exception, and I was called upon to recite "Tam
O'Shanter," the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and everything else I had memorized of Scotia's darling poet. Passages from Shakespeare, Byron, Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier were read from memory by one or another of the comrades, during the sixteen days we passed together under the open sky.

The prisoners represented five or six different states, but the majority of them were from Pennsylvania, New York and Michigan. Quite a number were regulars who represented no state in particular. One of the regulars was an Irishman, who possessed a fund of Irish stories, which he would relate with the vivacity of disposition and gaiety of manner for which the Irish race is generally and justly famed. Although a Catholic, he could crack a joke at the expense of the priest with the zest of a Scotch Presbyterian. One of his stories was about a countryman of his, who was a heavy drinker, but otherwise a fine fellow. He had been induced by a
number of friends, who recognized his many good qualities of head and heart, to join the sons of temperance. For some time he held steadfastly by his pledge. At last, however, his old craving for drink got the better of him, and placing an empty glass behind his back, he asked some of the bystanders to put a sup of liquor into it unknown to him. Lincoln used to tell this story, locating the scene in Springfield, Ills.

Another story of our friend was that of a man who went to the priest to get his sins forgiven. While confessing the man stole the priest’s watch, and holding it up before him, said, “Here is a watch which I have stolen, and I will give it to you.” His reverence told the man that he could not accept of stolen goods, and ordered him to go to the owner of the watch and give it back to him; “I have done so,” said the man, “and he would not take it from me, and so I offer it to you.” “Go back the second time and
tender the owner his watch; if he will not take it you may keep it.” “I have tendered it to the owner twice, your reverence.” “Then,” said the priest, “keep it.” And the thief went his way rejoicing.
CHAPTER VIII.
A CHANGE OF BASE.

After the prisoners had been held two weeks on the battle-field, they were notified that they would be transferred to Richmond in a day or two. The news was received with great satisfaction; but little did we think that the change would be worse than jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. By this time those who had received flesh wounds were, in most cases, in a fair way to recovery. Those who had an arm shot away were able to walk about; those who had lost a leg were able to hobble on crutches. Many of the severely wounded had died.

We looked upon the transfer to Richmond to mean that we were about to be either paroled or exchanged; or at worst to have an opportunity of sending letters through the
lines to our friends at home, whose anguish touching our fate made many a stout heart sick. We had heard nothing from home, nor of the army, since the campaign opened. How it would gladden the hearts of parents, wives and children, brothers and sisters, to learn that we were alive; who, uncertain of our fate, were like Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted.

We were carried in wagons to Savage Station, seven miles from Gaines Mill, thence by rail on the Richmond and York railroad. The teams arrived on the fifteenth, but it took two days to complete the transfer to Savage Station. The road had been built by our army, and consisted of a series of fallen trees laid skin-tight the whole length of the way. The drivers whipped their horses to a trot, and the badly wounded suffered terribly. I was not able to sit up, and lay full length in the bed of the wagon, suffering the most cruel agony from the jolting it made.
I appealed to the driver to drive slower, but he paid no attention to the appeal, and seemed to take fiendish delight in the torture he was inflicting. Finding that I could not move his stony heart, I shut my teeth tight and bore without further complaint his heartless cruelty.

When we reached Savage Station I was thoroughly exhausted and lay down to rest. Soon a comrade of the same company, who had been wounded in the same battle, passed by. He expressed great surprise at seeing me, as he understood that I had died the day after the battle and was reported dead in the company. He was wounded in the side and had walked to Savage Station with the retreating army the night after the battle, but was unable to proceed further and was taken prisoner.

Before the Seven Days' Fight began, Savage Station was the site of the General Hospital of McClellan's army. When the
campaign opened there were 2,500 sick and wounded in this hospital, most of whom, together with the medical stores, fell into the hands of the enemy. Two days after the battle of Gaines Mill another battle was fought here, in which our men, although severely pressed by the Rebels, broke their line by a bayonet charge. McClellan's objective was the James river, and he ordered his victorious troops to continue the retreat. Most of the prisoners had been forwarded to the tobacco warehouses in Richmond, or to Belle Isle on the James River, near Richmond, before the contingent arrived from Gaines Mill.

Savage Station being on the railroad, the Richmond papers found their way among the prisoners. The account of the campaign which they contained was a monstrous caricature. Our army had been all but annihilated in the series of battles which had been fought during the six days' retreat to
the James River, and was cowering under cover of the gunboats; the South had practically conquered their independence. The doughty editorial warriors of the Sanctum Sanctorum were terrible fighters.

There being no train to convey us to Richmond that day, I was only too glad to pass the night at the Station; for I was tired, sore and sick from the terrible jolting of the wagon over the corduroy road. Here I was furnished with a shirt and a pair of shoes, and I bought a pair of army pants with the last five dollar bill that I possessed. After a supper of hard tack and coffee, I dressed my wound and lay down on a cot, under cover of a tent, and slept the sleep of innocent childhood. The next morning I felt all right, the soreness caused by the rough and tumble ride having left me.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the train which was to convey our contingent of prisoners to the Rebel capital came steam-
ing into the station. It consisted of a number of box cars and one regular passenger coach; the box cars being for the privates and non-commissioned officers; the coach for the accommodation of the officers. There were points en route to Richmond where pickets were stationed, who cheered in triumph at our expense; perhaps they were home guards; for soldiers who have faced each other in battle seldom exult over a wounded foe.

We were probably two hours in reaching the Rebel capital. As we filed out of the depot and formed in line of march, the sidewalks were filled with people of both sexes, and all ages, to see the Yankee prisoners. We were a heterogenous mass of humanity. All were dirty; many were in rags, some had lost a leg, others an arm, many had wounded arms in a sling, others their heads tied up; all were thin and emaciated from exposure and lack of medical attention and proper
food. An important looking citizen on horseback, probably the mayor of the city, cried out to us: "Boys, charge all this up to religious fanaticism."

The Rebel officer gave the command, "Forward, march," and we started along the street with slow and solemn step to a tobacco warehouse, which had been assigned for our prison quarters. A file of Confederate soldiers were placed on each side of the entrance of the prison to search the prisoners before they entered the building. All found with revolvers and knives were required to hand them over to the guards; but any one who possessed a watch, or money, was allowed to retain it.

I had the yellow regimental band belt around my body; and before reaching the entrance to the prison, a citizen offered me a dollar and a half in Confederate money for it, and I gladly accepted the offer. At this early stage of the war, the Rebel money had
not greatly depreciated in value, and I bought bread with it in the prison at ten cents a loaf.

The prisoners filed up the steps to their respective quarters as the guards directed. The building had been used as a prison ever since the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, and had just been emptied before our arrival, the former occupants having been transferred to Belle Isle on the James River.

Having become worn out, sore and feverish by the march from the depot to the prison, I stretched myself full length on the dirty floor, in anything but a pleasing frame of mind. The lines over the gates of Hell in Dante’s Inferno can best express my feelings:

"ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE."
The tobacco warehouse was so crowded with prisoners that there was scarcely room to lie down; and we soon discovered that it was inhabited by another species of animated nature. Next day, for some reason, we were removed to another tobacco warehouse on the same street. There were eight hundred and five prisoners confined in this building, which was three stories in height. One hundred and sixty-five occupied the third floor—the room to which I was assigned.

The room was divided up into imaginary sections for bed rooms; two by six feet being allotted to a prisoner. A space two feet wide ran along the whole length of the building between the rows of prisoners—this was a street or passage in which we
might walk to and fro. There were several of these streets between the rows of prisoners. A wider passageway ran at right angles to these parallel passages, leading to the stairway outside. In the rear of the building there was a large water tank which was filled with water from the canal, and there were several out-houses for the calls of nature.

There was a medical director, several nurses and cooks allotted to each room. The doctor was allowed to go outside for necessary medical supplies. He was a whole-souled, big-hearted man, cheerful of manner and kind of speech; and was universally liked by the prisoners. Some of the nurses, too, were allowed to go out on business connected with their office; they never failed to bring back their canteens filled with clear cold water, which they gave to the badly wounded and dying soldiers.

The floor of the room was covered for sev-
eral inches with dried and hardened tobacco juice. This was the mattress on which we slept, our covering being the black and dirty ceiling overhead.

The scorching mid-summer sun raised the temperature of the water in the tank to such a degree that it burned our mouths in drinking it. When it rained hard the water became as brown as a brick; but we had to drink it or go without. During the whole time of our confinement in the tobacco warehouse many of the prisoners never once enjoyed the luxury of a drink of pure, cold water, and none of them got more than two or three mouthfuls.

Our rations were half a loaf a day — a half ration. I was more fortunate than most of my associates, however, as I bought with the Confederate money, received for my belt, an occasional loaf of bread from the vendors, who were permitted to sell to us. There was very little money among the prisoners,
as they had not been paid for two months before the fighting began. We sometimes were treated to half a bowlful of "beef tea," which the boys with perfect truth called dish water. Once I bought a piece of fresh meat, and laid half of it aside for my friend Sayers. He was down in the middle room at the time visiting a comrade. When he returned the meat was fly-blown and he could not eat it.

Comrade Lowry was located on the floor below, and he did not call for a day or two. When he came he said in a serio-comic voice, "Well, Roy, what do you think of our new hotel quarters as compared to the green fields of Gaines Mill?" Said I, "Lowry, do you remember Satan's soliloquy, after he recovered from his stupor on being hurled down into the bottomless pit?

"Farewell, happy fields; hail, horrors; hail Infernal world; and thou profoundest Hell Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time; The mind in its own place and in itself Can make a heaven of hell and a hell of heaven."

I wish I had only half of Satan’s courage, as Milton portrays it in “Paradise Lost.”

“All right,” replied Lowry, “but you must remember that Satan was never confined in a tobacco warehouse, in the Capital of the Southern Confederacy; otherwise he would not have been so courageous and self-contained. Well, we must make the best of it we can for, as Shakespeare says:

“Things are never at the worst
So long as we can say: ‘This is the wors’t”

And he left me promising to “call again.”

Comrade Campbell, of my own company, was in the third or upper room. He often came over to see me and to talk about old times in the regiment, and our quiet and happy homes far away. Sayers was also on the same floor, and we were much together. Campbell had a bad wound; but he was a
strongly-built young man, in the first flush of full-grown manhood, and his courage was like his frame.

The accommodations in the back yard providing for the calls of nature were insufficient for the purpose. Occasionally as many as twenty soldiers would be standing in single file awaiting their turn, and when the promptings of nature could no longer be controlled the poor fellows violated the proprieties. Prisoners too sick or badly wounded to crawl to the sinks were frequently found wallowing in their own filth. In later years, when peace had spread her white wings over the land, Comrade Sayers wrote me: "I distinctly remember the scenes you describe, particularly the letter to the Richmond paper about the starvation of our prisoners; but I do not remember Lowry. He must have been an intimate friend of yours belonging to the same regiment. But the fact is, all the Pennsylvania Reserves
were soul and body brothers. They were blood relations in one sense at least—they bled, suffered and died together on many a hard fought battle field.

"Stricken down in the early part of the war, I saw little of the hard fighting, compared to many; but I saw enough of rebel prison life to appreciate the horrors of those infernal hells, in which studied neglect, for the sole purpose of producing disease and death were daily practiced. Who will ever forget those scenes of wounded men wallowing helpless in their own filth, covered with vermin, and starved into disease, idiocy and death.

When I think of those days, I wonder how any soldier can be a Democrat, especially any one who ever experienced the horrors of those infernal dens. If wounds and privations in rebel prisons will not knock the Democracy out of a man I wonder where the honor and brains of such a man can dwell."
CHAPTER X.
HEARTRENDING SCENES.

I had two comrades, both terribly wounded, who occupied bedroom space with me on the tobacco stained floor. I occupied the middle of the bed. Both comrades, in addition to their wounds, were burning with fever. The second day they sank rapidly, and in the afternoon they died.

I turned my head to watch them die. They expired within five minutes of each other. Neither of them ever spoke. As soon as the doctor's attention was called to their death, he had the remains removed, and the bedroom space made vacant was filled by other prisoners.

In that closely packed room, where nearly two hundred men were quartered, most of them wounded, the stench which filled the
room was suffocating. My lungs soon became so clogged up that I could not breathe without suffering, and I had a pain in my breast all the time I was in the tobacco warehouse. A number of the unwounded would sit on the window sills of the prison, with their legs hanging outward, and nearly filled the space through which the fresh air of Heaven might otherwise have entered the building. This was against the rules, and the rebel guards in the street would order them back into the room; they, however, would disregard them and return again. In no case which came under my observation did the guards ever raise their pieces on them. It was frequently published in the Northern papers that the Rebel guards had shot some of the prisoners at the windows; but the statement was unwarranted and untrue. The guards were, on the contrary, exceedingly forbearing when their orders were disregarded.
I was able in a day or two to go down the stairway to the water tank in the back yard to dress my wound. On one of these occasions I met the tall New Yorker at the tank dressing his wounded knee. He was not looking well, and was feverish. "O, Roy, he said, "we will never get out of this horrible place; I will never see my wife and children any more. The settled purpose of the Rebel government is to kill all the prisoners by neglect and starvation. How can a government which pretends to be civilized have the heart to treat its prisoners as we are being treated? O, if I could only see my wife and children again I would not mind it so much." I promised to call on him, and bade him cheer up; that we would all get home after a while and live and laugh at this hereafter. I visited him the following day and found him stretched full length on the floor with a high fever. Sayers went down to see him later in the day, and
on returning said to me: "The New Yorker is a very sick man; I believe he is dying, go down and talk to him." I did so, but he refused to be comforted. He died next day.

The death of this comrade filled my heart with sorrow; for I had become greatly attached to him. I blamed myself for not taking his home address. His poor wife and children would probably never know when and where he died. It would have been a great consolation to them to have been informed that his greatest sorrow, as a prisoner of war, was that he could not communicate with them and send them his love, and to know how often and how lovingly he had spoken of them.

There was no chair nor table to rest on; no needle nor thread with which to mend our clothes, no water, soap or towels in the prison. The pale and emaciated condition of the prisoners, the daily deaths, sometimes amounting to a dozen, and the ever increas-
ing number of sick were enough to rend the stoutest heart. We could see from the back windows of the prison the Rebel Capitol, with the Rebel flag waving over it, and curses both loud and deep were freely expressed that Jeff Davis and the flag, too, might be hurled down

"To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire."

These were not the words used; my pen is not able to transcribe them, and if it were, they would not look well in print.

Owing to the severity of my wound I was not able to walk, except with suffering, and passed most of the wearisome hours stretched full length on the floor. An occasional newspaper would find its way to the prison, which was read with the greatest eagerness. Frequently, to take my mind off the gloomy and depressing situation, I would watch, timepiece in hand, our hemipterous com-
rades creeping on the tobacco-stained floor—watch them "sprawling and sprattling in shoals and nations," to borrow emphasis from the poetry of Robert Burns. Their maneuvers sometimes reminded me of a line of skirmishers.

To keep these comrades from becoming too familiar with our poor bodies we shed our clothing twice a day, and slew all we could find. This gave us relief for the time being; but notwithstanding our repeated attacks they became more numerous and formidable every day. The red, inflamed spots—and their number was legion—with which our bodies were covered, too palpably demonstrated that if we did not carry on a defensive war we would sooner or later bite the dust ourselves. It was a war of opposing and enduring forces.

In the course of two or three weeks a number of the convalescent prisoners were removed to Belle Isle. This gave us more
room in which to walk about the prison, but made little if any difference in its sanitary condition; the vapid atmosphere, the sickening odor, the filthy floor with its thousands of body lice remained. The hand of death also remained.

To escape from the foul and noxious atmosphere of the tobacco warehouse, I frequently rested awhile in the back yard, after dressing my wound. The scorching rays of the mid-summer sun were hard to endure, but were a relief from the horrible stench of the prison. Quite a number of the wounded were not thoughtful in this matter, and died victims to the polluted atmosphere.

My wound continued to discharge pus as copiously as ever, although I was gradually gaining in strength. I made at least a half dozen trips a day to the cistern in the back yard to wash the bandage and dress the wound. I had only one rag—a piece of my shirt, which I had torn up a day or two
after the battle of Gaines Mill, to cover the
wound.

There was an abundance of water at all
times in the tank, to which we could help
ourselves to clean our wounds and wash our
bandages. By turning a faucet we got water
from the canal to drink, but it required
a great exercise of courage, even when
choking, to swallow it by reason of its high
temperature. We never washed our clothes
at all; had we washed them they would have
been as dirty as ever the first night, after
sleeping on the filthy, tobacco-stained floor.

A number of intelligent Southern soldiers,
who were confined in the military prisons
of the North during the War of the Rebel-
lion, have done their best to convince them-
selves and others that the treatment they re-
ceived was as bad as that of the Northern
soldiers confined in Southern prisons. Mili-
tary prison life is bad enough at best, under
the most humane of governments, but there
is no comparison between the treatment the prisoners received in the North and in the South. The passions excited by the Civil War have now died out, and there remains nothing of the old bitterness and hatred. The Southern soldiers were utterly brave, and it was an honor to meet such men in battle; but the military prisons of the South were a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century.
CHAPTER XI.
POETRY IN PRISON — DAY DREAMS.

ONE day Comrade Lowry came to see me with animation in his gait, and a broad smile overspreading his face. He held a newspaper in his hand. "Roy," said he, "this paper contains a poem on Napoleon by Lord Byron. Let us memorize it. It is a magnificent poem and contains eleven stanzas; I have just finished reading it. You can have the paper for an hour, then I will call for it and keep it an hour; we will exchange the paper every hour until we have the poem memorized, and see who comes out victor." I gladly fell in with the idea, mauger the suspicion that I would come out of the contest second best.

I read the poem carefully through, and then commenced to commit it to memory, stanza by stanza. Lowry returned at the ex-
piration of the hour, took the paper, and began to memorize the poem in the same manner. Neither of us reported progress, until Lowry returned before I had quite completed mastering the poem, and said "I have it," at the same time handing me the paper to hold while he recited it. He had the poem memorized word for word, and I acknowledged defeat. I find, after the lapse of forty-two years, that I have forgotten it, with the exception of one or two stanzas. The last one I still remember and transcribe from memory:

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most rapt in clouds and snow.
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head:
And thus reward the toils that to those summits led."

After the war I came across the same poem
in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. The poem is complete in itself. Indeed, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage is a series of poems strung together. Byron's poem on Waterloo, beginning

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"

which every schoolboy knows by heart, is another poem complete in itself, and has no connection with the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, but has a good deal to do with the pilgrimage of Napoleon Bonaparte to the Island of St. Helena.

The mental exercise of memorizing the Apostrophe to Napoleon in the Libby prison was a labor of love. I had always been a reader of poetry, and would have given all the money Uncle Sam owed me at the time for three books, namely, Shakespeare, Milton and Burns. But no books being accessible, I passed away many an otherwise weary hour in day dreams, touching the outcome of the War of the Rebellion. I would discuss
the question with myself whether or not the Southern people, who are hopelessly in the wrong, will succeed in breaking up the Union. They are terribly earnest in this war. No rebellion of such formidable proportions has ever been put down. Will a just God hearken to the prayers of a people fighting to establish a government, the corner stone of which is founded on human slavery? If the Rebellion is overthrown will the warring sections live in peace and harmony, or will the South at the first favorable opportunity rebel again, as Scotland did under her hero, Sir William Wallace, and her hero king, Robert Bruce? I thought, however, that this reasoning was defective—Scotland fought for liberty from a foreign yoke; the South is fighting for slavery.

"Might," it is said, "makes right, and Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Without the railroads could the Rebellion have been put down? I presume
these and similar questions were racking the brains of thousands of people at the same time. Happily the Civil War was settled right, never to be renewed.

On the morning of July 21st there was unusual activity manifested in the streets of Richmond. Small boys began bursting firecrackers and the Rebel flag was displayed from the business houses and private residences, and soon "music arose with its voluptuous swell." For some time we could not comprehend the meaning of this commotion and feared that the Confederate army had won a great victory over our troops; or that England and France had recognized the Southern Confederacy. We soon learned, however, that the people of Richmond were celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run. How little did our Confederate friends think that in less than three years their government would be a thing of the past, their president a fugitive, and their flag trailing in the dust.
The volunteers of the United States Army are altogether different men in point of intelligence from the soldiers of European countries. The rank and file of the armies of Europe are mainly made up from the lowest and most ignorant of the population. The soldier there is taught to obey orders, not to think. Even in the British Army it is a rare thing for a private to rise above the grade of a non-commissioned officer; and it is contrary to the army regulations for a general officer to mention in his report the name of any private who may have done something meritorious in battle.

During our Civil War, in fact, in all our wars, the privates among the volunteers were in many cases better educated and more intelligent than the officers who commanded
DISCUSSING THE CAMPAIGN.

them. The last two generals who commanded the armies of the United States, as well as the present general, were privates in the War of the Rebellion. Hence it has been well said that "The bayonet of the American private soldier thinks." During a campaign the private discusses the situation intelligently, and after a battle criticises the causes of success or failure with as much intelligence as the general commanding.

During the sixteen days that the prisoners lay on the battle ground of Gaines Mill, as well as during their prison life in Richmond, they discussed the campaign daily. Comrade Lowry, who possessed the elements of a general, and would have risen to high command had his life been spared, frequently discussed the errors and defects of McClellan's generalship. I do not know whether he ever read the battle of Austerlitz, but he always insisted that McClellan should have attacked Lee when the rebel army was
divided, with a river between the two wings. Had Grant, or Sherman, or Sheridan been in command of the Army of the Potomac in the Seven Day's Fight, the campaign would have had a different result.

The difference in the character of the first and last commander of the Army of the Potomac was well illustrated at the beginning of the war. When President Lincoln issued his first general order, as commander-in-chief of the army, for a forward movement of all the armies, on the twenty-second of February, McClellan did not move before the tenth of March; he had to delay obeying the President's order until the ground would dry. Grant, who construed the President's order to mean that he need not wait until the twenty-second of February, was off within twenty-four hours after receiving the order, and by the twenty-second of February had fought a great battle, and taken more prison-
ers than had ever been captured by any general on the American continent.

Lee attempted the same maneuver on Grant at Spottsylvania which was so successful against McClellan on the Chickahominy. He massed on Grant's right and struck it a terrible blow. Grant and Meade were sitting on a log together, when an aide rode forward and informed Grant that Lee had massed on his right and was driving it by force of superior numbers. Grant handed the order to Meade, who became excited. Soon another and another aide rode forward with the same report. "My God, General," exclaimed Meade, "we will have to take the army out of here." Grant, as cool as "patience on a monument," took his hat off his head, the cigar out of his mouth, and said to himself: "Ah, Mr. Robert Lee, you are driving my right flank; I will see what I can do with your right flank," and wrote an order for a vigorous attack on Lee's right. Meade was
ready to retreat; Grant had not begun to fight.

Notwithstanding the failure of the campaign, McClellan was still the idol of the Army of the Potomac. In the tobacco warehouse the prisoners in ninety-nine cases in a hundred stood by him, and would allow no adverse criticism of his generalship. On one occasion, when Lowry and I were chatting together, a prisoner, an intelligent man, began discussing the campaign. He insisted that we had not been defeated; that the general had only changed his base, his position on the Chickahominy having become untenable. I said to him, "I wish I could think so; a general never fights a battle without an object in view; to do so is to sacrifice his men. It would have been much easier for the general to change his base before Stonewall Jackson's reinforcements arrived; then he could have saved his army stores, his artillery and his men. The facts are that
McClellan was outgeneralled. We would have taken Richmond had the army been properly handled. We are better soldiers than the Rebels; were better clad; better fed, better drilled, more intelligent; it isn’t our fault that Richmond was not taken.” A hospital nurse, who had a light cane in his hand, walked over to me and raised it to strike me, declaring that he would allow no man to criticize General McClellan’s generalship. Lowry asked me to let the matter drop, and turning to the hospital nurse said to him: “Comrade, you are wasting your valor in the wrong place; you should have used it in battle, where it was needed; but I very much doubt if you possess any of the article, or you would not raise your arm to strike a wounded man.” The nurse, who had never fired a shot in battle, collapsed.

Before the campaign opened I had lost faith in McClellan as an able general. He could do everything well but fight. His ad-
mirers called him "the Young Napoleon." There never was a more unfortunate comparison. When Napoleon took command of the Army of Italy it had been reduced to the lowest condition by suffering and poverty. Before starting out on the campaign Napoleon said to his friends: "In three weeks you will see me back in Paris or hear from me in Milan." In fifteen days he had won six battles, captured fifteen thousand prisoners, taken fifty-five pieces of artillery, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. When McClellan took command of the Army of the Potomac he said to his soldiers: "You have seen your last defeat; you have made your last retreat." He promised to make rapid marches and bring the war to a speedy close. He repeatedly promised to take Richmond, but was never ready to fight when the time came to redeem his promise. Instead of attacking Lee he waited until Lee attacked him
and then fled for protection under cover of the gunboats on the James River.

In his history of his campaigns, entitled "McClellan’s Own Story," he gives as his main reason for not assuming the offensive on the south side of the Chickahominy, after Lee had detached to crush Fitz John Porter, that he had on hand but a limited amount of rations, and as it would have taken some time to carry the strong works in his front his men would have been short of food.

He gives the losses of the two armies in the series of battles known as the “Seven Days’ Fight” as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>CONFEDERATES</th>
<th></th>
<th>ARMY OF THE POTOMAC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Killed</td>
<td>2,822</td>
<td>Wounded</td>
<td>1,745</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wounded</td>
<td>13,703</td>
<td>Missing</td>
<td>8,062</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missing</td>
<td>3,224</td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>6,042</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>19,749</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>15,849</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
DISCUSSING THE CAMPAIGN.

The above figures show that our army, in the series of battles, killed and wounded more Confederates than our combined losses of killed, wounded and missing; and McClellan reports that he won every battle except Gaines Mill. This only increases the wonder that he turned his back upon the enemy after defeating him every time, except at Gaines Mill. He insists that he was greatly outnumbered. We know now that he had more men than Lee.

Nearly all of the Southern generals who fought against McClellan have said that they feared him more than any other general who commanded the Army of the Potomac, and that he struck them harder blows. This is probably correct; but it was due to the fact that the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac loved McClellan more than they loved any other commander, not even excepting Grant. Had McClellan possessed half of
Grant's iron will and willingness to fight he would have finished up the war like a clap of thunder. Grant did not know how to retreat; McClellan did not know how to fight. There was always a lion in his path.
CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNION SENTIMENT OF THE SOUTH.

ALTHOUGH to outward appearances the South was a unit to destroy the Union, there was as a matter of fact quite a Union sentiment even in the capital of the Confederacy, which manifested itself as much as it dared in the interest of the prisoners. A lithe, little woman, evidently, judging from the plainness of her dress, the wife of a poor man, passed the prison daily and threw in a loaf of bread through a window of the lower story. She belonged to the common people, which Lincoln said "God loved, or he would not have made so many of them." A single loaf of bread would not add much to the scant bill of fare of 800 prisoners; but the spirit which inspired the act did the prisoners more good than a thousand loaves
would have done by order of the Southern Confederacy.

The common people of the South—the poor whites, as the slave-holding element called them,—were loyal at heart until the mad passions of the politicians precipitated the attack on Fort Sumter. I was a citizen of Arkansas when the war broke out, and was clerk of the election of the precinct in which I resided when the convention was elected to take the state out of the Union. There were only four slave owners in the precinct, all of whom voted for the delegate who favored secession. There were forty-four votes cast altogether, and forty of them were cast for the Union candidate.

Of the sixty-five delegates elected to the state convention, thirty-five were for the Union and thirty for secession. The convention met at Little Rock, the state capital, and immediately adjourned to meet again the following August. After the bombard-
ment of Fort Sumter it re-convened and passed the Ordinance of Secession with a whirl.

The people among whom I lived were farmers, who owned the land they tilled, and were Southerners from Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Alabama. They were too poor to own slaves and hated the system as heartily as either Horace Greely or Wendell Phillips. I boarded with James Crockett, a distant relative of the celebrated backwoodsman of Tennessee, and he possessed many of the traits of character of his uncle, the eccentric Congressman, and was a bold outspoken Union man. When the war broke out he declined to enlist, declaring that he would never shoulder a musket to aid in breaking up the government of his fathers, and insisted that no state convention, or any other state authority, had power to pass an ordinance of secession. When he was drafted he declined to report for duty, and told the
provost guard who came to arrest him that they could shoot him or hang him, but he would never lift a gun against his own countrymen.

One of the lawyers of Fort Smith was also a bold, outspoken Union man, and said in a public speech, before the war opened, "that if any state dared to organize a rebellion against the authority of the United States it was the duty of the general government to use coercion to compel obedience to its authority." The speech raised a storm of indignation about the lawyer's ears and he was compelled to make a recantation to save his life; but, like Galileo, he was still in favor of coercion to compel obedience to the national authority, and he lived to put his principles into practice. After the Union troops captured Fort Smith he raised a regiment of loyal Arkansasians and fought for the Union. He was elected governor of the state in 1884. Being in Arkansas the same
year, I called upon him in Fort Smith; he remembered me very well. After meeting the Governor I inquired of an old acquaintance of anti-bellum days how it came to pass that the people of Arkansas had elected a Union Colonel Governor. "O, well," replied my friend, "he helped to reorganize the state after the war, and we forgave him."
CHAPTER XIV.
PAROLED.

Every day after the first two weeks of our confinement in the tobacco warehouse we expected to receive some positive information in regard to being paroled. Rumors were floating through the prison all hours of the day that we were to be released and sent North, and excitement was up to fever heat on the subject. Every time the director returned from a visit to the city he was besieged for news, and it was always encouraging. The most extravagant expressions of joy were indulged in at the mention of these glad tidings. Wounds and sickness were forgotten and nothing was thought of but the prospect of returning to God's country. The change from our former despair to our present joy cannot well be described.

When we received positive information
that the arrangements had been completed for our release a feeling of joyous exultation filled every breast in the prison. It was the happiest moment of our lives. When night came we could not sleep. Early the following morning the comrades standing at the windows saw a long file of prisoners from a tobacco warehouse above come marching down the street on the way to the railroad station. Next morning another long file passed, and in the evening we were notified that we would be released the following morning. I did not sleep a wink that night, and few eyes were closed in the building. All were up bright and early next morning, happy in the assurance that we were once more to breathe the sweet, pure air of heaven.

Some of the prisoners belonging to the preceding gangs were obliged to return to their prison quarters until the following day, there being no room in the cars to con-
vey them. Weak and crippled, I was determined not to get left and spend another night in that horrible black hole of Calcutta. When the command was given, "Forward, march," I put forth all my strength to keep from falling behind, and was fortunate enough to reach the train before all the cars were filled; but I had to suffer afterwards for my temerity, as the over-exertion made me so feverish and sore that I could not walk without pain for two weeks.

Some good angel must have visited the dreaming ear of the railroad officials or Jeff Davis, for the train was made up of first-class, up-to-date passenger coaches. The train was no sooner loaded with its dirty, ragged, but supremely happy passengers, than it started for City Point, where the prisoners were to be formally turned over to the Confederate States Officers appointed to receive them. In about an hour we reached Petersburg, thirty miles south of Richmond,
where a short stop was made. An old darky, who was selling pies, came up to the window and I bought one of his pies, giving him in payment the last quarter of the Confederate money I had received for the regimental band in Richmond. The pie was horrible stuff and, after taking a bite, I threw it out of the window.

Petersburg, two years later, became the theater of the operations of Grant's and Lee's armies. Its fall, after a prolonged and gallant defense, was followed by the capture of Richmond, the surrender of Lee's army and the total collapse of the Confederacy.

The train started up again and in twenty minutes reached City Point. As the wounded and emaciated soldiers of the Union beheld the Stars and Stripes floating from the masts of the steamboats in the river, loud shouts rent the air; and tears rolled down the cheeks of men unused to weeping. After the cheering subsided the
paroled prisoners, with voices like Stentor, sang the doxology—and we certainly did "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

After relieving their feelings in this manner the prisoners were transferred on board the steamboat "Commodore," and were presented with new uniforms, consisting of cap, shoes, underwear, shirt, blouse, pants and socks. We were assisted in undressing and given a good bath. I still wore the blouse I had on when I was wounded; it had two holes in it, one in front, the other in the rear, where the ball entered and passed through my left side. I did not think of it at the time or I would have asked the officer in command to allow me to retain it as a war relic. All the clothing of the prisoners was wrapped up in bundles and flung into the river.

The same evening we were carried to Harrison's landing, and on the way passed the
gunboat flotilla. The little Monitor, called the "Yankee Cheesebox," from the shape of its turret, was an object of special wonder and admiration. When the "Commodore" reached Harrison's landing, where the Army of the Potomac was camped, it hove to and tied up for the night.

Among the nurses on the boat there was a young and beautiful Quaker girl, whose voice was sweet, gentle and low. She always said "thee" and "thou" in speaking. She was well educated and belonged to one of the best families in Philadelphia. The prisoners idolized her. Some of the more chivalrous declared that it was worth all the suffering and privation they had endured in the rebel prison to look upon her pretty face, and hear her sweet, low and gentle voice.

Not having slept a wink the preceding night, I had promised myself a good night's sleep tonight, and stretched myself on my cot, which was soft and clean — the
PAROLED.

sheets being white as the driven snow; but hour after hour passed away and I could not sleep. Comfortable as was my bed I was not comfortable. The luxury of a good bed was too great to be enjoyed. At midnight I slipped out of bed, stretched my body full length on the bare floor of the boat, and in a few minutes was sound asleep, and did not waken until called for breakfast.
AFTER breakfast the following morning all the wounded and sick were ordered to bed in their respective cots, with the statement that General McClellan was coming on board to see his boys. A visit from the general of the army to a lot of returned prisoners of war was an event not of common occurrence, and in no other country would it be regarded as proper. But all men are equal in the eye of God and by the Constitution of the United States.

The General came aboard about nine in the forenoon, and remained all day conversing with the prisoners. He shook hands with every one, inquired about their wounds or sickness, the kind of treatment they received in the rebel prisons, and gave a minute or two of his time to each. As he ap-
proached my cot one of the boys said to him: "General, we got into Richmond ahead of you." The General colored to the eyes; the soldier meant it as a pleasantry, but the stroke was too practical to be enjoyed. He took me by the hand as he had done others and inquired where I was wounded, lifted the cover from the wound, and asked if I had suffered much. I answered that "I had suffered terribly, but had tried to bear up as became a soldier." He inquired what regiment I belonged to; I answered, "The Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves," and asked him how the Reserves behaved in the series of battle. "Splendidly," he replied. I asked him, "What was your loss in men in the campaign?" "About thirteen thousand." Said I, "General, has the result of the campaign discouraged you?" He raised his arm above his head, swung it in a circle for emphasis, and exclaimed with great earnestness
of feeling: "We will put this Rebellion down as sure as the sun shines in Heaven."

It was late in the evening when General McClellan left the boat. His visit pleased the boys greatly; his robust figure, his keen eye and broad forehead, his soldierly bearing, kind manner, and his confidence that the Rebellion would be put down, endeared him more than ever to the boys, who had fought with rare heroism and suffered untold privation in rebel prisons that the nation might live. Wounded and sick would, at his command, have left their cots to follow him to death or victory.

General McClellan appreciated the love and confidence the prisoners manifested on the occasion of his visits to them. In a private letter to his wife, written at nine o'clock the same evening of his visit, he says: "From nine o'clock this morning until six-thirty this evening I have been among the sick and wounded. More than a thousand
came from Richmond last night and were in the steamer. I saw every one of the poor fellows, talked to them all, heard their sorrows, tried to cheer them up, and feel that I have done my duty toward them. If you could have seen the poor, brave fellows, some at the point of death, brightening up when they saw me, and caught me by the hand, it would have repaid you for much of our common grief and anxiety. It has been the most harrowing day I have passed, yet a proud one for me; and I trust many a poor fellow will sleep more soundly and feel more happy tonight for my visit to them. It makes them feel that they are not forgotten or neglected when their general comes to see them and console them. My men love me very much."

The change of fortune which had befallen the prisoners in the past twenty-four hours was more like some Oriental tale than a reality. Yesterday imprisoned in a foul
and filthy tobacco warehouse, breathing an atmosphere so charged with nephritic vapor that one could not draw a full inspiration; our bodies covered with loathsome vermin; half starved; without proper medical attendance to dress the wounded or minister to the sick. Today breathing the sweet, fresh air; divested of our ragged, dirty and populous clothes; our bodies washed clean, dressed in new uniforms, sailing down a majestic river on a floating palace; sitting down to food not surpassed in the President's dining room, served to us by beautiful and cultured ladies, and honored by a visit from the general of the army, who was proud to take every returned common soldier by the hand.

Cut off from all communication in our gloomy prison house in Richmond, none of us knew anything about the great changes which had recently been made among the army commanders—that General McClellan
had been superseded as commander-in-chief of the army by General Halleck; that the department of Virginia had been created and placed in command of General Pope, leaving General McClellan in command of only such troops as were at Harrison's landing. These changes in commanders were, as events demonstrated, all for the worse. Halleck was greatly inferior to McClellan as commander-in-chief, and Pope was rash and a braggart. The second Bull Run was a greater disaster than the first.

McClellan had been ordered to withdraw his command to Acquia creek, at the time he called on the paroled prisoners, who were under the impression that he was getting ready for another campaign against Richmond. He had protested against the order to withdraw, and had asked for another chance to move against Richmond; but no attention had been paid to his protestations or entreaties. He had lost the confidence of
the administration, but the soldiers under his command believed in him and loved him as much as ever. As usual, he was not ready to move to Acquia creek when ordered, and when he did move it was too late to render Pope any assistance.
CHAPTER XVI.
FORTRESS MONROE.

Shortly after General McClellan left us the "Commodore" backed out into the middle of the river and headed for Fortress Monroe. All the sick and wounded on the boat did sleep sounder that night from the visit of General McClellan. The clean, soft bed on which I could not sleep the previous night was not an obstacle now. Like Goldsmith's sailor, "I loved to lie soft," and slept like a top. The steamer reached the Fortress early in the forenoon.

As the paroled prisoners stepped off the boat reporters representing the large daily newspapers took the name, regiment and residence of each. In the hurry of transcribing many inaccuracies necessarily crept into the papers. My name was printed "A. Ray, 16th Regiment,
Pa. Reserves, Residence Frostburg, Missouri." A younger brother translated this to mean "A. Roy, 10th Pa. Reserves, Frostburg, Md." But mother found no comfort in the translation. She knew I was dead, because shortly after I was wounded a small piece of plaster fell from the ceiling on her head. This, she insisted, was a warning to her that I had died that moment. She was of Highland descent and was quite superstitious.

The severely wounded were assigned to quarters in the fort, which had been converted into a hospital. The convalescents were forwarded to Camp Parole, near Annapolis, Maryland, or to the General Hospital in the Naval Academy, according to their condition.

I was left in the hospital at Fortress Monroe, and was still weak and feverish from the effects of the walk from the prison to the
depot in Richmond. Comrade Lowry also remained at the fortress for a week or two.

From the day of the battle of Gaines Mill to the present time I had not been able to get a letter sent through the lines. I had learned that some of the comrades of the company had written mother that I had been mortally wounded and left in the hands of the enemy, and I often thought of the sorrow which these letters would cause her. I procured pen and paper and wrote a long letter to her, informing her of my return to God's country, after being made prisoner at the battle of Gaines Mill, that I had been badly wounded in the battle and was reported in the regiment to have died from the effects of my wound; but, while severely wounded, I had pulled through all right and hoped soon to be able to get a furlough and get home to see her. In the course of a week I received her reply to the letter, in which she told me that after receiving my
comrades' letters, stating that I had been mortally wounded, she had mourned me as dead. She had been wearing mourning and was as much surprised at the receipt of my letter as if I had risen out of the grave before her eyes. I had inherited a very rugged constitution from my ancestors and, besides, had never lost hope of recovering, which the doctors say is a very strong point in one's favor, when death would fain invade this earthly tabernacle.

It took about two weeks to bring me back to the same degree of strength that I possessed when I made the long walk from the prison to the railroad station in Richmond. I took daily strolls along the bay. The balmy air was so bracing that I soon began to hope that in the course of nine or ten weeks I would be fully recovered from my wound; in this hope I was encouraged by the surgeon of the hospital, who was not aware that there were dead bones in the
wound. The surgeon never probed the wound all the time that I was at the Fort-
ress.

Comrade Lowry, to whom I had become as strongly attached as if he had been my twin brother, was sent to Camp Parole, near Annapolis, Maryland, as a convalescent. He wrote me a characteristic letter from Camp Parole concerning the recent changes in army commanders and predicted the speedy collapse of General Pope, who had dated his first general order from "Headquarters in the Saddle." General Lee, who was a grave and dignified man, perpetrated the only joke of his life when he read this order, saying that it was the first time that a general had his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be.

I greatly enjoyed living at Fortress Monroe. The clean, soft bed, the substantial, well-prepared rations, the pure, clear, cold
water, compared with the miserable half ration, hot and dirty drinking water, the filthy tobacco stained floor teeming with vermin, the polluted atmosphere, reeking with stench, was as pronounced as the upper and lower regions described in the Book of God.

Every care and attention were given the thin and emaciated soldiers, and all improved rapidly. Although I was gradually gaining in strength, the wound continued to discharge the same amount of matter. I could not understand the reason, and frequently consulted the doctor about it, who invariably told me to have patience and I would soon be well.

I remained in Fortress Monroe for three or four weeks, then becoming impatient that the wound did not heal faster than it did, suggested to the surgeon in charge to transfer me to Camp Parole, which he readily agreed to do. It was much nearer to my
mother's home, and I thought that the chance of getting a furlough to visit her, or at least to get a transfer to the General Hospital, at Clarysville, Maryland, two miles from her home, might be brought about at Annapolis in case the wound did not heal as soon as I hoped it would.

I duly received the transfer and was conveyed to Annapolis, the quaint old capital of Maryland, thence to Camp Parole. I immediately hunted up my friend Lowry, and spent the night with him in his tent. The paroled prisoners were living in tents like troops in the field. Those who were too weak from sickness or wounds were sent to the General Hospital in the navy yard. There were several thousand paroled troops in camp, some few of them being of the company to which I belonged, who had been captured in the later battles of the Peninsula.

Fearing that the hard fare incident to
life in the tented field would be more than I could stand. Comrade Lowry advised me not to think of remaining at Camp Parole; but to report to the examining surgeon and get into the General Hospital in the Naval Academy. Accordingly, the next morning I washed my wound carefully and clean, put a clean bandage about my body and reported to the surgeon for examination. He was a Scotchman, dressed in the Highland trousers, worn by the Seventy-Ninth New York Highlanders; and it did not take long to discover that he possessed his full share of Highland pride. After examining my wound, he told me to go to Camp Parole. "Doctor," said I, "Do you not think that I should be sent to the Navy Yard Hospital?" "O, no," he replied, "that wound is almost well; report at Camp Parole."

Returning to the camp, I hunted up the members of my company, and passed the balance of the day with them. They were
agreeably surprised to see me, as they thought I was dead. The following morning I did not dress my wound, and the bandage was covered with pus. In this condition I again reported to the surgeon, who, after unwrapping the bandage, which was reeking with matter, asked, "What are you doing here? You should be in the Navy Yard." "Doctor," said I, "you examined my wound yesterday and sent me to Camp Parole." "I did no such thing," he answered testily, and immediately wrote out an order for my admittance to the General Hospital, in the Navy Yard.

The Seventy-Ninth New York Highlanders, to which the surgeon belonged, was largely composed of men of Scottish birth or descent. The first colonel of the regiment was John Cameron, a brother of the Secretary of War. The regiment came to Washington, dressed in full Highland costume; it soon discarded the kilt, and wore
plaid pants and coat. Colonel Cameron was killed at the first battle of Bull Run, fighting gallantly at the head of his regiment, "as high and wild the Cameron's pibroch rose, the war-note of Locheil."

The Seventy-Ninth Highlanders were later sent to South Carolina, and occupied a fort, two or three hundred yards in front of which there ran a ravine. Soon afterward a Union scout reported to the colonel that a Rebel brigade would attack the fort during the night. The regiment drove stakes in front of the fort, stretched a series of lines of wire from one stake to another and awaited the foe. The moon was shining bright as the Confederates came out of the ravine and formed in close column of division. They gave the rebel yell and charged on the double quick, but never reached the fort, falling in promiscuous confusion over the wires. The Union regiment opened a murderous fire, the rebels sprang
to their feet, and made a precipitate retreat. It was the tactics of Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn repeated.
CHAPTER XVII.
THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

ANNAPOLIS is an old seaport town, but was too near Baltimore to secure foreign trade, and is still a mere village. Some of the houses were built of brick, imported from England two hundred and fifty years ago. It is the capital of Maryland; and the seat of the United States Naval Academy, which was built in 1845, and has trained some of the greatest naval commanders of any age or nation. During the War of the Rebellion it was converted into the more humane business of saving lives. I was assigned to a ward on the second story of one of the buildings. As soon as the nurse had washed my wound the surgeon inserted his probe in the rear orifice, exercising great care and caution in moving it forward. After pushing the probe in for about three
inches, he said, "I am now through the bone; the ball has passed through the center of it, and I find some necrosis bone." I knew that the bone had been struck, but was not aware that the ball had passed through it.

After he had withdrawn his probe he wrote two words on a card in Latin, meaning gunshot wound, and placed it at the head of my bed. "What position were you in when you were shot?" he asked. "Charging bayonets," I answered. "Well," said he, "You were in the act of stepping with your left foot, and the weight of your body was resting on your right leg, and that position saved your life; had you been on the other foot your bowels would have been cut." "Why, doctor," said I, "The rebel surgeon who dressed the wound, after I was made prisoner, told me that I could not live three days, and our own surgeon, who dressed it the evening of the battle reported the wound fatal. How long will it be before
I am fit for duty?” “I cannot tell positively,” he answered. “The dead bone will have to decompose before the wound will stop discharging, and it may be several months before this will occur.” “Can an operation not be performed and the dead bone removed?” I inquired. “No, sir,” he replied, “an operation would kill you, the wound is so near a vital spot.” All this was a revelation, and greatly dampened my ardor of getting well soon.

When I entered the Navy Yard Hospital I had not one cent of money; but I needed none, for everything necessary for the pleasure and comfort of the sick and wounded was provided by the government, even the soldier’s letters were sent free. A soldier once sent the following rhyme on his envelope:

Soldier’s letter — push it ahead
Hard tack and no good bread,
Five months’ pay due and ne’er a red.
Still one likes to have a little change in his pockets, even if he does not find it necessary to spend it, so I wrote to a friend and asked him to send me ten dollars until I should be paid by Uncle Sam. There was five months’ pay due me, but a descriptive list was necessary from the captain of the company before I could draw it. The captain had been shot through the body and made prisoner in one of the later battles of the Seven Days’ Fight and I knew not where to write him.

My friend promptly answered my letter enclosing ten dollars, but it was some little time before I received it. One day I was strolling leisurely through the navy yard when three soldiers passed me and separated. In doing so one of them said, “Good bye, Roy.” “Well,” said I, “that is my name.” One of the soldiers turned to me and inquired if my first name was Andrew, and on being answered in the affirmative, he in-
formed me that there was a letter in the post office for me, containing ten dollars. "My name," said he, "is Augustus Roy, and thinking that the letter was for me I opened it, but finding that it was for another Roy I sealed it again, and you will find everything all right by inquiring at the post office."

Augustus Roy, who had come to the hospital before me, belonged to Company F, Tenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and I belonged to Company F, Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, so that there was similarity in both names and companies. I called at the Post Office and got the letter and the ten dollars. Later I got a letter addressed to A. Roy, with neither company nor regiment on the address, and opened it. It was written in French, a language which I did not understand, so I took it to Augustus Roy, who read it with great facility. He then told me that he was the son of a French-
man and had learned to read and write the language in boyhood, and that the letter was from his father.

A few days after my arrival I called on the general surgeon of the hospital, and requested to be transferred to the General Hospital, at Clarysville, Maryland, which was situated within two miles of my mother's home. He informed me that he had not the authority to grant the transfer; and that I would have to write to the Department in Washington. I did so, but received no reply. I then wrote to some influential friends in Frostburg, Maryland, who interested themselves to secure the transfer, but it took several months before all the red tape conditions were complied with and the transfer brought about.

In the meantime I was getting acquainted with the sick and wounded comrades in the ward. They were nearly all from the Army of the Potomac, the volunteers which com-
prised McClellan's army having been largely drawn from Pennsylvania and the states further East. Quite a number were from the New England states, and were shrewd and intelligent fellows. There was a wiry little Yankee from the state of Connecticut, in the ward, who was a man after my own heart. He was intensely patriotic and had been a reader of books. His home was in Litchfield, a town named in honor of the celebrated Dr. Johnson. The inhabitants of Litchfield were proud of the name and were people of unusual intelligence. The little Yankee, whose name I have forgotten, and I became great friends. We had read the same books and were mainly in accord as to the great poets which Great Britain and the United States had produced.

In discussing the war and its results, my friend insisted that the South was more terribly in earnest than we were, and that their enthusiasm was in a great measure making
up for their lack of resources. We needed a battle cry that would inspire our troops, he insisted. "The Preservation of the Union" did not appeal to men's patriotism like the word "Subjugation" to the Southerner. He could not think of a suitable war cry, but he knew that one was needed.

We passed hours together nearly every day, and he often whiled away the heavy hours of hospital life telling amusing incidents touching the characters of his native town.

There were provided for the inmates of the various wards, books and newspapers, dominoes, checkers, and other innocent games for recreation and amusement. I was fond of playing checkers; there were four or five players in the ward of equal skill; our contests, which were frequent, were watched with keen interest by our associates in the ward. One of these was a German, who did not understand the game, but took great interest in the result, looking on patiently
during its progress,—and he always knew who came out victor, because, said he, "The loser always throws down his checkers first."

One of the inmates of our ward, who was a convalescent, possessed a fine taste for the beautiful in art and nature. He loved to saunter in the town and country by himself to indulge his taste. One day he was admiring a fine house, when the head of it came out and invited him in to dinner. The young soldier, who was modest and bashful, declined. The gentleman, however, would take no excuse, and the young soldier finally followed him into the imposing mansion. He was introduced to the company present, among whom were several elegant ladies. He was in mortal dread lest his table manners would provoke remark. When he left after dinner, the gentleman followed him to the door, shook hands with him, cordially invited him to come back again, and bring some of his comrades with him. On his return to the navy yard he related the circum-
stance to the comrades in the ward, and was struck dumb when he was told that he had dined with the governor of Maryland.

Meanwhile my wound continued to run as freely as ever; the surgeon probed it every few days, exercising the utmost care in inserting the probe in the front orifice. Small pieces of bone began to work out at the rear opening, which encouraged the surgeon to think that nature, which he said was the best surgeon, would soon throw off the dead bone, and he informed me that I could not hope to recover until all the bone had worked out.

Notwithstanding my emaciated condition, I had gained considerable strength since being admitted to the navy yard, and although Camp Parole was a mile or more from the hospital, I was able, by walking slowly and taking several rests on the way, to visit the camp, and to pass a few hours with the comrades of my company. There was one man among them who had fallen out of the ranks on the firing line at Gaines Mill and
felt the reproaches of his comrades keenly. In all the subsequent battles in which the regiment participated he nobly redeemed himself. The first time I met him at the camp he exclaimed: "Roy, I showed the white feather at Gaines Mill, but I have fought bravely in every battle since." Poor fellow, he was killed in the last battle that the regiment took part in, it being the eighteenth in which he had fought.

My friends in Frostburg, Maryland, had been in communication for several months with the medical authorities touching my transfer to the Clarysville Hospital, and after many letters written and received succeeded in bringing it about. Before the transfer reached me the paroled prisoners were exchanged, and early in December all able for duty were notified to report to their respective regiments. I made a trip out to Camp Parole to pass a day with them before they left. Comrade Lowry, who had often
visited me in the navy yard, had long chafed at the dull, aimless life of the camp. He received a new lease of life when the news came that he was to be sent to the front; indeed, all the comrades were inspired with the same feeling.

When Lowry reached the regiment at Falmouth it was in line of battle, awaiting the order to cross the Rappahannock on the pontoon bridges for Fredericksburg. The captain of his company ordered him to remain in camp until the regiment crossed the river, as he had not time to get him a musket and accoutrements. Lowry found a sick soldier in camp, borrowed his musket and belts, and fell into line just as the company was about to step on the pontoons. He was killed in the battle, shot through the heart, and thus died all unknown to fame, a man competent to command an army corps, and who, had his life been spared, would have risen to high command.
CHAPTER XVIII.

CLARYSVILLE.

Toward the last of December I received transfer and transportation papers to the General Hospital at Clarysville, Maryland, and bidding good-bye to all my friends, started on my journey. The weather was bitter cold, and I had but little money, only a few dollars of the ten which I had borrowed when I entered the navy yard, for I had yet received no pay from Uncle Sam. I took passage via the Pennsylvania Central as the Baltimore and Ohio road had recently been torn up by rebel raids. I left the railroad at Hopewell and went the rest of the way by stage, stopping all night at Bedford, in Pennsylvania. The landlord of the hotel had an autograph letter of President Buchanan in the office show-case.

The bed to which I was assigned had but
one thin covering; the night was cold and my body was well drained of blood from long suffering. I could not sleep, but lay shivering with cold the whole night and thought morning would never come. I reached Cumberland, Maryland, ten miles distant, the following afternoon, and put up at the home of a Union widow, who I had been informed was kind to soldiers. After breakfast the next morning, on inquiring for my bill, mine hostess replied, "Nothing." I insisted on paying her, but she would not take the money, saying that she had two sons in the Union army and that she never charged a soldier for a meal or a night's lodging.

As the train on the branch road to Clarysville did not leave until the afternoon I walked over to see some acquaintances in the second Maryland regiment of the Potomac Home Brigade, which was stationed in the town. Lieutenant Andrew Spiers, an old and valued friend, was very kind; he ten-
dered me all the money I needed, and felt hurt because I did not accept his offer to loan me a hundred dollars which he urged upon me, without note or interest, and to be paid back at such time as I wished to return the money.

Lieutenant Spiers and I had worked in the same mine together before the war. He was the most intelligent and scholarly miner I ever knew. He was a great reader of books. We used to meet after our day's work in the mine and read aloud to each other, 15 minutes alternatively. In this manner we read Allison's History of Europe, Bancroft's history of the United States and a number of Shakespeare's plays, Burns' Poetry, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Paradise Lost, Longfellow and Bryant.

The company which Lieutenant Spiers belonged to was raised in the Frostburg mining region, and was composed of miners, with all of whom I was personally acquainted.
They were all stalwart Republicans, when it took nerve to be a Republican in a slave state. A number of these same men raised the first Republican campaign pole ever raised south of Mason and Dixon's line, and defended it with arms in their hands. The flag flew to the breeze until it was blown to shreds and patches, was then cut down, the pole sawed into blocks about two inches square and an inch thick, and distributed all over the United States. In the year 1881 I put a piece in the show case of the relic room in the State House in Columbus.

I took the cars in the afternoon on the branch road to Clarysville and on my arrival immediately reported to Surgeon J. B. Lewis in charge of the General Hospital, who treated me with great kindness and consideration, permitting me to go home and report to Doctor Townsend once a week. I was driven home the same evening and met my mother, who could hardly realize that I could be
alive. The cup of joy was full to running over with both of us.

Dr. Townsend, the assistant surgeon at the Clarysville hospital, was a practicing physician at Eckhart Mines and Vale Summit when the war broke out, and had been our family physician. He still kept up his practice in both of the above named villages, and every time he visited Vale Summit called to dress my wound. He provided mother with a syringe, and directed her to use it in the wound twice a day, with milk-warm water, saturated with castile soap; and to invariably insert the point of the syringe in the rear orifice. The water, when shot into the wound, would fly out at the front in a stream and land several feet beyond the point of exit. The neighbors, when informed of the fact, hesitated to believe, and came in numbers to witness the strange sight.

Dr. Townsend, in probing the wound, used the utmost care and caution in inserting his
instrument. He, like the surgeon at the Naval Academy Hospital, thought that the wound was too near a vital point to be examined except with the utmost care, and said it was little less than a miracle that the bowels were not cut when I was shot.

The syringing did not help me much, and as the winter passed into spring I became impatient and insisted on an operation to remove the dead bone. He would not for a moment entertain the idea, declaring that it would kill me: that the only way to get well was to allow nature to work out her remedy in her own way; that nature is the best surgeon: and I would have to bide her time. To the question, "How long will nature take to rid the wound of the dead bone?" he replied, "It will be several months."

A valued friend, Alexander Sloan, a mine boss at Vale Summit, had presented me shortly after I came home with a fine, stout
cane, which was my constant companion in my walks around the village.

A few months after my wound healed up Comrade Joseph Stuart, who had been wounded in the same battle with me and borne off the battlefield in the same ambulance, selected me as "best man," and his sister as "best maid," for his wedding. The wedding party consisted of twenty-five or thirty lads and lassies, and all went to Cumberland, the county seat, where the happy couple were made one flesh.

Immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremony the party adjourned to the Queen City Hotel for dinner. Two of the girls were without escorts, and by an oversight were not invited to dinner. As soon as my attention was called to the matter I immediately rose from the table to look for the girls and found them on Baltimore street standing by themselves. I apologized for the oversight, taking all the blame, and cour-
teously invited them to dinner; one of them snappishly thanked me and said "they had money enough to purchase their own dinner," and stubbornly declined my invitation, and I had to return to the Hotel without them.

Before the passenger coach left Cumberland for the mines I bought a number of apples and oranges, and gave each girl of the party an orange and an apple, and the two girls without escorts two apiece, and again apologized for the oversight. They accepted the fruit and the apology, and we all whirled up the sinuous mountain side as merry as a marriage bell, to Yale Summit.

After supper the wedding party adjourned to the village hall where arrangements had been made to trip the light fantastic toe. I sought out the high-spirited girl and sat down beside her. She asked me to tell her the story of my prison life. Like Othello I ran it through "even to the present moment that she bade me tell it?" How I had been
wounded and "taken prisoner by the insolent foe," and had been left for dead on the battle-field; how my comrades had written mother, informing her that I had been mortally wounded and left on the battle-field; how I had been left with thousands of other prisoners for sixteen days on the battle-field without medical attention, my wound filled with maggots; with no clothing but my blouse; then taken to Richmond and confined in a tobacco warehouse with over eight hundred comrades, all so closely huddled together that men died every day by the score; our bodies being covered with pestiferous vermin; and half starved.

My story being finished she gave me for my pains a world of thanks, like Desdamona in the play.

"Upon this hint I spoke
She loved me for the dangers I had passed
And I loved her that she did pity me."
Mrs. Andrew Roy at 18.
We were married on the 21st of July, 1864, just two years from the date of my enlistment.

Lieutenant Spiers would frequently come up from Cumberland to pass the day with me, and read Shakespeare and Burns and I was not all unhappy, although I did at times betray marked impatience at the slow surgical progress of old mother nature.

After thirteen months of weary waiting I received a pay from Uncle Sam. The soldiers were being paid thirteen dollars a month, and I received a hundred and fifty-six dollars. At this time the greenbacks had reached the lowest point in depreciation, a dollar in greenbacks being worth thirty-three cents in gold, so that as a matter of fact I received but fifty-two dollars instead of a hundred and fifty-six. The capitalists who loaned the government money to carry on the war were paid principal and interest in gold or its equivalent; in other words, they
were paid a hundred cents on the dollar, while the poor soldier was paid but thirty-three cents on the dollar. This always looked to me to be grossly unfair on the part of the government. The man who bared his breast that the government might live was entitled to the same pay as the man who loaned the government money—the same pay and no more. The government, however, has made amends for its treatment of her gallant soldiers in the bounties and liberal pensions which she has given them since the close of the war.

Maryland was a slave state before the war, and many of her citizens were rebels at heart; Vale Summit had its quota of these pestiferous copperheads. One day a member of the second Maryland Potomac Home Brigade came into mother's house with a musket in his hand, and anger on his face, and asked me to let him have a cap; "I am after a copperhead who is hurrahing for Jeff
Davis. When my wife saw me loading my musket she hid the caps." I took hold of his gun to see that the powder was up in the tube, put on a cap and handed it back. There were a dozen or more copperheads standing together up the street. The soldier went toward them; one of the crowd took to his heels and sought safety in an adjoining store, and locked the door. The soldier burst the door open with the butt of his musket; but it was too late; the bird had flown, having found egress through a back window, and taken to the woods. The circumstances were, however, reported to the provost marshal of Cumberland who sent a file of soldiers to arrest the copperhead. He was thrown into the military prison of the department and given ample time to reflect on the tyranny of the Lincoln government.

In the early part of the summer of 1863, finding that I was not improving any I consulted Dr. Lewis, the surgeon in charge of
the Clarysville Hospital, in regard to an operation to remove the dead bone from my wound, stating that if there was one chance in a hundred of surviving the operation I was willing to take that chance. He answered that there was not one chance in a hundred; that an operation would kill me beyond a doubt; and advised me to go back home, and have patience; that nature in its own good time would throw off the necrosis bone, and I would get well. "How long will it be doctor before nature will do this work?" I inquired. "It will not be many months longer," he answered in about the same words as Dr. Townsend, the assistant surgeon whom I had previously consulted.
CHAPTER XLX.
SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

One of the doctors in Frostburg, named James Porter, who, when I was a boy, was our family physician, stopped in to see me nearly every time professional business called him to the village of Vale Summit. He stood high in the profession; was a man of a very high sense of honor, and had a heart of the finest water. He was the best representative of the "Doctor of the Old School" of Ian McLaren's story of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," that I ever knew. He loved his profession and answered every call, without considering the chances of being paid. I asked his opinion of the chances of recovery, in case an operation was performed on my wound "I do not know," he frankly replied, "and there is not a surgeon around these mountains who does, but none
of them will confess the fact; I see you are getting very impatient, and if you wish I will give you a letter to Dr. Smith of Baltimore; he is the best surgeon in the United States. If an operation can be performed with safety he will do it; if it cannot, he will tell you, and put your mind at ease."

Armed with Doctor Porter's letter I went to Cumberland to consult Colonel Porter of the Second Maryland with whom I was well acquainted, in regard to transportation to Baltimore. He was a nephew of Dr. James Porter, and was himself a physician and surgeon by profession. He and the surgeon of the regiment examined the wound carefully; they had the skeleton of a man in the surgeon's closet, hung together with wires, which they brought out and studied. Finally the surgeon said to me: "You may as well return home; neither Dr. Smith of Baltimore, or any other surgeon living can operate on that wound without producing
fatal results. Colonel Porter rather thought otherwise, and intimated that if he were in practice he would not fear to undertake it, and cut the wound on the outer rear side.

"Well," I replied, "I am going to Baltimore if transportation is furnished." Colonel Porter promised to see General Kelly, who was expected to be in the city in the evening; but did not come, and I stayed over night with Lieutenant Spiers. In the morning Colonel Porter asked me if I felt strong enough to take a prisoner to the Rifrafs in Baltimore, who had been sentenced to six months imprisonment there for desertion. All I would have to do was to carry a loaded musket, and see that the prisoner, who would be handcuffed, did not get away from me; and the colonel promised to send Lieutenant Spiers along with me. I, of course, gladly accepted the proposition.

After handing the prisoner over to the military authorities in Baltimore, Lieutenant
Spiers accompanied me to Dr. Smith's office. There were a number of patients in the office, and I had to wait my turn. I presented Dr. Porter's letter to the great surgeon and awaited in breathless suspense, until he finished reading it, then said: "Doctor, shall I show you the wound?" "Certainly," he replied.

All the surgeons, civil and military, who had before probed the wound, inserted the instrument with caution, particularly when probing in front, because they said it was so near a vital point. Dr. Smith rammed his probe in front with great boldness and without the least regard for my feelings; then withdrawing it thrust it in the rear opening. "There is some necrosis bone in there; I will take it out and you will get well," he said. He sent for some students, spoke to them touching the nature of the wound, and rammed his forceps in the front orifice. He pulled out a piece of bone an inch in length
and half an inch broad, looked at it a moment or two, thrust his forceps in again, and brought out a second piece as large as the first. The process was very painful. He looked in my face for a moment and in went the forceps again. After he had extracted seven pieces of bone, I said, "Doctor for God's sake allow me a few moments rest, and a drink of water, for I feel like fainting." He extracted fourteen pieces altogether, and although he probed the wound carefully could find no more. He then said to me: "What made you come to me? Why did not your own surgeons extract these bones? Don't you know that I am a rebel?" "O, doctor," I said, "you are no rebel?" "Yes, I am," he replied.

He charged me ten dollars for the operation. One of the students told me that the doctor had recently operated on the governor of Maryland, for stone in the bladder, and that it took more time to perform the oper-
ation on me than on the governor; but he charged him six hundred dollars. Wrapping up the pieces of bone, Lieutenant Spiers drove me to the depot, and I returned home.

During my absence, Dr. Townsend, the assistant surgeon of the Clarysville Hospital, got word that I had gone to Baltimore to submit to an operation. He called on mother to verify the statement, and told her that I would be brought home a corpse. As a matter of duty I ought to have asked leave from the surgeon at Clarysville to make the visit to Baltimore, but I knew he would not consent; and I had to steal away or not go at all. I returned a very lively corpse, and was never called to account for what I had done. Dr. Townsend's statement had frightened mother, who was mourning a second time for me as dead.

Dr. Smith had told me, in answer to my inquiry, that the wound would heal up in five or six weeks; but although the flow of
pus soon became greatly diminished it did not gradually lessen and cease altogether. At the end of ten weeks the wound was discharging as freely as it did the first week or two after the operation, and I made another trip to Baltimore to consult the professor. He had forgotten me in the multitude of patients which he had treated, but soon recalled the case. He probed the wound, inserted his forceps and brought out a small piece of decayed bone, which he looked at quisically; tried the forceps again, but could find nothing more. He said: "that wound must heal up," and advised me to return home and have patience.

Notwithstanding the positive assurance of the learned surgeon the wound refused to heal. Week after week passed away, until the summer gave place to fall and the flow of matter had not diminished. But the heart of youth is not easily discouraged, and I resolved to try another surgeon.
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CHAPTER XX.
ANOTHER SURGICAL OPERATION.

W\ithout advising with any of my friends, I resolved to go to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and consult some surgeon there. I went by way of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Wheeling, W. Va. The train stopped at Wellsville for dinner; the proprietor of the Hotel was George Bean, who was a member of the same company, and was wounded in the same battle with me. He had been shot in the knee, and when the wound healed it left him with a stiff leg; and being no longer fit for duty, he was discharged. He declined to charge me for dinner, stating that it was compensation enough to meet an old comrade in arms, and wished me good success in the proposed operation which I was about to undergo.

When the train started after dinner, I en-
gaged in conversation with the passenger who occupied the same seat with me. He proved to be a resident of Pittsburg; and in answer to my inquiry in regard to the name of a first-class surgeon, he recommended Dr. Walters; and informed me that the doctor kept a private hospital, in which I could stay until I recovered sufficiently from the operation to return home.

Dr. Walters carefully and cautiously probed the wound, and said he could find no necrosis bone, but there was some foreign substance in it, probably a piece of my blouse, and that he would have to make an incision to get it out. I told him nothing of the former operations of Professor Smith of Baltimore, and cared little what Doctor Walters proposed to do, so that he got out the foreign substance which was irritating the wound and preventing it from healing up.

He made an incision at each orifice; then thrust his two middle fingers in the wound
until they met. The process was terribly painful. I was lying on a dissecting table, and caught both sides of it with my hands, closed my teeth tightly together and resolved that no exclamation of pain should escape from my lips. After removing his hands he inserted his forceps and pulled out, not a piece of my blouse, but a good sized piece of dead bone. A second insertion of the forceps was rewarded with another piece. He could find no more with his forceps so he inserted his fingers again, but found nothing. I was suffering so much that I feared that I would faint. He gave me a spoonful of some liquid, which soon relieved me of the terrible pain.

I have always thought that Doctor Smith, of Baltimore, unwittingly buried those bones that Dr. Walters removed. He had hold of a piece of bone with his forceps, the fifth or sixth insertion, which slipped from them as he was pulling it out and it was buried in
the left side in the flesh, I think. He tore out the bones, one after another, with all the force he could command, which was, after all, the most merciful way to extract them. At the time I called his attention to the fact that one of the bones was buried, but he would not listen to me. I believe that it was a piece of this same bone, which had rotted off, which he removed when I went back to him the second time. It had rotted in two when Dr. Walters extracted it. He could not find it with his probe, it was too far in the flesh to attract his attention. Indeed, Dr. Smith was puzzled when he probed the wound on my second visit. Men who become eminent in any profession, make as serious mistakes as those of lesser attainments. When President Garfield was shot the surgeons could not locate the ball, and would not listen to the family physician who had diagnosed the case right. It is a question whether or not the celebrated surgeons
in their futile efforts to locate the ball did not kill the brave, long-suffering President.

After the operation, I stayed several days in the hospital being too weak to make the journey home. On the third or fourth day a miner who had been fatally injured, in one of the neighboring mines, was brought in. All the cots in the hospital were filled with patients at the time, and Dr. Walters, who was a German, and a Jew, I believe, was a very choleric man. He lost his temper on seeing the terribly injured miner laid on the floor by the friends who had brought him in. Turning to me he said, "You may go home." Miss McDonald, the matron, stepped forward and protested against the order, declaring, "That man is not in a condition to leave the hospital." The doctor cooled down, made me a very humble apology, but I declined to stay longer. With a generosity wholly unexpected, he came in his private carriage and drove me to the depot himself.
Having caught cold in the wound after the operation I was a very sick man, and should not have left the hospital for two or three weeks; but my blood boiled at the unspeakable meanness of the doctor. He had charged me one hundred dollars, and exacted payment in advance of performing the operation; whereas Dr. Smith had charged but ten dollars, and nothing at all for the second operation.

I stayed all night in Wheeling, which was then the capital of the new state of West Virginia. In the Hotel there were several members of the legislature who seemed to be well-to-do farmers. I was in the uniform of a private, and the stench from my wound attracted their attention. I removed the bandage and showed them where I had been operated on. The surgeons knife had made two deep gashes in my side, which being aggravated by the cold were dreadful and sickening to look at. They assured me that
the government would take care of its brave defenders, and they treated me with marked consideration until I retired for the night, which I spent in great pain.

Next morning I resumed the homeward journey, returning to Piedmont on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; thence up George's creek to the Borden shaft, two miles from home, where being feverish and in pain I rested for the night. I was taken home in the morning in a very emaciated condition. When my mother met me she exclaimed: "Oh, he is dying."

Dr. Smith's two operations did not weaken me much; but the incisions of Dr. Walters were exceedingly painful and exhausting, and were aggravated by the cold in the wound, which I had contracted on my way home. I was compelled to keep my bed for two weeks, suffering more than I did when I was shot down on the battlefield.
Dr. Porter called and gave me a good scolding for not consulting him before going to Pittsburg, and denounced Dr. Walters for butchering me the way he had, and for ordering me to return home before I was in condition to travel. He insisted that I had a right to remain until I had so far recovered from the operation, as to be able to travel with safety, even though it took two months or longer.

I grew weaker every day; I could not turn in bed, and began to despair of recovery. My friends who called to see me also began to lose hope. All at once, after ten days of terrible suffering, the pain in the wound left me, and I began to grow stronger; the pus from the wound began to dry up, and in ten days or two weeks more disappeared altogether.

After I got well I was discharged from the army for physical disability and placed on the pension roll at six dollars a month;
in a short time it was increased to eight dollars, then to a full pension. After the war closed, Congress enacted a law increasing the rate, and I am now receiving twenty-four dollars a month. All the pieces of bone extracted from my wound were placed in a box and kept as a war relic. In 1874 my wife was showing them to some lady visitors and then put the box on the mantel-piece. The hired girl, in cleaning the room, unconscious of the contents of the box, threw it in the fire; and thus perished a war relic which money could not have purchased.

The soldiers of the War of the Rebellion have been liberally cared for by the government, which their valor saved from being overthrown by the mad passion of the Southern slave holding oligarchy. The preservation of the Union cost many hundred million dollars and many hundred thousand lives; but the cost in men and money was none too great in view of the results. The
soldiers of the Union Army have bequeathed to their descendants, a rich inheritance, for which they will be honored by a grateful country as long as civilized man inhabits the earth.
CHAPTER XXI.

A WINTER ON THE RIO GRANDE.

THE lower Rio Grande River, as all know, is the division line of the United States and the Republic of Mexico. The people on the American side of the river are largely Mexicans. They are nearly all mixed with Indian blood. This fact was pointed out to me by a catholic priest as proving the superiority of the Spaniard over the Englishman, or rather the superiority of the Catholic over the Protestant forms of the Christian religion in dealing with the Indian tribes. Said he: "You Englishmen killed off the Indians as you did the wild animals which inhabited the country, whereas we Spaniards, having in mind the teachings of the Savior, settled among the natives, intermarried with them and converted them to Christianity."

"Well," said I, "it is better to destroy a
whole people at once than to lower the standard of man by intermarrying with a savage race, incapable of civilization."

"But," replied my clerical friend, who was a native Spaniard, "the race was not lowered; we Christianized the Indians; the form of government in Mexico is the same as yours; the Mexican people are your equals in all that make up Christian civilization. They wrested the country from the grasp of Spanish oppression as the Americans did from the British yoke." "But," said I, "the Mexicans are several hundred years behind the Americans; they are not a brave and aggressive people like the Americans; look how a few thousand volunteers, hastily gathered together, invaded Mexico in 1846, overran the country, defeating the Mexicans in every battle with vastly inferior numbers."

"Why, no," he interposed, "the Americans outnumbered the Mexicans five to one. Take Texas out of the Union and Mexico
can whip the United States today.” “Why bless your soul, Father,” said I, “they could not whip the little state of Rhode Island.”

The Mexican people are very superstitious. At a funeral a number of the mourners march ahead of the corpse, firing guns to keep the devil away. When they fill up the grave they bore holes in the mound in which they insert lighted candles. I counted 50 candles on a new made grave. The headstones are made of boards, to which is attached a small frame, with a glass front. The epitaphs are enclosed in these frames and are in writing. I noted down two of them in my note-book. They read as follows:

Aquí yo assen los restus joben, Quirino Vallarecal, a la carde edad de 18 anos 26 díaz. Su Mama and hermonos dedican esta requierdo.

The translation would read something like this:
Here rest the remains of Quirine Villareal, who died at the early age of 18 years and 26 days. His mother and brothers dedicate this epitaph to his memory.

The second read: Basiolios C Obrego fellicio el 8 de Febere de 1901 a la edad de 19 anos. Su padres Bessillio y Virginia Obrego consagran esta recuerdoa su memoria, the English of which would be something like this: Bassilios C. Obrigo died on the 8 of February, 1901, aged 19 years. His parents, Bassilios and Virginia C. Obrego have consecrated this to his memory.

In the village of Minera, where I spent most of my time during the three months sojourn, the chief industry is coal mining. The mail comes in once a day at noon. Then the whole population of the mines come swarming into the post office, which is located in the company store. The postmistress, a young Mexican girl, calls out the address of every letter, and although there
are not a half a dozen come for the Mexicans, they stay until the last letter is called out. Every fifth one of them has the given name of Jesus, and it strikes the traveler with amusement to hear such names called out in the post office as Jesus de Leon. They own burros innumerable—small donkeys—which make night hideous with their unearthly yells. They are often called Jesus, too; but with reason, for they are meek and lowly, and carry heavy burdens on their backs. The Americans call them Rio Grande Nightingales, because of their nightly music's roar.

The Mexicans who are called Jesus fail to remember what the sacred name confers, for they nearly all carry daggers, which they carry in the right hand under the cover of a blanket, which serves as an overcoat during the prevalence of a Norther. Their favorite drink is mescal, a kind of whiskey made out of a native plant. It is very strong and
might be called a fighting whiskey; a few drinks make them drunk and spoiling for a fight. When sober they are not quarrelsome, but in their cups they use their daggers without much provocation; sometimes without any provocation. They, however, have a wholesome respect for Americans; for the frontiersman is still handy with his gun, when necessity requires him to use it.

No state in the Union surpasses or equals Texas in the provision made for the education of its people. There are three grades of certificates issued to teachers of the common schools. A teacher holding the highest grade is paid eighty dollars a month; the second grade, sixty dollars, and the third, forty dollars. No matter how small the attendance, nor how primary the studies taught, a teacher holding the highest grade certificate gets eighty dollars per month. In the village of Minera all the pupils are Mexicans. None of them can speak English, yet they are taught
in English, as the laws of Texas provide. They learn their lessons by rote; understand what the teachers say, but the moment school lets out they are all back at Spanish again. Even those who can speak English will not acknowledge it. I visited the schools by invitation of the teachers, and watched the pupils. They added up their sums in Spanish and then translated them into English.

As a rule, neither strict veracity nor honesty are virtues among the Mexican people. One of them sat down in the seat with me while traveling in Texas. I asked him in Spanish if he could speak English. (Habla usted Anglice). He answered in the negative. Later I went into the smoking car and asked a passenger in the seat in front to keep his eye on my grip and overcoat, for I understand the Mexican greasers are rather nimble-fingered. The Mexican roared with laughter and said in very good English: "I will neither steal your satchel nor overcoat."
One day I was taking a stroll along the banks of the Rio Grande River, and overtook a small boy pushing an empty barrel for amusement. He could not have been more than five or six years of age, and did not understand English, yet with every push he gave the barrel, he exclaimed, "God damn."

The Mexicans call the Americans Gringoes. They mean this as a word of reproach, but the Americans pay no attention to it. I have read somewhere that the word was coined during the Mexican war. The American soldiers on the march and in the bivouac used to sing one of Burns' songs, "Green Grows the Rushes O," and the Mexicans in derision named them Gringoes. They never call an American this name to his face.

Among the Mexican women the social event of the week is washing day. They go down to the river in groups of from two to a dozen carrying their washing in baskets.
Each has a stone on the river bank which she uses for a washboard. The women sit down by the waters' edge, immerse a garment in the water, then use soap on it, lave water over it and rub and chat and laugh the day away. Some of them turn out a washing of spotless purity. They have few wants to gratify, and have plenty of time for social pleasure, and are quite happy. As a rule they have beautiful black hair, and teeth of ivory whiteness. Toothache is almost unknown among them.

The Rio Grande River is about 150 yards wide at Minera; and except 30 yards on the Mexican side, it will not in ordinary stages of water take a bather up to the breast. From March to December the miners wash in the river on returning from the toils of the day. The whole family take a swim and as many as four hundred people of both sexes and all ages will be in swimming at once. Many of the women combine against a man to duck
him, and there is much fun and laughter indulged in. The river is sometimes black with the multitude of bathers.

The Americans who have been raised amongst them say they are on the whole a moral people. A young man is never allowed to be in the company of a young woman alone—the father or mother or sister being invariably present. Girls never walk out alone—always in pairs or more. The mother accompanies the daughter to a dance, and the young man who wishes her company must first consult the mother. At the close of the dance he must return her to her mother. On social occasions the young men walk in pairs by themselves and the young women do the same. They exchange glances as they pass but must not stop to speak.

During the invasion of Mexico by the French, who planted Maximillian on a throne, with the title of Emperor, for the purpose, as Napoleon the Third expressed it,
of restoring the ascendancy of the Latin race, the Mexican priests of the Catholic church took sides against their country. After the expulsion of the French and the overthrow and death of Maximilian, the Mexican Congress enacted a law forbidding a priest to wear a clerical suit and declaring that no marriage solemnized by a priest would be legal. The result is that in order to make assurance doubly sure, the marriage ceremony is a double one generally — that is, the parties are married both by the church and by the state.

During my visit a young Mexican living on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, who had concluded to take a life partner for better or for worse, sent for the priest at Laredo, 25 miles below Minera, to come up and marry him. The priest came with his clerical vestments, and rented the school-house in which to perform the sacrament of marriage. According to a rule of the church,
marriage ceremonies are performed in the forenoon. The Mexican, however, desired to be married that afternoon, as he had arranged for a dance in honor of the event. But the priest would not yield, whereupon the Mexican lost his temper and said to the priest, "If you do not marry me this afternoon you shall not marry me at all." "What!" exclaimed the priest, "Are you not a Catholic?" "Yes," replied the bridegroom, "I am a Catholic, but I am no d—d fool, like you." And off went the youthful pair to the 'squire, and were made one flesh by the laws of Texas, and on went the dance in the evening. The priest had to stay in the village all night, there being no afternoon train. And thus Satan, who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, gets his work in, even against the servants of the church.

The Mexicans whom I have been describing belong to the peon class and represent
the poorest and most ignorant part of the people. The ruling class in Mexico are the Castilians. They are an unmixed race of white blood, are very proud, of erect figure, and are very enterprising. The peon is on the lowest round of the ladder of civilization. Many of these people live in Jackells—houses built out of long reeds resembling corn-stalks, in which there is neither a door nor a window. They sleep on the bare ground, with a sheep-skin for a mattress. They have neither chair, nor table, nor knife, nor fork in the Jackell, and live on the poorest and coarsest of food. A fire is made in the middle of the house between two stones, on which a griddle is placed to bake their bread.

The bread is made out of corn meal in the following manner: Two stones, one hollow like a bowl, the other round like a ball, are used for breaking up the corn into meal; the corn, after being shelled, is placed in the
bowl and mashed with the round stone. It is then converted into dough, by a judicious mixture of water, flattened into cakes by hand, then baked on the griddle; there is nothing but the water and corn in the cake—not even a grain of salt. Another dish they make is called chiliconcarne, which is so charged with pepper that a single bite suffices for an American.

The better class of these peons, however, live in company houses which will compare favorably with many of the company houses in Jackson county. They live fairly well, but the Mexican miner never, except in rare cases, lays up anything for a rainy day. They follow their loaded car out of the mine, get the weight, take it to the office and get its value in checks, good in the company's store for their face value in groceries.

On the frontiers the spirit of patriotism is much stronger than in the great industrial centers of the country, where the commer-
cial spirit is becoming paramount to every nobler feeling. This was well illustrated on the occasion of Washington’s birthday. Laredo is a large frontier town on the American side of the Rio Grande, twenty-five miles below Minera. It contains 17,500 inhabitants, of whom 3,500 are Americans, and 14,000 are Mexicans. The whole of the inhabitants, American and Mexican, spent weeks in preparation for the forthcoming celebration of the birth of the Father of His Country. It was a day never to be forgotten.

At 8 o’clock in the morning there was a procession of the military, consisting of two companies of infantry, one being regulars, the other state militia. After parading the town they drew up at the Market Hall, one company being stationed on each side of the building. In a few minutes 150 Indians, some of them real Indians, but the majority cowboys painted and dressed in Indian cos-
tume, advanced in front of the Hall and a sham battle, that looked to an old soldier as the real thing itself, commenced. The firing was sustained for about fifteen minutes, when the Indians charged the soldiers and drove them away in utter discomfiture. The red devils brought forward scaling ladders, and mounted them in the face of a severe fire from the windows, and took the Hall amidst loud shouts. The mayor of the city handed over the keys to Pocahontas amidst the yells of the savages, who danced their war dance, and held up the keys in triumph to the vast concourse of people who witnessed the attack. Pocahontas, who was mounted on a fiery charger, led the Indians. She was a magnificent horsewoman, the daughter of a livery stableman of the town, and was said to be the best horseback rider in Texas. After she exhibited her skill and daring as a horsewoman by prancing and galloping over the town in
genuine Indian style, a procession of carriages, drawn by horses decorated with light yellow tapestry, paraded the streets. The most prominent citizens of the two republics sat in the carriages, the Americans bearing aloft life-sized portraits of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt; the Mexicans following with likenesses of Guadalupe Victoria, the first president of Mexico; Juarez, the liberator of Mexico from the domination of the priests, who separated church and state, and made marriage a civil contract; and lastly, Diaz, the present president.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the whole population and visitors, the latter numbering 5,000, met on the banks of the river to witness Washington crossing the Delaware. The banks of the river on both sides were illuminated with electric lights and torches. The camp fires of Washington's army were plainly visible from the American side of the river. The little army, with Washington in
the lead, marched down the river and stepped into the boats, and were rowed across, amidst the loud shouts of the vast crowd. Washington stood up in the front boat with his military cloak wrapped around him, in the pose which we see in the pictorial histories of the Revolutionary War.

Meantime the camp fires were left burning to deceive the enemy. The scene was very realistic. There were seven bands of music on the ground, and as Washington and his little army were being rowed across the river music rose with its voluptuous swell, all playing Dixie; but when the patriotic army landed on the Texas side they struck up Yankee Doodle. On leaving the Mexican shore, the cheering partook of the rebel yell, but on landing, the loud hurrah of the union army was in evidence. The cheering was in compliment to the two war tunes, and was given by citizens of the North and South in one voice by pre-arrangement.
The members of the Texas Legislature and the state house officials came down from Austin to witness the celebration. The hotels and private residences of the city were unable to accommodate the visitors and many had to bivouac on the bank of the river during the night. The day was warm and balmy like a day in early June in Ohio.

The climate in Southwestern Texas is semi-tropical. The winters are short and mild. It seldom freezes and never snows, but the weather is variable; when the wind changes to the north during winter a cold windy spell of weather follows, lasting 40 or 50 hours. This is the norther we read about in the papers.

During summer there is a good breeze coming up the valley, which cools the air, and makes life endurable. In Mexico the people, during the hot season, suspend all labor and business — even the street cars are stopped — and take a "siesta" for about three hours.
The following story, which is literally true, illustrates the treacherous character of the Mexican. A mile and a half below Minera there is a Mexican town called Columbia. It is situated on the banks of the Rio Grande on the Mexican side of the river. The people are fond of bull fighting. They used home talent and tame bulls. I witnessed one of the fights and was disgusted with it and left the arena before the fight was finished. The bulls would not fight; the matadors were not expert, and the sport was not worth looking at.

The people decided that native talent and home-bred bulls made too tame sport and sent to Monterey for a famous matador and purchased some of the fiercest bulls in Mexico. The sport now became exciting. The bull ring was crowded with enthusiastic spectators at every performance. Now, it happened that Columbia boasts of one very beautiful senorita. There are other fair
senoritas in Columbia but this one was easily the first; she would be counted beautiful anywhere. Every Sunday (for the bull fights occur on Sunday), at the Plaza del Torres, she shone splendidly and captured the heart of the famous matador, who had had countless hearts at his feet, because of the expert way he could kill a bull. Although there might be thousands to applaud his deeds he fought for this girl alone. But her heart remained untouched by him; for she loved a miner boy of Minera.

The matador, finding he could not impress the fair Theresa, became jealous of her lover and vowed revenge. The night on which the miner became acknowledged as the future husband of the girl and the friends were merry-making at her father's house, the matador waited outside until the party dispersed, with murder glancing in his haggard eye. As the young miner stepped outside, the matador plunged his sword into
his body and such was the force of the blow that the sword pierced him through. The matador laughed as the people rushed toward him and disarmed him.

They seldom hang a man in Mexico. It is a custom among the people to revenge themselves on those they hate by personal violence and murder.

While walking one day I was introduced to a Southern soldier; a splendid specimen of the Johnny Reb. We soon drifted into a discussion of the Civil War, and found that we had both been in the battle of Gaines Mill, on opposite sides, and both been very severely wounded in the battle. I told him that I had witnessed a splendid charge on one of our batteries. "Well," said he, "I was wounded in that charge." He lived in San Antonio, but was visiting his sister at Lerido. When he went for dinner he told his sister that he had met the Yankee who shot him, but he had shot the Yankee worse than he had shot him.
CHAPTER XXII.
THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE — LINCOLN REVIEWS THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Shortly after Illinois was admitted into the Union two young men settled in the wooden capital of the new state. One came from Kentucky, the other from Vermont; one was a common rail-splitter, the other a common carpenter. Abraham Lincoln was the name of the rail-splitter, Stephen Arnold Douglas the name of the carpenter. Nature had stamped her signet mark of genius on the foreheads of both. Douglas developed early. He was a member of the United States Senate at thirty-three. In those days there were giants in the Senate, but Douglas soon forged to the front and held his own with the best.

Slavery had been a disturbing element since the formation of the Union. The
Mr. Roy Delivering Address at the Lincoln Centennial on the Lincoln and Douglas Debate.
Delivered at Wellston, Ohio, February 14, 1909.
Missouri Compromise, which was enacted in 1820 prohibited it in the Territories forever; and it was now believed that it never would again disturb the public mind. A subsequent decision of the Supreme Court, however, was handed down by Chief Justice Tawny, which declared the Missouri Compromise unconstitutional; and Senator Douglas soon afterward introduced a bill in the Senate for the abrogation of the law.

The Slavery agitation now burst out anew with intensified fury. A new party was organized in every Northern state, composed of old line Whigs, Free Soil Democrats and Abolitionists, to replace the Whig party, which had been beaten to a frazzle.

Abraham Lincoln, who had been a rail-splitter, a flat-boatman, a country store-keeper, a local post-master, a land surveyor, a member of the state legislature, and had served one term in Congress, was nominated by the new party for United States Senator
against Douglas, who had recently been nominated by the Democrats for a third term. In his speech accepting the nomination, Lincoln uttered the following prophetic words:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot exist half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest its further spread, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states — old as well as new, north as well as south."

Lincoln soon after his nomination challenged Douglas to a joint debate on the issues of the campaign. The challenge irritated
Douglas. He was the leader of his party, and had a national reputation; while Lincoln was comparatively unknown outside the state of Illinois. "But," said Douglas, "I will have to accept the challenge, for Lincoln is the nominee of his party for my place in the United States Senate." How little did Douglas know that in less than two and a half years Lincoln would be standing on the portico of the Capitol reading his inaugural address as president of the United States, and at his death bequeath to his countrymen a name as the greatest American since the foundation of the government, not excepting Washington himself.

Seven debates were arranged. I was working in a coal mine near Galesburg when the fifth debate occurred, and rode up to the town on the same train which carried Douglas.

The debate took place in the Knox College grounds. The number of people present
was estimated at twenty thousand. The surrounding towns and villages turned out en masse. Farmers came in their wagons, bringing their wives, their sons and daughters, in rain and storm, for twenty miles round about, to witness the great intellectual encounter between the two greatest orators in the state, if not in the nation.

Douglas led in the discussion in an hour's speech; Lincoln followed with an hour and a half, Douglas closing with a half hour. The seven debates were very largely a repetition of each other. Douglas began his address with a defence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then expounded what he called his great principle of Popular Sovereignty, which conferred the right of all the people to take their property into every territory of the United States, subject to no other limitation than what the Constitution imposes. In the formation of a new state he said he did not care whether slavery
was voted up or voted down. The political principles which he stood for were national in character. The speech he was now making he could deliver in any state of the Union; whereas Mr. Lincoln would not dare to deliver the speech he will make today in any Southern state, for as soon as he approached the Ohio River he would find the people on the other side shaking their fists in his face.

Douglas insisted that negroes were not included in the Declaration of Independence, and that it was a slander to even suppose that negroes were meant to be included in it. He called Lincoln an abolitionist, and that he wanted to marry a “nigger” wife. He charged Lincoln with having assisted in passing a set of abolition resolutions at a Republican meeting in Springfield in 1854. He was haughty and domineering in argument. His followers called him the “Little Giant”; the Republicans called him the
"Little Dodger." Both names were very appropriate

When Lincoln rose to reply the contrast between the make-up of the two men was striking. Douglas was only five feet four inches in height. He was, however, strongly built; of handsome features and a well-raised forehead. Lincoln was six feet four, lean of person and uncouth of form. His clothes hung awkwardly on his gigantic frame; his features were exceedingly homely; he had large hands and feet. But in all the virtues which men admire, and which the religion of Jesus Christ inculcates, he surpassed any public man of his time. He was honor and honesty impersonified. When he began to speak he was diffident and hesitating; but as he warmed up, he became self-reliant. He made few gestures and never moved his feet nor posed. When he wished to clinch a statement he bent his body backward and forward, and shook his massive
head. When he described the wrong and wickedness of human slavery he raised his right arm aloft and brought it down with tremendous energy.

Answering Douglas' assertion that negroes were not included in the Declaration of Independence he defied him to show that, up till three years ago (when the exigencies of the Democratic party made it a necessity to invent the affirmation that negroes were not included in the Declaration of Independence), that Thomas Jefferson ever said so, that Washington ever said so; that Douglas himself ever said so, or that any living man ever said so. Lincoln propounded four questions to Douglas. The second one was fraught with tremendous consequences: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful manner against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery within its borders, prior to the formation of a state constitution?" Lincoln's
friends advised him not to put the question, for Douglas would either answer yes, or straddle it, which will elect him Senator. "Well," answered Lincoln, "If he does it will enrage the South, and defeat his nomination for the presidency." "Well, where do you come in? "Oh," he replied, "I am after bigger game. I want to clip the wings of the 'Little Giant.' He has had the presidential itch for the past eight years; the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Lincoln put the question and Douglas answered as follows: "It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to introduce or exclude it as they please; for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations."
This answer greatly pleased the Democrats of Illinois and other Northern states; but it angered the South, and Douglas was denounced as having betrayed the Democratic party, by the Southern "fire-eaters." The Democrats of Illinois carried the Legislature and Douglas was re-elected, altho the Republicans carried the state by a majority of five thousand, if my memory serves me right. Douglas' answer split the Democratic party in two, and practically precipitated the Civil War two years later. It made Lincoln president.

Lincoln denied that he had been at the meeting which passed the abolition resolutions, and in turn charged Douglas and two associates with having concocted them. "And yet," exclaimed Lincoln, with great irony, "Each of the three regard each other as honorable men." While Lincoln was charging Douglas as having forged the resolutions, Douglas took the cigar out of his mouth,
turned up his fine face toward Lincoln, scorn and anger overspreading it.

When Douglas rose to reply he was greeted with tumultuous cheers, and it was fully five minutes before he could be heard. "My friends," he exclaimed, "the highest compliment you can pay me during the brief half hour that is left to address you is not to cheer. I want every moment of my time to reply to Abraham Lincoln."

He angrily denied that he had forged the resolutions, and declared that he would not have believed till this day that Abraham Lincoln would have said what he had said this hour. "Does Lincoln," he exclaimed, with indignation, "wish to push this thing to the point of personal quarrel?"

It turned out that both were wrong. It was an abolition meeting, and a very small one, that passed the resolutions which Douglas read, Lincoln was not at the meeting and knew nothing about them. Douglas was
under the impression that the resolutions were passed at a Republican meeting, and that Lincoln had assisted in having them adopted.

During the intervals between the joint debates both candidates addressed meetings, but at different places. At one of these gatherings, Douglas (who had been indulging in the flowing bowl with a number of friends before the meeting), called Lincoln a liar and a sneak, and threatened to call him to account on the field of honor. A man in the crowd, more fuddled than Douglas, took off his coat and offered to take the job off his hands, and lick Lincoln, himself. Lincoln addressed a Republican meeting at the same place the following day. He asked the audience if any-body heard Douglas talk of fighting him at the meeting yesterday? Cries of "Yes," came in reply. "I have been informed," added Lincoln, "that a man in the crowd, more excited than Doug-
las, shed his coat and threatened to whip Lincoln, himself. Did anybody hear this warlike proceeding?" Cries of "Yes" came from a score of stentorian lungs. "Well, my friends," added Lincoln, "I would not advise any of you to bet on a battle; because Douglas and I are the best of friends; he would no more think of fighting me than he would of fighting his wife, and if I can't get a fight out of Douglas, I can't get one out of his bottle-holder."

The next time I had the honor of seeing Lincoln the Civil War had burst upon the country like an avalanche. The battle of Bull Run had been fought; the president had called for five hundred thousand men to suppress the rebellion. The Army of the Potomac, a hundred and fifty thousand strong, had been so well drilled that they looked like regulars. There was to be a grand review, and the President came across the Potomac with his cabinet and representatives of for-
eign governments. I was on guard when the troops were formed in column of division. The guards were relieved from duty with leave to go where they pleased. As soon as we stacked arms we threw our belts on the bayonets and walked down to the head of the column on the right flank. The President was in front and a little to the right on horseback. His long legs nearly touched the ground, and his stove-pipe hat was stuck on the back of his head. He was waiting on Generals Butler and Mansfield. His nose became itchy and he rubbed it with the fore-finger of his right hand with great energy but with little dignity. One of the boys in the front rank said, loud enough for the President to hear the remark: "By God, there is not enough dignity there for a President of the United States."

Generals Butler and Mansfield soon came along in a two-horse carriage, and when within fifty yards of Lincoln wheeled to the
right to drive to the reviewing stand. The President roared after them, "Butler, halt," and the two generals and the President after shaking hands started down to the review stand. He appeared to be as plain and unassuming as when he was standing on the speakers' platform at Galesburg, Illinois, when he had his famous debate with Senator Douglas. The guards walked down to the reviewing stand. The President and his Cabinet, and the foreign representatives and a number of ladies were on the stand. I could not keep my eyes off Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. I thought he was the finest specimen of a cultured man I had ever seen. His face was clean-cut and of an aristocratic mould; his eye was as clear and as penetrating as that of an eagle. The Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, was also a man of bright, intelligent features; but Cameron riveted my eyes. His brother, Colonel John Cameron, had been
killed at the Battle of Bull Run the preceding summer, as wild and high the Cameron pibroch rose—the war-note of Locheil,—while leading the 79th New York Highlanders in a charge.

General McClellan and his staff rode at the head of the column of the Army of the Potomac. The general was dressed in all the paraphernalia of his rank. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like him. He was a fine-looking soldier, rather short in stature, but had a well-knit frame. He wore immense army gloves, which reached up to his elbows. His hat was adorned with feathers; his belts were made of cloth of gold. His eye was bright; his forehead broad; his form and bearing the beau-ideal of a soldier. He had organized the finest army of citizen soldiers on this planet. But he did not know how to fight them—there was always a lion in his path. The real general, the modest, unassuming soldier, the man of few words
but mighty deeds, came at last and hammered the life out of the rebellion.

Two months ago I stood in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington gazing on the marble statue of Lincoln. His large feet were planted firmly on the marble pedestal. His large hands and long arms hung carelessly by his sides — reminders of the days of his youth and his poverty, when he plodded over the prairies of Illinois to split rails for a living. His shrewd, kindly eye; his massive forehead; his homely, expressive features; his towering form, bending slightly forward as when he stood half a century ago on the speakers' platform at Galesburg, Illinois, and cast his eyes over the vast multitude of men and women who had assembled from village and farm, town and city to hear the issues of the most exciting political campaign discussed since the formation of the Union, by the ablest orators in the State of Illinois. But vain was all the
eloquence of the two massive statesmen. The sword alone could settle the question at issue, and it took the bloodiest war in all history to settle it.

When the mad passions of the Southern oligarchy precipitated the Civil War, Douglas threw his whole soul into the conflict for the preservation of the Union. The last speech he ever made was burning with manly eloquence in support of Lincoln's administration. "Whoever is not for the Union is against the Union; in this war there can be nothing but patriots and traitors," he exclaimed. He died three months after Lincoln's inauguration. Had he lived Lincoln would have made him Secretary of War.

Lincoln's fame has been constantly rising since the day that the bullet of a mad assassin pierced his brain. From that day he belonged to the nations and the ages. He died that the government which the valor
and genius of Washington established might live.

Washington was the father of his country, Lincoln was its savior.