

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020257210





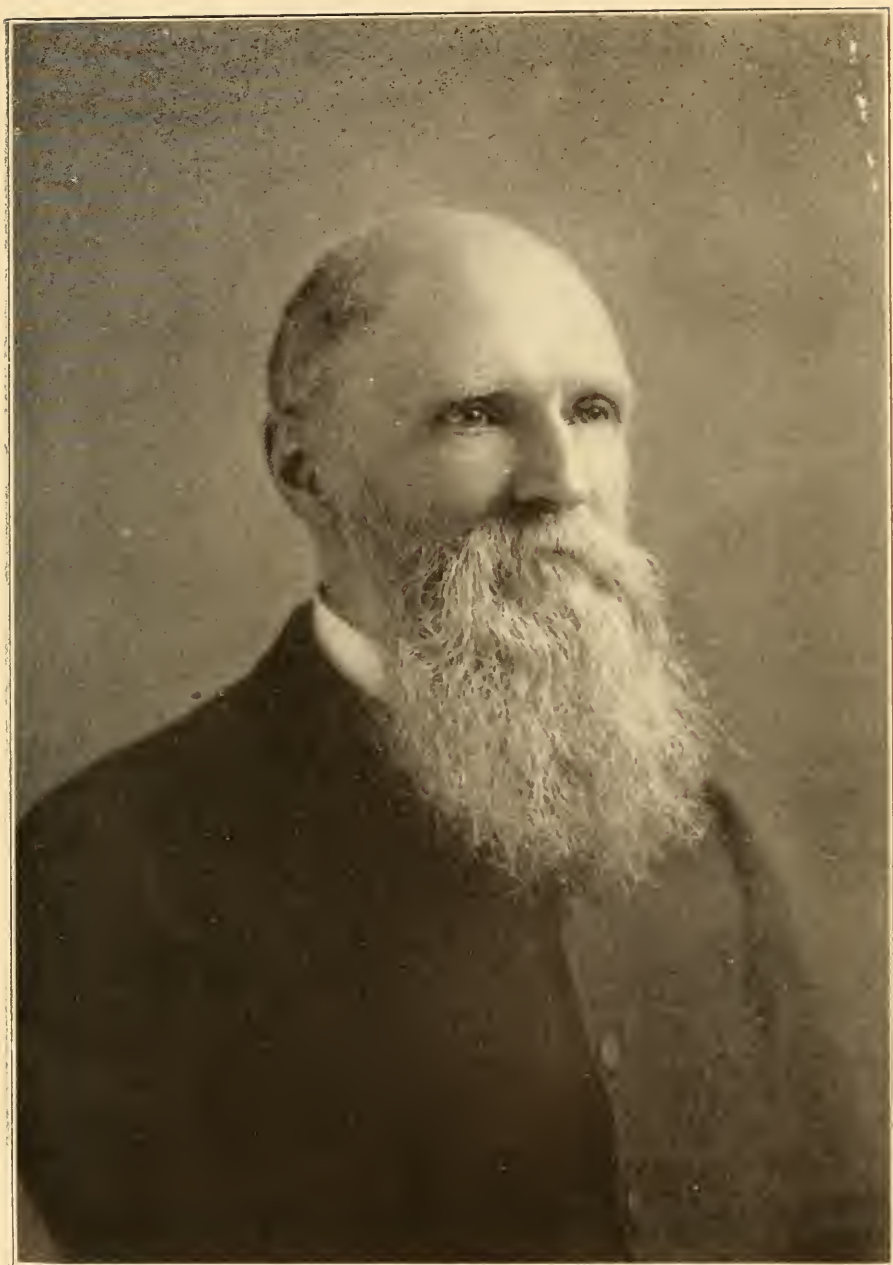
Class E601

Book P72

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





Yours in F. C. & L.
Burton B. Porter

ONE OF THE PEOPLE

HIS OWN STORY

BY
BURTON B. PORTER



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

E601
P72

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
APR 30 1907
Copyright Entry
~~Apr.~~ 19, 1907.
CLASS A Xct. No.
174435
COPY B

Copyright, 1907,
By BURTON B. PORTER



PREFACE

WERE I writing the preface to the biography of some other fellow it would be, if slang were permissible, dead easy, but to write a preface to an autobiography is embarrassing, to say the least. Place yourself before a full length plate glass mirror and take a good look at the person you are going to talk about. What can you say about him?

The result of such an attempt would necessarily be more or less egotistical, and in this, as in other similar efforts, the I's have it, no doubt. To tell the truth and state facts will force egotism to the surface, no matter how much you try to suppress it.

I have no apologies to make for any shortcomings in the narrative. It is simply the story of a plain, unpretentious citizen of a great country where each life is one of the restless atoms in the teeming sea of humanity. It tells what happened to one of these lives, and what it caused to happen to others during seventy-five years of existence, and, with the exception of some episodes out of the ordinary experiences of men, it will have, to a large extent, its counterpart in that of millions of the common citizens who are ever struggling for the something beyond.

The ups and downs in life's earlier years, and in the period of manhood; in peace and in war; in prison and out of prison; in sickness and in health; in travels on land and on sea; in business and out of business, in love and otherwise,

with all its changing vicissitudes, make up the story as here written down with no attempt at embellishment, but with a strict adherence to truth.

I hope this record of a somewhat strenuous career may have a passing interest to a busy but sympathetic generation of fellow-workers. If the reader may draw from it some moral as well as some practical lessons, it will, perhaps, prove useful as well as, I trust, entertaining.

B. B. P.

COLTON, CALIFORNIA,
October, 1906.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I BOYHOOD DAYS	1
II ASPIRATIONS	15
III SEEKING A FORTUNE	25
IV LIFE IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS	39
V HOME AGAIN	71
VI ENLISTMENT FOR THE WAR	94
VII IN THE ARMY	112
VIII THE BATTLE FIELD	138
IX MY CAPTURE AND ESCAPE	151
X UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES AGAIN	221
XI UPS AND DOWNS IN BUSINESS LIFE	236
XII HOW TO RAISE TROUT	277
XIII IN CALIFORNIA AGAIN	288
XIV CLOSING EVENTS	342

DEDICATED TO ANY AMERICAN FOOLISH
ENOUGH TO SPEND HIS TIME IN READING THE
HISTORY OF A COMMON MAN WHO IS NEITHER A
FOOL NOR A WISE MAN. IT IS A SIMPLE NARRATIVE
THAT REFLECTS THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER AMERI-
CAN CITIZENS. ITS ONLY MERIT IS, THAT IT IS
INTENDED TO BE CORRECT ; BUT "A LITTLE NONSENSE
NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST
MEN." YOURS, WITHOUT EGOTISM,
THE AUTHOR.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

I WAS born on the third day of March, 1832, in the city of Auburn, N. Y., where my parents were then living. I am satisfied that I was one of the party present on the occasion, but I cannot recall any circumstance connected with the event. I have a letter written by my mother to her sister in Connecticut corroborating the above. The first event impressed upon my memory was going to church with my mother and an aunt, dressed in a suit of scarlet in which was comprised the gorgeous embodiment of my first pants. The next ray of memory reaches back to December, 1835, when I went to the funeral of my mother with my father in a covered sleigh, through a very deep snow. This was the first time I remember seeing my father.

Of events previous to the time I first went to school, at the age of four years, only a few faint recollections remain. But the good old Mrs. Crocker, who kept a private nursery school in her own house, is well remembered. When any of the children got sick she put them to bed. I remember having the earache at one time while there. Mrs. Crocker

soothed it and put me to bed. How the children loved this kind old lady!

My mother's sister kept house for my father after my mother's death, and her daughter lived with the family, and was married at my father's house. This was the first marriage I had ever witnessed, and I thought the bride the most beautiful being that I had ever seen. The ceremony, to me, was very impressive, and thereafter I always held my cousin, the bride, in the greatest esteem. She afterwards became a star actress of beauty and talent, and played to crowded houses in all the large cities of the United States. Who says that impressions of childhood are not sometimes prophetic?

My aunt soon went to live with her daughter, and my father's half-sister kept house for us. I had a brother two and a half years younger than myself and only a year old when my mother died of pneumonia—in those days called quick consumption. My half-aunt was a veritable mother to us, and believed in the old maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Though kind, many of our shortcomings were promptly attended to at the end of a switch, and I frequently went through a lively gymnastic exercise, accompanied with yells, tears, promises, and burning sensations in the rear that subsided in due time, and I stood corrected until the next act in the drama came on.

Every year, during the summer or fall, our family took a trip of about seventy miles southeast of Auburn to Chenango County to visit Ezekiel Porter, the father and grandfather, an old Revolutionary soldier who lived on a farm. We always made the trip with a pair of horses and carriage, with the trunks strapped on behind, stage fashion. It took two days to make the journey, stopping for the night either

at Homer or Cortland on the way to and from our destination. Those villages as they looked then are as fresh in my mind to-day as they were when I saw them sixty years ago.

Upon the arrival of the guests at the old homestead a flock of sheep was gathered into a pen at the barn and a fine fat one killed. Of course a town boy was bound to be a nuisance while his uncle was catching a sheep, so I was kept in the house while this was going on, but my uncle had brought the sheep to the back of the house, under a tree, and from a window I watched the proceeding of cutting its throat with the greatest curiosity and delight. Somehow I got out and was soon covered with blood, to the supreme disgust of my aunt, but it was a great treat for me.

Soon after this my father married his second wife, and my stepmother treated us very kindly, but she employed an old woman as nurse, who proved to be an old hag. My father was away from home most of the time, and during his absence a great deal of whisky was drunk at the house, and I was the boy that carried the jug to and fro from the grocery. It was a little brown jug that held about two quarts. I remember very well how it looked and how ashamed I was to be seen carrying it back and forth. One morning the jug was started rather early, with myself as a close companion to see it safely to and fro. To my disgust and surprise, the same afternoon it was started again, and very reluctantly I went with it. On the way I passed a pump in front of a hotel, and a bright idea struck me. I would fill up that jug at the pump and save time, as I had some very important engagement with some boys from whom I had been called to escort the jug. With a conscious feeling of justification and a recklessness beyond my years, a disobedience of orders occurred. Water took the

place of whisky, and the jug and I returned home, a little uncertain what the outcome would be. Parting company with the jug at the kitchen table I rushed off to find the boys. I delayed my return home to a late hour, crawled over the backyard fence, went in at the back door, got into the pantry, stuffed my pockets full of dry bread, and, unobserved, crawled upstairs, covered myself up in bed, where I took a quiet repast and soon after fell asleep amidst a bedful of crumbs.

The next morning I hesitated about getting up, and conceived the idea of playing sick, but my empty stomach would not allow it. The aforesaid old hag in a piping voice commanded me to come to breakfast at once. As she closed the door I caught the appetizing odors from the breakfast table. My place was soon filled at the table and my meal finished without a word on my part. I tried to get out of the house unobserved, hoping the little discrepancy of the day before would blow over without a row. But, alas! my joyous hopes were crushed. The old hag clutched me by the collar and thumped me down into a wood-bottomed chair. With a rasping squeal I was told that I must sit there until she was ready to attend to me. Crying in childhood was not my habit, but the evenness of my mind was very much disturbed. The next act was the production of a rope from a nearby cupboard, when she proceeded to tie my arms and lead me out to the woodshed and fasten me to a post. A well-seasoned switch was brought forth and used with great vigor over my shoulders and legs, while I writhed in agony. But the drubbing was short, for she got out of wind on account of the debauch of the day before and had to sit down. Then she told me she had intended to make the blood run down my legs before she stopped and would surely do

it the next time I cut such a caper as the one of the day before. Of course I had nothing to say, but when my father came home he was fully informed of all the particulars. Soon after my stepmother was taken sick and died in less than a year after my father married her. Again my father's half-sister took charge of the household affairs, and I had a good mother again. Whooping cough, measles, chicken pox, vaccination, and children's diseases were gone through with safety.

At school I learned very rapidly, and soon acquired a taste for reading books of travel, history, and lives of distinguished men. What I read I remembered well. I was not a dull boy, but rather mischievous; loved fun and play, and was what might be called an average bright boy. When I was six to seven years of age several of the schoolboys would go three or four miles out of town to see the cars come in at full speed (from fifteen to twenty miles an hour). At that time there was a railroad between Auburn and Syracuse. It was the farthest west of any railroad in operation at that time—1838. The road was laid with wooden rails with wrought-iron straps spiked on top. These bars of iron would often curl up and punch a hole in the bottom of the cars, and many accidents occurred from this cause. There were three locomotives on the road, named, respectively, the Cayuga, the Auburn, and the Syracuse. This road is now a branch of the main line of the New York Central, upon which I rode 148 miles on the Empire State Express in 160 minutes, and the train ran so smoothly that a glass of water on the window sill would not slop over. I wonder how it will be in 1939?

Traits of character began to show during these years of boyhood, and many an escapade and boyish prank took place,

a few of which I now recall. In 1838 the boys of the immediate vicinity, from seven to twelve years of age, formed a company of about twenty lads and began to drill as soldiers under the tutelage of a boy thirteen or fourteen years of age, by the name of Charles H. Stewart, who, during the Civil War, became colonel of a volunteer regiment raised at Auburn, N. Y. This lad seemed to be a natural born commander, and under his training we became so proficient in drill that we attracted much attention from the citizens of the town. The uniform consisted of red paper caps. We were armed with wooden toy guns, and a very nice flag of stars and stripes was furnished by the fond mothers of the embryo soldiers. I was exceedingly proud when I was chosen to act as color bearer. Our captain, like the Duke of York with ten thousand men, marched up the street and then marched down again. Our martial music emanated from a large toy drum and two boys with big whistles. The amount of noise created by that company of small boys was astonishing. I remember an Irish lad of ten summers who wanted to join the company, but he was objected to on account of his not being a full-blooded American; but the captain finally concluded to let him join if he would always march at the rear and act as a servant of the captain. Our motto was, "Put none but Americans on guard."

In the year 1840 Harrison and Tyler were nominated by the Whigs, and the "hard-cider" campaign followed. They built an immense log cabin in the center of the town, nailed coon skins on the gable end, rolled in barrels of hard cider, and started the campaign with a rush. Martin Van Buren was the Democratic candidate for President, and during the fall made a visit to Auburn. He was President at the time.

His visit was during a Democratic convention, and I got a good look at him as he passed in a carriage, with hat off, bowing to the people along the way. He was the first President of the United States that I had ever seen, and of course it made a strong impression upon my mind. I supposed I had seen one of the greatest men on earth. Boylike, during a Democratic convention I was an enthusiastic Democrat, and during a Whig convention I was a first-class Whig, and with the rest of the boys sang Whig songs with great gusto.

Soon after Van Buren's visit the Whigs had a great convention, held a barbecue, roasted an ox whole, and baked the largest johnnycake that had ever been seen. It was a foot thick and eight by sixteen feet in width and length. It was on a platform, placed where all could see it as they passed. As soon as the procession was over tables were set in the middle of the street, in front of the log cabin, and a stuffed coon was raised on the end of a pole about thirty feet above the huge johnnycake. Preparations were made to feed everybody. The platform at the end of the log cabin was large enough to set a table for speakers, singers, and bandmen; also three or four barrels of hard cider. Hard cider in tin dippers was freely given away to anyone who wanted it, from a back window of the log cabin. One of my chums and myself kept together, and often visited the hard-cider window in the rear. We got places at the table also, and filled up on roast beef and johnnycake, well washed down with hard cider.

Speaking, singing, and band playing were kept up for hours, but we two boys continued our visits to the back window for hard cider until we were happy as lords, and, picking up some stumps of cigars, got a light and com-

menced smoking. Arm in arm, with hats tilted to one side, we started up the street for home, yelling for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." After a while there came a pause in the hilarity. Both of us were taken sick, vomiting roast beef, johnnycake, and cider in great profusion. We sat down on the curbstone for a while and felt a little better, but still very much intoxicated. However, we lit our cigars again, and, reeling our way along, started for home. Just then we were met by a woman, who grabbed me by the collar and violently shook me. The woman (my aunt) led me rapidly home, my steps quickened every now and then by a good switching about my legs, causing me to forget all about "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." She took me home and tied me in a chair, but I was too drunk to rebel or remember anything until the next day, when I found myself sick in bed.

A few days afterward my father came home, and at the dinner table my aunt related the whole proceeding to him, winding up by saying, "The idea of a boy whose father was a good Democrat following off a dirty Whig procession, whose members gave a boy of his size nasty old hard cider until he was drunk as a fool. Even after I had got him home he went to singing 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.' Another Whig convention would make a perfect rowdy of him." After the meal was over my father took me out into the woodshed, and before he got through with me I was more than anxious to promise never to do so again.

This escapade and its dire results will always help me to remember the Harrison and Tyler campaign of 1840, which was doubtless the most exciting campaign that ever occurred. "Two dollars a day and roast beef!" was the cry

of the Whigs, but, like most political promises made during the excitement of a campaign, they did not materialize.

About this time my father sold out his business of manufacturing the first goose-neck hoes made in the United States to a hardware merchant of Auburn, N. Y., who soon after failed, and my father was left a poor man, as he could not collect a dollar from his bankrupt debtor. This discouraged him so much that he decided to leave Auburn. He soon after married a widow who lived in the town of Solon (afterward divided and the eastern part named Taylor), Cortland County, N. Y., and owned a farm about fourteen miles east of Cortland village, the county seat.

Up to this time—1841—I had been kept in school and had made good progress in reading, writing, spelling, geography, and mental arithmetic, and had commenced to learn grammar. In those days children were not pushed and rushed with more lessons to learn than they had time to learn them in. Hours of study in school were from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 4 P. M. The remainder of the time was devoted to play and recreation, and they went to school in the morning fresh and ready to study with vigor. They learned better, and retained longer, that which they learned, than children do at the present day, and were physically, if not mentally, better off than the overworked children under the modern school system.

When we moved from Auburn to the farm in Solon it seemed like a new world, and I commenced a new existence. My pet dog, Trip, went with me and was a constant companion. I had taught the dog to be driven with reins and whip until he was well broken. The next morning after the arrival at the new home the dog was hitched up, and he and I started on a voyage of discovery. We trotted along

for a couple of miles, when, reaching the top of a hill, we discovered a village. We rested a while, took a good look at it, and then started back home to announce the discovery. On the way back a crow flew across the road, rather low, and the dog saw him. He had never seen a crow before and off he started after him, dragging me through a patch of thistles and briars. He then broke away from me and ran, barking, over the fields after the crow. I followed until we reached a piece of woods, where the dog disappeared, and I went back to the road. Just then a man came along in a buggy, laughing very heartily, as he had seen the whole performance. He stopped and called to me and asked what the trouble was. I told him about it, and the man laughed more than ever. Feeling somewhat indignant at being laughed at, I started home after calling the dog. In a short time the dog came back with the reins broken, but I fixed them up and soon arrived home. I related my discovery to an admiring audience, but when I told about the dog and crow they all laughed as much as the man did that I had met. It was no laughing matter with me, as my clothes were badly torn, with face and hands scratched, but I soon got over it.

The same afternoon my new stepmother's son, five years older than myself, coaxed me to go fishing with him for trout and carry the fish while he did the fishing. Of course nothing could please me better than going fishing, so away we went to the creek. We soon had fifteen or twenty very nice trout, my new stepbrother teaching me how to string them on a forked stick. In crossing over the stream on a slippery log, off I went into about two and a half feet of water and got a good ducking. I was badly scared, but held on to the fish. My companion helped me out and laid

me on an old log in the sun to dry, while he went down the creek to catch some more fish. We went home with a good mess of fish and reached there before night. Thus passed my first day of country life at my new home, and I went to bed pretty well tired out with my day's adventures.

I was nine years of age, rather small, but had great will power, fair health, was rather independent, loved fun and ready for a fight if imposed on, was quick in movement, and could outrun or outjump any boy of my size. Trifles never bothered me. I was genial with my companions, and got along without much trouble. I would rather be with boys older than myself, rather than with those who were younger. This trait of character lasted until I was thirty-five or forty years old, when it changed, and ever since I have better enjoyed the companionship of people younger than myself. My brother, two years and nine months younger, I could never agree with. We were constantly quarreling, and many a well-deserved thrashing did I get for thrashing him. We were no more alike in disposition or looks than a cat and dog, and agreed just about as well. Consequently we did not court each other's society, and were never together if we could possibly avoid it.

Our family consisted of my father, my stepmother, her two sons, one five years older and the other ten years older; one daughter, seven or eight years older than I; my brother and myself. For some reason I was a favorite with my stepmother and her children, and my brother was favored by my father. My stepsister always declared that I was the most mischievous boy she ever saw. She often told of her spinning wool in one of the rooms upstairs at one time when, by some means, I had discovered a small knothole in the ceiling and saw my chance. I made an elder-stalk

squirt gun, that held about one-half pint of water, filled it, and very quietly crawled up into the garret over the place where she was spinning, inserted the squirt-gun into the knothole, and fired a little water down. She looked up to see where it came from, and I let her have the remainder full in the face. While she was recovering from the shock I scrambled down and was out of the house before she could catch me, and doubtless my legs saved me from her wrath on that occasion. However, I was forgiven if I would promise to not do it again.

The summer passed rapidly, working, fishing, hunting, picking berries, and riding horseback—a new experience for me. The country had a great charm for me, and never for a moment did I wish to return to city life. The next winter was passed at school. My long vacation seemed to brighten my ideas, and doubtless caused me to learn much faster. One difficulty caused much trouble. My brother and I were continually quarreling. My father said he would have to separate us. Toward spring he took me with him on a visit to Smithville, N. Y., where his two half-sisters and stepmother lived, and a half-brother on an adjoining farm. The outcome of that visit was that his two half-sisters (old maids) decided to take me to bring up. To me the idea was rather pleasing, and in the course of a few weeks I was fully established in my new home. As my aunts had no dog, and I was anxious to have one, my father brought me one of the black and tan species, about three months old. This proved to be a fine hunter for woodchucks, squirrels and partridges. Trip was my constant companion and was a source of much enjoyment to me, deprived as I was of the company of other playmates.

My uncle worked the farm, and I was his helper in every-

thing that I could do. I was kept pretty busy during the summer, and went to school in the winter for three or four months. Our house was situated some distance from the main-traveled road, and we seldom saw anyone except they came to see us. It was a dull place for a lively, wide-awake boy, but I managed to enjoy myself. I had acquired a great taste for reading and read all the books and newspapers that I could get hold of. My uncle also was a great reader and a well-informed man. He was always ready to enlighten me upon any subject that interested me. He was a living encyclopedia to me, and I received a great deal of useful information from him that was of much benefit to me. Being a kind and indulgent man, I soon learned to love him. He doubtless instilled into my character many traits that influenced my later life. He is still living (May, 1899), and is ninety-one years of age.

One of my aunts was an intolerable scold, and a large share of her vituperative language was addressed to me. Being of a restless, sensitive nature, the repeated scoldings I got for my boyish pranks began to make me uneasy and discontented. My aunt was very good when she was good, but her tongue lashings more than counterbalanced her otherwise good behavior.

When I was about thirteen or fourteen years old I became very much in love with one of our neighbor's daughters, who was about my own age. She had red hair, was very much freckled, but had a bright countenance and a lively and winning way that caught me entirely. My youthful passion was reciprocated, but I had a rival about my own age, but more than half a head taller. At our school there was a good deal of rivalry as to who was the best speller. We had spelling schools every week, and, of course, the boys

escorted the girls home on such occasions. One evening I asked permission from my girl to escort her home. She readily agreed, and we started off. The snow was about a foot deep, but the sleighing was good and the path well broken. My rival was very wroth that I had got ahead of him, and, following behind, kept tripping me up with his foot, with the intention of getting me down and capturing the girl. I got mad after awhile and asked her to wait while I thrashed him. She consented, so I turned on him, and we were soon down in the snow pounding each other in fine style. The presence of my girl seemed to give me strength, and he came off second-best. We left him with the blood streaming down his face from his battered nose, and I soon had my girl at her home. The next day my rival declared he would whip me, and tried to tell the rest of the boys how it all happened. At noon we had it again, and quite a severe fight occurred, but before it was ended the teacher interfered and stopped it. We never fought again, and became very good friends. Some years afterward my rival married the girl, and her first boy was named after me. I have visited the family many times, and we are still the best of friends. Thus ended my first love affair.

CHAPTER II.

ASPIRATIONS.

THE winter after I was fifteen years old I made up my mind to push out into the world for myself, and began to concoct schemes to carry out my purpose. About this time my father came down to visit me, as was his custom about twice a year, and I informed him quietly of my intention. He said but little at the time, but about a week afterward he sent my stepbrother to take me home. My aunts were very much astonished and laid all the blame upon my father, not knowing that I had anything to do with it. I said nothing, but most cheerfully got ready to leave at once.

This event changed the whole course of my existence. The youngest son of my stepmother, five years my senior, was a very peculiar character. Though naturally a genius, he was rough, uncouth, and uneducated, with a strong propensity to drink. He was fond of hunting, fishing, and trapping, and had a supreme dislike for work. Still, he was free-hearted, and would go out of his way at any time to accommodate anyone that he liked. He consequently had many friends, but was not the sort of character for a boy of fifteen to be associated with as a boon companion. Yet I was not easily led into that which I thought was not right. Therefore I was not seriously contaminated by my associa-

tion with him. The older brother was also a peculiar character. He was a strictly temperate man, very much set in his ways, ambitious, very anxious to make money, and a hard worker. He was honest, but too grasping to accumulate much, as he had no speculative ability. The stepbrothers never agreed, but the older one controlled the younger to a considerable extent.

My stepmother's daughter was married and lived a few miles away. She was a woman of the sweetest disposition and beloved by all who knew her. With my brother I had nothing to do, as we seemed not to have a single thought in common. All the family were friendly to me, except my own brother. My father still managed the country hotel, as my stepmother had before she married him, and I was brought into contact with characters of great variety, and I picked up much miscellaneous information.

An old-fashioned country inn fifty years ago was unlike anything to be found in these days of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and automobiles. The country tavern was headquarters for the neighborhood gossip, the news of the day, unique characters, old toppers, wayward young men, politicians, preachers, strangers, horse thieves, peddlers, etc. Elections, shooting matches, horse races, and militia gatherings for general training were also held in the town. Whisky was sold at three cents per glass. Large fireplaces, where heavy logs were burned without stint day and night, furnished warmth.

The farm consisted of one hundred acres or more, and in those days cattle and sheep were driven to distant markets. During the summer droves were kept over night on the farm. The first money I ever earned for myself was by helping to drive cattle. I received twenty-five cents a day,

with board, for five days. The custom in those days was to keep the drover, on his return, free of charge at the place where he had stopped with the drove. I arrived home all right, very proud of earning my first dollar. Being of a nervous temperament, the humdrum life on the farm did not accord with my desire to see more of the world. Always of an inquiring mind, blessed with a good memory and a good constitution, full of life, wide-awake and fond of fun, I managed to pass the summer enjoying myself to the extent a boy of my age could who had his own head and his own way.

In early fall "apple cuts" were in vogue among the farming community, ending with a dance which seldom wound up before daylight. "Johnny," a nickname that my stepbrother had given me, had an invitation to attend one of these parties; so I got on my best clothes and was all ready to start out when my father interposed a veto, declaring that I was too young to be out all night to a dance. This put a damper on my aspirations, and, notwithstanding the pleadings of my stepmother to let me go, the old gentleman was obdurate. So "Johnny" sat down seemingly contented, and in due course of time went to bed. As soon as my father had retired I quietly crawled down the stairs in my stocking feet, went to the barn, got a bridle and saddle, then went to the pasture and caught a horse, and at ten o'clock was at the "apple cut," as happy as a king. That night was my first attempt at dancing, but before daylight I was safely at home and in bed. Just fifteen minutes after I had crawled into bed my father called me to get up, and I promptly came down, rubbing my eyes, as a dutiful son naturally would. For some reason my father after that never objected to my going to a dance.

During the winter of 1847 I attended school and at its close in March planned to run away with another lad of the same age as myself to work for six months on a farm and return in time for school in the fall. One bright morning we were off, with but two dollars and a half apiece in our pockets. After traveling for several days we reached Ithaca and went down the east side of Cayuga Lake, stopping at almost every house inquiring for work until we found ourselves at the farm of an uncle of my traveling companion, where we stayed for several days. Then "Johnny" came marching home alone, my companion remaining with his relatives.

A short time after my return my father took me to Syracuse and got me a place as clerk in the wholesale and retail grocery store of John M. Jaycox & Co., to work for my board and clothes for the first year. Two months of hard work there nearly disabled me, and Mr. Jaycox advised me to return to school for another year. This did not suit me in the least, and I concluded to make a visit to Auburn, N. Y., my birthplace, before I went home, but soon found that I needed more money, and began to look about for a job. At Geddes, a short distance from Syracuse, I found the superintendent of the Oswego & Syracuse Railroad, then being built, and asked him for a job. The man laughed, and asked me what I could do. I told him I thought that I could drive a team on the dumping-ground. "Why, my boy," said the man, "you are too small." "Oh, no, I am not," I said. "Just try me." He finally offered me ten dollars a month and board, on trial. I was given a large, fine team of horses—so large, indeed, that I had to get up into the manger to put the collars on them. At the end of the month I received ten dollars and a pass to Auburn on a freight train. On my arrival

there I found a large number of my old playmates and schoolmates, with whom I had a very pleasant visit.

This was the summer of 1848, and the news of the discovery of gold in California had just reached us. Ships were being fitted out in New York to go around the Horn, companies were being formed, and great excitement prevailed. I caught the fever, and got up a scheme with George Simpson, a new acquaintance I had made, to raise money enough to get to New York City, where we could sell newspapers on the streets until we had a chance to board one of the ships that was about to sail as stowaways, and perhaps earn passage to San Francisco by working our way. The plan was to leave Auburn secretly some night and walk to Weedsport, eight miles from Auburn, where we would reach the Erie Canal; then to work our passage to Albany, N. Y., on a canal boat, and thence to New York. The night was set and everything was ready, but unluckily George Simpson's father caught him coming down the stairs with his little bundle and made him confess the whole thing.

The plan fell through, therefore, and in a few days I started for home on foot, across country, fifty miles away. I arrived there in good shape and told my story just as it occurred. Though a wild boy, and ready for almost any kind of adventure, I was always truthful, and could be trusted under any and all circumstances. This virtue I had acquired in a large degree through the wholesome training of my aunts, and it lasted throughout my life.

In the spring of 1849 I made a visit to my aunts in Smithville, N. Y., and engaged to work for six months on their farm for nine dollars a month. This service I faithfully performed, received my pay, and from one of the neighbors bought a colt, six months old, for twenty-six dollars. Proud

of my possessions, with my rifle on my shoulder, and leading the colt, I started for home, twenty miles away. My youngest stepbrother had a colt about the age of mine, and we had lively arguments as to who had the best colt.

Early in the following spring a man came into the town who had just returned from California, and showed some gold nuggets that he said he had mined himself. I looked at them with a great deal of interest, and resolved at once to go to California and dig gold for myself.

I hired out to one of the farmers in the neighborhood for four months, at twelve dollars a month. I worked my time out, and decided to go on the Erie Canal for the rest of the season. But my father sternly opposed this. Apparently I yielded to my father's will, but slyly induced my stepmother to get my clothes ready. These I covered up in a wagon, and my stepbrother took me about fifteen miles on my way, on the pretense that we were going to visit my stepmother's daughter.

The next morning at sunrise I was well on my way to Syracuse, where I expected to get a chance to drive a team on the canal. I arrived there after a hard tramp, put up at a hotel, and, after breakfast, started out to find work; but it was not so easy as I had thought. At noon, after I had got something to eat, I wended my way to Lodi Locks, just east of Syracuse, and made the acquaintance of the lock-tender, who told me how to proceed to get a job. Every boat that passed through the lock I was to inquire for work. A couple of days passed, my money was gone excepting three cents, and no work in sight. About five p. m. I went over to the grocery at the lock and bought a three-cent cigar, lit it, and went over to the lock-tender's house, leaned back in his chair and smoked as contentedly as though I was a

person of wealth. The lock-tender gazed at me for a moment with a smile on his face, and said: "Say, young fellow, you say you have no money, yet you act as though you owned the whole canal. You'll do." Before the cigar was finished I had struck a job and was on a boat bound for Buffalo.

When the boat reached Rochester the course was changed, and she went up the Genesee canal to Morristown, to the Shaker colony, for a load of grain. On the return of the boat to Rochester I left my job and spent a night in a dry-goods box on the bank of the canal by the side of a warehouse. In the morning I concluded I would rather drive stage than work longer on the canal, and I made inquiries for a stage office. A policeman gave me directions, and I was soon engaged in conversation with the stage line superintendent. I was small for my age, and, the counter being a high one, my eyes were but little above the edge of it. "Well, young man, what can I do for you?" "Do you want a driver?" I asked. The superintendent looked at me and began to laugh. "Do you want to engage as a driver?" "Yes, sir," I said.

The man leaned over the counter, laughing, and, looking at my legs, said: "Your legs are too short; besides, I hardly think you could hold back a stage full of passengers coming down a steep hill. Do you think you could?" "Try me." "Well, I admire your pluck, but I don't think you will do; besides, we have no vacancy just now." After asking if he could direct me to any other line, and receiving a negative answer, I went back to the canal and started on the tow-path towards home. I had not gone far before I had another job with a man and his wife and son, with whom I stayed as long as I was on the canal. I went to Albany, also down the Chenango canal to Hamilton. When we

were at Oriskany Falls, the large feeder of the Erie, as well as of the Chenango, was damaged by a heavy rain-storm, which carried the dam away, and a wall of water ten feet high came sweeping down and carried everything before it. It destroyed an immense amount of property and washed the canal entirely away in many places, obliging our boat to lay in the basin at Oriskany Falls for two weeks.

When we arrived at Utica, where we lay for a day or two and unloaded, I paid out almost my last cent for a stock of winter clothing. The suit I selected was rather unique, indeed, somewhat gaudy, but I consulted my own taste. A snuff-colored shaker cutaway coat with velvet collar, a black velvet vest with a large strawberry vine and leaves in colors, and a pair of black doeskin pants made up the suit. When we arrived at Syracuse I left the boat, though the man and his wife urged me very hard to go home and winter with them, where I could go to school and it would cost me nothing. But I was too independent, and started for home with my load of clothes on my back in a sack. I stayed overnight a few miles out of town, and walked home the next day, a distance of forty miles. I arrived home just at dusk. My father, brother and two stepbrothers were all at home, and, with the exception of my father, gave me a warm greeting. I expected at least a good scolding from my father for running away. He turned to me and asked: "What have you got there in that bundle, my boy?" "Clothes, sir." "Let me see them." I spread them out on the table. My father looked them all over very carefully, and said: "How much money have you?" After fishing about in my jacket pockets I pulled out a ten-cent piece. "Is that all?" he added. "Yes, sir," said I.

The old gentleman turned on his heel and walked off into

another room, and that was all the censure I got. School commenced in a few days, and I cut quite a swell among the young maidens of the school in my new clothes, and was the envy of all the other boys, who wore homespun goods. Having seen more of the world than they, I was, in their estimation, entitled to a front seat. My company was more or less sought by the young ladies of the school for these reasons, and, being of a good disposition and not overbearing, I had hardly an enemy in the whole school. Besides, I was ahead of nearly all of them in our studies. This ended my education in the district school.

During the winter I commenced writing a novel, and after completing a few chapters the knowledge of what I was doing reached the ears of a well-educated gentleman of wealth. He asked me to bring what I had written and let him see it. After some hesitation I did so, and the good man was so well pleased with it that he encouraged me to keep on, giving me much good advice and assistance. I finished the manuscript, which I have kept as a relic of youth, and it has proved a source of amusement to me in my old age. It is just fifty years ago from this date of writing that I was engaged in this literary effort. Let us look back at those good old days and note the improvements made since that time. Railroads, telegraphs and steamships were taking the place of old methods of communication and transportation, but the stage coach still held its own in most parts of the country. The American Union was represented by thirty-one States, with but little improvement west of the Mississippi. About that time California was attracting the attention of the world by its rich gold mines, and I had the gold fever badly and made up my mind to see that country. I bent all my energies to its accomplishment, but the problem

was, how was I to get there? I made up my mind to save every dollar that I could earn until I had enough to carry me to this golden El Dorado. It was slow work to save enough by working on a farm during the summer season at nine to twelve dollars a month, but I was determined to accomplish the task and never wavered for a moment. At work in the summer and at school in the winter, I struggled on.

This tenacity of purpose in a boy of sixteen showed plainly the capacity of the coming man. Though fond of society, fun and pleasure, and sports, with a sort of don't-care disposition, I still kept my eye out for my former intention. Many little episodes characteristic of a boy at this time of life could be related here, but, like most boys, I enjoyed the society of the girls and the varied social amusements of young people.

For the next three years nothing of great importance transpired to mar my life, and I probably enjoyed myself as well or better than most boys of my age. I had my own way and did mostly as I pleased, my father not trying to control my actions to any extent, or take the money that I had earned. He was very much opposed to my going to California, but finally concluded that if I was determined to go it was useless to oppose me. My father gave me good advice, but was unable to help me in a financial way.

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING A FORTUNE.

THE young man with whom I worked on the farm was two or three years older than myself. I got him into the notion of going with me. His name was John Clement. He had no education, in fact, could not write his own name, but was naturally bright, of a strong build and in the best of health. Our engagements on the farm expired October 1, 1852, and we made up our minds to take the steamer from New York, via the Isthmus, for San Francisco, October 20th, of that year. At that time it was a great undertaking. We young Americans, though verdant country lads, had never seen the ocean or knew anything about traveling, but we faltered not, and on the appointed day took passage on the stage for Binghamton, N. Y., amid tearful companions, who tried to dissuade us from our venture. But we were not made of the kind of stuff to back out, although some told us that we would never return again.

We were whirled away with many a "God bless you!" Though we had barely enough money to pay for tickets in the steerage through to San Francisco, we left with high hopes for the future. Arriving at Binghamton before sun-down the same day, we took the night train on the Erie Railroad for New York, arriving on the morning of October 19, 1852. The day was spent in securing tickets and seeing

the sights about the city. Stopping at French's Hotel, we found a party of four—Joe Gibbs, who had been to California and now on his return; his brother, Ed Gibbs, and a cousin, John Gibbs, who was going to take a berth on one of the Pacific Coast steamers as third mate. The fourth was Asa Chase, a friend of the Gibbs boys, all from Fall River, Mass.

We joined the four, making a party of six. We pledged ourselves to stick by one another through thick and thin. We elected Joe Gibbs as manager of the party, he being the oldest man—thirty-five years of age—and had had experience on a former trip. Gibbs was a good manager, well educated, shrewd and honorable. This was a fortunate arrangement for us boys. Joe purchased the tickets and looked after his charge with seeming pleasure. He was full of jokes and had an endless stock of stories which kept the party always in good humor. None of the boys, as he called them, was over twenty-three years of age except John Gibbs, who was about thirty, and had been a sailor ever since he was seventeen.

At noon, on the 20th day of October, 1852, we sailed down the bay on the steamer Illinois. Her name was afterwards changed to North America, and she foundered at sea off Cape Hatteras, with a loss of a great many lives, including the San Francisco Minstrels, who played so long on Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

The first night out, a northwester blew a gale, and continued for thirty-five hours, and most of the party were very sick. After passing Hatteras the voyage was a pleasant one all the way to Aspinwall, where we arrived on the 28th of October, landing the next morning. We took the cars on the Panama Railroad, which was then built to the Cha-

gres River. From there we had to take boats up the river to Gorgonia or Cruces, thence to Panama by trail, on foot or mule-back. At Barbacoas, where the railroad ended, two of the passengers got into a quarrel, and, drawing their revolvers, commenced shooting at each other among the crowd, with the result that one was mortally wounded, but fortunately no one else was hurt. What became of the other one I know not.

There seemed to be no law or order on the Isthmus at that time. There were plenty of boatmen, with boats like a large yawl, with a seat running from stem to stern on either side. These boats would carry from ten to fifteen people, besides the boatmen, consisting of four to five men besides the captain, who was also the steersman. The boats were propelled by long poles, the men walking on a narrow platform on the edge of the boat, outside the seats and a few inches above them. The men that handled the poles were as naked as when they were born, except a hat and a wide belt around the hips. The boats were started as soon as the seats were filled, and, as every one was in a hurry to go, it did not take long to fill a boat. Kate Hayes, one of the great singers of that time, was among the passengers for San Francisco. She passed us with a picked crew soon after we started. The fare was four dollars to Gorgonia, and six to Cruces, and the trip to the latter place could be made in about fifteen hours.

A stop was made at Gorgonia, where there was a large gambling house, and we were detained for three hours or more, until the crew had lost all their money, when they were ready to go on to Cruces. From Gorgonia to Cruces the trip was made by daylight. We were seldom out of sight of monkeys, alligators, or snakes. We saw one very

large boa constrictor that was stretched out over a mass of bushes and vines, with a body larger than a man's thigh, but his length could not be ascertained. All those who were armed shot at him as he moved out of sight. One of the boys shot a monkey and wounded it; the poor monkey screamed and cried exactly like a child. So pitiful were its screams that they shot no more monkeys. It seemed too much like shooting a human being. A great deal of ammunition was wasted on the huge alligators lying along the edge of the river, with mouths held wide open for the flies to collect in, when the jaws would come together with a snap like a pistol shot.

At about noon we arrived at Cruces, nearly worn out by the night's trip. We found lodgings in a bamboo house, and slept in the upper story in hammocks.

The next morning the Gibbs party had increased to nine in number, who stuck together for the trip of twenty-five miles to Panama. Mules to ride cost twenty-five dollars, so we made the trip on foot, engaging a pack train to carry the baggage. We started out about 6 a. m. in good spirits. Before 10 a. m. a terrific thunder-storm set in, with the heat terribly oppressive, while the rain came down in torrents. In less than twenty minutes the sun was shining again. We had nine thunder-showers before night, accompanied by almost continuous thunder and lightning, such as are not seen outside of the tropics. One small mountain stream rose eighteen feet in twenty minutes, but went down almost as fast. Although it was but a stone's throw across the stream, a woman with a baby in arms, riding a mule, attempted to ford the stream after it began to rise, and was washed down in the current and drowned.

Just at dusk we reached Panama in safety, but completely

drenched and covered with mud. Murders and robberies were of ordinary occurrence among the passengers that crossed the Isthmus in those days. Only about two-thirds of the baggage sent through by mule-train from Cruces or Gorgonia ever reached its owners. Kate Hayes rode a mule across the Isthmus, astride on a man's saddle. She received a great many cheers from the boys, as she passed, for her courage and bravery.

The next day after we arrived at Panama, Asa Chase and I took a notion to go down to the bay and take a swim. The tide being out, we scrambled over the rocks for about half a mile before we reached the water. We then piled our clothes on the highest rock and started in for a good swim. After swimming about a quarter of a mile, we looked back and saw that the rocks were disappearing, and hurried back for our clothes, which were in danger of being carried away by the tide. We reached them just in time, and came near having to swim ashore. When we reached town a native was brought along with a leg cut off above the knee as smooth as you could cut it with a knife. He had fallen off a lighter upon which he was working, and a shark took off his leg in the twinkling of an eye, but his comrades pulled him aboard and saved his life. On learning the fact that the bay was full of sharks, and that we had been out among them, we felt very thankful for our escape, but a good deal frightened at the risk we had run, and concluded to swim no more at Panama.

For the next four days our party were engaged in seeing the sights of Panama; watching the buzzards, the only cleaners of the city; rambling along the old sea wall, hundreds of years old, with its old cannon, as bright as when first cast, but the old wooden carriages almost entirely rotted

away, and elsewhere. In the suburbs of the city we gathered oranges and lemons from the trees scattered about the hills overlooking the city and bay; visited the cathedral, and tried to pick up a little Spanish from the old market women. Everything was new and strange, and we were very much interested.

We bought steerage tickets for San Francisco from Panama on the old steamer Oregon, for one hundred and twenty-seven dollars, and sailed on the 4th of November, 1852. John Gibbs, of our party, was installed as fourth mate for the trip to San Francisco. On the first Sunday out from Panama, Kate Hayes came on deck and sang at services conducted by a minister of the gospel. Every passenger aboard the ship was charmed with her voice. At her first concert in San Francisco tickets were sold at auction, the first ticket bringing over one thousand dollars. She was the most noted songstress that had ever visited San Francisco. Madame Anna Bishop was afterwards considered her equal by some until the immortal Patti appeared.

In less than ten days after the Oregon landed us at the wharf at San Francisco I saw the minister who preached on board the Oregon at the faro table in the El Dorado gambling house, at the southeast corner of Kearney and Washington Streets, betting his money freely, still wearing his clerical garb, apparently as sincere a sinner as any who surrounded the gaming table. I mention these little incidents to show how prone is human nature to yield to temptations when in the midst of them. Away from home, friends and restraining influences, man removes all masks, and his real character stands out as in the noonday sun, with no check but his own will; hence the study of human traits was much

easier in California in those days than in older communities where deceit and hypocrisy are so common.

On the 18th of November we met the steamship Golden Gate, from San Francisco for Panama. Both vessels saluted by firing several guns. John A. Gibbs was loading our gun, when a premature discharge of the gun blew off both his arms, which went to sea with the ramrod. His head struck the railing and his skull was crushed. The first mate, standing near, caught the body and saved it from going overboard. Gibbs belonged to our party and was beloved by all. The next day he was buried at sea.

We arrived at San Francisco about eleven o'clock Saturday night, the 20th of November, making the entire trip in thirty-one days, including all stoppages. In San Francisco we stopped at the Howard House, on Pacific Street. Just below us was Pacific Wharf, where all the up-river steamers landed. The next day our party looked over the town, and found all the gambling houses in full blast, as well as the saloons and retail stores. People—nearly all men—from every civilized nation on earth were on the streets in their native costume, which was much more marked than at the present time. To stand on the street and observe the people pass, clad in such a variety of costumes, was a sight that could not be seen in any other city of the world at that time. There were but few women in San Francisco in those days, except the *demi-monde*, and these were not numerous.

On Monday morning, after paying our last dollar for board (we had but four dollars when we landed), and engaging board at seventeen dollars a week, the landlord having kindly agreed to trust us for the first week, we started out to look for work. We had not stood on the corner of

Pacific and Front streets many minutes before several men had asked us if we wanted work. John Clement went to work at a dollar an hour helping to unload a ship, and the rest of us secured work at the same rate to unload wagons. On the way down we had repeated offers of work at a dollar an hour. The job that we had taken was too heavy for us, and after two and a half hours we had to stop. We were paid off, receiving two dollars and a half each, and were too tired to make any further effort that day. The next day we worked at sprouting onions, at twenty-five cents a hundred pounds. At this we made eight dollars a day, so we soon had money ahead.

San Francisco at that time was doubtless the liveliest town on earth, and the following incident will illustrate the enterprise and go-aheadativeness of the times. We were on the wharf one morning, when a load of lumber was driven close to us and we were ordered to get out of the way. A man told us that a store was to be put up that day and finished at six p. m., as it was to be opened at seven. Nothing but the piles driven into the water, with some timbers on them, was in place. We stopped for a while to see the work go on, and in a short time the floor was laid and a balloon frame was going up when we left. At night we went down to see what had been done, and found the store in full blast, selling goods. The store was lined with cotton cloth; shelves and counters were all in, gas lights and fixtures were all up, where but twelve hours before had been only a water lot.

While sprouting onions for an old gentleman, who seemed very friendly, he asked me this question: "Boy, what did you come to this country for?" "To make money," I answered. "Well," he said, "let me give you a little advice." "All right; let us hear it." "Well," he says, "you say you

were raised on a farm and know how to split rails, and that you intend to go to the mines. Now, I'll tell you what to do, and if at the end of three years you are not worth fifty thousand dollars I'll give you the half of it, if I am worth it. Get some one who knows how to farm, go across the bay, up into the foothills, and build a cabin and split rails enough to fence in a few acres of land. Then change work with some of those ranchers, and get the land plowed and rails hauled—and they will be glad to do it; and when you get the land ready plant all kinds of fruit seeds, and in a year's time you can begin to sell trees at a dollar apiece." "Yes, but how are we to make a living in the meantime?" "Oh, I'll furnish you all you need, and you can pay me when you sell your trees." "Yes, you are very kind, but how are we to get the land?" "Why, you will just squat on it, and the owners will be glad to have you, for it will improve it and make it salable. No trouble about that. Now, you had better try it, even if you have to lease a few acres at a good price. It will pay you better than any mine." "You may be right, and it looks encouraging. We will have a talk with the party that came out here with us, and we will see you to-morrow and let you know if we conclude to try it."

The old gentleman's proposition was a splendid one, and we would have gone into it if we could have got any one to go with us. We laid the matter before Joe Gibbs and the rest of the party, but they all refused to undertake it. Had we followed the old man's advice, we could have made three hundred thousand dollars, instead of fifty thousand, for any kind of fruit tree one year old brought a dollar a piece for at least three years afterwards.

Circumstances seem to control a man's destiny, call it

what you may—luck, management, or opportunity. Some seem to drift along on a wave of prosperity without apparent effort—or it may be a wave of disaster. Luck was firmly believed in, in those days, and it did seem as though good sense and good management did not amount to much except in certain instances. The next day, Joe Gibbs had all of our party hired out to Meigs to go to work at a steam lumber mill at Mendocino Point, at the mouth of Big River, two hundred and fifty miles up the coast. We were to receive seventy-five dollars per month and board, and we were to leave the next day, December 4, 1852, on the brigantine *Glencoe*, expecting to reach our destination in about three days. All were pleased to get a job of steady work. We had been in San Francisco two weeks, and had provided ourselves with clothing and blankets and had a little money left.

We started with six other men, making eleven who were passengers for the mills. Our quarters was a small house on deck, just large enough for us all to lie down, with not a foot of space to spare, but we thought we could stand it for a three days' trip. For three days we beat against a strong head wind. On the fourth day a heavy storm from the southwest arose. The wind blew a gale, and the rain fell in torrents. Just before night we ran into the little harbor at Mendocino Point and dropped both bow anchors; but we might as well have anchored in mid-ocean as far as any shelter from the storm was concerned. We seemed to be in an eddy, formed by the flood that came down Big River and the point of rocks.

Fortunately the anchors had taken a good hold and held the vessel fast. As she swung around, her keel was not twenty feet from the rocks. The storm increased in vio-

lence as darkness came on. The shore was a perpendicular bluff, from forty to fifty feet high, with the exception of the lower point of rocks at our stern, and to go ashore was a certainty of total wreck. Only ten days before, the schooner Anderson had gone ashore at the same place and all hands were drowned. The wrecked schooner lay about one hundred and fifty feet from us, with the waves breaking over her. All night long the men on shore were watching with ropes to render us assistance, should we be so unfortunate as to be driven ashore. We could communicate with them through speaking trumpets, but they could do nothing to help us. Every one of us were on deck all night, drenched to the skin, and expecting to be driven ashore every moment. Thus we passed the night.

At daylight the storm had increased, the waves were higher, and now and then a wave would break over us. All day long the storm continued with unabated fury, and when night came on not one of us expected to live to see daylight again. At dusk the wind, rain and waves seemed higher than ever, and, to make matters worse, huge redwood and pine logs came down with the flood in Big River and circled about us in the eddy in which we lay, pounding and grating against our sides and threatening to break our anchor chains as well as to punch a hole in the hull of the vessel. With these added dangers threatening us, we were indeed in a hopeless condition, and it seemed almost impossible that we could get safely out of it. There was a number of pike poles in the hold, and the captain had them brought up and set us all to work to fight the logs to keep them from injuring us. We all worked with a will to save the ship, and the captain furnished us with plenty of Jamaica rum to keep up our courage. Some of the logs were ten to fifteen feet

in diameter, and it seemed as though they would surely crush our vessel or tear the anchors loose.

About two o'clock in the morning the wind ceased and it stopped raining, but the waves were as heavy as ever, and the logs continued to come down the river, keeping us constantly at work to fight them off. Our only safety was to put to sea, if we could, but it was doubtful whether a boat could live in such a sea. At about eight or nine o'clock a land breeze sprang up, strong enough, the captain thought, to drive us out to sea. We therefore raised one anchor and hoisted a sail, which filled well and held her steady. Then we raised the other anchor, and then began a great struggle. It seemed impossible that we could make the open sea, but on hoisting more sail she began to make a little headway, and we were soon safe in open water. We hugged each other and danced for joy. The old captain thanked us all, treated us to grog, and ordered the cook to give us the best meal he could prepare. We were almost famished with hunger, as we had had nothing to eat but sailor biscuit since the storm began, forty hours before.

In twenty-four hours the sea was calm again, and we headed once more for our port, but that night another storm arose from the southeast and carried us in a northwesterly direction, far out to sea. The second day the wind blew so hard that it tore every sail to ribbons that we had hoisted, and seemed to increase during the night. All hands were at work trying to bend a new sail, when the second mate fell overboard and was drowned. There was no chance to save him, as no boat could live for a moment in that storm. His frantic cries for help will ever ring in my ears, but we had to leave him to the mercy of the waves. This storm continued for several days, and when the captain was able

to see the sun and learn our whereabouts we were about a thousand miles west of land. With a tolerably fair wind the captain started for shore again, and we made good headway until there arose another storm that drove us further north and tore our sails to rags.

Finally we sighted land at the northern end of Vancouver's Island, with snow apparently of immense depth down to the coast line. That day we were caught in a calm when about six miles from the breakers and were fast drifting ashore. We had never seen our old captain so frightened before. We were helplessly borne towards the breakers, till we were only two and a half miles off, with the sea breaking over the rocks in plain sight and hearing. Every sail was hoisted that we had left, but they hung limp and lifeless, and it seemed inevitable that we must go on the rocks. The water was too deep for our anchor, and we had now drifted within a mile of the breakers, when a little puff of wind sprang up, just strong enough to check our course, and we held our own against the tide that was running in towards the land. After an hour of suspense, the wind began to fill our sails, and increased until we were safe again.

Once more we headed for port, but that night the wind blew a gale from the north, and it was so cold that it covered the chains with ice, and loaded the brig so heavily forward that she lay in the water with the stern three or four feet higher than the bow. After sunrise the next morning the weather moderated somewhat, and she was soon cleared of ice, but the gale continued and that day made ribbons of the last whole set of sails we had left. When we started from San Francisco we had three whole sets of sails aboard, and now not a whole piece of sail was left. The wind was

favorable and we made rapid progress toward our destination. We arrived without further mishap on December 26th, after twenty-two days of the stormiest voyage in the log of the Glencoe.

We soon began our work, and, though it rained half of the time, we were comfortably housed in tents near the mill on the Point. There were about one hundred men at work there, besides about fifty Indians. A hunter furnished elk and deer meat for the camp. Elk were abundant in the forests, and at times we saw herds of a hundred or more. Deer were plentiful, so it was not a hard matter to keep us well supplied with meat. One ounce of gold was paid for a deer and two ounces for an elk, or sixteen and thirty-two dollars, respectively.

Grass was six inches high in January, and the weather was more like April and May in New York. Game of all kinds was abundant. Wild strawberries were ripe the first of March, and it seemed like a paradise to us. Our nearest neighbors were at Albion River, about twenty miles away. The foothills were covered with pine and redwood forests. Some of the redwood trees were of gigantic size, averaging fifteen to twenty feet in diameter—too large to be utilized at that time, as there were no mills in the country that could cut logs of that size. We had fine weather most of the time during the months of January and February, but March came in very wet. During the winter of 1852-53 there was an immense fall of rain all over California.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

ON the 3d of March, 1853, I was twenty-one years of age. On the 17th I took passage on the familiar old brig Glencoe for San Francisco. I had not seen a white woman for nearly four months, and the captain's wife was a pleasant sight to my eyes. She was not only an ordinary-looking woman, but past middle age; but, then, she was a white woman.

We were but twenty-four hours in making the trip to San Francisco, while we were twenty-two days in making the same trip from San Francisco to Mendocino. On my arrival at the bay I at once went to the office of Harry Meiggs, who at that time was the most popular man in San Francisco. He was paymaster for the mills at Mendocino. He accepted my order on him, but informed me that he paid orders only at ten days after sight. I offered him a discount, but he would not pay me before the time was up, so I got my order cashed at a broker's at a heavy discount. I left San Francisco on the 23d of March for Marysville. When I arrived at Sacramento I went uptown, and the steamer left me, taking my baggage; so I awaited the steamer's return to recover it.

I left Sacramento the 28th of March. It had been raining heavily while I was in Sacramento, and the river was rising

rapidly. On the way up from Sacramento to Marysville the river was from twenty-five to fifty miles wide; in fact, the whole valley was under water, and the only way we could follow the main channel was to keep between the tops of the cottonwood trees that grew along the banks of the river. Drowned horses and cattle and wreckage of all kinds went floating by. We passed men sitting on the tops of their cabins, but they generally had a boat, waiting for their houses to float away, or the water to go down. Some came on board the steamer and were taken to Marysville with us. When we arrived at Marysville the water was from one to three feet deep in every house and store in town, and we landed in Adams' Express office with the water a foot deep on the floor. Everybody lived in the second story, or on top of the houses, and it was impossible to get a meal in the town. A Norwegian sailor and myself concluded to leave town, via the road to Downieville, on the North Yuba River. After wading in water from one to two feet deep for two or three miles we finally reached dry land; but the rain came down in torrents and we were in a sad plight. It took us all day to reach the Eleven-Mile House, where we got something to eat and a fire to dry ourselves.

Just before sundown the clouds broke away and the sun set in a clear sky. We stopped all night, and the next morning set out for Downieville, in Sierra County, at that time one of the richest mining districts on the Yuba River. We passed the Galena House and the Dobbins Ranch, and stopped all night at Bullard's Bar. The next morning we crossed the river in a dugout, which was carried four or five hundred feet down stream, and we came near being drowned. However, we got over with a no more serious result than a good ducking. This was March 30th, and we

had a hard day's tramp, but at last reached the Mountain House and stopped overnight. The next morning we went down the mountain, with the snow thirty feet deep on each side of us, the trail having been worn and washed by the rain and melting snow down to the ground. We soon reached Goodyear's Bar, and that day arrived at the famous Downieville mine. I looked about for a couple of days, then bought tools and provisions, and on April 4th I did my first day's work at mining and took out enough gold to pay for my board.

Then I went prospecting with my sailor friend, took up a claim, and we washed out four or five dollars. But unfortunately I was taken ill, and in a short while my money was all gone. On the first day of May I had to pawn my clothes to pay my board. I continued to work a little now and then, but was badly discouraged, and sometimes wished myself back home. Finally my sailor friend got an old tent, and we went about a mile up the South Fork of the North Fork of the Yuba, took up a claim, and went to mining for ourselves. But our claim was poor, and it rained a great deal. Provisions were very high, and we had to take out considerable gold to pay for our food. We struggled along until about the middle of June, when we threw up the claim, and I got a job at four dollars per day and board at the north end of Hardy's Flat. My sailor friend I never saw again.

On the 19th of June I got the first letter from home, it being over eight months since I left. I had sent home the money that I had borrowed to come to California, and this was the first news that it had been received. Our work in the tunnel was very hard, but I was in fair health and I stood it pretty well. About this time a felon appeared

on my thumb and I lost my job. After a week's idleness I went to work at seventy-five dollars a month and board. A short time after this I went into a wing dam scheme to work the bed of the river. We finally got it in, and on the first day's washing took out four hundred dollars from a "pot hole." After that we did not make expenses. Rather rough, after working weeks in water up to our waists to get the dam in.

I kept my job of seventy-five dollars per month after the wing dam gave out, and worked until I had my debts paid. Then I went down to Cox's Bar and hired out for one hundred dollars per month, working the river bed. About this time I saw an Indian hung at Downieville for killing a Chinaman.

The miners generally went to town every Sunday, and this is what I saw one Sunday on the street of Downieville. There were two large gambling saloons in the town, about one hundred and fifty feet apart, with the eternal chink, chink, chink ringing in your ears from morn to midnight. All stores were open, full of miners buying supplies. On the opposite side of the street from one of the gambling houses was a noisy auctioneer selling all sorts of notions, and almost in front of a gambling house was a minister of the gospel preaching from the top of an empty whisky barrel to a good-sized audience. A short distance down the street was a dance hall in a house of prostitution, with the music and the noise of scuffling feet plainly heard. On the street a man was riding furiously up and down on a mule that he was offering for sale to the highest bidder. Bands of music at each gambling house were vieing with each other in their efforts to attract customers, and the blare of ragtime melodies filled the air. Whisky, as well as clay pipes and tobacco,

was free at the stores to all patrons, and they could help themselves.

Every man had a revolver slung to his hip, yet everything was moving along smoothly in this pandemonium, with scarcely a drunken man in sight. I leaned against a post and reflected. Never before or since have I witnessed such a sight. Not a decent woman could be seen in this throng of perhaps three or four thousand persons, comprising men of every civilized nation on earth. At no other place could there be such a sight at this time; nowhere else such a cosmopolitan crowd.

Up to this time I had heard very little from home, and the influences of my early training were getting weaker, and I had become infatuated with gambling to such an extent that I could not pass a gambling hell with a dollar in my pocket that it did not burn, so to speak, until I had staked it to win or lose. No vice is so fascinating as gambling, none so hard to break.

One Sunday, when in town, I received two letters from my father filled with good advice, but nevertheless I visited the gambling house and played until my last dollar was gone, then started for home alone. On my way I sat down at the side of the trail and read my letters again, then began to think over my condition. What was I doing? What course was I pursuing? I was friendless, penniless, and almost hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again. Again I read the letters, and then and there I firmly resolved never to gamble again. I had no further temptation until the next Sunday, which I looked forward to with some anxiety, as I wished to test my power to resist. I went to my usual place at the gambling table with my week's wages in my pockets, ready for the trial. I won the battle, but it

was a terrible ordeal. The succeeding Sunday I had a similar experience, but stuck firmly to my resolution, and I have never gambled since.

About this time I invested in a lottery scheme, holding about twenty tickets. The first prize was a thousand dollars in fifty-dollar slugs, and the second prize a five-hundred-dollar watch and chain. I held the ticket that won the second prize, which did me good service a few weeks after, when I had typhoid fever and got out of money. Wells, Fargo & Co. Express gave me two hundred and fifty dollars on the watch alone, which saved me from much suffering during my illness.

I lost my job at Cox's Bar, but I found a vacant claim, which I took up. I commenced working it with a rocker, making three to eight dollars per day. My appearance was rather boyish, as I had no beard, and was somewhat undersized, not having got my growth yet. The miners at Cox's Bar and Snake Bar called me "boy," and I was probably the youngest person there.

One day near noon, while at work on my claim, I noticed a man of very dark complexion, seemingly an Italian, with very black whiskers, and an ugly look on his face, standing on the bank above me, watching my actions very intently. I soon left my work and went to my cabin, near by, to get my dinner. I was gone about an hour, and when I returned I found the stranger at work on my claim. He had removed my rocker and tools to the bank and had taken full possession of my claim. "Hello!" says I. "What are you doing here?" "This is my claim," he says, in fairly good English, "and I am going to work it. There's your tools." I was very much surprised, and we entered into an animated conversation. He declared that he should hold that claim, and

threatened to knock me down with his shovel if I did not leave. "We'll see about that," I said, and I started in search of the man who told me that claim was vacant. I found him with two other men a short distance away and explained the matter to them. They told me to get ten or fifteen men from the neighboring claims and tell them to report in half an hour for the purpose of holding an arbitration, and they would see that I had my rights. When I returned to my claim several miners had got there ahead of me, and very soon about twenty had assembled. My friend explained the laws of the camp and related all the circumstances of the case. Then one of the miners called upon the trespasser for his statement, but he made no reply. They told him to stop work and state his case. He answered that it was his claim and that he intended to work it. After a few moments' consultation they appointed my friend as spokesman, who plainly informed the would-be claim-owner that they would give him five minutes to take his tools and leave the neighborhood at once.

The spokesman held his watch, and for three minutes the man continued his work; but before the five minutes were up he had gathered up his tools and, with muttered curses, left as fast as his legs could carry him, and I was fully restored to my rights. This whole proceeding took but an hour, and I was again back to my work.

This little episode shows how miners meted out justice and upheld one another in the days of 1853 in the mines of California.

A more wide awake, intelligent, enterprising body of men could not be found on earth than the miners in the mountains of California at that time. All were between the ages of twenty and forty-five, and represented the highest type

of manhood from every civilized country on the globe. To mingle with such a class of people was an excellent schooling, and gave me an education of self-reliance, ambition, and a fund of knowledge that would be impossible to gain in any other way.

A short time before I was ill with the typhoid fever I was working in a tunnel under a hill, with the bed rock nearly level, and a layer of pay dirt nearly two feet deep on the bed rock. The tunnel was over one hundred feet back from the shaft. A man with a wheelbarrow was wheeling the pay dirt to the shaft, while I was drifting and timbering up, as we advanced. We were on a nest of boulders, some of them very large, and I had to exercise a good deal of care in keeping them well timbered, so they would not cave down upon us. I came to a very large rock, that seemed to be flat on the under side and was up about five feet above the bed rock. It extended clear across the tunnel, and I had got the dirt from under it over four feet, but had not reached the edge of it in any direction. I tapped on it with the pick, and it appeared to be very solid, with no signs of falling. I thought I could risk it and go ahead. I picked into the bank for a moment or two, and stepped back for some reason, but no sooner got from underneath it than down it came, the front edge brushing my hat and fastening the toe of my boot to the ground. Had I remained where I was I would have been crushed to a jelly, for it was at least ten feet in diameter. Just why I stepped back I never could tell, for I had no idea of its falling without some warning well known to miners. My narrow escape made a lasting impression upon my memory.

Upon the first of December I was working more or less at Goodyear's Bar, Cox's Bar, and along the river. I then

formed a partnership with J. A. McCuin and Doc Nelson. We started for Indian Creek Valley, and visited the Galena Hill, Railroad Gulch, Oak Valley, and Young's Hill mines, but water was very scarce. Although the rainy season had set in some time before, there was no water to wash with in these dry diggings.

January 1, 1854, found me at R. R. Hill, and while there I got a letter from home. I sold out my interest at R. R. Hill and started with Mack for Sand Hill to see my friend John Boyer, who had been holding for me for some time a claim which would have yielded an ounce of gold a day. He had written to me to come on, but I did not get his letter, and I lost the best thing I ever had thus far. On February 24th, Mack and I decided to go to Allhouse Creek, in Oregon, but postponed the trip until spring on account of snow. So Mack concluded to visit a friend at Sacramento, while I went to San Francisco to remain until we thought it safe to start for Oregon by way of Crescent City, taking a steamer from San Francisco to that point.

I remained in San Francisco until the 22d day of April, 1854. I was working part of time while there, and helped cut Powell Street through from North Beach. Mack came down from Sacramento, and we took passage on board the little side-wheel steamer America for Crescent City, Del Norte County, Cal., on the 22d of April, arriving there on the 24th. Crescent City was a scattering town of three or four hundred inhabitants, with no harbor. We stayed overnight and started on our march over the mountains the next morning. We went through the red woods of Smith's River and journeyed on to Illinois Valley and Allhouse Creek, some sixty miles distant. When leaving Smith's River we had to go over a mountain twenty miles, without a drop of

water. The trail was very good, but it went over long stretches of bare rock that had taken up the heat from the noonday sun, and it burned our feet almost to a blister. They became so sore that we could hardly walk. Just before sundown we came to the long-looked-for spring of water, and there we rested and slaked our thirst and cooled our feet. We then hobbled on to a farm house in the valley of the Illinois River, where we were glad to stay overnight. My feet did not get over that trip for years. The next day we passed Sailors' Diggings, and reached the mouth of Allhouse Creek, Oregon, the 27th of April.

After resting a few days we went to work at three dollars a day, the standard wages on the Creek at that time. We were very much discouraged by the prospect. I bought a share in a claim with an old sailor and we made some money. One day in passing some sluice boxes where the water was turned off I found a small speckled trout, and by this discovery knew that there must be trout in the creek. The stream was very muddy all the week, but on Sundays it cleared. I always carried fish hooks and lines with me, and the next Sunday found me cutting a rod, catching grasshoppers for bait, and making ready for fishing. There was a nice pool in front of some miners' cabins, where perhaps a dozen or fifteen miners lived, many of whom were doing their week's washing. They all set in to guy me, as no one supposed there was a fish in the creek. One said, "Oh, come up here and fish in my tub." "Yes," says another, "you might catch a good, fat grayback; he's lousy, anyhow." I stood their jeers and remarks without a word until I got ready to try the pool, when to their great astonishment I landed a fine six-ounce beauty. All rushed to see it, and many a cheer went up for me, as the laugh was now on

my side, and it was my turn to do a little chaffing. I continued down the stream for a mile and brought back eight pounds of as fine trout as one could wish to see. The next Sunday the creek was lined with fishermen, and in about six weeks it was hard to get even a bite.

Cinnamon, grizzly, and black bear were very plentiful on the mountains, each side of the creek, and the miners that ventured to disturb them in their haunts had many a hard encounter with them.

The winter before, the Rogue River Indians had tried to drive the miners off the creek, and there was some hard fighting there. It was a hard place to winter, and McCuin and I decided to go to Jacksonville, and if we found nothing to suit us there to go on south to Yreka.

My claim was still paying very well, but nearly worked out. I traded it for an Indian pony, packed all our tools, blankets and clothes, and with my partner started out on foot for Jacksonville, Oregon, where we arrived September 12th. I had a letter from Mack requesting us to come to Yreka, and we left September 14th for that town. The next night we stopped at the foot of the Siskiyou Mountains with an old rancher, and paid one dollar a piece to lay on the floor and find our own blankets. We got plenty of feed for the pony, and started to climb the Siskiyou Range, which brought us into California again. We saw no one until we got into the Klamath Valley. Here we found plenty of ranches. The scenery from the Siskiyou is grand. Old Mount Shasta, with its fourteen-thousand-foot-high, snowy summit, is one of the grandest peaks on the American continent. Rough, wild and silent were the immense forests of fir, pine and cedar that we traveled through, and Nature in all her grandeur held full sway.

We arrived at Yreka September 16, 1854, after a tramp of one hundred and twenty miles from Allhouse Creek. I found Mack at work in Yreka, a mining town of considerable importance at that time. It was in the centre of the Yreka flats, where thousands of miners were at work on the various creeks and gulches for many miles around.

The town was full of life and thrift, with a stage to the lower country every day. Here we concluded to tie up and try to make something. A party of six entered into a partnership and bought a claim on Canal Gulch, about one and a half miles northwest of town. We soon had a cabin built, lumber sawed and everything ready for work. There were about three hundred miners on the gulch. We could wash out no gold until the rains came, but we had plenty of work stripping off about ten feet of soil before we came to pay dirt. All worked with a will, and in a short time we were ready to begin washing. My partners' names were Frank and Bill Patterson, old man Hollyall, from Maine; John Van Order, from Ithaca, N. Y.; Horace P. Cummings, also from Maine, and an old Mexican soldier and also a sailor, but one of the best men I ever knew. McCuin was with us until March, 1855, when Van Order and myself bought him out, and he started for the States. Old man Holly was the last one to sell to us three. We stuck to the old claim, which was always good for five to eight dollars a day to the man. We bought and sold other mines, hired men to work them, and kept very busy. One summer I attended the water ditch for the Yreka Company, at one hundred and fifty dollars per month. The portion of ditch that I was attending ran near a den of rattlesnakes, and I killed from three to six every day, some of them very large ones.

Cummings, Van Order and myself lived in one cabin to-

gether for two and a half years without a word of dispute or any ill feeling. We had some difficulty in getting rid of old man Holly, but succeeded by paying him five hundred dollars for his interest. Here we took turns in cooking, a week at a time. I think that was the happiest time of my life while in California. Some of the time we made money fast, and at other times nothing, especially in the summer when we had no water, though we managed to pay expenses. I sent my father money now and then to help him along in his old age. Many miners went home from Canal Gulch in those days, and the books, of all kinds, that they left fell to me. They were of all kinds, novels predominating. History, school books, religious books, scientific works, phonography, and, in fact, something on almost all subjects. I thus had a rich store of knowledge to draw from, and I improved my time to best advantage. Pitman's Manual of Phonography was among my treasures, and I studied it enough to get the corresponding style so I could write and read it quite readily.

Many amusing incidents occurred while I was at Canal Gulch. Cummings had a good double-barreled shotgun, but never used it except to fire a salute on the Fourth of July. But I was fond of hunting, and during the winters I kept our larder well supplied with quail, grouse, rabbits, and now and then a wild goose. Deer and mountain sheep were plentiful in the mountains, but it was too far away to reach them on foot.

A colony of Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands had a permanent camp but a short distance from our cabin, and some of them were quite intelligent. There were two women, two or three children, and about fifty or sixty men in the colony. Nearly all were engaged in mining, but

they lived according to their former customs, poi and baked puppies being their principal diet. We were their nearest neighbors, and, being on good terms with them, frequently got an invitation to eat poi and baked dog. The way they cooked a dog was as follows. They built a small log fire and piled large cobblestones upon it until they became very hot. In the meantime they dug a hole in the dry earth, shaped like the inside of a bowl, then put in a layer of hot stones, then a double layer of cabbage leaves. On top of these they laid the dog, neatly dressed, and covered it with cabbage leaves, then a layer of hot stones over all, then more leaves, and carefully covered the whole with earth or sand, and left it to bake for two hours. When served it looked like a young pig roasted to perfection. They invited me to eat some of it, and I finally took a small piece and found it very much better than I expected. It tasted much like roast pig. I ate a little of the poi also, but did not relish that at all.

Many of these Kanakas were anxious to learn English, and I told them that if not less than twenty would give me a quarter of a dollar apiece for two hours' teaching each evening, five nights in a week, they to furnish their own lights and a room and their own books, the money payable each night before school opened, I would teach them the rest of the summer. They soon had twenty-five scholars ready, so I went to town to secure the books needed, but did not find quite enough to go around and supplemented them with a blackboard. Under my directions a cabin was fitted up, and the next week I opened the school. On the first night I had thirty pupils, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty-five years, and the most interesting set of pupils that any pedagogue ever faced, and I think the most earnest and obedient. Some

learned very fast, others very slow, but the majority made good progress, and the school flourished so well that they built a new log schoolhouse and fitted it up with desks and benches. The following incident will show how earnest they were in their work:

Some of the youngest and brightest of them were fond of whisky, and sometimes would come to school pretty full and create considerable disturbance. One named Jack, about twenty-four years of age, was generally the most troublesome. One night we had more disturbance than usual, and at the close of the school I informed them that they must adopt some measures among themselves to see that the school was kept more quiet, or I would have to stop teaching them. The next Sunday morning they called a meeting and invited me to attend. I told them I wished to have nothing to do about it, but whatever they agreed to do must be done, and then we could go on with the school. I expected they would vote to expel any unruly member, by force if need be. But no. They voted, without a dissenting vote, to fine every member who made any disturbance twenty-five cents, and the fine was to be paid to me. Of course this was satisfactory to me, and the school went on. I got a good many quarters from Jack, and some from four or five others who had taken a little too much fire-water before coming to school.

I kept the school going for four or five months, and many of them learned to read and write English quite well, but the number of scholars had fallen off until I had but ten, and I closed the school. My pay had averaged about twenty dollars per week, but it was a little too hard on me to work all day and teach at night, and I was glad it was over.

We made money on our claim, but in our outside invest-

ments we were not so fortunate. We bought for a few dollars a large claim on the Flats, a quarter of a mile north of Canal Gulch, termed dry diggings, with no water or any chance to get any except from the Eureka water ditch, which had just been finished, but no water yet. We prospected the ground thoroughly, but found nothing that would pay over three or four dollars a day to the man. Still, we thought we would try it again when we could get water. About a stone's throw from us lived a State of Maine Yankee, who drawled out his words in a slow and listless manner. One day this Yank came to our cabin and inquired if we wanted to sell out our claim over there. We told him the price was three hundred dollars. "Wal," said he, "ain't thet rather high? I wouldn't buy onless you'd let me prospect a little." We told him to go ahead. We saw no more of him for six weeks, when he came around and said he didn't get much of a prospect, but he'd give us two hundred dollars for it. "No," we told him, "we would work it ourselves." "Wal, I'll give ye two hundred and fifty dollars fer it; mebbe I can get wages out of it." We offered to split the difference. After much talk and hesitation, he said he guessed he'd take it and weighed out the dust to us and went away. When he got water he seemed to know exactly where to set his sluice boxes. He hired two Chinamen, and for three or four months he took out twenty dollars a day to the man.

The next spring the same man was cutting wood in the top of a pine tree he had cut down. He had laid his coat on the stump and a buckskin purse with five hundred dollars in gold dust in it. Bob Whittle had a cow that was running about at will, and, coming up to the stump, soon had the purse in her mouth chewing it up. The Yank looked up

and took in the situation at once, and went for the cow, but was too late, as she had swallowed the whole thing as soon as she was disturbed. We notified Whittle at once and tried to buy the cow, but Whittle would not sell. He agreed that she might be watched for results, but after ten days passed without returns a price was set, and the miner bought the cow, which was killed, and the gold, except about twenty dollars, was found in her paunch. This incident went the rounds of the papers all over the United States.

We continued to work the old claim with more or less success, but we were all anxious to return to our homes in the States. In those days no one ever thought of making a home in California. At Yreka and vicinity there were not more than five or six respectable women. Consequently there was no society.

In 1856 several women came in from the States, among whom were Mrs. White, wife of Mr. White, of the firm of King & White, merchants of Yreka; also the wife of D. D. Colton, then sheriff of Siskiyou County, and a few others whose names I have forgotten. By the way, there is a little unwritten history about D. D. Colton, the late S. P. R. R. official who named the town of Colton, San Bernardino County, Cal., after himself.

Dave Colton came to California with five or six others from Indiana or Illinois, across the plains, in 1852 or '53, and they commenced mining on the Yreka Flats a short distance from town. Colton and work did not agree, and the other boys had to do it all. Colton was a good fellow, not vicious or intemperate, but simply lazy. He finally quit mining and went to town. He got a job of copying in a lawyer's office and managed to eke out a precarious living with some help from the boys he came out with. An elec-

tion was to come off soon, and some one conceived the idea of running Dave Colton for sheriff of the county. Though none expected him to be elected, he received a good majority. This was the turning point in Colton's career. The office was worth about fifty thousand dollars a year, and Colton was shrewd enough to make it pay all it was worth. He made a good sheriff and was well liked. He was fortunate enough to be elected for a second term. He saved a great deal of money, made good investments, and built a theater and several substantial brick business houses that brought him in large rentals.

While serving his second term a miner was killed in his cabin and the murderer escaped. Suspicion rested on a man who left very suddenly for the East, and Colton was sent after him. He was gone several months and visited his old home in the States. While there he got married and brought his wife back with him, but no prisoner. He charged the county seventeen hundred dollars for making the trip. This did not increase his popularity very much among the people, and politically he was played out.

About this time an Indian war broke out at the head waters of the Sacramento River and about Klamath Lake. A number of miners and settlers had been killed by the Indians who had collected a large force near Klamath Lake. Volunteers were called for, and a company of a hundred men went from Yreka. They were gone about ten days, and were fortunate to surprise and kill a large number of the Indians just at daylight one morning. This aroused the Indians and they challenged the whites to come out and fight them. Dave Colton was at Sacramento and was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers by the Governor of the State, and ordered to take command at once.

General Colton got to Yreka as soon as he could, and, calling for volunteers, secured quite a respectable force. About fifty or sixty miles out the scouts of the column found the Indians, and were driven back to the main column. General Colton at once made preparations to meet the enemy by establishing headquarters with his staff on the top of a mound, in which that part of the country abounds. After the general had got to the mound he sang out, "Boys, charge those red devils and drive them back. I'll watch from this mound. Let me know if anything goes wrong." The boys attacked the Indians and drove them back, killing many, with a loss of only one man killed and two wounded. The general and staff returned alone, and the boys came in in twos and threes. The Indians quieted down soon after, and the war was over. Colton came to Sacramento, fell in with Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, and Crocker, and during the rest of his life was connected with the S. P. R. R.

During the winter of '55-'56 I and my partners were interested in four or five different claims, and I was made treasurer. Each day, or at the end of the week, the gold taken out was delivered to me, and every Sunday morning it was divided and delivered to each shareholder.

One Sunday morning, for some reason no one came for their gold, and I had between four and five hundred dollars worth to divide. Nearly all the miners went to town on Sunday. My partners had gone, and I wanted to go, but what should I do with the gold? I could not take it with me, and feared to leave it unless I could hide it in some secure place. Thieves were plentiful. In looking about the cabin I saw the coffee pot sitting on a little shelf above the fireplace, and concluded it would be as safe in that as anywhere. So I dropped it in and set the pot back in its place

and went to town. One of my partners came home with me before night, and when we reached the cabin we found some one had been there and dug up the floor, turned our bunks inside out, and went through every box and place they could think of, evidently looking for hidden treasure. I jumped for the coffee pot the very first thing and found the purse all safe and sound. I notified all the boys at once to come and get their gold. They congratulated me on my good fortune. Nothing was missing, but the cabin was a wreck. The reason the boys did not come for their money that morning was that a duel was to be fought that day, and they all hurried off to town as soon as they got up. The duel was between two well-known gamblers who had fallen out about some woman, and a lot of wags encouraged them to fight a duel.

The Hoag boys, who kept a livery stable; Dick French, who kept the Yreka House; Tom Vance, the greatest lover of fun in town, and several others were the instigators of the whole thing. Two of them were chosen as seconds. They made all the arrangements, and the principals, as well as the public at large, thought it a *bona fide* duel. At mid-day a smooth spot of ground just over a low hill east of the town was measured off, and full instructions given. It was generally known about town that a duel was to come off, as a report was circulated that the officers of the town intended to break it up and arrest not only the principals, but all other persons on the ground. For this reason not more than a hundred of us were at the fight. Everything was carried out according to the code. Pistols were examined, loaded, and handed to the principals, who were placed back to back, thirty paces apart, and at the word "Three" were to wheel and fire. If neither of them were

hit they were to go through the same performance again. One of the men seemed a little shaky, but did not weaken, and they went through the exchange of shots all right, and were about to make the second exchange when some one shouted, "Officers!" and we all scattered in every direction to avoid arrest.

The general opinion was that it was a real duel, but I was informed by Tom Vance, as we were riding home together on the same steamer a year or more after the duel, that it was a fake, and that the pistols were loaded with blank cartridges, though unknown to the principals, and the whole thing worked exactly as intended. One of the principals left town soon after, as he was told by one who knew the true state of affairs how the matter really stood, and he could not stand to face the jeers that he expected from his comrades when the real truth of the affair came out.

The next winter I was a witness of a genuine prize fight that occurred only a stone's throw from our cabin in the center of Canal Gulch. One day while it was snowing, about fifty men suddenly made their appearance and commenced clearing away the snow, which was a foot and a half deep, from a level piece of ground on the upper end of our claim. They staked and roped a twenty-four foot ring for a prize fight. The purse was one hundred dollars. It was a cold, raw, stormy day. There were about seventy-five of us, so that we made only a single line just outside the ropes. An Englishman and an Irishman of about thirty years of age were the men that were to fight. The referee and seconds had been chosen before they left town. Time was soon called and they fought to a finish in forty-three rounds. A more brutal, disgusting affair and sickening sight I never witnessed before. One of the eyes of the

Englishman was closed entirely, and the Irishman broke his wrist and lost the fight. Both were covered with blood and both badly punished. I have never had a desire to see a prize fight since.

A man by the name of B. W. Converse owned a claim adjoining ours, right above us, on Canal Gulch. He lived alone, and we never saw him away from his claim or cabin. One day I thought I would go to see him, and I found him lying on his bunk with a book. He treated me very pleasantly and asked me to call again. I saw no more of him for some months, when one day he was helped by some men to his cabin, and we found that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake while on the Klamath River trail, a few miles north of us. He related the affair to me as follows: "I was going along the trail on the side of the mountain a short distance from the river (it was the month of August, 1855), when I heard the familiar sound of the rattler, and almost immediately felt a sting in the calf of the leg. I killed the snake and started on, but had gone but a few steps when everything seemed to darken and I could not stand, so I lay down near a very small stream of water trickling down the side of the mountains. My thirst soon became intolerable, and I scooped out with my hand a little hole near my face, which soon filled with water, and I could turn my head over and drink. The pain was terrible, and my leg was swollen to double its ordinary size, and I was fast becoming unconscious. I knew that there was no one within a mile of me, and I had not strength enough to call if there had been. I knew I would soon die if I did not get help, so I managed to get my knife out and open a small blade, with which I cut one of the veins in my arm. I felt the blood running, and soon after lost all sense of feeling, and felt like going

asleep. This happened about four o'clock in the afternoon, and when I woke up or came to my senses it was about seven o'clock in the morning. How long I had been there I knew not. I was not suffering with pain so much, but was so weak that I could not stand. My head seemed quite clear, and I could see a cabin and I thought some men near it at work about a mile up the river. I started to crawl to them, and with the greatest exertion I managed to get a little over half way to them by five o'clock in the afternoon. I finally attracted their attention, and they came to me and almost carried me to their cabin. They were foreigners and could not speak a word of English." Mr. Converse was laid up from the effects of the bite for several months before he could do any work. Everybody on the Gulch tried to make him as comfortable as possible and helped him out. On our claim we had two cabins, and we gave him one of them, it being very much more comfortable than his own, and it was only about ten feet from the one we occupied.

He was, in many ways, a most remarkable man, and for over a year and a half I was with him more or less. Every day I learned to love and respect him more than any other man I had met while on the Pacific Coast. He was the best educated man I had ever known. He could read and write seven different languages. He was a classmate of Senator Edmunds of Vermont and his brother, D. Edmunds, of the same State. After leaving college he taught school in New York State, Vermont, and Ohio. His health failed, and he went on a whaling voyage of three years' duration. He had been a soldier in the Indian war of Florida, was a farmer near Stockton, Cal.; went to Australia in 1852, where he spent two years in the mines, and then returned to California and drifted to Yreka. He was a regular bookworm, always

studying. I have seen him cook a meal entire with a book in one hand, and then lay it down by his plate to read while eating. Being of an enquiring turn of mind and much given to books myself, Mr. Converse was a boon companion to me, and I gained more knowledge from him than all the schooling I ever had.

In 1856, when the news of John C. Fremont's nomination for the Presidency reached the Coast (there was no telegraph across the continent in those days), Mr. Converse espoused the cause of Republicanism and was the first man on the Gulch to advocate the election of Fremont. He found a ready convert in me, and for two or three months we were the only Republicans on the Gulch out of three hundred voters. We worked hard to make votes, and Converse made one or two speeches that were marvels of eloquence, logic, and patriotism. When the polls closed we found there were forty votes for Fremont and Dayton, which we thought was a good showing with only one to start with.

A few words as to my partners, with whom I lived for nearly two and a half years. John Van Order, whom I first met at Allhouse Creek, when mining with John S. Peck and Bill Buchanan, all came from Buffalo, N. Y. Van Order bought in with the rest of us on Canal Gulch. He was raised in Ithaca, N. Y., and learned the trade of iron molder. He worked in Buffalo at the same business. He had no education whatever, and I never knew him to read or write a word while I was with him. Yet he seemed to be well posted, used good language, was unusually bright, and naturally was the smartest man of the three. He was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age when I was with him. He was a very good worker and a most congenial companion. He had a most extraordinary memory, and when

hearing an article read from a newspaper could almost repeat it the next day, word for word.

Horace P. Cummings was much older, had a fair education, and was somewhat comical in his ways and sayings. He was a sailor for many years, and a soldier in the Mexican War under Scott. He was among the men that scaled the walls of Chepultepec and lived. The walls of the fortress had to be taken by ladder. As fast as one of our men showed his head above the wall he was shot and fell back. As Cummings reached the top of the wall the attention of the Mexicans was attracted to the opposite side of the fort by an assault of our men from that direction, and he reached the top all right, followed by others as fast as they could climb the ladder. They overpowered the enemy and the fort was taken. Horace was a man of good habits, was always in good health and spirits, and the life of the cabin. His home was in Portland, Me.

In the winter of '56-'57 I sold out my interest to Mr. Converce and bought in a claim farther up the Gulch with a man by the name of Hall, but continued to live with John and Horace. The next spring they had the old claim pretty well worked out, and John and Horace started for the States. Cummings went to Portland, got married, and went into business there. Van Order I never heard of again.

All winter I had been very much out of health, and was able to work but a part of the time. Hall bought into a claim on Greenhorn Creek and sold me his interest in our claim. Water was getting scarce in the Gulch and we could wash only a short time each day. On account of my failing health I concluded to sell and go home while I was able. So I prevailed upon Mr. Converce to buy me out, and I got ready to leave. Mr. Converce took out three thousand

dollars more and left Yreka, as I was informed by Hall, about a year after. That was the last I ever heard of my old companion and tutor, for whom I have ever entertained the most profound respect and esteem.

The last work I did was an hour each day when the water was turned off while the miners got their dinner. On cleaning up I had fifty-six dollars in gold for the six hours' work. I bade Mr. Converce goodbye and went to town to learn which was the best route to San Francisco. The Indians had gone on the warpath again and robbed and killed several packers, both on the Jacksonville trail to Crescent City and over Scott's Mountain trail to Shasta. The stage to Shasta had stopped running and there seemed to be a very poor show to get away safely. The year before the Indians had given us trouble, and we had all turned out to repel a threatened attack, their signal fires being lighted on the mountains west and north of Yreka, but the trouble soon blew over. I consulted with my friend John S. Beck as to the best thing to do, as I wished to get away as soon as possible. We finally concluded that the route to Crescent City *via* the Klamath River was the best and safest, as there had been no Indians seen on that route; but it was a very lonely trail, with only one cabin between Scott's Bar and Indian Creek, a distance of seventy miles.

To take this route I would have to have a horse or mule that could make the seventy miles in a day. After looking about town we found a big mule, which I bought with saddle and bridle, and the next morning I set out for Scott's Bar, twenty-five miles distant. Many had tried to discourage me by representing the trip as very unsafe to try alone, and that I had better wait; but I was well armed and concluded to go and see Mr. Crooks, the express agent at Scott's Bar,

with whom I was acquainted, and he would probably know whether it was safe to make the trip. After parting with Peck I made good time and reached Scott's Bar in about seven hours in very good shape. I saw Crooks and spent the night with him. While on the way over the mountains from Yreka to Scott's Bar I rode over snow that in some of the canyons was fifty feet deep, and also picked some flowers. As the snow slowly melted away the sun warmed up the soil, so that in a few days vegetation would spring up and flowers bloom but a few feet from the snow.

The next morning I was up by daylight and ready to start at sunrise. My friend Crooks gave me all the information that he could, and remarked that I would have a long, lonely ride. With a parting goodbye I started out in good style and in good spirits.

After riding about one-half a mile my old mule got it into his head that he had gone far enough and stopped, and much coaxing and spurring would get him no further. I dismounted, cut me a good whip and gave him a good lashing, readjusted the saddle and mounted, gave him the whip and spur, and off he went on the run. After going another half mile he stopped again. Dismounting, I went through the same performance, and off he went as before, but I had provided myself with a new whip, and concluded that I would be ready for him the next time. So when he slacked his gait I whipped and spurred and made him keep it up for two or three miles, then stopped him and got off and petted him, pulled a bunch of grass, and gave him time to eat it. Then I mounted again, spoke to him kindly, and away he went and troubled me no more that day. We had become better acquainted.

About four miles from Scott's Bar I passed the last

miner's cabin. Just before noon I pulled up at Happy Camp, thirty-five miles on my way, and found three men there, but they had no news, and could give me no information about Indians or about the trail except that there was no one living between there and Indian Creek. No news was good news, and after resting a while I started on. The trail crossed the river a short distance from there and followed the edge of the river, except now and then it ran up the side of the mountains in order to pass some high bluff that could not be passed near the river.

About a couple of hours after leaving Happy Camp I reached the river's edge, and, coming to a bunch of alder bushes at the mouth of a little gulch, I saw a little rivulet trickling down the mountain side into a clear pool of water. I was thirsty, and so was the mule. So dismounting, I kneeled down and drank my fill of the water, which was very clear and cold. Rising to my feet I happened to look through the bushes and saw a man's face and head, with one arm extended holding a double-barreled shotgun and slowly whetting a huge bowie knife with the other hand up and down the barrel of the gun. With a face covered nearly to his eyes with the blackest of whiskers, an old slouched hat on his head, and a pair of keen black eyes, with which he gazed at me very intently, he looked to me very much like a suspicious character. I turned my mule without taking my eyes off the ugly looking face. I then drew and cocked my revolver, and, slipping my hand up behind the saddle, I mounted. Not a word was said, but I concluded to face the music, and if he made a move toward me to get the drop on him first. I started on the trail, which wound around a little clump of bushes, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, but when I made the curve the whole

thing was revealed to me at once. There were two men sitting on the ground taking their lunch, and the one I had been watching had raised his gun so that I could pass, as they were close to the trail. My scare was over in an instant, and, taking in the whole situation, spoke to them pleasantly, but they could not understand either English or Spanish. I rode on, congratulating myself on the outcome and that I had found out for the first time that I had the courage and coolness to carry me through such an emergency without flinching.

I passed some deserted ranches on the way to the mouth of Indian Creek, up which the trail led toward the mountain. At length the trail entirely disappeared. There had apparently been a landslide a short time before and wiped out all semblance of a trail for over one hundred feet. The mountain at that spot was at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and I could see the creek about six or seven hundred feet below me, but not more than three hundred feet up the mountains in the track of the slide, over which the footing for man or beast was very insecure. I could see the end of the trail on the other side, but how to reach it was the question. About two feet of the old surface was gone. I urged the mule down the bank, then dismounted, tied my lariat to the saddle and the mule's neck, and started to cross on foot, leading the mule. We both slid down the mountain pretty lively, but by our exertions worked at an angle toward the other side, and reached solid ground about two hundred feet more below our starting point. We struck the trail again and I mounted and went on, thankful that I had been fortunate enough to cross so dangerous a place with safety.

After traveling a mile or two the trail gradually came nearer the creek, which was a raging, roaring mountain

stream, from thirty to fifty feet wide and running very swiftly. I knew this creek had to be crossed and wondered how it was to be done, but there was the well-used trail, and, having gained perfect confidence in my mule, concluded I could go where others had gone without fear. Just then I reached the stump of a tree, about two feet through, that had been felled directly across the creek, with a slight pitch toward the top. It was scored and hewed at on the upper side, and lay about twenty feet above the water, and had evidently been used for a bridge for pack trains. The flat top of the log was about eighteen inches wide at the butt, but was narrowed down to not more than six inches at the other end. I stopped, looked the situation over, and concluded to ride the mule over if he would go. The water was so swift under the log that I hardly think I could have walked it without losing my balance. Seeing no other course to pursue, and as it was almost night, I mounted the mule, gave him a slack rein, and started. The mule jumped upon the log, put his nose down close to it, and walked over as easily as a dog. Soon after I struck a well-traveled trail, and in half an hour was at the hotel at Indian Creek, seventy miles from the place of starting in the morning.

This was quite a lively mining camp, just a half day's ride from Crescent City. In the morning I found a man who was going to Crescent City on horseback, and we set out together for our destination. The trail led us through the redwood bottoms of Smith's River, a large forest of the Sequoi Gigantia, which was of great interest to us. Standing in the midst of this forest, where the trees were so close together that their tops completely shut out the sun, the daylight at midday has the appearance of a soft, hazy moonlight, or the light of day during an eclipse of the sun.

There was not a branch or limb for a hundred feet up the trunks of any of the trees, large or small, but the view does not extend more than three hundred feet in any direction. The huge bodies of the trees, all so straight and close together, form a vast enclosing wall, towering toward the sky, affording an awe-inspiring sight of nature's handiwork that made me feel like a mere pigmy amid these leviathans, as it were, of the forest. My mule, even, looked not more than half his normal size, and my companion had apparently shrunk to the size of a half-grown boy. These trees were from one hundred and twenty-five feet to two hundred and fifty feet high, some of them even more. The soil beneath was of the blackest hue, and my mule came near being mired in many places.

After gazing awhile in mute astonishment and contemplation at the wonders and weird beauties of the scene, we moved on, but stopped to measure an average specimen of these trees, which was seventy-eight feet in circumference eight feet from the ground.

After emerging from this remarkable forest in the low lands nearer the mouth of the river, we came to a vast field of ferns, or brakes, as they are sometimes called. These were so thick that a man could not, without difficulty, get through them. They were from six to ten feet high, and at the base as large around as your arm. I had heard it said that near San Jose they are so large that the children climb them and play on the branches, but these were the first I had seen. After leaving this fern forest we soon arrived at Crescent City, where I had landed a little over three years before.

I put my mule in a livery stable and informed the proprietor he was for sale, then went to a hotel and put up for

three days, when the steamer for San Francisco would be due. By a little inquiry I learned the price of mules, and the next morning went out to the stable to see about selling mine. The proprietor said he would like to see how he moved, so I brought him out and saddled up. I mounted him and started off, but had not gone twenty paces before the mule stopped, turned about and started for the barn. Do whatever I could, he would not go. A small crowd soon assembled and began to give me advice in such ribald phrases as, "Build a fire under him," "Put sand in his ear," etc. Not hankering after too much publicity, I closed the circus by putting the mule back in the barn, and told the proprietor I would see him later. The next morning I went to the stable again and related to him the full history of the mule, my trip on him from Yreka, and asked him what he would give me for him. "Well," he says, after much talk, "I'll take him if you'll throw off twenty-five dollars from your price." "Give me the money; he's yours," I said. The price was twenty-five dollars more than he cost me, so I went back to the hotel well satisfied and ready to proceed on my journey.

The steamer came in due time and I was soon on my way to San Francisco, where I arrived June 10, 1857, in very poor health. I went to a doctor on Montgomery Street, who charged me a hundred dollars for his services. He gave me a prescription that cost me fifty dollars more. It was to last me till I got to New York. After I got home I had the same prescription filled for fifty cents. That was the difference between New York and California in the prices of drugs and medical service at that time.

CHAPTER V.

HOME AGAIN.

ON the 20th of June, 1857, I sailed for Panama on board the steamer *Golden Age*. She was a fine vessel and had recently been put on the line. I had been on board but a short time when I met Tom Bantz from Yreka, who was all alone, and we became companions for the voyage at once. Tom was a most congenial companion, full of wit, and always jolly. He was known at Yreka as one of the biggest devils in town, but was well liked and had a great many friends. He had been constable for three or four years, and in those times that officer received a fat salary.

My health began to improve before we had been to sea two days and continued to improve slowly every day. About the second day out to sea I happened to make the acquaintance of a man by the name of Bob Matteson, a deputy sheriff of Sacramento up to the time he left. We were looking at a huge shark that the sailors were trying to catch, and incidentally got into conversation and kept it up for three hours or more. So well pleased were we with each other that we soon felt like old acquaintances and were almost constantly together during the rest of the voyage. I soon made Bob acquainted with Tom Bantz, and the three of us flocked together most of the time. We stopped a short time at the port of Acapulco and went from there to Manzanillo,

Mexico, for coal. Here we remained for fourteen hours or more, and the passengers were allowed to go ashore. Many took advantage of this privilege, but I did not feel able to go. Bob and Tom were among those who went ashore, and they came back with a large supply of oranges, limes, and pineapples, etc. Tom was loaded also with Mexican "booze," as he called it, but not exactly drunk. His tongue was very loose, and when he got aboard he mounted the capstan and delivered one of the most witty and droll stump speeches imaginable, enlarging upon the sights of the town and its inhabitants and the Mexican population in general. The whole speech was so witty, and withal so gentlemanly and good-natured, that it created rounds of applause, and he soon had all the passengers aboard listening to him. He wound up with a very flattering tribute to the ladies on board. During the rest of the voyage Tom was the lion of the ship and was in demand for his stories and drollery at all times. Everybody knew Tom by the time we reached New York.

Our voyage down the coast was a very pleasant one, and by the time we reached Panama my health was very good. We arrived the morning of the Fourth of July, 1857, and took the cars immediately for Aspinwall. The now historic ship, "The Star of the West," the first ship fired on by the rebels in the Civil War, was at the dock when we arrived, though she was not to sail till night. All the passengers were to remain on shore until an hour before sailing, except the sick, which were very few.

It being our Independence Day, the sailors and marines from a couple of our war vessels were allowed to come ashore with the passengers. In the town were a lot of Jamaica negroes who had been working on the railroad,

and more than a usual number of natives, and there were pretty lively times. Some of our sailors got into trouble with the natives and Jamaica negroes that ended in a fight, but was partially quelled by orders for every sailor and marine to report on board ship at once. But there was bad blood between the Jamaicans and the natives and the fight was kept up. A few firearms were used, but coal, bottles, and stones were the weapons generally in use. There were about one hundred Jamaica negroes engaged and twice as many natives, all within the space of three or four hundred feet along the beach in front of the main street of the town. The sidewalk and buildings were covered and held by the steamer passengers, all armed with six-shooters.

At one time the natives threatened to attack the American passengers because they cheered the negroes when they seemed to have the best of it, but somehow they changed their minds when we all drew our guns and told them to pitch in. Word was sent from the war vessels that if a single American was molested they would open their guns on the town. They threatened us no more, but the fight went on between the negroes and the natives until three were killed and about fifty wounded, then it slackened, and soon all was quiet again. It was the greatest fight I had ever seen, and one in which I cared not who whipped.

There was to be a first and second gun fired to notify the passengers to come aboard. At the end of the fight Bob and I went into a billiard hall for a game and did not hear the first gun. When the last gun was fired we thought that it was the first until the proprietor, who was an American, warned us. We ran as fast as our legs could carry us, and just reached the plank as they were hauling it aboard. A quarter of a minute more and we would have

been left. Tom was the first to greet us and congratulated us on our racing qualities.

Our accommodations on board *The Star of the West* were not so good as on the *Golden Age*, as it was more crowded. On the third night out from Aspinwall, as Bob and I were sitting on the wheel house aft, at about twelve o'clock at night, a thick smoke came up, seemingly from the fire-room. We went forward and found about a dozen passengers on deck all collected about the entrance of the fire-room. The smoke was pouring out in a dense mass. That there was a fire in the hold no one doubted, but not a man said a word or made an alarm. The first mate drew his revolver and swore that he would shoot the first man that shouted "Fire!" Just then one of the firemen came up and, on reaching the deck, fell unconscious. As soon as he could speak he told the mate that the coal bunkers were on fire. Other firemen came up and dropped on deck from exhaustion. The mate and the crew got the pumps at work as soon as possible and sent fresh men down to play on the fire with the hose, but it was more than two hours before one of the officers came up and reported the fire out. We were one hundred and fifty miles from land, with a strong chop sea running and not boats or life preservers enough to accommodate half the number of people aboard. Had anyone cried "Fire!" when the ship was enveloped in smoke and the passengers been aroused, there is but little doubt that there would have been a terrible loss of life. The mate was wise in his actions, and none of the passengers, except those who were up at the time, knew anything of the affair until the next morning. It was a very narrow escape. After it was all over Bob and I turned in, but not to sleep, for as soon as I got into a doze dreams of fire would arouse me, and I

could not banish it from my mind. Nothing of importance occurred during the rest of the voyage to New York, where we arrived on the night of July 12, 1857.

We made the trip from San Francisco to New York in twenty-two days and fourteen hours—in those days a very quick passage. Tom Bantz, Bob, and I put up at French's Hotel. The next day we shook hands with Tom and he left for his home in Indiana. Bob and I roomed together. The next day, being in need of clothing, we repaired to a Fulton Street clothing house, where we each purchased a suit from different clerks without the other knowing the selection made. When we opened our goods at the hotel we found the two suits exactly alike. We donned our new garments and strolled up Broadway. For the sake of a little amusement we stopped at the office of Fowler, the phrenologist, to have our heads examined. The operator first examined mine, then Bob's. Feeling Bob's bumps awhile, he said, "Brothers, I presume?" "No relation," says Bob. "Strange," says the examiner, "your heads are very much alike." "Never saw each other until about three weeks ago," said Bob, all of which I corroborated. When he got through with us, he said, "Gentlemen, I have never seen two heads so nearly alike before, and I would like to know your names and addresses." When we examined our charts at our room we found, to our surprise, but three points that varied, and these only slightly. "Well," said I, "that accounts for our taste regarding clothing and also our attachment for each other ever since we met on board the Golden Age." From that time I have been a firm believer in phrenology.

Bob and I had some gold dust that we wished to exchange for currency, and on taking it to the assay office in New York found we had to wait a few days to get our cash. A

rather unusual affair occurred the next morning. Bob and I were sitting in the reading room, looking over the morning papers, when a well-dressed man about thirty years of age, stepped up to us and said, "Gentlemen, please excuse me, but from some conversation I overheard between you I presumed that you, like myself, are strangers in the city. I take the liberty to introduce myself. I am a minister of the Gospel and am the pastor of a church in Newburyport, Mass., on a vacation for a couple of months. Here is my card," handing us each one. "Now, if there are any questions you wish to ask me I will be happy to answer them if you will step into the barroom and have a drink with me." "Oh, we are not dry," says Bob; "at least I am not. My comrade can speak for himself." "But, gentlemen, I would be happy to have you join me." "If it is going to make a man happy," I said to Bob, "let us take a drink with him." "Well," said Bob, "I'm not in the habit of drinking with strangers, especially with ministers, and I am most too old to form new habits. However, if our friend is unhappy, and our drinking will make him less so, I don't know that I should object." So we had a drink with the reverend gentlemen, whose name I have forgotten.

We returned to the reading room, and he gave us a complete history of himself and his church, congregation, the girls, the good times he had had, and, in fact, confessed himself to be the greatest sinner of the whole flock. His appetite for whiskey was immense, and it required a large amount to slake his thirst. We went up the street to a billiard parlor, where Bob and I had a friendly game, while our ministerial friend was filling up with his favorite beverage. It was not long before we were obliged to take him back to the hotel and put him to bed. About dusk he was

up and looking for us. He was nearly sober, and insisted that we go to the theater with him. We finally consented, if he would agree not to drink anything. He said he would compromise on one drink before we started. He had his drink, and we went to a German opera on the Bowery. Our reverend friend amused himself by throwing bouquets to a very ordinary looking girl to whom he had taken a fancy. We brought up at the hotel all right about midnight. The next morning our friend was anxious to carry out the same performance of the day previous. So Bob and I concluded it best to have him get drunk as soon as possible, so that we could put him to bed out of the way. It did not take long. This was an every-day occurrence until Bob was ready to leave for home. The minister said he was going to Geneva, where he would stop off to visit some friends who lived fifteen or twenty miles south of that place. Bob told him he would go with him if he would abstain from drink on the way. This he agreed to do if he was allowed to take a parting drink with me. After this ceremony they started off.

A letter from Bob a couple of weeks afterward gave me the history of their trip about as follows: In some way the reverend had smuggled a bottle of whisky aboard the train, but did not drink much, and coaxed Bob to make the visit to his friends and relatives with him. At Geneva the minister hired a livery team, to be returned the next Monday, that day being Saturday, and their visit was to be over Sunday. "After we left Geneva," Bob wrote, "the minister turned to me and said, 'Bob, I want you to represent an old classmate of mine at college, and I shall introduce you as such. This uncle and aunt I am going to see are very pious people and strict church members. They have a very fine-looking daughter, my cousin, to whom I wish you to pay

the most of your attention while there, but I want you to swear that you will not say one word about your knowledge of me except as a classmate in our college days, and that you had accidentally met me on your return from California at New York. Leave all the rest to me. I shall probably have to preach there to-morrow and shall have to appear very devoted to my calling. Will you swear that you will not, by word or look, give me away?' 'I swear,' said I, and, being a lover of fun, the situation was getting to be very interesting to me. Not a drop had the reverend taken the day of our arrival, and as we had been shaved and neatly groomed before our start from Geneva we were a very good looking pair of ducks. The reverend was a very fine looking man and a genial companion on the trip. Before reaching our destination he had coached me very thoroughly in the part I was to play in the conspiracy, and I felt confident I could carry it through successfully. On our arrival at his uncle's they were all delighted to see us, and gave the minister a very warm welcome. They were well-to-do farmers, lived in good style, and we fared sumptuously. At the tea table the reverend asked the blessing, and the conversation was mostly on church matters. The next morning we all went to church a couple of miles away, the daughter and I going in a single buggy. She was a charming companion, and I took a decided liking to her.

"Our friend occupied a seat in the pulpit with the regular minister, while I sat in the family pew. I avoided, however, the eye of my companion from New York. He was introduced to the congregation as the eloquent divine from Newburyport, Mass., who would deliver the sermon that morning. A better or more eloquent religious discourse I never heard. The congregation crowded about him after the ser-

vice, and implored him to preach in the afternoon. All seemed eager to grasp his hand and thank him most kindly for his effort. He finally agreed to give them a short discourse in the evening, and we drove back to his uncle's. At the evening meal the old uncle asked me to say grace, which I declined, looking into the eye of my friend for the first time that day. He very adroitly took my place, asked the blessing, and relieved me of my embarrassment with a sly remark that I was a little bashful yet. His evening sermon was a splendid one. A fine collection was taken up for him and a vote of thanks given him for presenting his religious convictions in such a masterly manner.

"The next morning we took our departure for Geneva. We had not gone far when he turned to me and said, 'Bob, I'm awful dry; ain't you? These people gave me enough money to keep us in whisky and pay all expenses for a week; and do you know, Bob, you conducted yourself in a manner most satisfactory to me, and I thank you for it. But that was a terrible look you gave me when the old rooster asked you to say grace. Don't you think that my little cousin is a daisy? But, my God! how dry I am.' And so he rattled on until we got to Geneva. 'Bob,' he says, 'I've concluded to go as far as Buffalo with you,' and I could not persuade him otherwise. We had an hour or so to wait for the train, and before the train came along the reverend was half drunk, and before we got to Buffalo was as drunk as a lord. I found I could not go on until after midnight, so we went to the theater and on our way back he got us in a row, but I managed to get him back to the hotel; but before I could get him to his room he was dead drunk. The hotel clerk and I left him in bed with his boots on, and that was the last I have seen or heard of our reverend friend from Mass-

achusetts." In a few months Bob returned to California and I never heard from him again.

I stayed in New York for a few days and then took the train, on the Erie Railroad, for Binghamton and thence to Greene, where I found an acquaintance who was a neighbor of my father, and he kindly gave me a ride home.

Home again! What peace and comfort in those words after one has been a wanderer o'er the face of the earth! I knew almost everybody in the neighborhood, for I had lived there from the age of ten to fourteen, and everybody that I met wanted to hear about California, as but few had returned from there at that time. As I had been nearly five years there, they thought I must know all about it. I had not fully recovered my health, but I was getting well pretty fast, and the rest and recreation with old friends soon restored me to my normal condition.

It was now July, 1857, and I had promised myself a rest till the next spring. It was indeed a great treat to have the privilege of mingling again with the boys and girls after being separated from them and their society for nearly five years.

After a brief stay in Smithville and surrounding towns I went to Taylor, Cortland County, my residence when I left for California, and made my home with an old neighbor and his son, Levi Mallory and L. D. Mallory. The son had been my schoolmate and chum since I was ten years of age, and I had corresponded with him during my stay in California. As a returned Californian I was the lion of the neighborhood for the time being, and was supposed to have plenty of gold. A little bag containing a few ounces of real gold I had mined, a few twenty-dollar gold pieces, and a heavy gold watch and chain that I wore led the innocent

natives to believe that I had unlimited wealth. One old acquaintance came to me and asked for a loan of a couple of thousand dollars to clear off a mortgage on his farm, "for," said he, "I hear that you came back rich and could just as well let me have it as not." Others wanted to borrow from one to five hundred dollars or more. Others wanted me to enter into various schemes that needed just a little more money to insure success. Still, I never enjoyed myself more than with my old friends and neighbors at that time.

After visiting my favorite girl of former years, living a few miles away, I spent several weeks with my relatives in Connecticut, and then returned to Taylor, N. Y., to make my home with my old friend Mallory. Concluding that I had not education enough, I made arrangements to attend the same school at Truxton, N. Y., that I had attended the winter before I went to California. I had made up my mind to take a college course, and the principal, Mr. Lyman Pierce, told me he could fit me for entrance. My intention was to study surgery and engineering, and adopt the one I liked best for a profession.

The school term was three months, commencing December 1, 1857. I was promptly on hand, and found as classmates about forty young women, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two years, and about fifteen or twenty young men. It was a sort of training school for teachers. The principal was an old teacher and an ex-county superintendent of schools, a most genial and noble man. I was the only one of the students that boarded with him, and was counted as one of the family, which consisted of himself and wife, two daughters and a son, all grown up except the youngest girl, twelve or thirteen years old. Serene Pierce, his eldest daughter, was a beautiful girl of eighteen or

nineteen years of age, and a model in every way. The son and daughters all attended school.

The sleeping accommodations were somewhat limited, and I had to occupy a room with three other students, who, by the way, did not trouble me much, as they were very seldom in the room except at bedtime. In the room were two beds, a stove, a table, and two chairs. Johnny Dodd was my sleeping mate, a good sort of boy, about twenty years of age, and a fair musician on the violin, but he was deeply in love, and spent most of his evenings with his girl. The other roommates were farmers' boys, nineteen or twenty years old, great big six-footers, and would weigh on an average about one hundred and seventy pounds. One of them, James Brooks, was very much in love with Mr. Pierce's eldest daughter, and spent the most of his evenings in her company. The other student, whose name I cannot recall, was very pious, and was singing sacred music every evening with his two sisters, who occupied a room in the same house. Brooks also was a devoted Christian, and spent considerable time with them. Consequently I was left alone most of the time in my room, pursuing my studies, and seldom went to bed before two o'clock in the morning, long after the others were sound asleep.

There were about fifteen of the young ladies rooming in and about the building. The schoolroom was built at the rear of the principal's residence, and he allowed us to move out the chairs and desks for evening dances, but they must stop promptly at ten o'clock. Dancing parties were of frequent occurrence, and they afforded me pleasant exercise and recreation. Johnny Dodd furnished the music. After the dance was over I repaired to my room and could study much better for the exercise.

One night the two six-foot mates came in and went to bed, and in a few moments were snoring loudly and annoyed me considerably. This was not the first time that it had happened, so I concluded to take some means to stop it or have some fun out of it. Johnny Dodd had not returned from seeing his girl home, but soon came in, and I asked him to be quiet and procure me a cord if he could. Fortunately he had one in his valise. Generally these six-footers had their toes sticking out at the foot of the bed. Their bedstead was of the old-fashioned kind, with a roller at the foot of the bed, and their toes could be seen just above that. We carefully got their big toes together, and securely tied them to each other and to the bed roller. We then quickly undressed, got into bed, and, feigning sleep, awaited results. By throwing a slipper against the wall beyond them the fellow next the wall was partially awakened, and turned over. In doing so he pulled the toe of the other fellow, who cried out in pain, and then the row began. Each accused the other of tying his toe to the bed roller, but were not yet aware that they were tied together. Both became very angry and abused each other fiercely. Their loud talking finally aroused the whole house. Johnny and I were demanding to know what the row was about, and why we were awakened in the dead of night by such a performance. So securely had we fastened them, and thoughtfully removed their clothing, to prevent their getting a knife to cut the cords, that they finally begged us to get up and strike a light, so that they could get loose. After enjoying the fun for some time, Dodd got up and cut the cord and ended the disturbance.

Balls, parties, suppers, and the many congenial school-mates made the winter there the most enjoyable of my life, and memories of it still linger with me.

Every two or three weeks I visited my friends, Peter Rorapaugh and his noble wife, and spent Sunday. They lived only a couple of miles from Truxton, where our school was located. Better or more congenial friends and companions I never knew, and their house was the resort of many fun-loving young people. The very atmosphere of that home seemed charged with joviality, for P. Rorapaugh was the most comical, odd, and mirth-provoking individual in the community, if not in the whole region. No wonder that all the wits and wags of the best society made it a point to meet at Peter's, as he was familiarly called. Some years after his wife died and Peter was never himself again. Man and wife never lived more happily together than they. I met him only a few years ago, but he had none of the old-time fire and life, and he seemed sad and sorrowful, still mourning the loss of his wife.

The winter passed too soon. During the winter my step-mother's eldest son returned from Kansas, where he had been for a year or more, and was very enthusiastic over the probabilities and possibilities of that country. He urged me to agree to return with him in the spring, when he would help me to make a start there and we could make money fast. He said there was plenty of land that could be taken up in the best part of the country, and great opportunities in other ways awaited young men who would settle there.

Mr. Pierce said that he could fit me for college by continuing with him for another term of three months, and that was the course that I had mapped out for myself; but the influences seeming to be all the other way, I finally yielded and began my preparations to go to Kansas. I had had nine months of uninterrupted enjoyment and pleasure, and so decided to go back to business again in a new field, which

I now believe to be one of the greatest mistakes of my life. After the school term closed I made a trip to see my best girl and bid her good-bye, which was one of the hardest things to do of all. We were not engaged to be married, but it was a foregone conclusion with both of us that we would be. It was the saddest parting that I had ever experienced, and I never saw her again. I should have married her, but I thought I did not have money enough to take care of a wife, and until then I told her that I could not think of marrying. To part thus was a sad ending to our long years of devotion. Hope for the future was all that was left me.

After a visit and farewell to my friends, A. B. Smith and myself started for Kansas on the morning of April 2, 1858, via Buffalo, Cleveland and St. Louis. I had never been in the Western States, and it was a very interesting trip to me, especially across the State of Ohio and the broad prairies of Indiana and Illinois.

We arrived at St. Louis on April 16th, and attended the funeral of Thomas H. Benton and saw John C. Fremont and his wife at the funeral. We engaged passage on the steamer *Sovereign* for Kansas City, to sail the next day. I had brought about two hundred and fifty pounds of maple sugar with me, and sold it readily in St. Louis for twenty cents a pound. We left St. Louis on the 16th of April and were four days going up the Missouri to Kansas City. At that time the place was very small, and no business there except along the bank of the river. One hotel, one liquor store, a theatre and a few small shops of tanners, stove-makers and blacksmiths comprised all there was on the hill above the bank of the river, though a brick building or two had been put up about halfway to Westport. The nearest railroads were Jefferson City and St. Joseph, Mo, Wyandotte, Kan.,

just above the mouth of the Kansas River, was seemingly the largset place of the two.

The next day after our arrival we took passage on the stage for Ossawatomie, about fifty miles south, in Linn County, Kansas, where old John Brown had his headquarters. The first town we came to was Paola, county seat of Lykins County, Kansas. Our route had been over a rolling prairie, with scarcely any timber, and very few inhabitants, which did not indicate a very cheerful outlook. All the little streams were high, and the roads very muddy, and no one can realize what that means in Kansas except those who have been there at such a time. Soon after leaving Paola we came to Bull Creek, and in fording it came near tipping over, and only saved ourselves by the greatest exertions. Our route was now through timber, mostly in the bottoms of the Marie des Cygnes River, which we reached just before night, but could not cross, as the boats had been carried away by the flood and not yet replaced.

Ossawatomie was but a short distance from us, but we had to lie on wet ground, with only small horse-blankets to keep us warm. The stage was of no use for a resting-place, as it was only a small, two-seated, open wagon. To make a bad matter worse, a fine, drizzling rain set in at dark, which served to make us more miserable. We both caught cold that night. The next morning we were carried across the river, and walked to town the rest of the way. We got a fair breakfast, and left town for the ferry on the Pottawotomie, and wended our way on foot to Twin Springs, ten miles away, southeast over a rolling prairie of good land. We stopped at the house of one Tom Arnold, but the accommodations were worse than any miners' camp I ever saw; but I was used to roughing it in former days, and I didn't

mind it much. The day after our arrival there I was taken with the mumps, and was in a bad condition in a short time. I was very sick, but I began to improve after a few days of terrible suffering, and slowly recovered, but it was a long while before I was well again. As soon as I was able we changed our abode and went to live with a family by the name of Grubb, where we had better accommodations. Then we commenced a building for a store, with the intention of opening business as soon as possible. In the neighborhood of Twin Springs about every other quarter section of land was occupied, and for some miles around us the land was pretty well settled, and the prospect for an opening of this kind was very flattering.

About this time the jayhawkers were making raids into Missouri and running off their niggers, under the leadership of Montgomery, John Brown, Dr. Dennison and others. Montgomery lived twenty or thirty miles southwest of us, and the Missourians in retaliating sometimes struck our neighborhood, and our people were very much frightened. Many people wished to get away and were anxious to sell out. A man by the name of Preston, who had a claim of one hundred and sixty acres, forty acres fenced and the corn on it knee high, a fair house for that country, a pig, about two hundred bushels of corn in crib, a stove, etc., became so frightened that he decided to leave. One night he loaded up the most of his traps and was off at daylight the next morning. Thinking I might be able to purchase the whole outfit, I followed him, and, after a good deal of bickering, bought the place for one hundred and sixty dollars, got all the papers signed and delivered before two o'clock P.M., and got back at night and took possession. This gave us a home and a place to start business, so we turned over the

frame of the building we had put up to the town for a schoolhouse. We soon had the new place fitted up for a store. The postmaster resigned, and recommended me for the position, and in a few months I received the appointment and moved the post-office to our store. The mail route from Ossawatomie to Fort Scott was about six miles west of us, and a boy brought our mail to us once a week. After some considerable trouble I got the route changed via Twin Springs, and we had a mail once a day to Fort Scott. We got in a stock of goods and commenced to do business. My health was not good, but I managed to keep about and attend to business, while Smith, my partner, was working outside putting in and attending to about two hundred acres of corn on shares.

In the meantime the trouble between the jayhawkers and Missourians continued unabated, and for our own protection we organized a company of home guards, who mustered and drilled at our place every Saturday afternoon. This Kansas border trouble was really the beginning of the Civil War. About once in every two months we were called upon to vote on the adoption of a constitution, formed by different conventions under the following names: The Lawrence Constitution, the Wyandotte Constitution, the Leavenworth Constitution, the Atchison Constitution, the Leecompton Constitution, and the Topeka Constitution.

During that summer I took up one hundred and sixty acres of land, and had bought from the government eighty acres more, all in the vicinity of Twin Springs. In a few months a good claim near there became vacant, and I abandoned the first one hundred and sixty acres and took up the Mound claim, as it was called, of which I will speak later. In August of 1858, fever and ague, as well as malarial

fevers, began to be very prevalent, and from that time till October or November there were hardly enough well people to take care of the sick. I did not escape, and was down for some time after the disease attacked me. I slowly recuperated, but the chills and fever stuck to me all the next winter; in fact, I never was free of them until I left the country.

As soon as I was able to travel I went to Kansas City to buy goods, and kept the business going. We did a good business with the Indians after they had received their pay from the government. Our crops were good, and we had done fairly well, but the outlook was gloomy, and I was getting heartily sick of frontier life. We lay on our arms every night, not knowing when we would be called out to defend ourselves against the Missourians or jayhawkers, as we were in neutral territory and both sides looked upon us with suspicion. Early in the fall I was waited upon by a committee and tendered the nomination for member of the Legislature. A nomination was equivalent to an election, as it was all one way in our district; but I was in poor health, and so sick of the country that I declined the honor.

In the following spring Pike's Peak gold diggings were all the rage, and everybody that could leave started out for that place. I had had enough of gold diggings in California and was immune from that kind of fever; but my partner caught the craze, so we sold our store and claim to a man from Arkansas for six hundred dollars cash and divided up. Smith started for Pike's Peak with a company of five or six men from our neighborhood, and I took up my abode with a man and his family by the name of Elliott, whose land adjoined the Mound claim I had previously taken up.

My health was so poor that I was not able to do much of

anything, and I concluded to take a trip to Illinois and visit my aunt Harriet, who married a man by the name of Elisha B. Howe. They lived near Marengo, McHenry County, Ill. Mr. Howe was a widower who had three or four grown-up boys and one girl when they were married. My aunt had one son, who was fourteen or fifteen years of age at that time. Two of the boys and the girl (Jennie by name) were at home at this time. All gave me a warm welcome, and under my aunt's care my health improved, and I was able to do some work on the farm with the other boys. Jennie was a charming companion, and always ready for a ride or a dance, and the summer passed very pleasantly.

I now thought I could stand Kansas again, and, as my business interests there needed attention, I returned to that State the last of September, 1859, and found conditions worse than ever. It had been a dry season, and but little immigration, and, to make matters worse, chills and fever soon took hold of me again. My claim had been jumped by three Irishmen, who were determined to hold it, and we had to go before the registrar and receiver at the land office at Topeka with witnesses, seventy miles away. I was obliged to pay the expenses of my witnesses there and back, but the matter could not be settled for months, as the case had to go to Washington after the officers at Topeka had rendered their decision.

Disgusted with Kansas, and health still poor, I concluded to go back to New York State. I placed all my business in the hands of a bright young friend of mine, Nicolas Beuter, to whom I gave power of attorney. He was permanently located there, and in 1861 raised a regiment of Unionists and went out as its colonel, but was killed in the first engagement with the rebels. He was a noble fellow, honest

and brave, a perfect type of true American manhood. Had he lived he would no doubt have made a name and fame in the war.

After making my arrangements with Beuter, and bidding my friends farewell, I took the stage for Kansas City, and stopped for a day or two to see my German friend whom I formerly knew in Yreka, Cal. While at the hotel I became acquainted with a washing-machine man, who was selling county rights, and he urged me to try the business. I finally made a contract with him to go to Wyandotte and Leavenworth and work for ten days, and if I was satisfied with the results I was to buy several county rights, but if not I would divide the profits, if any. He gave me a sample machine and a lot of printed matter and told me to go ahead. It chanced to be Monday morning when, with my apparatus, I made my first appearance in Wyandotte. A widow woman kept the hotel where I stopped, and I started in at once to show her how to work the machine and what a labor-saver it was. Whether she gave me an order to get rid of me or not I don't know, but I got one. I then canvassed the town and sold two more. The price, if I remember rightly, was five dollars. I sent the orders over to my employer in Kansas City, and took the stage for Leavenworth.

The next morning after my arrival I started an experimental laundry on the porch of the hotel by washing out a lot of dirty handkerchiefs, shirts, socks, etc., that were offered for the demonstration, in the meantime talking myself hoarse showing up its merits, but made no sales. I canvassed the town, but failed to make sales. I finally got the proprietor to take one in settlement of my bill, took the stage for Kansas City, and gave up the job. I had made two dol-

lars in the enterprise. Thus ended my experience in the washing-machine business. I took the first boat to St. Joseph that came along, and concluded I would start in no new schemes until I got back to York State and regained my health.

At that time the farthest west that any railroad had penetrated was St. Joseph, Mo., called the St. Jo and Hannibal Railroad. As soon as I landed I bought a ticket for Chicago, which included a ride from Hannibal to Quincy, Ill., on the Mississippi River. I saw by a poster that the express train did not leave for an hour and a half, so I took a walk about town to look at the city, getting back in time for the train. I took a seat with a young man who said he was going to Chicago, and we were soon engaged in conversation. When the conductor came along and looked at my ticket he informed me that I was on the wrong train, as it was a second-class ticket good on the train that left an hour and a half before. I remarked that it was my first experience with railroads in the State of Missouri and supposed I was all right. He smiled faintly at my greenness, punched my ticket and passed on. My companion paid three or four dollars more than I had for a ticket, but we rode together all the way, just the same.

We arrived at Quincy, Ill., at noon the next day, and had to wait five hours there before we could go on. Soon after leaving there, in rounding a curve the whistle blew the danger signal, and on looking out I saw a cow in the air, as high as the smokestack of the locomotive. We soon came to a standstill, but started off again in about thirty minutes. It was a pretty close call from a serious accident, but we reached Chicago all right. Nothing of moment occurred on the eastward trip, and I arrived at my old home in Cort-

land County on the 18th of October, 1859. I was glad to get back to the old town of Taylor once more, having been gone over a year and a half, and during that time had seen something of the wild and woolly West. In those days the West was very wild compared to what it is at the present time. Hundreds of thousands of people now occupy land that was formerly a barren waste, and large cities now stand where fifty years ago there was not a house.

My trip to Kansas was a failure financially, as well as disastrous to my health. I still had eighty acres of land there, besides the one hundred and sixty acres pending decision in the Land Office. There was also three hundred dollars owing me, but the prospect for collecting it was very slim. It was very unfortunate that I did not follow my own inclinations and go through college. In a few months my land suit was decided against me. I had some money left, and thought of going back to California, but concluded to visit my relatives in the State of Connecticut and see if my aunt Bradley would help me either to go to college or to take up phonography and study for a shorthand reporter. I had been practicing and studying shorthand since I first began it at the mines in California. My aunt Bradley was well off, and I told her all about my intentions and what I wished to do, but had not money enough to carry me through. She gave me two hundred dollars, which was the only financial assistance I ever received. I decided to go to Cincinnati and study reporting with Elias Longley, at that time the best reporter in the United States.

CHAPTER VI.

ENLISTMENT FOR THE WAR.

I BEGAN a correspondence with Longley at once, and arranged for instruction, which was to begin after the adjournment of the Ohio Legislature, whose proceedings he was reporting. After visiting my relatives I went back to Taylor, N. Y., and from there to Cincinnati, where I arrived on the 6th of February, 1860. I studied with Mr. Longley for a month, and was able to write one hundred words a minute, and a speed of one hundred and twenty words a minute would qualify me for reporting.

While studying with Longley I got acquainted with a Mr. Hopkins, a sign painter, who had a shop a short distance from Longley's office, and for recreation I used to drop in and help him. He told me he would make a sign painter of me if I would stay with him, but I had no intention of doing anything of the kind. By the advice of Mr. Longley I practiced reporting every day in the United States Court, and intended to do so until I could begin regular work, when there would be all I could do at good wages. I spent my time in the courts and at the sign shop, learning to paint signs, etc. My roommate, an Englishman, had a grocery store on Western Row, and he was anxious to sell out. His name was Butterworth. He and his sister came to this country with considerable wealth, but it had been so much

reduced that he bought out a small store and went into business, but was not successful. I told him to advertise, but he said that if I would sell it for him he would give me a good commission. In four days I had sold the property and the money was in his pocket. A few days after he was taken sick with diphtheria, and I attended him with the assistance of his sister. As soon as he got better his sister was taken down with the same complaint, and about the time that she got better I was taken with the same disease and was very sick. As I began to improve I found that one of my ears was affected, but gave it little thought at the time.

After I had recovered sufficiently I went to the courthouse to report again. The reporters' table was between the witness stand and the desks of the lawyers, so that we were in a favorable position to hear every word that was uttered in the court. I found that while I could hear on one side very distinctly, the affected ear could not catch the words on that side. I was so disheartened and disgusted that I hardly knew what to do. I broke up my pencils, threw away my notes, went to my boarding-house, packed up my clothes, and was on the cars with a ticket to New York city before noon.

I did not let the matter worry me long. I could get through in time to take the California steamer, if no time was lost, but there was a culvert washed out near Wheeling and the train was twelve hours late. Just as we crossed the ferry from Jersey City the steamer for California went sailing out of the harbor. That meant two weeks' waiting in New York before another steamer sailed. Up to this time the only thing that I had been successful in was escaping any particular success. The best that I could show in the way of resources was a clear conscience, good humor,

and an optimistic temperament. My past troubles were cast aside and I took a square look at the future.

I arrived in New York City April 28, 1860. The next morning I saw an advertisement in the *Sun* that a man for sign work and house painting was wanted in Harlem. Not wishing to be idle, I took the street car for Harlem and got the job. The knowledge that I had received in the sign shop in Cincinnati came very handy at this time, and the next morning I went to work. My work seemed to be satisfactory, and I was doing so well that I decided to stop over for another steamer before starting for California. About a week after I had begun painting, my boss wanted me to go with one of his men to finish up the inside of a house. A young German by the name of Paul Miller, who spoke good English, and for whom I had taken a liking, went with me. After we had mixed the paints and were on our way to the house I said to him: "See here, I am no painter and never did such a thing before in my life—in fact, know nothing about it; but I am willing to learn, and would like to have you teach me." He looked at me in astonishment. I then told him what experience I had had in the painting line. "Well," he said, "I believe I can make a good workman of you in a short time." Before night I had learned more than I ever knew before about painting, and he gave me much encouragement. "You are better now," said he, "than half of the painters that are employed here." Miller was one of the best and most rapid painters I have ever seen, but he had served seven years in Germany learning the trade. I was tired that night, but decided to stick to it, and Miller managed to keep me with him all the while. In the effort to do as much as Miller I soon became a fast workman. We became good friends, and later went into partnership, and

secured a fine contract that we failed to carry out on account of the breaking out of the war. I worked in Harlem for several weeks, and gave up going to California for a while.

I kept watch of the want ads, and one day saw an advertisement from Ackerman & Miller, sign painters in Nassau Street, for a man who knew something about painting. I applied for the position and secured the job among seventy other applicants. My duties were to open the shop, and prepare the sign boards for lettering, help put up signs, and to work on banners as assistant to the practical sign painter. My position was very satisfactory to me and I enjoyed it. That I gave satisfaction also was evident. I commenced work for this firm on the 17th of May, 1860, and remained there until the 4th of August. One day Mr. Ackerman came into the shop intoxicated and began to find fault with me for a trifling matter, and continued his abuse until I pulled off my working clothes and told him I was through and would like the money that was due me. He directed the bookkeeper to pay me, and I walked out.

The next day I was engaged by a minstrel troupe as sign painter, and went to work on transparencies for a show the next Saturday night in Grand Street; but the whole thing was a fake and I did not get my pay.

The year 1860 was a very exciting one in New York City. It was the year of a Presidential election, with Lincoln and Hamlin nominated by the Republicans, and Douglass and Johnson by one wing of the Democratic party, Breckenridge and Lane by the other wing, and Bell and Everett by the "Know Nothings." The four parties made a very lively and bitter campaign. The Wide Awakes, with their unique uniforms, made their first appearance that year. The Prince of Wales, a boy of twenty, came to New York City

that year on a visit to this country, and it was said at the time that New York never saw so great a crowd of people before. Broadway for three miles was literally black with human beings, from the edge of the sidewalk to the tops of the buildings on both sides of the street. I had a good look at the Prince while he was reviewing the troops that had turned out to welcome him. The next big crowd was to see the Japanese delegation who had come to this country for the first time after Perry's famous treaty. The crowd to see the Japs was not as large as greeted the Prince of Wales.

The next event of the year was the arrival of the steamer Great Eastern, the largest ship ever before built. She was in port several weeks, and was visited by hundreds of thousands of people from all over the western continent. Hence New York was a very lively city during the summer of 1860.

After being swindled out of my just dues by the fake minstrel troupe, and several dollars borrowed money by the alleged proprietor of the same, I cast about for a job, and soon after went to work for John McCarthy, house and sign painter, corner of Ann and Nassau streets, not a stone's throw from Ackerman & Miller's. I first went to drumming up work for the shop, and met with fairly good success, and continued until near the holidays, when business became very dull, from the action of the Southern secessionists and war-like preparations in the South. Business became almost paralyzed and times were getting dull. Clerks were being discharged from many large mercantile houses and idle men were getting numerous. No one could predict what a day would bring forth. Mr. McCarthy told me he would have to lay us off until after the holidays, and he would see what he could do for us then. So I went up to New Haven, Conn., on a visit to my relatives.

While the foregoing has been a synopsis of my wage-earning affairs, I had many interesting experiences outside of my working hours. When I came to New York I knew but very little of city life outside of Cincinnati, San Francisco, and other smaller places where I had previously spent some time. Therefore there was much that was new to me. But there were times when wandering through the streets of that great city that I felt more lonely than in the mountains of California when prospecting miles from any known habitation or human being. All faces were strange, and I felt lost in a wilderness of people. A large city, if I am without companions, is the most desolate place on earth for me. After a few weeks this feeling wore off and I wanted to see everything possible. I first visited all the theatres, minstrels, concert halls, beer gardens, and every public place of amusement in the city. At that time Bryant's Minstrels, at 444 Broadway, was the leading place of amusement in that vicinity. Then came the Metropolitan Theatre, Wallack's, San Francisco Minstrels, on Fourteenth Street; The Bowery, and the Old Bowery. The actors in those days were indeed fine, and decidedly superior to those of the present day. Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Read, Keene, Laura Keene, Clara Morris, the Dennin sisters, Maggie Mitchell, Lottie Crabtree were some of the shining lights. Among the best comedians were John E. Owens, Clark, and Joe Jefferson. The prominent minstrels were Billy Birch, Burbank, Cotton, and the Bryants, besides a thousand and one lesser lights whom I have forgotten.

On Sundays I went to hear the eminent divines, more especially Henry Ward Beecher, at Plymouth Church; Talmage, and others whose names I do not recall.

Of the candidates and political orators, I remember W. H.

Seward, H. V. Johnson, Stephen A. Douglass, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, Wilson, Hamlin, Blaine, Conklin, Horatio Seymour, Edward Everett, etc. I heard all sides of political questions, but my faith in Republican principles was not shaken in the least. I was unable to get into the Cooper Institute to hear Lincoln in his great speech, but I heard him speak from the balcony of the Astor House. There doubtless had never been a year previous to the summer and fall of 1860 so exciting, or in which there were so many varied scenes of interest as in that year. Heenan returned that summer after his victory over Tom Sayers of England. The trotting record of the world was lowered on the Brooklyn track, and also at the Fleetwood track in New York.

A friend and roommate by the name of Wilcox, from Cortland County, was a clerk and student at law in the office of a well-known Tombs lawyer. Charles Spencer and I used to visit him frequently at the office, and became acquainted with many of the detectives and others who were found there. One evening I called on Wilcox at the office and met a detective there with whom I had become well acquainted, and who was that night going to make an "underground" tour between Church Street and Broadway in search of a man wanted for some crime, and who was supposed to be hiding in that locality. I remarked that I would like to go along, and he said to me, "You can go if you wish, but it will not be a very pleasant trip." "But I'd like to go, if I will be no hindrance to you." "Oh, no, not at all. I'll be glad to have your company. Have you a revolver, Wilcox?" "I think so," said Wilcox, taking one from a drawer and handing it to me. "Now, my boy," said the detective, "in case of emergency do just as I tell you, but I think we

shall have no trouble." We stayed in the office till ten o'clock, then started out.

We went down Church Street a few blocks and stopped for a moment in front of an entrance to a basement. My conductor looked up and down the street, then motioned me to follow him, and fairly darted down the steps, opened the door, and we went in. The room was about thirty feet wide, but how long I could not see, as it was dimly lighted with a single lamp, turned down low. We passed through this room and at one side went into a dark hallway. My friend pulled from his pocket a small bull's-eye lantern, and we followed this passage for some distance until we came to a hall running in the opposite direction. We heard voices a few steps farther on, and my conductor knocked at a door. A little hole was opened in the door, and my friend held a consultation with some one on the inside for a moment or two; then the door was opened and we walked into a room dimly lighted, with a bench running all around the room, except at the doorways. A number of men and women were sitting there, apparently waiting for something, and a hard-looking lot they were. My friend looked them over, and one or two gave him a nod of recognition. He then gave three raps on a door, and after a moment gave another one, and very soon the door swung noiselessly open, and going through a short hall we stepped into a barroom, where there were a half-dozen hard-looking customers. The barkeeper seemed to know my friend, and they held a whispered conversation over the counter, and then the barkeeper handed a small key to my friend and, after carelessly looking over the parties about the room, made a motion for me to follow him. We passed out the same way that we went in, and after going some distance in the hall we stopped, and my

friend unlocked an almost invisible door. We passed in, stopped and fastened the door, and moved a few steps ahead and came to a flight of stairs that led down one story more. A sickening stench arose that almost choked us, but we passed down the steps and turned into a dark passage, and soon came into a well-lighted room, where we could hear the clinking of glasses and a buzz of conversation, with now and then a drunken yell from some of the inmates. Some were well-dressed, others ragged and dirty, and a few almost naked. One blear-eyed old hag, apparently very drunk, with a ragged petticoat thrown over her arm, with a short underskirt on that reached just below her hips, was prancing up and down the room, begging for a penny to get a poor, sick friend (who lay in a corner on a bundle of rags) a little medicine or a little whisky to warm her up. Most of the inmates were curled up on the floor, or on wide benches that served as bunks, and appeared to be either asleep or drunk. We soon left this room and followed a long, damp and foul-smelling passage, when we came to a barred gate, fastened with a huge lock. My friend had a key to open it, and we passed on. He told me to look out now, as we should soon come to a different class of people. In a short time we came to a room with a guard at the door, who evidently knew my friend and let us in very readily. Here was a regular gambling den, and faro as well as roulette and monte were being played. Four seedy-looking individuals were playing poker, but stopped on our arrival; but one of them seemed to know our guide, and the game went on. A more choice set of blacklegs I never saw together before. There were probably thirty in this room, and my guide told me that more than half were skulking from justice and had served time in State's prison. They all seemed

to look upon me with a good deal of suspicion, but most of them apparently knew my guide, and many were friendly with him, and some greeted him warmly. We stopped in this room for some time, but finally left and climbed up a rickety stairway to the floor above, and passed through a set of sleeping-rooms or rows of berths, as on a ship, with notices that berths were five and ten cents. To all appearances the occupants were of the lowest class, both men and women. After considerable parley with the proprietor of this den, and the rousing up of two or three sleepers, we returned to the street by a dark passageway. It was two A.M. when we reached the street. We did not find the man that the detective was looking for. It seemed good to get into the fresh air again; but I enjoyed the trip, though I never believed before that such conditions could exist in the heart of the city.

A trip through the slums and tenement-houses on the East Side, through Cherry and other streets, beggars description. I saw misery, vice, drunkenness and degradation enough to last me a lifetime, and after that the scenes in *Oliver Twist* were very tame by the side of the reality, such as I saw in New York.

One of the greatest sights of that summer, to me, was the Great Eastern. She lay in the Hudson River, extending three blocks on West Street from bow to stern. She lay almost exactly where the first steamboat did thirty-three years before, when Robert Fulton revolutionized travel and transportation by water. Although wonderful improvements were made the next thirty-three years, yet I hardly think they were as rapid as the first thirty-three. Fulton's little steamer could have easily been thrown down one of the smokestacks of this immense vessel. One day as I sat on

the end of the wharf gazing at this ship, and looking back to the time of the first steamer, which made its trial trip only five years before I was born, I wondered what the next thirty years would bring forth. I have lived forty years since then, and it is amazing that so much could be accomplished during the period of a man's short life.

While in Connecticut I visited an uncle of mine in Hamden, and one of his sons, living only a stone's throw away, a good farmer, and something of a politician, by some means got elected to the State Legislature. His organ of self-esteem was immense, and his eccentric habit of using large words, very often misplaced and many times most ridiculous, altogether made him a most amusing companion. With a great "I am" sort of an air he cordially greeted me, and in a short time had told me all about his wife and baby, his election to the State Legislature, the great speeches he had made, the great laws he had passed, and how, by the most superhuman efforts, he had saved the State many thousands of dollars, and how much he congratulated himself upon his wise and patriotic course, how much the people of the State ought to thank him, and how ready they ought to be to send him back to the Legislature for another term to carry out some great projects that he had in view. He said that if he got them through all right it would be the stepping-stone to making him Governor of the State. He had not the least doubt of reaching that position, if the people would only listen to him.

This illustrious cousin of mine, whose exalted opinion of himself was much greater than his opinion of any other person, or of their opinions of him, wished me to attend a meeting of a debating club with him, of which he had been chosen president at the last meeting. I assented, and when

the time came rode down with him to the district school-house, where the debate was to be held. We found on our arrival about twenty-five to thirty persons already there, and I was introduced to a justice of the peace, two or three deacons, and, in fact, as my cousin remarked, "the cream of our suburban population." In due time the president took the chair and, with a grand flourish of his arm and a toss of the head, called the meeting to order. Quite a number of ladies were in attendance, mostly of middle age and not of very prepossessing appearance.

"The question, ladies and gentlemen, for this evening, as you are aware, is this: 'Which Is of the Greatest Benefit—the Press or the Pulpit?' Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will array and arrange yourselves to meet the coming contest according to the usual method, with the affirmative on the right and the negative on the left. So mote it be. The meeting stands adjourned for ten minutes for arrangement." When the meeting was called to order, all the deacons and one old maid were on the side of the pulpit, and the younger portion of the debaters were on the side of the press. A young man of about twenty-five years of age opened the debate on the side of the press. His argument was not very convincing to me, and his delivery was not good, with much repetition of gestures, very awkward, and the sing-song tone of his voice soon became very monotonous. For an opening it was decidedly a failure, and every one seemed to be relieved when he sat down. One of the deacons, a man of about forty-five or fifty years of age, opened on the side of the pulpit. He, with a loud voice, thanked God that he was on the side of Christ, as he always had been and always meant to be. "Amen!" shouted the deacon next to him. "Order, order!" shouted the chairman. "This is not a

prayer-meeting," and the speaker went on: "How can the press compare with the pulpit? Christ did not use the press, did he? Look at our county paper, or any of our New Haven papers, and what will you find in them but love stories and lies, and the truth ain't in them. See the lies that our county paper put in about my brother's wife's niece, as nice a young girl as walks on two legs; and then only last week there was a long piece about Aunt Jenny Brown having hysterics, and rubbing her best dress all over with butter to spite it, so she wouldn't have to go to meeting. Was that a benefit to the public—eh?" "How about the preacher that left his pulpit and ran away with Sam Jones?" said a squeaky voice from a corner of the room, followed by a hearty laugh from the audience, which seemed to disconcert the deacon, and he sat down.

The next speaker on the side of the press was a young lady of about twenty years of age, who spoke very low and very fast, and I was not able to catch the drift of her argument. However, there was one good feature about it—it was very short. Next came deacon No. 2, whose photograph would have made a good picture for a comic almanac. Rising slowly, and pulling a large bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, he blew his nose, and said that the argument was already won for the pulpit. To compare the press with the pulpit was praising Satan in the face of God, and the press had no influence with him or his family. After a few commonplace remarks he sat down, followed by an old maid on the side of the press, whose tongue seemed hung on a swivel and played at both ends. With a nasal twang she rattled off a whole lot of language, interspersed with "tews" and "du's" that none could understand or keep track of. It seemed as though she never would stop, and when she sat

down she would not stay down, but kept jumping up to make an additional remark she had forgotten. The other debaters were like children, who seemed to have committed their parts to memory. Just as the debate was about to close, a small, middle-aged man asked for the privilege of making a remark in favor of the press. The privilege was granted. He said: "I wish to bring to notice the fact that I have heard nothing about the benefits of the cider press or the cheese press, as I know of no press more beneficial than these." He was called to order and the debate closed.

Which side won I never heard, but shades of my ancestors! such a debate, presided over by a member of the State Legislature, in the supposed home of schools, art and literature, almost in the shade of the great elms of Yale, in a State with two capitals, the birthplace of a Putnam, the land of wooden nutmegs, that raised a Henry Ward Beecher! Could it be possible? The wild and woolly West, clear to the Pacific Ocean, could not produce such a burlesque as I witnessed there in the wilds of New England. The debate, the place, the president, in fact, the whole thing, was so unique and interesting to me that I have told it many times as one of my best stories.

At that time, in every neighborhood could be found old people above the age of seventy years who had never been outside their own town limits since they were born. After a short visit to my relatives I went up to Springfield, Mass., where my uncle Ezra Kimberly lived. He lived near the Springfield armory, where all of Uncle Sam's small arms were manufactured at that time. I went through the shops, which were very interesting at that time, but little did I dream, when looking through the buildings where thousands upon thousands of muskets were stored, that within

a short year every one of them would be in use to defend the Union, with many more needed to supply the demand.

When I returned to New York I found everything in the way of business at a standstill. During my absence the State of South Carolina had seceded from the Union. This occurred on the 20th of December, 1860. Mississippi next passed the ordinance of secession, January 9, 1861; Florida on January 10th, Alabama on January 11th, Georgia on January 19th, Louisiana on January 26th, and Texas on February 1st, making seven States that claimed to be out of the Union, with the border States threatening to follow them. This had a very depressing effect on all kinds of business.

I went back to Mr. McCarthy to see if he had anything for me to do. After a day or two he concluded to set me at work at reduced wages, which I accepted, and remained in his employ until Fort Sumter was fired upon, on the 12th of April, 1861.

The bottom then seemed to fall out of everything. Idle men were everywhere. After my return from Connecticut, Paul Miller and myself arranged a partnership to go into the house painting business, Miller being acquainted with the contractor who had a contract to build a whole block between Fourth and Madison avenues. We secured the contract to paint the whole block inside and out. By close calculation of cost of material, labor, and so forth, we could make several thousand dollars on the job by the first of November. The Fort Sumter affair put an end to all new enterprises, and nothing was thought of but war.

Disheartened and gloomy with forebodings, I bid Miller good-bye and started for Cortland County to await events. I arrived at Taylor the 10th of April. My stepmother and

stepbrother were living on the old farm there, and I took up my residence with them, part of the time making my home with Levi Mallory and his son L. Mallory. The three daughters were all at home, and the time passed pleasantly. For the next few months I was employed in painting a few houses, working on the old farm, and debating whether I should join the army or go to California. Through the *New York Daily Herald* I kept well posted as to war matters—Bull Run, McClellan's campaign in West Virginia, his call to take command of the Army of the Potomac, etc. In September I concluded to go to California, as I thought the war would not last long and more men would not be needed.

The latter part of September I went to Truxton to see my old friend and schoolmate, John G. Pierce, and found him with the war fever and recruiting a company for cavalry service. Most of my schoolmates and young friends were enlisting in the infantry, mostly in the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers. Pierce urged me very hard to join his company. I told him that I had made arrangements to go back to California, but I would think the matter over and let him know in the next two weeks. We had always been the best of friends—chums, in fact—and I doubt if any one else could have induced me to change my plans. After thinking the matter over for some time, I finally decided to go with him.

I enlisted on the 12th of October, and at once took charge of several enrolled men and went to Cortland with them, holding them as a nucleus for a full company of one hundred men. The headquarters of the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteer Infantry were on the Fair Grounds at Cortland, and they got most of the volunteers, but now and then one would be found for the cavalry. A. D. Waters had just

returned from the Twenty-third Regiment of New York Infantry, and, being a friend of Pierce, concluded to join us, and went to work to fill up the company, and to add other cavalry companies that were being raised in different parts of the State. One company at Syracuse, in which were many boys from Cortland County, was nearly full. This company (A) was sent to Elmira and placed in barracks, to form the nucleus of a regiment to be called the "Porter Guards." Soon after other companies arrived, including ours, which left Cortland on the 25th of October. We still lacked a considerable number of men to fill the company. A. D. Waters and J. G. Pierce were selected as our officers, and if we could raise a full company I was to be second lieutenant. An old chap by the name of Delos Carpenter brought about half a company from Bath, N. Y., and it was proposed that our company be consolidated with Carpenter's; but Carpenter claimed the captaincy, with Waters and Pierce as lieutenants. Then Carpenter claimed the appointment of the next officer, orderly sergeant, the remaining non-commissioned positions to be equally divided between the two wings. By this arrangement I was to have the quartermaster-sergeant's place. This programme was carried out, and, having a full company, our soldier life commenced. With the Porter Guards there were now eight organized companies of cavalry at the rendezvous, and by order of the Adjutant-General of the State we were consolidated into a regiment and designated as the Tenth New York Volunteer Cavalry. Many would-be officers were thrown out including myself by the consolidation, and had to go in the ranks or refuse to be mustered in. After much wrangling about places and officers, the regiment was finally mustered into the United States service, with John

C. Lemon, of Buffalo, as colonel; William Irvine, of Elmira, as lieutenant-colonel, and M. H. Avery, of Syracuse, as first major, and John H. Kemper as second major, one to each battalion.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE ARMY.

WE left Elmira on the 24th day of December, 1861, for the then almost unheard-of town of Gettysburg, Pa. We were twenty-four hours on the trip, but most of the men enjoyed themselves playing all sorts of pranks upon one another, and sleep during the night was impossible. When we reached Gettysburg we must have presented a very poor appearance to the people of that town, but we were received with open arms, and open doors as well. The people could not do enough for us, and every member of the regiment was invited to partake of their hospitality. Each company was housed either in public or private buildings in different parts of the town. The citizens were composed mostly of what was then called Pennsylvania Dutch. A few months before they had been badly frightened by some of the rebel cavalry that made a raid into the country north of the Potomac, and were said to have threatened the town of Gettysburg; hence their application to have a regiment stationed there. They were happy to have our protection at that time, so that self-interest had something to do with our warm reception. Company G occupied the bowling alley in the south part of the town. The town was full of pretty girls, and not a few of them found a sweetheart in the ranks of the regiment. Our officers held a loose rein over the men,

consequently discipline was not rigidly enforced. Balls, parties, rides and all sorts of amusements were rife, and the old town had never been so lively as during the two months of our stay there in the winter of 1861-62. A number of marriages occurred during and after the war as a result of our sojourn there.

Notwithstanding some unpleasant episodes, the "Porter Guards," for the most part, were ever held in high regard and esteem by the best citizens of the town.

Sergeant McKivett and myself were somewhat attentive to a couple of girls while we were there. I speak of this from the fact that my girl was Jennie Wade, who was killed by a rebel bullet during the battle of Gettysburg, the story of whom is so familiar. Her name will live in song and story as one of the bravest victims of that memorable battle. An account of this event is given on pages 143-144.

About six weeks after our arrival at Gettysburg barracks were built for the men, and the town was relieved from its burden of soldiers. Guard duty and drilling was the order of the day, and some rumors that we were to be sent to the front were joyfully received. The citizens visited us in large numbers each day at dress parade to enjoy the music of the band, which was one of the best in the service.

On the 6th of March an order was received to be in readiness to move the next day. At noon on the 7th the whole regiment was aboard two trains of cars, and, amid tears and cheers and fond adieus, we departed from the ever to be remembered village of Gettysburg. The *Sentinel* of the next day had the following to say about our departure: "The large number of our citizens who assembled to see them off must have shown to the Tenth Regiment that their presence among us had not been an unpleasant one, and we think we

utter an almost universal sentiment that their departure was regretted. Speaking for ourselves, our intercourse with those of the officers and men with whom we were placed in familiar and almost daily contact has been of the most sociable, agreeable and pleasant character."

This is what the *Star* had to say: "This much we can say for the "Porter Guards": that we have not seen anywhere a finer-looking regiment, a regiment generally composed of men most gentlemanly in their deportment, most intelligent and well-behaved, and we profess to have seen a great number since the beginning of the rebellion."

Soon after reaching the Central Railroad we found soldiers guarding the track all the way to Baltimore. We arrived at the Monumental City just at dusk, and after much delay were marched to the President Street Depot of the P., W. & B. R. R., where we were jolted about on the cars all night, and then started for Perryville with orders to go into camp there. We arrived there about ten A.M., and were unloaded into the mud, ankle deep, amid the cheers of hundreds of mules and the yells of hundreds of darkies, who were breaking them in. The teamsters wanted to know if we had come to relieve them. As we had no arms, it looked a little that way. After a kind of go-as-you-please march for nearly a mile, we got to the barracks and were assigned quarters. A rumor soon came that we were to be put into the infantry, and there was a row at once. Every one was dissatisfied, and the trouble begun among the officers in Gettysburg now spread to the rank and file, and it looked for a time as though we might be disbanded.

After a short stay at Perryville, the regiment was sent to relieve the Scott Life Guards at Havre de Grace, and the first battlion, under Major Avery, was assigned to duty

guarding the railroad bridges between Baltimore and Havre de Grace—Company A at Back River, Company G at Gunpowder River, Company C at Bush River, and Company F at Perrymans. Our company (G) was housed in a barn at Harewood, at the south end of the Gunpowder River bridge. In the meantime the whole regiment was clamoring to be sent to the field or disbanded. There was a good deal of talk about our being put into the infantry, which caused a dissatisfied feeling among the men, but not so much in our company as in most of the other companies. The question in our company was how to get rid of the old captain, Carpenter. The fight was so bitter that we took but little interest in regimental affairs, and the fact that we were separated from the other companies caused us to concentrate all of our interest upon our own. In June, the regiment, with the exception of Companies A, C, G, were removed to Baltimore, with headquarters at Patterson Park.

Aside from our troubles with the old captain, our stay at Harewood was much enjoyed. The fishing was good, and we had the use of a large boat for excursions on the river. Five or six miles below us was General Cadwalader's country residence, with spacious grounds, which were free to our soldiers to visit whenever we wished. As we were not required to drill much, it was a sort of continuous picnic for us. Those who had a taste for the ardent found plenty of it a few miles away, and indulged sometimes too freely, which would often end in a fight and the guardhouse.

One night, while the old captain was away, and Lieutenant Waters was in command, we had quite a scare. A report came into camp that the rebels were going to attack us that night. At about ten P.M. the whole company was drawn up in line in front of our quarters by Lieutenant Waters,

who found that we had only about ten or twelve Springfield muskets besides those used by the guards on the bridge; but we all had sabres. After full instructions from the lieutenant, a skirmish line was formed, the men provided with muskets in front. We were ordered to keep a strict watch for the advance of the enemy, and to hold ourselves in readiness to support the skirmishers, or look out for themselves, as many did, early in the movement, by hiding along the banks of the river. After being out all night, with no sign of the enemy, we were ordered back to our quarters, and thus ended our first military exploit.

From this time on, while stationed at Harewood, we drilled every day. With boating, fishing and hunting the time passed pleasantly, until we received orders to move to Washington, D. C., where we arrived on the 16th of August, 1862. A part of the regiment had received horses at Baltimore, and marched from there to Washington, and had a camp already established. The camp was on the historical dueling ground of Bladensburg, where many a noted character lost his life in an affair of honor. It was also the battlefield where the British defeated the Americans and took the city of Washington, sacked and burned the capital, on August 24, 1814, just forty-eight years before. "Uncle Abe," with Secretary Seward, came out to see us now and then on dress parade. The boys were getting along pretty well breaking in the green horses, though in some cases it was hard to determine which was the greenest, the man or the horse.

On August 23d I was detailed with ten other officers and men of the regiment to recruit for the Tenth New York Volunteer Cavalry in accordance with general orders from the War Department. Under command of Lieutenant

Waters this detachment went to New York State at once and commenced recruiting for four new companies. Offices were opened in different parts of the State, with Elmira as the general rendezvous. I succeeded in enlisting forty men, and on the 29th of October was mustered in with Company L as second lieutenant.

Although I worked hard to get my men, it was an interesting and pleasant experience for me, as most of the time I was among intimate friends. Many amusing incidents occurred, as well as many sad ones. When the husband parted from a loved and loving wife and little ones to give his life for his country it was indeed sad. To realize such scenes one must witness them. By some of the women I was abused for taking away their husbands; by others a contrary effect was noticeable, for they seemed to be glad to have them go. Strange to say, out of the forty men I enlisted not a man was killed in action, though some were wounded, and some died in hospital; but most of them lived to return after the war was over.

On the 25th of October, Companies I, K, and L received their clothing, and on the 30th we started for Alexandria, Va., and arrived there on the 2d day of November and went into camp. We received the regular army ration ofhardtack, pork, beans, etc., and one blanket, and had good, soft Virginia mud to sleep on. The boys stood it pretty well, but the pork was full of life, and so animated that one of the boys said his pork walked off in the night. Complaint was made, and after that we had a good, fresh meat ration. I was mostly employed in drilling the men on foot for the first week, when we were ordered to Washington to receive our horses, which by the way, were a fine lot of animals. Some days intervened before we got our equipment, arms,

etc. On the 2d of December we left camp and joined the regiment on the 5th instant at Brook's Station during a snow-storm.

A few days after we reached the regiment my company was ordered to report to headquarters of General Franklin's division for duty. We left the regiment on December 10, 1862, and reported to the general, and were ordered to camp near headquarters. On December 11th fifty men were detailed for orderlies. Heavy cannonading was heard all that day. Vanderbilt commanded the bodyguard of General Smith. On the morning of the 12th of December the left wing of the army was on the move towards Fredericksburg. Early in the morning the company was drawn up in line to await the action of the general, who soon made his appearance and led off at a very brisk gallop, followed by the bodyguard. Vanderbilt started out to keep up with the general, and I was doing my best to keep up with Vanderbilt. The company of green men who had just joined the army, with their horses loaded like a pack-train, was a most ludicrous sight. The following account of this march was written by Captain Vanderbilt for the regimental history: "My company had been mustered into the service about six weeks before, and had received horses less than a month prior to this march, and in the issue we drew everything on the schedule—watering bridles, lariat ropes and pins; in fact, there was nothing on the printed list of supplies that we did not get. Many men had extra blankets, some large quilts presented by some fond mother or maiden aunt (dear souls!), sabres and belts, together with the straps that pass over the shoulder; carbines and slings, pockets full of cartridges, nose bags, and little extra bags for carrying oats, haversacks, canteens and spurs, some of them of the Mexi-

can pattern, as large as small windmills, and more in the way than the spurs on the legs of a young rooster, catching in the grass when they walked, gathering of briars, vines and weeds, catching their pants, and in the way generally; currycombs, brushes, button lints, overcoats, frying-pans, cups, coffee pots, etc. Now, the old companies had become used to these things, and had got down to light marching condition gradually, had learned how to wear the uniform, sabre and carbine, etc.; but my company had hardly time to get into proper shape, when the "General" was sounded, "boots and saddles" blown, and Major Falls commanded: "Shoun," "Airr," "Ount," "Aoun." Such a rattling, jingling, scrabbling, cursing I never heard before. Green horses—some of them had never been ridden before—turned round and round, backed against each other, jumped up, or stood up like trained circus horses. Some of the boys had a pile in front, on their saddles, and one in the rear, so high and heavy that it took two men to saddle one horse, and two men to help the fellow into his place. The horse sheered out, going sideways, pushing the well-disposed animals out of position, etc. Some of the boys had never rode anything since they galloped on a hobby-horse, and clasped their legs close together, thus unconsciously sticking their spurs into their horses' sides. Well, this was the crowd I commanded to mount on the morning I was ordered by General Smith to follow him. We got in line at headquarters, and when he got ready to start he started all over. He left no doubt about his starting! As soon as I could get my breath I shouted, "By fours, for'd, arch!" then, immediately, "Gallop, arch," and away we went over the hard frozen ground towards Fredericksburg. In less than ten minutes Tenth New York Cavalrymen might have been seen on every hill

for two miles rearward. Poor fellows! I wanted to help them, but the general was "on to Richmond," and I hardly dared look back for fear of losing him. I did not have the remotest idea where he was going, and didn't know but that he was going to keep it up all day. It was my first Virginia ride as a warrior in the field. My uneasiness may be imagined. I was wondering what in the mischief I should say to the general when we halted, and none of the company there but me. He was the first real, live general I had seen who was going out to fight. Talk about the "Flying Dutchman!" Blankets slipped from under saddles and hung by one corner. Saddles slid back until they were on the rumps of the horses; others turned and were on the underside of the animals; horses running and kicking; tin pans, mess kettles, patent sheet-iron camp stoves the boys had seen advertised in the illustrated papers, and sold by the sutlers at Alexandria—about as useful as a piano or folding-bed—flying through the air, and all I could do was to give a hasty glance to the rear and sing out at the top of my voice, "Close up!" Poor boys! they couldn't close. Their eyes stuck out like a maniac's. We went only a few miles, but the boys didn't all get there till noon. My company was used as orderlies to infantry generals. Pitt Morse was orderly to General Russell. One day the general was sitting on his horse, with Morse just behind him, when he (Morse) spied a nice round percussion shell lying on the ground. He jumped off and got it. Having no other place to put it, he laid it on his oats bag in front, intending to take it home "when he went" (wasn't that innocence?). The general suddenly turned to give him an order, when his astonished gaze fell upon Morse's shell. "What in the world have you got there?" shouted the general, laying his hand threaten-

ingly on his revolver. "Get down off that horse, and don't you drop that shell. Be careful now. Go and lay it in that water, and then report to your commanding officer. I don't need you any longer."

On the night of the 12th and morning of the 13th of December the whole army crossed the Rappahannock and attacked the rebels in their strongholds on the heights back of Fredericksburg. It was a hard fight all day. General George D. Bayard, who at the time commanded the cavalry, was killed. My duties during the day were carrying dispatches and moving squads of prisoners across the river and delivering them to the provost marshal at headquarters, on the north side of the Rappahannock. On the night of the 13th, during a drizzling rain and fog, I camped with a small squad of our men in the mud near the river, and had orders not to unsaddle our horses. With a poncho spread on top of the mud, I wrapped my martial cloak around me and laid down to my dreams with the bridle reins over my arm. My faithful horse made a path clear around me, carefully stepping over my legs, without disturbing me during the night. At daylight on the 14th we were aroused by the artillery firing from both sides of the river, and while our squad was sitting over the fire, trying to make a little coffee in our tin cups, a shell came whizzing along and struck square in the centre of the fire. Our coffee was ruined, but the shell did not explode or injure either of us or our horses. We went without coffee that morning.

The battle was now raging with great fury all along the whole line, and we were all soon called to duty. That afternoon I was carrying dispatches to General Newton just as our men were ordered to storm Marye Heights. He was standing on a knoll about a quarter of a mile away from the

storming line, and as he stepped to his horse to write an answer to the dispatch I had brought him he handed me his field glass, and through it I had a splendid sight of the charge, when our men were mowed down like grass before the scythe. Seldom were so many men killed in so short a time as in the few minutes I looked through General Newton's glass. It was one of the worst slaughters of the war.

On the 14th, 15th and 16th General Burnside moved the army back to the north side of the river. We were about the last to recross, about two o'clock on the morning of December 16th. The night was very dark. We reached the heights north of Fredericksburg and camped in the woods. Van says to me, "Pick a good place to sleep"; so I found a hollow place between two knolls, where we spread our blankets and crawled in. In the course of an hour or so a hard rain set in, and it was not long before the water was several inches deep under and around us. Van never got up so quick in his life, nor was I very slow, either. About the first thing Van called for was "your canteen." I handed it to him and said he, "Here's looking at you. Damn you. Couldn't you pick out a better bed than that for your superior officer?" We slept but little the rest of the night, but were glad to find ourselves alive after our first battle. Early the next morning our Ethiopian cook prepared a breakfast of "lob scouse" and salt horse, with coffee, and we established a temporary camp and rested. The next night we slept till reveille sounded and began to feel like ourselves again.

On the 2d of January, 1863, we were ordered to join our regiment at Camp Bayard, near Belle Plain landing on Acquia Creek, Va. On the 6th the whole regiment was ordered on picket between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, but were relieved after three or four days. On Janu-

ary 20th our company was ordered on picket near Muddy Creek, with pickets along the Rappahannock river. A terrible storm raged all the while we were out. The army had started in to move, but got stuck in the mud, and had to return to camp. We were in camp until the 28th, when the whole regiment was ordered out on a scout during a heavy snow storm which continued until the snow was six inches deep. We camped that night in a piece of woods and I lay on two rails to keep out of the mud and water. The next morning was cold and frosty, and the regiment suffered severely. I was ordered to take twenty men and thoroughly explore Matthias Point (a large tract of land extending out into the Potomac river), and drive in any cattle that I might find there. This was where the rebels had a large stock of cattle for army purposes. We found about fifty head, but they were as wild as deer, and with only twenty men it was an impossibility to drive them out, and the next day we returned to camp.

February 3rd was a very cold day, but the paymaster paid us off and consequently all were happy. The paymaster is always the most welcome guest that ever visits the army. On the 9th, 10th and 11th of February we were on picket duty at Widow Gray's farm. The regiment was short of meat, and I was ordered to take five men and visit the widow and inform her that we would have to take one of her fat cattle for beef, for which I was to give her a receipt that would be cashed by the government at some future time. The widow received me very graciously, but was very loath to part with any of her stock, but finally consented to let me have one only. She became very talkative, and asked me many questions. She asked my occupation before joining the army, I told her that I was a painter. "Oh, indeed,"

says she. "Well, I have something I wish you to see, and although you are a Yankee I will take you to my parlor and show you some paintings from the old masters, several of which I bought in Europe when my dear husband and I made a tour of the continent a good many years ago. I'll tell you," she says, "my husband, he is dead now, poor soul, always declared that I was not a good judge of art, and of two paintings we never could agree which was the best as a work of art. The one I thought was the best he declared was the poorest, and I have always wished for some one who knew what good paintings were to look at them, and decide who was right, or who had the most artistic taste," and she motioned me to follow to a large parlor that was lined with pictures and portraits. "Now," she says, "here are the two paintings, and I am not going to tell you which I think is the best, but I want you to say. My husband always thought the shadows were so perfect in that one, but there is one over there (pointing to one on the other side of the room) in which the shading is better. Now, lieutenant, take a good look at them both, and give me your decision." I thought that if this lady knew that I was only a sign painter, she would not be so enthusiastic—but I proceeded to scan the pictures closely, changing positions to get a different light on them. I carried out the deception to the best of my ability, and from the remark that she had already dropped knew very well which she thought the best. So after some minutes of critical examination and consideration I pronounced the one that I thought was her favorite as the better picture. She clapped her hands in glee, and remarked that our tastes were very much alike, and ventured to question me about other pictures that she possessed. I begged to be excused, but promised to call and

look them over at some future time, which she very cordially invited me to do. Some weeks after this I was after another head of her stock for beef and she was so mad about it that she forgot all about the pictures.

On the 16th of February we were sent on picket, with headquarters near King George's Court House, and I was detailed to act as regimental quartermaster and commissary. My duties were to furnish the regiment with forage for the horses, and meat for the men. We got most of our beef by shooting cattle on Matthias Point. I had a detail of twenty of the best men each day, and most of the time we were outside the lines. I longed for a brush with the enemy when outside the lines, but we never saw more than two or three at a time, and they soon got out of our way.

One day I learned of a planter who lived on the banks of the Potomac, and had a large amount of corn and other provisions, but he was about fifteen miles outside of our lines. I had my men ready to start at sunrise the next morning, and we reached the plantation at ten o'clock A.M. and found cribs full of corn, hay, turkeys and chickens, cattle, several yokes of oxen, carts, wagons, etc. The proprietor was a well-preserved man of about eighty years of age, and a thoroughbred rebel. I informed him that we were after forage and would have to press into service a few of his teams and negroes to drive them to camp, but that they would be returned. I told him also that receipts for everything taken would be given him and he could collect from Uncle Sam, providing he could prove his loyalty to the government. He listened very attentively to my recital, and when I paused for a reply, he broke out with an oath, saying, "Damn you, we will feed you if necessary and whip you and then make *you* pay for it all in the end. Say,"

says he, "you blue-coated Yank, you seem to be quite a decent sort of a chap, or was, perhaps, before you got into the army. Come into the house and take a drink with me, damn you." "In a moment," said I, and I turned to the sergeant and gave him orders to press into service all the carts and negroes and load up with corn and hay, ready to start, and report the amount to me at the house, but first station a few pickets outside to give the alarm and avoid any surprise.

"Now, sir," said I, "I am ready to enjoy your hospitality while the boys are getting ready to return to camp."

The house was situated on a high bluff, overlooking the broad Potomac, with a magnificent view for many miles down the river. The view up the river was obstructed by a piece of woods. In walking about the grounds I noticed at the foot of the bluff a snug little cove, where a couple of large-sized sailboats were anchored, entirely hidden from view from the river or the surrounding country. Some months after this I learned that this was the route by which mail, medicines, and other contraband goods were taken through to Richmond, Va., from the North. In the course of an hour, the sergeant reported the amount of forage taken, for which I gave a receipt, and we were soon on our way to camp. When we reached our lines and camped, I found that we had turkeys, chickens, two small pigs, plenty of wine and some fresh pork, corn bread freshly made, that I had not receipted for, but we enjoyed it all the same, and early the next morning distributed our forage where it was most needed. A turkey, a pig, and a canteen of wine was sent to headquarters with my compliments. They were thankfully received and no questions asked. The next day we went after beef at Matthias Point.

I mention these little incidents, which I enjoyed very much, as a few of the bright spots in the desert of a soldier's life. It did not take me long to get a good knowledge of the surrounding country. There were some good pickings inside the lines, but I reserved them for stormy weather and emergencies when we hadn't time to forage outside the lines.

James Mason, an ex-Congressman, and brother to the Mason who was with Slidel, when captured on their way to England, had a fine residence and plantation in the vicinity, well stocked with everything in the way of forage, corn, hogs, etc., that was available when needed. Mr. Mason was laid up at home with the gout, but was able to hobble around a little. During a severe storm, two of the companies on picket ran short of forage and provisions, and called upon me to furnish them at once, as they were in want. I at once made a detail of several men and marched them up to Mr. Mason's stately mansion, and, knocking at the front door, called for Mr. Mason. I found him at home and was asked into the reception room to await the appearance of the gentleman, and took the sergeant with me. We did not have long to wait before he came hobbling in and wished to know my business. I introduced myself, and told him in consequence of the storm we were obliged to call upon him for a fat steer, a load of corn, and some hay. With a groan, he cried out, "My God! My God! when will this thing cease. Why, sir, the 8th Illinois regiment has nearly impoverished me, and I have scarcely enough left to keep my family from starving." "I am sorry, Mr. Mason, but our men and horses have got to be supplied." His answer was, "Oh, my God! my God!" I turned to the sergeant and told him what to take, and use Mr. Mason's oxen to haul the forage to the

camp, and when ready to go, report to me, so that I could give Mr. Mason a receipt. Mr. Mason asked me into the dining room where a cheerful fire was burning in the fireplace, told me to be seated, while he dropped into a large easy chair, with the same old groan of "My God! my God!" He then turned to me and said, "Lieutenant, please ring that bell on the table for me," which I did, and presently a colored servant appeared. He told her to bring up a bottle of wine and a bottle of brandy with sugar and glasses, and a plate of crackers and cheese, and ended with a groan of "Oh, my God! my God!" Thinking perhaps that he was suffering with pain, I asked if that was the case, but he said not, only at times. At that moment the servant returned with the refreshments, and after taking a small drink of brandy, Mr. Mason seemed to brighten up very much. Our conversation drifted away from war matters, and I found him entertaining, genial, and a good conversationalist. He seemed pleased with my company, and cordially asked me to call again, "though," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "not on the same errand."

"On the 1st of March we returned to camp, but were ordered out on picket at the same place on the 9th for ten days. I was detailed, as before, and looked over some new country with varied results. One day we found a mill full of flour and grain, owned by a rank old rebel whose love for Jeff Davis was red hot. We could find no means of transportation, and had to resort to carrying a sack of flour on each horse. In returning to camp I stopped at a log cabin not far from the mill to inquire the way to King George's Court House. An elderly lady and two grown up daughters came to the door and welcomed us heartily as Union soldiers. This was a great surprise to us, as almost invariably the

people in that region were "secesh." We found that they had been robbed of everything by rebel soldiers, and that the owner of the mill refused to furnish them flour or meal for any consideration, although he owed her son for work. But this son was in the Union army, and sometimes sent them a little money. We left them a sack of flour and promised to come back the next day and attend to their wants. I had my full complement of men back the next day to the mill and called upon our rebel friend, the owner. I always had a butcher with my squad, and that day had two, whom I ordered to find and kill the largest hog about the mill, and dress it while the rest of the boys loaded up with cornmeal and flour. We were soon ready and went back to the cabin occupied by the three Union ladies, and gave them provisions enough to last them a year. I set four or five of the boys at work hiding the flour under the floor of the cabin, and had the hams and shoulders salted and hung up in the chimney. While the boys were engaged in this work, I sent the rest of the squad back to the mill to load up for camp and return as soon as they could. The old mill owner got out his old shotgun and threatened to shoot, but the boys took away his gun and broke it up, and informed him if those ladies were disturbed or robbed again, no matter by whom, they would return and burn his house down and send him a prisoner to the North. Whatever became of them I do not know. We visited them two or three weeks after, but they had not been molested. The old lady and her daughters shed tears of joy, and blessed us over and over again for our kindness.

We returned to camp on the 20th of March, but on the 27th were again ordered on picket. The weather was getting good, and the roads better, but meat was getting scarce

near our lines. I took my squad of picked men, and went twenty miles down the neck before we found anything. There we saw about fifty sheep in a field back of an old house some little distance from the main road, with a high-fenced lane leading up to the house. I halted the men and explained to them what I wished them to do, but in any event I expected to find a sheep with each man, except the sergeant and two men who would accompany me to the house. These two men were to load up with poultry. All the commands I made while with the man of the house were to mean exactly the opposite. I halted the men near the house and approached the front steps, when a tall, fine-looking old Virginia gentleman came out, about sixty-five years of age. An elderly woman wearing a sun bonnet was behind him. I found them to be bitter rebels. I soon heard a shot in the direction of the sheep, which caused the old man to tremble a little, and just then a chicken squawked. I think I never saw a woman jump so high or give such an unearthly yell as the old lady did. "My chickens! my chickens! why don't you stop them, Mr. Officer?" and away she went to the rescue. I yelled to the boys to let those chickens alone, and just then five or six shots were heard in the direction of the sheep. It then dawned upon the old man that the soldiers were after his sheep. He raved and swore, and begged me to stop them, so I sent the sergeant to tell the boys to stop killing those sheep, or I would put them under arrest. Off went the sergeant, and I told the old man if he would be quiet I would give him a receipt for all the sheep taken. "Damn you and your receipt, I want you and your damned crew to let my sheep alone." The old man was pacing up and down the walk in front of the house with arms flying and cursing the Union and all there was in it. Every now and

then a scream from the old woman was heard in the direction of the barn where she was after the boy with a pitchfork, all the while yelling for help, and calling the old man a variety of bad names because he ignored her appeals for help. It was not long before the sergeant reported "All ready," and I bid the old man good day, and we started for camp twenty miles away. On looking over my little column I found every man had a sheep, and a score of chickens were tied to the different saddles. Our march extended far into the night before we got into camp, and the boys and horses were nearly worn out.

A day or two afterwards I visited Mr. Mason for more corn and hay, but for some reason he seemed more cheerful, and on my departure presented me with a bottle of his best brandy.

The orders regarding foraging were very strict, but that part of the country, being quite thickly settled, numerous complaints were brought into headquarters. It was a little hard on the boys to see pigs and chickens running loose when on picket, munching hard tack and salt horse, and often short of that.

Captain Vanderbilt, with Company L, was picketing on the land of a long, lank, lean old rebel, who had several good-sized pigs running loose, and the old man had early applied for protection for his animals, which was granted, and strict orders issued to Captain Van to see that they were carried out. A few mornings after, the old man was early at headquarters with a bitter complaint against Captain Van's company for killing all his pigs. Of course the major was very indignant that his orders had been disobeyed, and if the gentleman would take a seat he would send for Captain Vanderbilt to report to headquarters at once, and know the

reason why he should not pay for depredations committed against orders. An orderly brought the guilty captain to headquarters at once, and as the captain stepped inside the tent he saluted, and asked Major Avery if he had sent for him. "Yes, sir," said the major, and turning to the old man asked him to repeat his complaint to the captain. The old man did so in very bitter terms. After he was through, Major Avery said in his pompous way, "Well, sir, Captain Vanderbilt, is it true what this man says?" "It may be," said the captain, rather meekly. "Well, sir," said the major, "what have you to say about it, and the disobedience of orders, sir?" "Well, I will tell you how it was, major," said the captain, with a very long face. "You see, major, one of my men was on picket in a very lonely place in the woods, and during the night this soldier was attacked by this man's pig, and the soldier got the best of it. That is all there is to it." With a roar of laughter from everybody in the tent, and a wave of the hand from the major, the captain went back to the company.

Of course our picketing so much near King George's Court House caused us to become acquainted with many of the citizens, and among them were many handsome young ladies, who, for the most part, were very enthusiastic rebels, taunted us by singing rebel songs and pretended to hate everything from the North, soldiers in particular. Still the boys persisted in paying more or less attention to them, notwithstanding their sneers.

There was a couple of young ladies, about twenty years of age, living alone, about a mile from regimental headquarters. They were very good looking, but repulsed all attempts on part of the soldiers to pay them any attentions. Lieutenant Robb, of Company D, and myself proposed to

make them a visit. So we started out one cool evening, having apprised them of our intention to call. Their house was inside our lines, and we were not in much fear of being disturbed. When we arrived, we hitched our horses to a pole on top of two posts, high above their heads. It reminded me of a story I had read in a newspaper when I was a boy, and I told Robb that I would tell it in the course of the evening if everything was agreeable. Much to our surprise, we found the ladies awaiting our arrival with apparent pleasure, as they gave us a cordial greeting and a welcome that was very unusual from rebel girls that hated the Yankees. They were very sociable, and soon made us feel quite at home. Being a little anxious about our horses, Robb went out to see if they were all safe, and when he returned; called upon me for the story I had promised him, and the girls said they would be delighted to hear it. I remarked that as it was a war story they might not relish it. "Oh, yes we would," said they. "Well," said I, "as it happened during the Revolutionary War, and all of us being descendants of Revolutionary sires, it will not jar upon either rebel or Union nerves.

"Well, there was a brigade of American soldiers in winter quarters up in Vermont during the Revolutionary War, and, as a matter of course, all the young ladies in the immediate vicinity were petted and courted by many of the officers of the brigade. About a mile from headquarters of the brigade lived a fairly well-to-do gentleman who had a very pretty daughter of about twenty summers, and being an only child did pretty much as she pleased, and received quite a number of the young officers as suitors, but somehow they all dropped off but one, and he went often enough to make up for the whole squad. He was a regular little dandy sort of

a fellow and put on more airs than a major-general should or could. He was a lieutenant and so little esteemed in his own company that his captain, by some means, got him put on staff duty at headquarters. He was very proud and dignified and put on more airs than ever, and would hardly speak to his former comrades. He pretended to be a great disciplinarian, dressed very neatly, but always had his nose in other people's business. In fact, so disagreeable had he made himself that he was thoroughly hated by the whole brigade, both rank and file. This popinjay was the accepted suitor of the beautiful daughter whom I spoke of and his visits to the lady's home were almost of nightly occurrence. He had a favorite pony that he always rode on his visits. The house with the front porch stood back from the road about one hundred yards, and on one side of the gate were two posts, about as high as a man could reach, with a pole extending from one post to the other, and fastened securely to this pole were pins, at an angle of forty-five degrees, over which a person could throw the reins of the bridle, and secure the horse without the trouble of tying. To this pole the young lieutenant would ride, throw the reins over the pin, jump off and walk up to the house. The soldier boys had been watching all his movements, and learned them to a fraction. They knew just how long he would stay, and exactly what he would do. The young lady always came out on the porch, gave him a parting kiss and held the light so that he could see his way down the path. A near neighbor had a gentle old cow that was kept in the road most of the time, and the boys conceived the idea of playing a trick on the young lieutenant to take him down a peg or two. So one dark, misty night, just after a heavy rain, the lieutenant made his customary visit as usual, and left the pony under

the pole. A regiment or more were lined up on each side of the road from headquarters to the house, and the neighbor's cow was gently driven to the place where the pony was standing, the pony removed, and the cow quietly put in its place. The saddle of the pony was transferred to the back of the cow, and the bridle securely fastened to her tail, with the reins over the pin. The pony was led away, and everything was ready, with the old cow in position and two ardent men handy by to keep here there until the lieutenant's arrival. The pair soon appeared on the porch, and with a kiss they parted, she holding a tallow candle to light the pathway. He reached for the bridle reins, and felt the stirrup, and vaulted into the saddle. With a jab of the spurs away went the old cow with a bellow that aroused the whole line. The boys yelled and fired off their pistols—but on went the old cow, straight to the headquarters of the brigade. The lieutenant lost his hat, but held on manfully during his backward ride, probably the most astonished man that ever fought for his country on the back of a cow." The story pleased the young ladies so well that they always met me with a smile whenever I saw them. Robb and I spent a number of pleasant evenings in their company.

Not far from where these girls lived was a young married woman, whose husband was in the rebel army. One day while passing her house she called me and asked me into her house, as she wished to have a talk with me. As I was in a hurry then, I excused myself, but promised to call some other time, which I did soon afterwards. She then told me that her husband was in the rebel army, and fearing he would be killed, she wanted him to be taken prisoner. If I would help her she would get him to come home, and while he was there I was to capture him, I told her to go

ahead and let me know when he was there. and I would attend to the rest. As we passed the house frequently, she said that when I saw a white towel hanging out of her front window, it would be a sign for me to call, so I watched for the signal and one day found it hanging out. I called, and she told me that the man would be there on a certain night, and two others would come with him. Our pickets were withdrawn the next day, but I waited for the time to come when I could capture the man in accordance with previous arrangement. This part of Virginia was now outside our lines.

In the afternoon of the day that I was to capture the man, I went to Major Avery, and asked him for a detail of twenty-five men to go outside the lines. He told me to pick my men. This I found difficult as over a hundred men asked to go with me. I selected the men I thought would be the most reliable and with two sergeants we passed out of the lines. There was a bright moon and we made good time. Knowing all the roads well I did not need a guide, but sent an advance guard of three men and a sergeant two hundred feet or so in front. The first house we went to where I expected to find one of the men was securely locked up. We quietly surrounded it, and I went to the front door with a sergeant and knocked. The woman of the house would not let us in. I gave orders to the men to bring a rail to break down the door, when she concluded to let us in. On going into a bed-room, I found evidence that two persons had been there, but the woman declared that there was no man in the house. We soon found another woman, but no signs of a man. Procuring lights, I called a man to stand guard below, while the sergeant and I explored the upper regions of the house. No one could be found, but I

saw a barrel standing under an opening to a dark span in the peak of the roof, near a bed-room, and concluded to see what was there. Climbing on top of the barrel, and prodding the hole with my sabre I heard a slight rustling and found my man. "Come out of that," said I, "or I'll shoot." Hold on," says he, "I'll come down," and down he came covered with cobwebs. As we escorted him downstairs, the woman cried out, "I didn't lie to you; he went away as I said, but he came back again." After mounting him behind one of the boys, we proceeded to the next place where I had arranged for capturing the husband. Surrounding the house as before, I went to the door and knocked. The woman was up in arms at once. I told her it was no use, I had the house surrounded. The man was lying in bed, but we soon had him on a horse, leaving a happy wife behind.

We returned to the regiment, and turned over our prisoners to the provost marshal. This ended our picketing and picnicking on the neck between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers in the winter of 1862-3.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

FROM this time until the close of the war the regiment was actively and continuously engaged in field service, much of which was of a character to test its courage and powers of endurance. Its movements and operations are fully recorded in Preston's History of the Tenth New York Cavalry, and I will omit further accounts of my personal experiences and adventures while connected with it until reaching events immediately preceding my capture at the battle of St. Mary's Church, June 24, 1864, with the exception of my sketch of the important battle of Brandy Station, written for the regimental history referred to above, and a few anecdotes to illustrate some of the amusing, as well as tragic scenes that occur in a soldier's life to occasionally break its monotony.

As acting adjutant, regimental quartermaster, brigade provost marshal, etc., during this period, previous to my being commissioned as captain, in July, 1863, I had varied and responsible duties to perform that enabled me to participate in affairs outside of the routine of mere company duty.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

At the time of the battle of Brandy Station, I was acting as adjutant of the regiment. On the 8th of June, 1863, our

regiment, with the entire division—the third commanded by General Gregg—was moved to the vicinity of Kelly's Ford, and bivouacked. There was but little sleep, however. The men were animated with the prospect of meeting the rebel cavalry in a fair open field fight which the morrow promised. They had never been engaged as an unbroken whole, and now an opportunity was to be presented for displaying the qualities of the regiment as a unit. There had been companies and detachments from it engaged at various times and places, and the men had acquitted themselves in all of these isolated cases with credit and increased their desire for a chance to see what the regiment could do united. It probably never counted so many officers and men in any other engagement, nor was the esprit-de-corps ever better. I have never witnessed, before or after, more enthusiasm and confidence than the men exhibited on this occasion. There was a positive eagerness for the meeting. The number of men in the regiment who participated in the battle was about five hundred and they were led by one in whom they had the most perfect confidence, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine. Every man responded promptly to the call to "fall in" early in the morning on that memorable 9th of June, 1863. The spirit of enthusiasm and good cheer pervaded the entire command of General Gregg as far as my observation extended, presaging the grand results which were to be recorded of it that day. We crossed the Ford without opposition and marched straight for Brandy Station where the rebel cavalry was known to be camped. The booming of Buford's guns up the river advised us that he had already encountered the enemy. Our advance guard met with no opposition until we were near the field which was so soon to be rendered historical as the battle ground between two

powerful cavalry corps of the opposing armies. When we reached the edge of the timber, about three-fourths of a mile from Brandy Station, we were halted and drawn up in squadron fronts, preparatory to charging into the open, where the rebels were rapidly concentrating. Occasional shells were dropped around us from the enemy's batteries on Fleetwood Hill, but they caused us no damage or uneasiness. Our second brigade, under Colonel Wyndham, had been engaged and met with some reverses. While awaiting orders our boys manifested the utmost restlessness and anxiety to engage in the battle. The order came. The voice of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine rose clear and firm—"Attention! Forward! March!" and as soon as we had cleared the woods, "Trot, march, guide left!" How the hot blood coursed through my veins at that moment. Who can describe the feelings of a man on entering into a charge? How exhilarating, yet how awful! The glory of success in a charge is intoxicating. One forgets everything, even personal safety in the one grand thought of vanquishing the enemy. We were in for it now, and the nerves were strung to the highest tension.

When about two-thirds of the distance intervening between the starting point and the railroad had been passed, the command comes "Column, walk, draw sabers, trot!" The regiment was well in hand, the formation perfect. The enemy in small numbers advanced from the hill to oppose us. As a part of our line was crossing the railroad, Colonel Kirkpatrick with some staff officers passed us and ordered Colonel Irvine to charge to the right of the hill. Colonel Irvine immediately gave the command, "Gallop! *Charge!*" and the regiment swept up the hillside where they were met by a greatly superior force that had been concentrated on

that point as the key to the situation. It was a hand-to-hand struggle now. Here many of our brave boys went down. Colonel Irvine was on the left of the leading squadron, and I was at his left. The rebel line that swept down upon us came in splendid order, and when the two lines were about to close in they opened a rapid fire upon us. Then followed an indescribable clashing and slashing, banging and yelling. My entire time was taken up in taking care of Lieutenant Porter at this time, and the rapidly moving panorama left no distinct recollection of anything that occurred in particular, outside of my individual experience. Two or three stalwart rebels crowded past me, intent on the capture of Colonel Irvine. I was of apparent little account in their desperate efforts to reach him. We were now so mixed up with the rebels that every man was fighting desperately to maintain the position until assistance could be brought forward. The front squadron broke to the right and left to allow the rear squadrons to come upon the enemy fresh. In an instant everything was mixed up and confused, and Colonel Irvine a prisoner. I made desperate efforts to attempt his recapture, but it was of no avail. Every man had all he could do in looking after himself. I found myself with but two or three of our men near, and concluded it would be best to release myself from the awkward position I was in as soon as possible. Just then a big rebel bore down upon me with his sabre raised. I parried the blow with my sabre, which, however, was delivered with such force as to partially break the parry, and left its mark across my back, and nearly unhorsed me. One of our boys probed my assailant from the rear, and he was dismounted. It was plain that I must get out then, if ever. The only avenue of escape was over a high embankment of the rail-

road and a rebel squadron was advancing on that point, not far away. The rebel commander gave orders not to kill my horse, probably deeming me already a prisoner. Two jumps of the horse brought me to the top of the embankment. Every rebel in that squadron fired at me, but strangely enough, the only bullet that found its mark was one that burned my upper lip so badly that I thought that it had been carried away. But the next jump of the horse was over the embankment and out of their reach. I immediately made for an approaching column which I discovered in the nick of time to be Johnnies and changed my course. I saw Lieutenant Robb ahead of me, getting out of a ditch. My horse jumped the ditch, over the rear of Robb's horse and then a fence. Not more than fifty feet from this fence Robb was killed. He was a brave and enterprising officer. I had learned to respect him for his sterling qualities as an officer and a man.

I finally reached the regiment in safety; others, like myself, had become separated, coming in later, and the command was reorganized by Major Avery, who was left in command by the capture of Colonel Irvine. Captain Vanderbilt, with Company L, was the last to come in and was chased by rebels, but lost no men. The battle of Brandy Station was fought by mounted cavalry entirely, and was the greatest cavalry battle of the war. With me it was peculiar in many ways. Acting as adjutant I had no one to command, and after the charge had no one to command me. I went into the fight with less fear than any other battle before or after. The excitement of the charge, the falling of my horse, and his almost instantaneous jump to his feet again and off for a point of safety, the bullets flying about us like bees, it was indeed most exciting, and I en-

joyed it better than any battle that I was ever in. My horse saved me from capture, and I got back to the east side of the Rappahannock in good order, except my back was pretty sore, with a blood blister about fourteen inches long, which the rebel gave me in our hand-to-hand encounter.

A MONUMENT TO JENNIE WADE.

While awaiting orders, July 4, after the battle of Gettysburg, some of the men got into the town and brought back the news of the death of Jenny Wade by a rebel bullet while making bread for the Union soldiers. She was well known in our regiment and better known to me than to any of the others, as I used to spend many pleasant evenings with her at her home, when we were camped at Gettysburg in '61-2, as I have already said. The following article which I found in a recent newspaper will be of interest in connection with this event: "A monument to Jenny Wade, the brave Pennsylvania girl, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, will soon be dedicated. The fund for the same has been raised by the Women's Relief Corps of Iowa. Jenny Wade was one of the heroines of the Civil War, as well known in her humble way, and as well loved as Barbara Frietchie. She it was who was killed by a stray bullet of the Confederates while making bread for the Union soldiers in the little brick house of her sister, in the stormiest and most dangerous part of the three days' battleground. Jenny Wade was only a young girl, but her sacrifice will always be remembered and perpetuated in the history of that sublime struggle. The first day of the battle she drew and carried water from the windlass well and filled the canteens of the Union soldiers, amid the shrieking of shells and the awful

din of bullets and battle. She never swerved from her willing task of giving the cup of cold water to those brave men. Early, even before it was light, on the third day she was astir, getting in wood to heat the brick oven to bake bread for the soldiers, who were wearied with their two days of Titanic struggle. Very soon there was a call at the door for something to eat and she turned to her mother, saying, "I will make biscuits if you will prepare the fire in the stove," and turned to go about her work with a will, but before she had done this a minie ball from an enemy's gun crashed through the window, and killed the brave girl in her sister's home. On the morning of July 3d this heroine paid the price of loyalty with her life. She was buried on the evening of July 4th by soldiers' hands, in a coffin prepared for a Confederate colonel who had fallen in battle. For thirty-eight years her grave has remained unmarked, but the Iowa Women's Relief Corps will dedicate a monument on the spot some time in September after the National G. A. R. Camp at Cleveland, Ohio.

The movement for a monument started in 1899 at the close of the National Encampment at Philadelphia, when the Iowa women spent a day at Gettysburg, and resolved to render homage to the memory of the brave Pennsylvania girl. The money is now all raised. The monument is to be of Barry granite and Italian marble, and will cost eight hundred dollars. Other States had the opportunity, but to Iowa will be given the credit for the work. On the monument will be suitable inscriptions.

On the front will be, "Jennie Wade, killed while making bread for the Union soldiers."

On the reverse side, "Erected by the Women's Relief Corps of Iowa A. D. 1901."

One side will bear the words, "Whatsoever God willeth, must be, though a nation mourn."

On the other side will be, "She hath done what she could."

THE FIGHT AT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Early on the morning of the 12th of October the sharp crack of carbines in front brought the whole regiment into line, and we were ordered to support one of our batteries which was posted on the heights, west of the ford, and the old burned-down Sulphur Springs Hotel. Very soon General Gregg ordered Colonel Avery to move the regiment across the river, go to the right about a mile, and draw up in line behind a strip of woods, then send one squadron to deploy as skirmishers, and advance to support them. The squadron chosen was the one that I commanded, and my orders were to advance until we met the enemy, engage them, and the regiment would follow us. We met the enemy's skirmishers in the woods, at the top of the hill, and I ordered a charge. The hill was so steep on the other side that when we got started down we could not stop, and we all rushed headlong into the head of Lee's army which was rapidly advancing. I gave the order for every man to take care of himself. The enemy did not seem to want to kill, but to capture us. I know not what others did, and speak only for myself, and for my own actions. Every rebel I passed tried to catch my horse, but I managed to dodge them, and, spurring my horse and fighting with my sabre, I made for their left beyond which was level ground. As soon as I got clear of them they began to shoot at me and the bullets kept up their music in my ears until I got out of sight. By going north about a quarter of a mile I got

around the hill that we had advanced over, and turned to the right, going southeast, to get to the ford that we had crossed in coming over. It was a run of a mile or more, but it was my only chance to get to the river and over to our side. As I rounded the hill I saw no enemy, and I determined to make the ford as near direct as possible and as quickly as I could get there.

I had not advanced far before I came in front of the enemy's line of advance skirmishers who were about twenty feet apart, and every one of them took a shot at me. I was about two hundred feet from them, and as they advanced kept me about that distance from them for the whole mile that I ran the gauntlet.

With my arm over my horse's neck, I screened myself as much as I could behind the horse as he ran. The bullets went zip, zip, every second, and some came very close, but I could hear the rebels call out to each other, "Save the horse, save the horse," which was fortunate for me, as I reached the ford in safety without a scratch on man or horse.

Talk about Sheridan's ride! That was the ride of my life, although a short one. I know that my horse carried me rapidly, but it seemed hours to me. On reaching the ford I met General Gregg, and he said, "Very narrow escape, captain." Avery was also nearby, and I reported to him that I had lost my company if not the whole squadron. "No," he said, "there are some of your boys on the hill," pointing where I could find them, and I soon joined them with a small nucleus of the regiment, probably seventy-five men altogether. "Hello, Captain!" said the boys, when I reached them, "we thought the rebs had you sure," and I had to relate how it all happened. Others came in one by

one. Avery came up and we were marched out on the pike toward Warrenton, a half mile or more, in rear of the division. The rebs were steadily advancing, and a good many had crossed the river, and fighting was going on all along the line. The 1st N. J. Calvary were fighting in our immediate front and we were drawn up in line to support them. Our boys drove them back across the river, but it took them till after dark to do it.

RE-ENLISTMENT AND FURLOUGH.

Early in January, 1864, Colonel Irvine came to camp with an order for the re-enlistment of the old eight companies, provided three-fourths of the men would re-enlist for three years, in which case they would be given a thirty days' furlough. Lieutenant Hayes was appointed recruiting officer and immediately began the work of re-enlistment. In this I took a deep interest, and was the first captain to recommend the same, and to induce the men of my company to re-enlist. I soon had three-fourths of my company enrolled, being the first of the old companies to do so. It was not long before the other companies had the necessary three-fourths, and a special order was issued, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, A. O. P.,
January 12, 1864.

Special Orders No. 11.

EXTRACT.

Three-fourths of the following organizations having re-enlisted as veteran volunteers under the provisions of general orders of the War Department, governing the subject, the men so re-enlisted, as well as those who have less than

fifteen months to serve, who have signed the required agreement, will proceed in a body with their officers to their respective States, and on arriving therein, the commanding officer will report through the Governor of the State to the superintendent of the recruiting service for further instructions.

The quartermaster's department will furnish the necessary transportation. Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H and non-commissioned staff, Tenth New York Cavalry, three-fourths of the enlisted men, the lieutenant-colonel, one major, adjutant, quartermaster, and commissary will accompany the battalion.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL SEDGWICK.

S. WILLIAMS, *Asst. Adj.-General.*

Captain Vanderbilt, of Company L., was placed in command of those that remained in camp. On the 15th of January we left Turkey Run for Washington and home.

We arrived at Elmira, N. Y., on the evening of the 19th, where we broke ranks, and individually and collectively departed for our respective homes, where we were received with open arms and a glorious welcome.

We were ordered to report at Elmira, February 21, 1864, giving us a full month at home, which was enjoyed to the best of our ability.

It is hardly necessary to go into details, but, of course, our sweethearts got their full share of attention during our furlough, and the 21st of February came too soon. Renewed pledges of affection were exchanged, and we went forth once more to save our glorious country and preserve the Union and the Flag with our lives if need be. We had become veterans, and knew what war meant, and were bound to conquer or die. We believed that the backbone of the rebel-

lion was broken at Gettysburg, yet there were powerful rebel armies in the field, and no signs of peace had come.

Grant had been called to the command of all our armies, and we believed that we had at last got the right man in the right place. There was not half the discouragement among the soldiers as we found among the people at home. As for myself I had never given it a thought, except that we would be victorious at the end. My health was good when we reported at Elmira on the 21st of February, and I felt glad to take command of my old boys of Company G again, and I think most of the officers and men felt equally ready and willing to accept the fortunes of war again, though it was hard to part with the old folks at home.

On the 29th of February the regiment left Elmira for New York, and thence back to our old camp on Turkey Run, Va., where we arrived on the 6th of March and were welcomed back to our old quarters by Captain Vanderbilt and the men left under his care when we went home.

A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

Nothing of moment had occurred during our absence except a great revival of religion in some of the regiments of the division. A characteristic story of Vanderbilt and our chaplain was related to me in substance, as follows: One fine afternoon the chaplain came riding into camp and called at headquarters of the regiment, and inquired for Captain Vanderbilt, who came forth from his tent singing out, "Hello, chaplain, what's up?" "Say," said the chaplain, "I have just returned from one of the Pennsylvania regiments where we have been having a glorious revival meeting which you know has been going on for several days,

and to-day we have baptized twenty-one soldiers. Just think of it! Now, captain, don't you think we had better try to get up a revival in our regiment and push the good work along?" "What regiment did you say, chaplain?" "Why, the 16th Pennsylvania Regiment." "Well—yes. I think we had better do something. What do you propose, chaplain?" "Well, captain, suppose you call a meeting of all the companies at headquarters, and I will address them and we will see what can be done." "Do you want the meeting right away, chaplain?" "Yes, just as well now as any time," said the chaplain, highly delighted with his success thus far. "Orderly, inform the sergeant-major to report at headquarters at once, and bring a camp stool for the chaplain." The sergeant-major very soon reported, and Captain Vanderbilt ordered him to notify commanders of all the companies to send ten men to headquarters at once, and report without arms. Very soon after the squads from each company began to report, and the captain had them drawn up in line, until there were sixty men in line. All that came after were ordered to return to their quarters. When the men were all ready for marching by twos, the captain turned to the chaplain and, with a wave of his hand, said: "There, chaplain, are sixty good men which I turn over to you to be taken down to the creek and be baptized. No damned Pennsylvania regiment is going to get ahead of the Tenth New York."

The above was an actual occurrence and is only one of the many amusing scenes that seemed to delight the redoubtable Captain Vanderbilt whenever a chance was presented to perpetrate a joke.

CHAPTER IX.

MY CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

ON the morning of the 24th day of June, just as the sun was peeping up blood red through the mist, we were taking a hurried bite of hard tack and coffee, when orders were given to hurry up and be ready to advance, as our pickets were already fighting, but we had no idea that we were to get severely whipped that day for the first time during the war. We were soon on the move, and when the head of the column reached St. Mary's Church it met the rebel cavalry, who were easily driven back, but kept up skirmishing all day until three P.M., when the whole rebel cavalry corps came down upon us in three lines of battle, dismounted in front, and mounted on both flanks—intending to make a clean sweep of the second division of the cavalry corps.

On that morning I was not well and hardly able to take command of my squadron. Surgeon Clark said to me, "Captain, I'll give you an excuse for to-day if you don't feel able to go into the fight," but I declined the offer and prepared my men for the conflict. We were in a piece of woods and the rebels were in plain sight in our front beyond the timber. They were busy constructing rude breastworks, as though they were expecting an attack by us. Suddenly we saw them coming over their dismantled works in three lines of battle. We opened on them with artillery and small arms

which checked them for a moment or two, but their officers urged them on, and they were slowly overpowering us by their superior numbers. We could hear heavy firing on both flanks as soon as they advanced to our front, indicating that we were simultaneously attacked on all parts of our line. I was on the right of our regiment and was being slowly pushed back. I called for support, and Captain Vanderbilt, with his squadron (Companies A and L), promptly joined us, but the rebels pushed steadily on, outnumbering us three to one. We held on till it was almost a hand-to-hand conflict. Our fire was so hot that the rebels were checked for a few moments, and we fell back about fifty feet to a fence.

Then the order came to retire, and I saw the boys on my left on the run to the rear. While we were so hard pressed I lost sight of Lieutenant Hinckly, who was on the right of my squadron in some thick underbrush, and I was anxious about him. Crawling along an old log fence I found Lieutenant John P. White (he was then sergeant) on our extreme right firing away as fast as he could. Asking him if he had seen Hinckly, I lay down by his side for a moment, then crawled farther to the right so I could look on the right of the bushes, when White jumped up and started for the rear, singing out to me, saying, "Come on Cap., the boys have all gone back." "All right," said I, with a glance at our battery that still retained its position. I started towards the battery, nearly exhausted. From a little knoll I saw that if I kept on I would be killed by our own guns, and started to make a detour to keep out of range, when I stumbled and fell near a fence. When I rose, twelve Johnnies jumped up from behind the fence, and with all their guns bearing on me, cried out, "Surrender, you damned Yank!" The rebels were from Wickam's Brigade of Vir-

ginia Cavalry. I was immediately robbed of everything in my pockets, my hat and boots, and would have been stripped naked except through the interference of one of the party, who ordered me to follow him to the rear. Reaching the edge of a piece of woods, under the hottest fire I ever experienced, I was ordered to sit down by the side of a lean, lank, slab-sided six-footer, who was firing away from behind a small tree at our boys as fast as he could. I had no sooner placed myself by him than I had the pleasure of seeing him shot through the body and fall back dead. Another man took charge of me, and I was started for the rear again, continually meeting bloodthirsty ragamuffins who wished to put an end to my existence by shooting me down like a dog; but the remonstrance of my guard prevailed, and I was safely conducted to the rear. Never before had I wished for death. As I saw the rebels swept down by our shells, grape and canister, I wished for some missile to hurl me into eternity, which I considered preferable to life in a Southern prison. After being started on our way to the rear, we were constantly meeting rebels advancing, and one of our shells burst about four feet above my head and killed four rebels outright and wounded four more. Strange it was to me that I should be so cool and unconcerned as to my fate while I was escorted here and there under a terrible fire from our batteries.

After being marched about, insulted and abused for a couple of hours, my feet already swollen and sore, we reached the headquarters of Captain Butler, the provost marshal of Butler's brigade of South Carolinians. Here I found half a dozen of our officers and enlisted men huddled together, with a strong guard placed over them. Hungry, tired and sleepy, we passed the night. Colonel Huey, of the

Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was my bedfellow on a half blanket spread on the ground. In the morning we were a miserable, dilapidated-looking set of Yanks. Captain Butler said that he had nothing to eat himself, or he would give us something. None of us believed him. He seemed very much elated by reading to us in one of their seven-by-nine newspapers an account of our officers—prisoners of war—being placed under fire at Charleston, S. C., by the rebels. Early in the morning, June 25th, without a mouthful to eat, we were marched to General Butler's headquarters, and the general sent one of his aides out for the best hat worn by the Yankee officers. The aide could find none suitable for his generalship. On our march from Captain Butler's headquarters to General Butler's we passed the field hospital of the St. Mary's Church battle, and I saw more dead and wounded as we passed than all the men and officers we had in our brigade, or rather our two brigades. We learned from the rebels that our two brigades had fought the whole cavalry corps of Lee's army, consisting of eight brigades. They did not capture a single piece of artillery, but our losses in dead and prisoners were heavy. It was the only time I was with the regiment when it got whipped.

After collecting all their prisoners together they had one hundred and seven enlisted men and officers. Captain Butler remained in charge of us, and we started at once for Richmond at a brisk pace. As I was without a hat, I appealed to one of the guards, and he found a dilapidated specimen, which he gave me, and it served to protect my head a little from the burning sun. By ten A.M. the sand became so hot that it burned my feet to a blister. One of the rebel soldiers got me a pair of old boots, which were a little better than none, but did me some service in taking the skin

off my feet in a dozen new places. Long before night I was unable to walk, and they allowed me to ride a horse for a mile or two, then get off and hobble along again, while some other prisoner, in as bad a condition, took a ride. We suffered intolerably for the want of water, being allowed to drink only at the streams when we came to them. We were marched to Savage Station, on the York River Railroad, making twenty-five miles from our starting-point in the morning. No sooner had we dropped to the ground than all were fast asleep, completely tired out, and famishing for want of food and water. In the morning we were promised something to eat, but got nothing. They did not give us even water we wanted to drink. About ten A.M., the 25th, we were placed on board a train and taken to Richmond. In less than an hour we were drawn up in line in front of Libby prison and marched in, one at a time, and thoroughly searched by the notorious Dick Turner. All money and everything of value were taken. I managed to preserve my pocket knife, which, in some way, was overlooked when I was taken.

A full description of this prison has been given so many times that it is needless for me to repeat it. We found there about one hundred officers, mostly from the Second Corps, and about two thousand four hundred men confined there. Having been fifty-four hours without anything to eat, we were suffering greatly for want of food. Between twelve and one o'clock rations were brought in—bean soup in tubs that was hardly fit to put hogs' feed in, and meat that emitted an odor almost sickening. My ration consisted of a piece of corn bread three inches long by two and a half wide, and about the same thickness; a piece of spoiled pork half an inch thick and two inches square; one-half gill of

bean soup, mostly water, twenty beans in it, perhaps, and rotten at that. This dose, I was informed, would be repeated each day at the same hour. Starvation began to stare me in the face. Our stay at Libby was of only three days' duration, but it was long enough to cover us with vermin that seemed more hungry, if possible, than ourselves, and with which we never parted company while guests of the Southern Confederacy.

On the 29th of June we were started for Lynchburg, Va., which we reached the next day, June 30th, after a most exhausting ride in cattle cars, with nothing to eat or drink. Some of the officers traded their shirts for a small loaf of bread.

About noon, on the day of our arrival at Lynchburg, we were much surprised by receiving four days' cooked rations, consisting of nearly a pound of bacon and one dozen crackers, something similar to the hard bread used by our army. Lynchburg is situated on the south side of the James River, and built mostly on a side hill. At that time it was a vast hospital, every building being filled with sick and wounded soldiers. During the afternoon we took up our line of march across the country for Danville, Va., distant seventy-two miles, the Weldon railroad tracks having been torn up by our raiders. More prisoners were added to our column, swelling our number to one hundred and twenty-five officers and twenty-five hundred men. We were marched four or five miles and camped—that is, we were allowed to lie on the ground and eat our rations.

What rations we had were of good material, and I ate half of mine the first night without being satisfied. Early next morning, July 1st, we were gathered up like a lot of sheep and started on the road. The weather was very hot,

and we were allowed to rest only once in three or four miles, and then but a few minutes. I think I never suffered on any trip as on this. My feet were covered with sores, and the bottoms were almost one entire blister, making each step but little less than the horrors of the Inquisition. To straggle in the rear was certain death. All the cavalrymen and officers suffered incredibly, but the infantry were more used to marching, and stood it much better, except those that were barefoot. One poor fellow, who was sick, stopped by the roadside in an old tobacco house. He was found by the rear guard and coolly shot, and his body rifled of everything, simply because he could go no further, and the guards boasted of the deed. Others met a similar fate each day.

After marching twenty-five miles we reached the Staunton River, where we camped as the night before, with the privilege of washing in the river, which was a great luxury. That night it seemed to me impossible that I could march another mile, but, with a full determination to endure to the end, I summoned all the perseverance, energy and fortitude that I possessed and managed to keep up with the column the next day, although illness was added to the fatigue. We were a great curiosity to the citizens, scarcely any of whom had seen a live Yankee before. Every male above ten years of age, and under seventy, was out to help guard us with shotguns and pistols, but they seemed to feel dubious in regard to their future prospects. Women and children composed nine-tenths of the population through the country we passed. On Sunday, the 3d, in passing through the little village of Spottsylvania Court House, the full congregation of one of the churches lined both sides of the street. With true Yankee spirit the column sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" in good style, as well as other patriotic songs. I

noticed two or three very good-looking young ladies shedding tears. The whole congregation listened and looked on in silence, never having seen so many Yanks before.

On the 4th of July we arrived at Danville, Va., on the Dan River, worn out and half starved, our rations having given out the day before. Upon our arrival at Danville we were marched into a miserable, dirty, red-brick building and packed so tight that there was not room for all to lie down at the same time. The building had been used as a prison pen before and never cleaned. The floor was covered with vermin, the weather very hot, and the terrible stench arising from the debris of former occupants made a gloomy prospect for the future, as we supposed that we were to stay here for some time. In a couple of hours we were greatly surprised by being furnished with a tolerably fair meal of corn bread and very good boiled fresh pork, which was far the best I had received since I was taken prisoner. Near the close of the day we were ordered out of the building and marched to the railroad, and allowed to lie on the ground until nearly midnight, when we were packed into box cars used for transporting cattle and prisoners. Fifty men were packed in each car and the doors closed.

The heat was intense and we came near being suffocated, and, not being allowed any water, our sufferings before morning were almost intolerable. Some of the boys cut a few small holes in the car with their knives to let in a little more air, but it was not enough to do any perceptible good. In the morning, July 5th, we arrived at Greensboro, S. C., where we were taken out to change cars and receive rations. The rations were hard bread and bacon, very poor and very scanty. After receiving our morsel we were packed as before and started south again. Cramped, crowded and

choking for water, we finally reached Salisbury, N. C., where one of the boys was knocked down and kicked by one of the guards for speaking to me as he was passing by the car. This boy belonged to my regiment. I remonstrated, and the guard informed me, as well as the poor boy who was so badly abused, that he would shoot us both if we said another word. We stopped a short time at this place, and before night were unloaded at Charlotte, N. C., and marched into an open field and a strong guard placed around us. It was certainly a treat to be allowed once more to stretch ourselves at full length on mother earth, which, in comparison with our previous night's rest, was a great luxury, and we fully enjoyed it. The next day was not quite so pleasant, in the hot sun, with no shelter, although there was plenty of shade a few rods away. The next night was passed on the same ground in the same manner. No rations were given us, and we were informed that we would receive none until we arrived at Columbia, S. C. On the morning of the 7th we left Charlotte, packed as before, suffering all day with heat, hunger and thirst.

Early in the evening we reached Columbia, where we were allowed the privilege of lying on the ground again in the open air, but we received nothing to eat. On the 8th we left Columbia for Augusta, Ga., packed in the same manner, a cursing, starving, miserable set of beings. No person that has never experienced the want of food or water can form any adequate idea of the feeling one has to undergo during such a trial. It seems a wonder that we lived through the day. Late at night we arrived at Augusta, Ga., almost exhausted. Two or three of the prisoners were carried off dying from the effects of our treatment thus far. On the morning of the 9th, before leaving Augusta, a miserable

pittance of food was doled out to us, which we devoured instantly, but it did not appease our hunger. Here we were counted and packed as usual, only worse, fifty-five being in a single car. At Augusta I traded my gold pen, that I had managed to secrete so far, for a half pound of beef, for I was on the verge of starvation. This I ate raw, and no morsel ever seemed so sweet. This time we were boxed for twenty-four hours, or until our arrival at Macon, Ga., where we were sorted, and all officers turned into a prison pen with fourteen hundred officers who were already confined there.

The enlisted men were taken on to Andersonville, Ga., and put in that hell-hole to starve and die. The pen into which we were put, like many others of the kind, had a picket fence line inside the stockade, which was its dead line. Cannon were mounted on each side, with a complement of guards ready to shoot down any unsuspecting prisoner that might even touch the picket fence. This fence, before the war, enclosed the fair grounds belonging to the city of Macon, and the buildings were now used for a prisoner's hospital. Lumber had been furnished for making sheds for about two-thirds of the prisoners. The water in the pen was abundant, and very good for that country. On our arrival the cry of "Fresh fish!" "Fresh fish!" greeted our ears, which was the usual cry when any new prisoners were brought in. The prisoners crowded about us, asking about the war and the news, and a thousand and one questions about "God's country," as they called the North. Lieutenant Johnson and Captain Getman, of my regiment, took charge of me at once. I found, also, several officers of the Seventy-sixth New York Infantry and the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Infantry, taken at different

battles, and with whom I was well acquainted. They were all glad to see me, though sorry that I was a prisoner. It was a source of comfort to find them well, if not happy.

I learned from the boys that our rations for five days were five pints of an inferior quality of cornmeal; between one and three fourths of a pound of rancid bacon, full of maggots, and many times almost rotten; one tablespoonful of rice; a gill of beans, or what they called cow peas; a tablespoonful of salt, and a half-pint of sorghum molasses. This completed our full ration for five days, with the exception of a very small piece of soap, enough, perhaps, to wash a pair of socks. These rations were just enough to keep a man constantly hungry, and yet not quite enough to starve him to death. Our occupation was "skirmishing," or, in other words, hunting lice, cooking, playing cards, chess, etc., talking of exchange and something good to eat. Our camp was full of rumors all the while, and a fight now and then enlivened the monotony of this miserable life.

Every means of escape was devised and many tried. One officer managed to make his gray blankets into a suit of rebel clothes and walked out with a load of garbage that was being carted out. With the consent of the negro driver, another crawled under a large box that was on the prison sutler's wagon as he was driving out; but this man, after traveling for some days, was caught with dogs and brought back again. Many tunnels were started, but were discovered.

We had preaching every Sunday, and sometimes two or three times a week; also prayer meetings; but I heard no temperance lectures. A few debates were started, but debaters were generally too hungry to get up a good argument, and debating was banished. I suffered intolerably with diarrhoea all the while and became very weak; in fact, the dis-

ease had become chronic with me, but I kept out of the hospital. Sickness prevailed to a considerable extent.

Time wore away slowly. Sick, sad, half-starved, and infested with vermin, which it was impossible to keep entirely clear of, we were startled by an order to pack up and get ready to move. On the 30th of July we were put on board a train for Charleston, S. C. There were about three hundred of us. Before the train started, however, it was learned that our raiders, under General Stoneman, had cut the road about fifteen miles from Macon, and we were taken off and put in the stockade again. Soon after we heard the sound of cannon, which came nearer and nearer as the day advanced, until our boys sent the shells whizzing into the suburbs of the town, about eighty rods from our prison. There was not an unhappy countenance in that prison when the sound of Yankee cannon promised deliverance. But, alas! when next morning dawned the firing had ceased, and during the day we were informed by the guards that the Yankees were all taken prisoners, which was partly verified by the appearance of General Stoneman and staff in the prison stockade. Soon after arriving in prison the general sat down on an old log and told us all about it, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, so chagrined was he at his failure to release us from our loathsome condition. I learned afterwards that the rebel cannon were double-shotted, and the gunners ordered to fire upon us in the stockade if there was any likelihood of our being released. There are not words in the English language strong enough to express the hellish fiendishness of our rebel hosts who would murder a lot of starving, unarmed prisoners of war.

Our next news was that fifty officers had been exchanged at Charleston, S. C., and that we would be soon after we

arrived there. This rumor, no doubt, was started by the rebels to keep us from trying to escape en route. On the morning of August 11th we were marched to the train again. I was hardly able to carry my baggage, what little I had, yet hope and a determination to survive under any and all circumstances buoyed me up, and I was more cheerful than would be supposed.

While in Macon I had seen strong young men, who were brought to the prison presenting a perfect picture of health, by brooding over their condition lose all their will power, give up, and lie down and die inside of forty-eight hours, with no sign of disease about them. I determined not to give up, therefore, unless I was obliged to, and my will conquered.

We were packed as usual on cattle trains—the most filthy they could find, it seemed—and started for Augusta, Ga., where we arrived on the morning of the 12th. Here we were unloaded and repacked on board a train destined for Charleston, and arrived there on the morning of the 13th at daylight. We were marched down to the lower part of town, which was nearly destitute of people, on account of General Foster's shelling that portion of the city, and placed in a large building near the jail, previously used as a negro workhouse. There were six hundred of us in the building and the Marine Hospital. I was put into the workhouse, where we were crowded almost to suffocation. There was a small back yard, where we got our water from two cisterns. The water was miserable stuff and brackish. Frequently the demand exceeded the supply, and no one could get a drink for twenty-four hours, except he had money to pay one of the guards at the door—a dollar in Confederate money for a single bucketful.

I shall never forget the first night of our stay in this miserable prison. These six hundred officers were placed under our fire to save the city of Charleston. About ten o'clock P.M. our guns on Morris Island opened on the city, and the one and two hundred pound shells made night hideous. It was impossible to sleep while these missiles were crashing through the buildings around us every five minutes. With a shudder, as they went screeching and screaming through the air in close proximity to us, we asked ourselves, "What would be the next terror added to our loathsome prison life?" After a few days and nights the novelty of this constant shelling wore off, and it did not disturb us except when a shell came very close. They were fired with much regularity, every five minutes, night and day.

One piece of shell struck on the roof of our prison, but, its force being nearly spent, did no serious harm. Another struck at the door to the yard, and one in front of the building, but no one was hurt. Our gunners, being posted as to our locality, sent their shells to the right and left of us, as well as over us.

For the first time since I had been a prisoner we were allowed to write letters, and a few papers were allowed to come into the prison. I improved the opportunity of writing as often as I could get a scrap of paper, which was not often. We were allowed to write but one page, and the contents were subjected to a rigid examination by the rebel authorities. Our rations were much better than they were at Macon, but too scanty to fully appease hunger for the time they were issued, and every day they were cut short.

Notwithstanding our bad treatment, my strength increased a little, and I felt better than I had for two months, but I felt the hunger most keenly. Once, about the first of Sep-

tember, I was obliged to go without anything to eat for three days and nights. Had it not been for Captain Mead, of a New York regiment, who was sick and gave me a part of his rations, I should have suffered terribly. About this time the yellow fever broke out in the city, which was another misery added to our deplorable condition. A number of cases were reported among the prisoners. Guards that were well in the morning were dead before night. Fifty new cases in the city were reported each day for some time. There were but two cases in our prison, one of which was Homer Call, of the Seventy-sixth New York regiment.

Just before the fever broke out a large number of prisoners were brought to Charleston on their way to Florence, S. C., from Andersonville and placed in the jail yard adjoining our building. To give a description of this body of men is an impossibility. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw. They were dirty, half-naked, and some so emaciated that their bones were sticking through their clothes. Their treatment at Andersonville had rendered them almost void of reason, and they thought of nothing but something to eat. The morning after they were brought there I saw one poor fellow lying on the ground, half-naked, and dead, with his mouth full of dry meal, and his hand resting on his chin, full of meal, showing that when he breathed his last he was trying to satisfy his dreadful craving for food. At the time I did not look upon this scene with any great degree of astonishment, but took it as a matter of course, wondering how long it would be before my turn would come in the same manner. During the day this man's body was thrown into a cart, as one would throw in a dead dog, and carried off. This was only one instance of hundreds. The next day these prisoners were moved to Florence, S. C., a prison but

little behind Andersonville in brutality. The inhuman treatment of our prisoners will ever remain a blot on the history of the Southern Confederacy.

By the first of October the yellow fever was raging throughout the city, though, strange to say, it did not trouble us to any great extent; but the inhabitants wished us moved, for fear we would cause it to spread. Among all the prisoners, there were but forty-two cases, of which forty died and two got well. Homer Call, of the Seventy-sixth New York Regiment, was one of the two that recovered. On the 5th of October rations of raw beef were issued to us, and we were ordered to be ready to move at once. We were formed in line in front of our prison and the jail, and as soon as possible started on the road up King Street. Charleston never saw such a sight before or since. Our clothes were in rags, barely covering our nakedness, and about half were bareheaded. In the procession were officers of all grades, from generals to second lieutenants, some hardly able to walk, every man in the line—about three hundred in all—gnawing intently at his piece of raw beef as he crawled along the street.

At length we reached the cars and were crowded aboard in the usual manner and started for Columbia, S. C., arriving there on the morning of the 6th. A few of the prisoners who were able to travel escaped from the cars, but whether they ever reached our lines I know not. As no word had been sent (purposely, I suppose) of our coming, no preparation had been made for us. We were marched into an open field with just enough room to lie down. A strong guard of Columbia Cadets were placed over us, and one of them displayed his chivalry and thirst for Yankee blood by running his bayonet into a prisoner because unknowingly he

got over the established limits of the camp. During the night a drenching rain-storm set in, and a great portion of the ground was covered with water three inches deep. Many of the men, not being able to stand up, wallowed in the mud and water all night. Prisoners from other places had been brought in, so there were fifteen hundred of us altogether. This was a slight introduction to our subsequent treatment. The most of us had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. On the morning of the 9th of October we presented a horrible appearance—wet, hungry, and covered with mud; some were unable to move, and I think several died. One cake of hard bread was delivered to each man, and in the course of the day we were marched about two miles from the city into an open field, a strong guard placed around us, and for twenty-four hours were not allowed to have water, although a clear stream of running water was only twenty rods away. This camp was subsequently named "Camp Sorghum." Turned into an open field, without shelter, wood or water, or anything to eat, the prospect for long life and happiness looked gloomy indeed. Just at night we received a miserable pittance of cornmeal, a little flour, salt and sorghum molasses. The weather had cleared off that day, and it was a very cold night for that country so early in the season. It was simply an impossibility to keep warm. I was only thinly clad, my clothes being nearly worn out.

Time passed slowly. We got no letters, and no recently captured prisoners were sent to our camp—in fact, none since we left Macon, Ga.—so that we were practically cut off from the outside world. Nothing occurred worthy of note for several days, when a captain of the Nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers was taken with the yellow fever and died. This was the first case among us since we left

Charleston. One more only died with the disease, when it disappeared altogether.

Five axes were furnished for fifteen hundred men to cut wood, and each day we were allowed to go out into the woods near by to get fuel, with a strong guard thrown around us. Only one hour at this business was allowed to each, and we took good care to improve it. Many prisoners escaped by hiding away until night, when they would strike out for our lines on the coast, or in Tennessee. The distance to the former was two hundred miles, and over the mountains to Tennessee three hundred miles. This was quite an undertaking, and but few ever got through. Many were caught the next day after leaving camp, while some were out for weeks, caught by dogs, and returned again by citizens. A number of officers were shot trying to run the guard at night, and we were in as much danger inside the camp as those who endeavored to escape. It was a common thing for a musket-ball to come whistling over our heads, and sometimes uncomfortably close, during the night. So we were not sure when we stretched ourselves on the ground at night of being alive in the morning. Lieutenant Young, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, taken prisoner the same time I was, was shot and killed while sitting quietly by a little fire one evening with a party of others by one of the guards shooting at a man who was trying to escape. A number were wounded in the same manner at different times.

Our rations were being reduced at every issue, and we received no meat of any kind, or a particle of fat or grease. For twenty days we had been favored very much by not having any storms. On the 27th of October a heavy rain set in, and found us without any shelter whatever, except a little pine brush, which the rain ran through as through a

sieve. In the mud and water we wallowed like so many swine, drying when the sun shone out, and "skirmishing" generally every day. We were suffering fearfully for the want of better food and more of it. Our condition seemed almost unbearable, yet we managed to live, but with a discouraging prospect of ever being relieved from our terrible situation. So desperate had I become for food that I tried digging grass roots and eating them. The bulbs were bitter, but they stopped my gnawing hunger a little.

One day, while pulling the roots, I saw a scale of gold, and immediately got the half of a canteen and carefully gathered it full of dirt and took it to the little stream of water and washed it out. I had several "colors," and by going down a little I got a fair prospect that would have paid if worked properly. I washed until I had about fifty cents' worth of fine dust, which I preserved in a quill and took home with me. The Columbia papers had a glowing account of gold being discovered by the Yankee prisoners. Many of them, mostly old Californians, were prospecting every day, but found very little, though one could get the "color" almost anywhere in the camp.

Every way that could be thought of was tried to effect an escape, and many were successful. I had nothing to wear on my feet, and it would have been useless to attempt it without boots or shoes. About this time an order was posted up about the camp that all officers must give their parole not to attempt to escape, or they would be confined in a pen and treated the same as enlisted men. This order was signed by General Hardee, formerly of the United States Army. The order did not amount to anything and was hooted at by the prisoners.

About this time a large, razor-back hog, of the male gen-

der, strolled into camp, and no sooner got inside than hundreds of men were after him with sticks, clubs, axes, etc. After a short but close siege he had to succumb, and was cut up in the twinkling of an eye. By hard work I got a small piece of his hide, from which I managed to get a little grease that was decidedly delicious, though it smelled to heaven and was strong enough to carry double.

On election day in November, when Abraham Lincoln ran against McClellan, we had an election among the prisoners, which was encouraged by the rebel authorities, who furnished paper for poll lists, etc. The result of over eleven hundred votes cast was a little over a thousand for Lincoln and less than a hundred for McClellan. This was very disappointing to rebeldom, and rations were accordingly made smaller. On the 19th of November, Major Wauza, of the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, had a pair of new shoes sent him, and gave me his old ones, which I patched up as well as I could, determined to effect my escape, if possible.

On the night of the 20th, which was dark and rainy, a party of six, myself included, tried to escape, but the guards caught us at it and fired on us, after we had crawled about fifteen rods in the mud and water. It continued to rain the next day, but we found no chance to escape. On the 24th of November (Thanksgiving Day) Lieutenant Myers, of the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers, and myself concluded to escape, if possible, while we were out after wood. We induced the sergeant to send a guard with us outside the lines after a log that we pretended two men were after, and we wished to help them in with it. A captain by the name of Schofield went with us, having prevailed on the sergeant to let him go. After we had gone far enough in the woods to get out of sight of camp we concluded we could not find

the two men we were looking for, and proposed going back, but Schofield did not wish to. Myers and I started back, leaving Schofield and the guard arguing the case about going farther on. As soon as we were out of sight of the guard and Schofield we skulked through the bushes and made good our escape. After running for some distance we came to the road that led from Columbia to Lexington, and came near meeting a wagon with an old man and an old woman in it. We dropped behind some bushes and escaped their notice. As soon as they had passed we crossed the road in quest of a more secure position. Hearing another wagon coming, we crawled under some thick bushes. We soon learned that our position was between two roads, and people were almost constantly passing. Fearing to move, we lay flat on the ground in almost breathless silence, while people passed to and fro not more than a hundred feet each side of us. We kept our position, though almost frozen, as it was very cold, until nine o'clock at night, when we got up and took the road to Lexington, as we supposed, intending to join Sherman's army as soon as possible, as he was at that time in Milledgeville, Ga., and we supposed that he would be in Augusta, Ga., by the time we could get there. We had not traveled far before we found that we were on the wrong road, as we very suddenly brought up at a crossing of the Saluxa River.

Knowing that we had to follow that stream up some distance, we turned back, and in an hour or so were on the right track. Not being used to marching, we were soon very much fatigued, and were obliged to rest often. About midnight we passed two escaped prisoners, who had heard us coming and skulked. Soon after we heard them coming, and skulked in the same manner. It was very dark, and

they came very near us. Although they conversed in a whisper, we learned by their conversation that they were escaped prisoners, and then made ourselves known to them and traveled on together, every mile or less flanking teamsters or picket camp-fires. We had not gone far before we came across two more escaped prisoners, who joined us. All had escaped the same day, but in different ways. Lexington is a small village, twelve miles from Columbia. We pushed on as fast as possible, to enable us to flank it before daylight, which we did successfully, and traveled three miles beyond. Just as it was getting daylight, Myers and I turned off the road into a swamp for the day, nearly used up.

This was the first day of our escape, and we enjoyed our freedom very much. During the day we slept and mended our clothes. I had a needle and Myers had some thread. The day being warm and pleasant, we rested very quietly, without being disturbed. At night we started for the road again. Our provisions were all gone, as we ate the last we had in the morning. About nine P.M. we reached the road, and left our companions of the previous night, believing it to be more safe. The country through which we passed was thickly settled for that State, and we had to be very careful, for to be seen was about the same as to be caught, for as soon as any of the citizens saw a Yankee they would gather their pack of dogs and put them on his track and hunt him down as they would a deer. Nothing transpired during the first part of the night, except tearing our clothes on the bushes as we stumbled along in the darkness.

About midnight we got very hungry, and Myers began to express fears that we would starve did we not get something to eat very soon. He began to be reckless, and I feared he would get us recaptured. About 2 P.M. we passed

a house where no dog came yelping out, and we examined all the barns and outhouses in search of something to eat. Myers fortunately secured two half-grown chickens. We traveled on with lighter steps and spirits, not having tasted meat for two months, except the hog before mentioned. In a short time we came to a dense piece of woods, and, turning off the road a short distance, built a fire of pine cones, took the entrails out of the chickens which we roasted, feathers and all. It took but a short time to devour them, and we were on our way again, very much refreshed. It was getting near morning, when we heard the chickens crowing ahead of us, and we pushed on till we came to a house. By careful manœuvering and much crawling we found the chicken-house built close against the side of the dwelling, and only a square hole, a foot each way, about three feet from the ground, where we could make an entrance. It was a ticklish job, and the hole was not large enough for Myers to get through, so I had to crawl in. I managed to secure three fine roosters, without disturbing the owners. We got away all right, and, it being almost morning, we turned off the road into the woods and lay down to sleep.

When it came daylight we found ourselves in a very exposed position, and, while looking about for a more secure place, three large dogs came howling towards us from the direction of the house where we took the chickens. We thought it certain that we should be caught; we lay down on the ground between two knolls and kept as quiet as possible, expecting every moment that some person would make his appearance. But after barking at us for half an hour the dogs left, and in a short time we heard a shot off to our right, a long distance away. We started at a brisk pace for a large swamp about a mile away, where we got into the

most dismal and secluded spot we could find, and camped for the day. I might mention here that we started with eighteen matches in a waterproof box, and a small bag of salt, which was worth everything to us. We built a small fire and commenced cooking our chickens by roasting a piece at a time on the coals until they were all cooked. With the gizzards and hearts we made a soup in a tin pint cup (the only dish that we had with us) and ate our fill. This was the first time since I had been a prisoner that I had had enough to eat. What we had left we carefully packed in our haversacks for future use.

After eating we slept till near dark. We were now in most excellent spirits on account of our good success thus far. Although footsore and stiff, we did not feel like complaining, and soon after dark were on our way to the road again. By the aid of the stars we soon reached the road, and lay down behind a fence, fearing to travel much before nine o'clock. The moon was new, and set at about ten o'clock, making the night dark, which was more favorable to us. At the first house we came to after starting on the road we nearly met a man who had come out to chop some wood. We dropped flat on the ground at the side of the road until he returned, and then passed the house unnoticed. We considered this a fortunate escape.

This was our third night out, and we hoped to make a good long march. After going a short distance we met more people, but escaped their notice by hugging the ground. At length we came to a negro's cabin, a short distance from the road, and not more than twenty rods from the master's house. As we were very anxious to get some bread, I concluded to try to get some, while Myers lay behind a stone fence to await results. Just as I was passing around the

corner of the shanty a large dog came bounding out to meet me, and whoever was inside hissed him on. I ran as fast as I could back to Myers, with the dog close up; but Myers commenced stoning him, and we drove him to a respectful distance from us. The noise brought the old lady of the house to the door, and she sang out to the darky to know what the matter was. The dog continued to bark, but we crawled off into the woods on the opposite side of the road and lay still until everything was quiet. We then resumed our journey. Before we had gone far we got very tired and hungry, but allowed ourselves only a small portion of our chicken, as we wished to make it last as long as possible. During the night we heard some geese off to our right, some distance from the road, and knew there must be a plantation near. Myers thought that he had better go and see what he could do, while I stayed behind the fence near the road. He started, and I waited in vain for an hour or more, and began to think that he had been captured. At length he came back, with no goose. It appears he reached a negro shanty, and was about to knock at the door, when he thought he would peep through a crack, when, behold! there was a rebel soldier sitting by the fire. After making this discovery he made tracks back as fast as possible. On we went, and in trying unsuccessfully to secure some chickens at a house came near being discovered.

From this time until we camped our course was through a wilderness. Long before day, nearly tired out and nearly famished for want of water, we turned into the woods and lay down and went to sleep. At daylight, finding ourselves in a secure place, we slept until nearly noon, when we awoke, suffering with thirst and hunger. Our chickens were all devoured, but we must have water. After looking

a long time for water, without success, we gave it up, and concluded we would have to wait until night, As it was Sunday, we dare not venture to travel on the road, for the Southern people seem to travel more on that day than any other. In looking about for water we found some whortle-berries and made a very good meal of them. Just at night we placed ourselves near the road, behind a log, and watched for negroes to pass, so that we could hail them and find out where we could get something to eat. We did not watch long before two came along, and we learned from them that Sherman was very near Augusta, and that we were on the wrong road, but not so dangerous as the right one. They directed us to a place where the darkies were friendly, and knew that we could get all we wanted to eat. These two young darkies were not as friendly as we expected, and, as they were the first ones met since our escape, we were a little suspicious. As soon as we thought it late enough we were on the way again. This was our fourth night out.

After traveling a few miles we came to water. We had been without it nearly twenty-four hours. About midnight we got to the plantation where we were to get something to eat, but the dogs made so much noise on our approach that we could not get near the negro quarters; but coming across a flock of geese in the road, we drove them on before us for some distance, and after a hard chase each caught one. After an hour or two our road came to an end and we had to turn back. By the time we got back to where we had captured the geese it was almost daylight. We turned into the woods and, with our geese for pillows, went to sleep. At the break of day an old hound came near and commenced barking at us. The house was in plain sight, and we thought certain that we should be discovered; but

one of the darkies at the house called to the dog and he left us, and we started to find a better place where we could build a fire and cook our geese. In a little, narrow swamp on the headwaters of the North Edisto River we camped, then picked, cooked and ate the geese in the same manner as we did the chickens. After eating, we lay down to sleep, and about the middle of the afternoon were awakened by the report of a gun a few rods off. In breathless silence we awaited our doom. Dogs came within a few feet, but took no notice of us. During the conversation, which we could hear plainly, we learned that some man was out hunting squirrels with a pack of dogs and a number of children. Our only course was to keep as still as possible and take the chances.

As soon as we thought it safe, we crawled, as still as possible, in the opposite direction from the hunter and his dogs, but, instead of getting away from him, came very near meeting him, for while we were crawling off he had turned in a similar direction. We had got to a place clear of bushes when we saw him coming towards us. There was no show but to lie flat on the ground and await the result. One of his dogs came near us, gave a yelp or two, and went on, which was a great relief to us. A tall, gaunt-looking reb., with one of our overcoats on, came leisurely along, with his gun on his shoulder, and two or three little negroes behind him with a couple of squirrels. He was looking intently on the ground as he walked within a few feet of us. He had but to turn his head or eyes to discover better game than he had found that day. We breathed easier after he had passed, and soon secreted ourselves in a more secure place, thanking Heaven that we were still free American citizens, although on enemies' ground.

This was November 28th, and we had been out four nights. About nine P.M. we started out with a bright moon to guide us. The night before, when we were trying to catch our geese, I fell over a small stump and hurt my right leg badly. It was swollen and pained me very much to travel; otherwise we were in good spirits, for we had meat enough to last through the night comfortably. Myers had an appetite like a wolf, and never seemed to be satisfied and always wanted more. My appetite was not poor by any means, but I could control it better. From our map—a mere sketch from one of Loyd's maps on a half sheet of note paper, but very useful in giving us the right direction to travel, we learned that we were on the North Edisto River, and our best course was to follow it down. We followed a kind of by-road through swamp and deep gullies. It was a very hard march for me with my injured leg. At length the moon went down, and we brought up at the edge of a swamp, with water three feet deep at every point that we could find. After looking and feeling about for an hour, we found a kind of foot bridge, consisting of single logs, strung along, resting on the forks of small trees driven into the ground. These logs or poles were about six inches through, and occasionally a rail answered the purpose, and were placed about a foot above the water. On these, with the aid of our canes, we managed to cross a swamp a mile wide, I should think. About every eight or ten rods one or the other of us would slip off into the water and mud, about waist deep. After reaching dry land we lay down to rest and were soon fast asleep.

I was nearly worn out, and to make a bad matter worse, when we awoke could find no road, and it had become so cloudy that no stars were visible. We took the right direc-

tion as near as we could guess, and wandered about until nearly day when we lay down in the woods and went to sleep again. When we awoke it was daylight. We soon secured a safe place in a thick piece of woods, and I built a fire while Myers went to the nearest plantation to find a darky, and get something to eat, as well as to learn our location. I was so lame that it was hard for me to move, and, besides, I had taken a severe cold. A drizzling rain had set in, which made me still more uncomfortable. Myers' trip was successful. He found a darky, whose name was Dick Grant, and by considerable strategy on Dick's part, he furnished Myers with some biscuit and sweet potatoes, as well as a small piece of bacon, and told him we were in a safe place. If we could stay where we were, Dick promised to come to us after dark, and bring us more food and also put us on the right road to Augusta, Ga., via Aiken, S. C. He said that Sherman was but a short distance from Augusta when last heard from.

Although it was rainy, and I was completely wet through, I slept soundly nearly all day. Myers said that he had perfect confidence in Dick from his manner and sincere delight in being able to help a Yankee. At night I was feeling much better, especially my leg. About eight P.M., according to promise, Dick made his appearance with a good supper for us, an extra piece of bacon and a small bag of sweet potatoes. We were the first Yankees Dick had ever seen, and I think I never saw a human being so well pleased as he was in having a chance to do something for a Yankee soldier. "Why," said he, "you is jus' like anybody, only a great deal better." He traveled with us five miles, and put us on the right road to Aiken with full instructions about water, the inhabitants, and where to be more cautious, "for," said he,

“should one of dose fellers get hol’ of you Yankees, dey hung ye on de fust tree, shua.” Wishing us a safe journey, with “God bless you,” Dick bade us good night, and we went on our way rejoicing. This was our sixth night out. Being better fed than we had been for six months, we were in hopes of reaching Augusta in a couple of nights more. During the night the dogs annoyed us very much at almost every house we came to, but we made the South Edisto River, and crossed it an hour before day, but were obliged to stop, as we heard teams coming on the road behind us. Only a short distance from the road, in a very thick swamp, we camped for the day, but feared to build a fire, as we could hear people talk as they passed. We learned from their conversation that Sherman had passed Augusta. I might remark here that we always carried on our conversation in a whisper, both day and night, for fear that we might be heard, and I think up to this time we had not spoken a dozen loud words since we escaped.

The way we camped in a swamp that was covered with water was this: We selected a thick clump of underbrush, and while one of us bent a small tree over, the other partially cut it a foot or so above the water, then bent another until the tops would hold us up out of the water, when we would lie down and sleep upon them. Just at night we heard a negro who was driving a team, stop in the edge of the woods near us, make a fire and prepare to camp in the manner that most teamsters do in that country when on the road to and from market. As soon as it was late enough to venture forth we determined to make this teamster a visit and ascertain if he could confirm the news we had heard during the day. As he came from the direction of Aiken, we thought he might know something about it. Consequently

between eight and nine o'clock we emerged from the thicket, and approached very cautiously. He was lying stretched out full length, fast asleep, in front of a large fire. I got near enough to punch him with my cane, and he bounded to his feet instantly, nearly scared to death. I asked him if he knew me, and he said, "No, but you look like some of dem Yankee prisoners dey had in Aiken." I told him I was a Yankee, and he seemed delighted, and offered me a piece of plug tobacco at once. I asked him for something to eat, and he said he had nothing, but would go to a house nearby and get something for us. We awaited his return, skulking in the bushes some distance from where he left us, but he **did** not betray us, and came back again with a dish of sweet potatoes and bacon which we relished very much. He said his name was Bill, and seemed somewhat stupid, but was loyal to a Yankee soldier.

Getting all the information we could, and finding the news of Sherman confirmed, we bid our dusky friend good-bye and started on our seventh night's journey. We were eight miles from Aiken. Bill had cautioned us to be very careful in passing this village, for there were rebel soldiers there, and "'twas a mighty bad place." We made but slow progress the fore part of the night, for our feet were very sore and chafed. The sand was deep, and our shoes, being full of holes, made it painful and tiresome work, but we had enough to eat. The eight miles were very long ones, and it seemed as though we never would reach our destination. During the night we generally took a rest every two or three miles, and sometimes both would fall asleep. To guard against surprise, while resting, we generally left the road and got behind a clump of bushes or a fence. Before we were aware of it, in going through a very fine grove, we

found ourselves in the center of the village of Aiken, South Carolina.

It was between two and three in the morning, and we passed through the main street and crossed the Augusta and Charleston Railroad without seeing a picket guard, or any living being. After passing the town we took the first road we came to that, according to the stars, led in the right direction. Having had no water for several hours, we became very thirsty, but there was no water except at the houses. At every house was an old-fashioned well-sweep with an iron-bound bucket, close to the house, and when we tried to lower the bucket, the sweep would creak loud enough to wake the dead, so we went with our thirst unquenched for fear of being discovered.

We traveled on until nearly daylight, and found no water or a good place to hide ourselves for the day. Just at day-break we turned into an open piece of woods, and lying down between two large fallen trees were soon asleep. The face of the country was a little rolling and very sandy, with no streams. From our position we could see half a mile each way, and hear roosters crowing in every direction. We built a small fire and roasted our potatoes, but they were very dry, and added to our thirst. Here we lay all day, almost famished for want of water. To be deprived of water is much worse than to be deprived of food. Words cannot describe our sufferings. It was very warm, and our tongues were swollen so we could not speak, and it seemed as though we would go mad. It was a terrible day, and I shall never forget it. As soon as it was dark we started out in quest of water, but found none, nor did we find any till near midnight, suffering almost intolerably until that time.

It was on the eighth night when we reached a small

stream. I was careful to drink but little at first, and cautioned Myers to do the same, but he wouldn't stop until I forced him away. He seemed to be dazed, and determined to drink more. I finally coaxed him to move on with me, but had to hold him up, and he began to suffer intensely before we had gone a hundred feet, and finally dropped by the roadside wholly unconscious. I dragged him to an old log near by, and rolled him over it for an hour before he revived. For a while I thought he would die, but after suffering much pain for an hour or two, he was able to walk a little and finally recovered, but was very weak. Aside from this, the night was a very quiet one with us, and we passed no houses. We turned off from the road into the woods and kept on our way until nearly ten A.M. the next day, when we ate the balance of our food, and lay down for rest and sleep. We seemed to be in a vast wilderness, or rather on the edge of one, with no signs of human habitations, and for the first time we talked aloud. Ever since we had been out I had suffered with a bad cough that troubled me exceedingly, for I had to suppress it at all times, for fear it might betray us.

It was now the 2d day of December, and we had been out eight nights. We awoke about noon, and from our hiding place we saw, about a mile off across the field, a negro at work, and, being out of provisions, concluded to call on him. By a circuitous route through the woods, we got near three darkies at work. It being out of sight of any house, we decided to approach them. Myers crawled along an old fence while I watched in the woods. It was some time before he could induce them to come near him, for they thought he was a Yankee on account of his clothes being different from any they had ever seen before. Myers finally

coaxed one of them to come up to the woods where I was, but he was very timid, as the rebels had told the colored people everywhere that the Yankees would cut off their ears, fingers and toes, and otherwise mutilate them.

This darky's name was John, and he was the most intelligent one we had seen. Finding that we would not hurt him, he promised to bring us something to eat and some water, for water was still scarce. John and the others went to dinner, and came back about two P.M. with a well-cooked meal for us, consisting of corn bread, fresh pork and sweet potatoes, and his companions came with him. They all promised secrecy, and John agreed to bring us some supper after dark. When darkness came on, John came also with the supper, and some food to take with us. Myers gave him a small testament that he had in his pocket, and he was perfectly delighted. He knew that Lincoln was elected President and what the war was for. He could read and write, and said that he read his Bible, and the news of the day, and that he learned it all by torchlight secretly, unknown to his master. We were the only white people he had ever conversed with freely upon all subjects, he said. He gave us full directions, what road to take, and said that Sherman had passed Augusta, but had not yet crossed the Savannah River. About nine P.M. we left him.

Lame, tired, and almost worn out, we traveled on, fearing we would not be able to cross the Savannah River, and join Sherman's army. We were some days behind him, and it would be impossible to reach him very soon. We were also told that quite a large force of rebels were on our side of the river. Our only hope was to push on as fast as possible.

We passed through a thickly settled portion of the coun-

try for a few miles, then came to a wilderness again. After traveling about ten miles we got off our road entirely, but came across a flock of geese, and secured two after a hard chase. We then took our directions across country without any road, but the woods were thick and our progress slow. It began to get cloudy and we got into a deep ravine with plenty of water, and concluded to camp. Thus came our ninth night out of prison.

In the morning it was raining very hard, and we were completely wet through and almost numb with cold. Our camp being a secure one, we built up a good fire and roasted our geese, but it rained all day, and we could not get dry. We were thoroughly soaked when night came on again. We had no more stars or moon to guide us, and were much puzzled to know the right course. We would travel awhile, then rest and watch for the sight of a star, but none appeared. It rained heavily till past midnight. At length we came to a road and followed it. It was so dark that we could hardly see one another; still we kept on. Near morning, after we had passed a house, we were stopped by someone singing out, "Halt!" We halted, but the voice came from a darky and we marched up to him. He was very much frightened and begged us not to hurt him. He said his name was Simon, and told us that he had been placed in the road by his master to keep watch and give the alarm if he saw any soldiers. He said that his master had all his goods packed and ready to leave at a moment's notice, fearing and expecting that Sherman was coming, as he was not many miles away on the other side of the river. We learned also that we were traveling in the wrong direction, and had not come more than three miles from our starting point, although we had traveled twelve or fifteen miles. Simon also told us of a

good place to hide for the day, and that he would bring us something to eat, but he never came.

On Sunday, December 4th, we spent some time in trying to rid ourselves of vermin, as we did on every pleasant day, and we were engaged in this active employment when we heard the very welcome sound of cannon about twelve miles away in the direction of the Savannah River. We were now in hearing distance of Sherman's Army, and were very much elated at our prospect of success in reaching his lines, and once more sleeping beneath the folds of our glorious old banner. During the early part of the night, before we got started, it was very cold, but the moon shone bright and we were confident of making a good night's march. Our provisions had run out, and we were obliged to forage a little. About eleven P.M. we made a raid upon a darky's shanty, and found an old negress and her boy, who willingly gave us something to eat, without knowing who we were, except as soldiers. She told us to go to "Nigger Jesse's," and he would tell us all about the nearest road to the river. We found Jesse's home and knocked, and were bidden to come in. We called him Jesse by name, and he appeared friendly. We told him who we were, but he looked upon us with suspicion, for one negro, he said, had been hanged in that vicinity for feeding some escaped Yankee prisoners. However, after a short parley he was convinced, and was willing to assist us on our way, notwithstanding the penalty should he be caught. It appeared that he was overseer on the plantation, and had charge of all the provisions and supplies for the hands. Being assured that we were genuine Yankees he took us into his meat house and told us to take as much as we could carry away. We each took a side of bacon and a small bag of sweet potatoes, making us a toler-

ably heavy load. After feeding us well, he went with us five miles to show us a way across the fields that saved us about ten miles travel. He said that he had gone as far as he could go, and get back before daylight. We warmly thanked him, and went on our way rejoicing. Jesse had told us as soon as we got on the river road we would meet patrols, as the rebels were patrolling that road night and day, and were hunting the swamps, and the whole country for stray Yankees that had got on the north side of the river from Sherman's army. We also learned from Jesse that Sherman was moving down the river towards Savannah.

In a short time, after leaving Jesse, we came to the river road, and found plenty of horse tracks, showing that we were in the vicinity of cavalry. On the road we had to be very cautious, for fear of a surprise, and it necessarily made our progress slow. We were obliged to camp before daylight, and not start too early in the evening, for our course was now a dangerous one. As we could find no good place to camp, we turned off the road and lay down in an open field, full of small knolls, with plenty of water between them. It was so cold when we woke up in the morning that the ice on the water was a quarter of an inch thick. We were nearly frozen, but we pulled out as best we could and got into a piece of woods for the day, where we warmed up a little and slept without being disturbed.

December 5th, between the hours of nine and ten P.M., we took the road down the river, intending to cross lower down if possible. It being cold, it was more comfortable while traveling, but we nearly froze when we stopped to rest. In the latter part of the night we saw fires ahead, but found them to be nothing but burning stumps, and there were plenty of cavalry signs along the road. As we were pass-

ing through a small, but thick piece of woods, the road turned and we found ourselves in a rebel cavalry camp. Men were on both sides of the road, and we could hear their voices. We halted, and consulted for a moment to decide whether it were best to turn back or not, but concluded to pass through. As they had no picket on the side of the camp where we came in, I thought it very likely they would have none on the other side, at least for some distance. The night was cloudy and very dark, and they were lying asleep around their small fires. With a catlike tread and hardly breathing, we passed through unnoticed, and made as good time as possible for some distance. At length we saw a very small picket fire in front, but we successfully flanked it. Before morning we camped in a triangular piece of woods and had to lie flat on the ground under a tree-top all day, for a lot of negroes were working from daylight till dark within a stone's throw of us, and we feared to trust them. We could hear cannon all day, about seven miles from us, showing that we were on Sherman's flank. The large cypress swamps prevented us from reaching our army, or attempting it, except at some crossing.

On the 6th we started out at the usual hour in a heavy rainstorm, passed one picket, became completely soaked, and almost numb with cold. We waded two or three streams from one to two feet deep, and camped for the day in a swamp where the water covered the ground. We cut down a lot of alder poles and lay on them. It rained all the forenoon, but we managed to get a little fire, and got along as well as could be expected under the circumstances. We had quite a stock of Jesse's meat and potatoes left yet, but thought it best to try to replenish, so just at night we moved up the road to reconnoitre for a darkey and something to eat,

as well as for information. We did not wait long before one made his appearance, and we hailed him. He had a two-quart tin-pail with him, filled with roast chicken, and some kind of sweetbread, that he was taking home to his wife and three children, who lived on another plantation. We let him know who we were, and he immediately gave us the dainties that he was carrying to his little ones, and went back to his shanty for more sweet potatoes and a few ears of corn for us. His name was Fred. He had never seen a Yankee before, and, like all the rest of the darkies, he was highly delighted to do something for us, and would have risked his life in our behalf. He was so anxious to talk with us and talked so loudly that we had to send him away for fear of detection, as he had informed us that a "heap" of soldiers had passed on horses just at night going the same way we were. He gave us considerable information concerning the road, streams, etc.

It was a dark and cloudy night, and evident that we were among rebel cavalry. Fred told us that there were plenty of pickets along the road. It was cold, and we knew that all the picket posts would have fires. Soon after we had started on our way, we found a picket and flanked him. While on this manouvre a rebel passed us as we lay between the furrows of a freshly plowed field. In flanking a picket we always crawled as flat on the ground as possible, for obvious reasons. We pushed on, though very sore and lame, and my cold getting worse for being wet the night before. About midnight we came to a large camp of cavalry and as they seemed to be up and about, we had to be very cautious in flanking them. It being cloudy, we had no stars to guide us, and as we flanked them on the river side of the camp we came to a road which we supposed to be the river road

we had left and followed it about a mile, when we came to a row of tents with large fires in front of them, and a number of rebels and negroes standing about. A short distance further on we discovered a picket fire. We undertook to flank it on the right, when suddenly I pitched heels over head down an embankment four or five feet high, and Myers came tumbling after. We lay still for a few moments to see if we had attracted any notice, then got up and surveyed our position. On a little examination, we found that we were in the ditch of a fort. We soon got out and went back, and commenced flanking on the other side. An impassable swamp compelled us to go near the tents. On our hands and knees in the mud and water we crawled along and passed them safely, but we had the picket post to flank. In trying to do this we discovered some water, which at first we supposed was only a pond. but soon found it was the Savannah River.

We decided that we would try to cross it. As we were slowly walking along the bank, a guard on the works at the ferry sang out, "Halt!" We halted. "Who comes there?" We gave no answer, and certain that he would fire, I dropped flat on the ground, but Myers stood still. Bang, went a shotgun, and the shot flew around us like hail. I asked Myers if he was hit. He said no, and we ran as fast as our legs could carry us down the river until we came to the intersection of the river and swamp. It was a cypress swamp, with the water from three to four feet deep, and there was no telling how large it was. Here we stopped and disputed about the direction we should take. Myers was very much excited and was for pushing right through the swamp, which seemed to me like madness. He said he should go anyhow. I told him he would go alone, as I

was going back to the river road. I started and he was soon following. In retracing our course we had to pass very near to the same sentinel who had fired upon us, and it seemed quite a serious undertaking, as he was now on the alert, and perhaps the whole camp also, and we expected every moment to hear the dogs on our track. On our hands and knees, and a portion of the way flat on the ground through mud and water, we crawled like a couple of snakes. It was hard work, but liberty was the reward. I was in front, and after getting past the sentinel rose to my feet, but could see or hear nothing from Myers. I thought he must have turned back, and I feared to speak or make any noise for fear of attracting the attention of the sentinel. After waiting some time, I concluded to go on alone until I was in a more secure place, and then wait for him. After walking, creeping, and crawling for a long time I reached the road near where we had left it, and, hiding myself, waited for Myers. After a long time he came, minus his potatoes, corn and bacon, which he had dropped when the sentinel had fired. I held on to my potatoes and corn, but Myers had all of the bacon.

As fast as we could go, we went back to where we had flanked the cavalry. The road which led from this cavalry camp to the river, for about one mile was through an otherwise impassable swamp, and should we have met anyone on the road we should have had to lie flat on the ground at the edge of the road, or slide down into the water at the side of it. We finally gained the main river road again without meeting anyone. The night was very dark, and we were congratulating ourselves on our escape, when a voice immediately in front of us was heard, saying, "Get up." Quicker than I can tell it we were flat on the

ground just outside the wagon tracks, and a rebel soldier, who was riding one horse and leading another, passed between us. I could have taken hold of one of the horse's legs as they passed. The darkness of the night saved us from capture. It was a very sandy soil, and a horse made no more noise approaching than a cat would on a carpet. Again we started on, and wondered what next! We pushed on as fast as possible until we came near a small place of three or four houses, named Robertsville. Just before we reached the place we saw a dim fire, and suspected that all was not right. The bushes were very thick, and before we were aware of it we were within six feet of a rebel picket, with his gun, sitting on the ground, leaning against a sapling, fast asleep. We crept cautiously past him and found ourselves again in the midst of cavalry; but they were only on one side of the road, so we turned off the road to flank them. When we reached the road again we were greeted by some one singing out "Whoa!" not thirty feet off, and we dropped flat on the ground. It appeared that we had not yet passed the whole force, and I judged that this rebel's horse had stepped on him, for he swore roundly at it. We crawled along a fence for a long distance until we were entirely clear of the cavalry, then took the road again, concluding that we had got into a rather tight place.

It was nearly morning when we discovered a large campfire some distance ahead, and another picket fire between. It was a very chilly night, but we had had plenty of warm work, and I was getting so tired and worn out that I could hardly move. The country was open, and we had to seek the shelter of the woods or be retaken. With all the energy we could muster we pushed on. We heard somebody talking in front of us, and, for want of a better place, laid on the

ground, tight against a rail fence, and awaited their coming. It proved to be three darkies, and they passed so near me that I could have caught hold of them. As soon as they were out of the way we went on. A short time after we came as near a picket post as we dared to venture, and turned out to flank it. In doing so we passed through a small strip of woods. Being almost exhausted, we laid down and went to sleep not twenty rods from the picket. This had been the most eventful night we had since making our escape. We slept soundly until some time after daylight, then got up and made a reconnoissance of our position. Finding it a dangerous one, we took a roundabout course along a fence, in plain sight of a planter's house, and not many rods distant from it to a large piece of woods.

In looking for a secure place near water we came nearly back to the road again, and concluded to stop for the day. Gathering some dry oak sticks, which made but little smoke, we built a small fire and roasted what few sweet potatoes we had left and ate them. While doing so, we heard a horn blow at the planter's house that we had passed, and soon after heard the hounds on our track. We came to the conclusion that we had been seen in passing the house, and they had put the dogs after us. On they came, nearer and nearer. I shall never forget my feelings at that time, or the appearance of Myers. However, we determined to fight the dogs, if necessary, and Myers took a large cane that he had and backed up against a large pine tree. I sat down on the ground and put the end of a good-sized stick in the fire.

On came the dogs furiously. There was no mistake—they were surely on our track. A big, black bloodhound led the pack. They were not in sight until within forty feet of us. With a savage howl the big bloodhound made directly for

me. I seized the brand of fire and flourished it towards him. When about ten feet from me he ceased barking, dropped his tail between his legs, turned off his course and disappeared. The rest of the pack followed their leader, and soon the baying ceased. Just as we were thinking ourselves safe a man came along on horseback, blowing his horn, apparently to urge the dogs on again. Again we thought ourselves in a precarious situation, but we lay flat on the ground, and soon the dogs and man disappeared and we saw nothing more of them. When a child I read a story of a man who fought wild animals with fire and thus saved his life. When I heard the dogs coming that story came to my mind, and I used it with the best of success. Our sweet potatoes were very dry, and we became very thirsty. A small pond of good water was but a few rods off, but a white man was sowing grain just beyond it and a darky harrowing it in. To reach this pond would bring us in sight of a house and in danger of being discovered. We tried to crawl down to it, but it was too much of a risk, and we waited until night.

The last twenty-four hours had been very eventful ones. We could hear our guns on the other side of the river every day, and we feared that unless our forces crossed over our case was hopeless. Still, we kept up good spirits and determined to go through if it were possible. This was December 8th. We got a drink soon after dark, and crawled out to the road and made an early start. All we had to eat was a few ears of corn, which we picked off the ear and ate as we went along. This was a quiet night with us, though we had several picket posts to pass, but no very narrow escapes. I was getting so fatigued that it was impossible to travel more than two miles without resting, and after a brief

rest it seemed almost impossible to start again. Myers stood it much better, being in better health and the stronger of the two.

Fortunately in my pocket I had a small piece of opium, which I used and managed to keep going. The country that we were now in was heavily wooded, and frequently we would come to forks in the road; but there was generally a guide board, and I would climb on Myers' shoulders and feel out the letters, and save matches. I often thought of General Marion, "The Swamp Fox of the Revolution," for we were on the ground that he once used to roam over, and wondered if his men suffered worse than we were suffering.

We stopped in a dense thicket during the day on the 9th of December and started out early. We flanked several picket posts and had some narrow escapes, but the darkness saved us, it being very cloudy. Two men with a pair of horses drove between us as we lay flat on the sides of the road. Our appetites were getting very keen, for we had had nothing but a little corn for twenty-four hours. Towards morning we found a couple of ears of corn in the road that had been dropped by the rebel cavalry, and soon after turned off the road and camped in the pitch-pine woods, where not a drop of water could be found. The day before we had no water, but plenty during the night; but this day, December 10th, was a rainy day, and finding some hardwood leaves, we caught some rain-water in them and managed to quench our thirst very well, but not enough to boil our corn, which we used very sparingly, as the prospects for getting anything more to eat very soon were very unfavorable. At night, when we started, it rained very hard, and we soon found that the whole country was flooded, and we had to crawl along the tops of fences in

crossing small streams, or wade through. The country was flat, and we were obliged to walk in the water from one inch to three feet deep all night. Pickets were numerous, but we could get along with them.

Starvation was staring us in the face, our clothes were drenched, and Myers' shoes were giving out, the sole being entirely off one; but we tied it on with some old rags, and kept on our way. Myers was getting very much discouraged, and said he was willing to give himself up. I encouraged him as much as possible, for I had no intention of surrendering. The situation was certainly discouraging, but I did not propose to give up. We saw no house or picket that night, and when signs of day appeared we squatted down by a tree, with our feet in the water, as there was no dry place, and went to sleep. At daylight we found ourselves near the Charleston & Savannah Railroad, and knew that we must be near Grahamsville, S. C. We crossed the railroad and crawled into an almost impenetrable swamp, not far from the road, and after many attempts succeeded in making a fire. I started with eighteen matches in a water-proof bone box, and now I had but one match left.

It stopped raining, and we soon got dry, and, boiling what little corn we had left, ate it, and breaking down some saplings to keep us out of the water, lay down on them and went to sleep.

Just at night we heard a locomotive whistle. It came from the direction of Savannah, only thirty miles away. We heard no firing that day, and did not know but our forces had possession of the road. We tried to find out by reconnoitering, but could not reach the railroad without exposing ourselves too much. Myers had a very nar-

row escape in going out to the road just at night. Just as he reached it he saw a squadron of rebel cavalry coming. He dodged behind a stump, and escaped their notice. Soon after dark we concluded to get to the railroad and find out who held it. We were almost starved, and must find something to eat if possible. After traveling a half mile in the direction of Savannah we found ourselves near a large camp, where there were one or two trains of cars on the track with engines attached. We could not make out whether they were our forces or rebels, and as the men were running about we determined to pass through and see what they were. Throwing our old blankets about our shoulders a la reb fashion, we went boldly into their camp and found they were rebels. I happened to stumble against one, who had a saddle on his arm and was about to jump over a mud hole. I was doing the same act. I collided with him, and begged his pardon. "Oh, that's all right," he said and went on. We walked leisurely between two lines of rebel infantry without attracting attention and came to one of the engines. We listened to the engineer talking to a rebel officer about Sherman, but gained no definite information, and went on, taking the first opportunity to get into the woods out of sight. This was the evening of the 11th of December. After leaving the rebels we concluded to make the best time possible in the direction of Savannah.

The town of Grahamsville is a village of one street, nearly a mile long lined with palatial residences of rich cotton and rice planters. We did not know that we were on the road between this town and the railroad, and had to keep dodging almost constantly to keep out of the way of rebel soldiers. In a couple of hours we reached the

village and passed through the main street, constantly meeting white men and negroes, who paid no attention to us. After we got out of the town we were more cautious. It was a very bright moonlight night, and by stepping into the shade of a tree we were passed without being noticed.

I recall one incident that happened here. We heard a carriage coming, and the voices of men and women. Being in front of a fine house with a large evergreen tree a short distance away, we stepped into its shadow, close to the trunk, but instead of passing, the carriage drove up and stopped in front of the house only a few feet from us. Two ladies and two men got out and went into the house without noticing us, and the driver passed on and went back toward town. We thought this nothing remarkable at the time as we were getting used to narrow escapes. A mile or so farther on we met a battery of artillery. Lying down behind a fence, we waited until it passed us. We went on again, but had to dodge somebody often for two or three miles. We were getting so tired and weak from the want of food and water that we could hardly move. Coming to the railroad, we concluded to follow that, considering it less dangerous than the wagon road.

After going a short distance we came to a negro's shanty, and after a careful investigation to see whether there were any white people inside, we knocked at the door and were reluctantly admitted. We pretended to be rebels and called for something to eat. An old wench began boiling some rice and warming up some pigs feet. The cabin was full of darkies in bed and on the floor, nearly all fast asleep. The only ones awake were a young

wench and her beau, and the old woman who was getting us something to eat. We inquired about the Yankees, but they would not talk much about them, except to express the wish that they would stay "Norf whar they 'longed." The young, smart looking darky and his yaller gal kept looking at us and whispering, and finally began to question us. I thought they suspected that we were not rebels and asked them who they thought we were, but they were silent. We finally told them. As soon as they were convinced there was nothing too good for us. Bread and sweet potatoes appeared at once. The door was carefully fastened, and a small darkey sent out to warn us of the approach of any rebel soldiers. The young dark's name was Adam. He was able to give us a great deal of information. He thought we were Yankees, he said, as soon as we came in, and he offered to pilot us to our forces before morning. Kilpatrick, he said, was ten miles from there in the direction of Savannah, and Foster's forces ten miles in the opposite direction. Adam said that he could direct us to Foster's forces without going near the rebel pickets, but in going the other way we would have to pass a "heap" of rebels. We concluded to try with Adam's assistance to reach Foster that night. After we had eaten heartily, and with an extra supply of food for the future, we started across the country through the rice swamps. After about five miles travel we reached the last plantation that was inhabited toward the coast on Broad River. Here Adam left us in an old out-house, while he went to a darky's house to inquire about the pickets. He soon came back and gave us full directions where and how to go safely to reach our lines. With a warm hand shake and many thanks we left him and

pushed on in the best of spirits, with a bright prospect of speedy release from all our sufferings.

We found everything as Adam had told us and had but little trouble in finding the way as it was a clear, cold night, with the moon still shining, and we made good progress. At length we came to an old picket post that had been occupied by our forces the day before, which we knew from the fact that the horses were shod and that they had been there since the rain of the night before, for the tracks were fresh. Our forces had probably withdrawn their pickets during the night, and at that moment we were possibly within our own lines. We travelled cautiously, but were in excellent spirits, hoping soon to gain our liberty. Visions of home and the comforts of life once more caused us to forget for the moment our weariness and our emaciated forms which had been severely taxed during the last eighteen days by our determined efforts, continuous watching, marching and constant excitement. At length we came to another deserted post. This we examined closely and found that no rebels had been there since the rain of the night before. Believing that we must be near our lines, we were more buoyant than ever, and felt almost certain that we were safe. We soon came to a little creek that crossed the road, and found plenty of fresh horse tracks where the pickets had watered their horses, and found but few unshod tracks by feeling them out with our hands, but they were all fresh.

We advanced cautiously and soon came to a strip of woods where Adam was sure we would find our pickets. Just then we espied through an opening a horse hitched to a tree. We carefully crawled toward the horse, and

discovered another horse as well as a small fire, with two men standing near with guns. They had on our overcoats and caps, but we could not see what kind of saddles were on the horses. Thinking that this must be a Yankee picket post we arose and marched boldly toward them, when a clear voice sang out "Halt. Who comes there?" "Friends," we answered. "Advance," said the sentinel. When within a few steps of him he halted us again, and wanted to know who we were. I asked him if they were Yankees. "Not by a d—d sight. March up here and consider yourselves prisoners."

And thus after all our weary marching, our hardships and our sufferings, and our many hairbreadth escapes, we found ourselves once more in the hands of the rebels, and voluntarily too, while our own forces were not more than a mile and a half away.

Never in my life did I experience such feelings as at that moment. It is impossible to describe them. Yet hope did not entirely desert me, and we thought if we could only secure the two sentinels' arms we could march them into our camp, for we learned that we were but a short distance from our forces, who the night before occupied the same picket post where we then were. They kept us at a respectful distance and took good care to allow us no advantage over them for a moment. Although tired, sleepy and almost worn out, I could not sleep. Our prospects for the future were indeed dark, and we fully realized it. We had travelled over two hundred miles in the darkness of night, weary, footsore, starving, but ever buoyed by hope, through constant privations, hardships and dangers, until all our sufferings, mental and physical, seemed to be at an end; and now to

have every ray of hope suddenly blotted out. What next? We were prisoners again, almost in hearing of our own troops. The pickets would not believe us when we told them we had travelled from Columbia. Just at daylight one of our gunboats commenced firing at the rebel pickets up the river. We learned from our captors that we had given ourselves up at the very spot where the battle of Honey Hill commenced on the 29th and 30th of November previous. Our captors gave us something to eat, and about eight o'clock in the morning we were started for Grahamsville. We were so sore and lame that it was almost impossible to move when we came to start, and it seemed like going to the grave instead of home, which we thought so near a few hours before. Our guards, who were old soldiers, treated us very well. Our route to Grahamsville for three miles was directly over the battlefield of Honey Hill. All the black troops that fell on that field lay there still unburied. Some of the bodies were stripped of clothing entirely. The stench was almost unbearable. We saw a number of old planters with their negroes looking over the field, showing them the dead bodies of their race and trying to impress upon them that all who ran away and joined the Yankees were put in front and made to fight and be killed. Our guards informed us that planters came a long distance with their blacks to show them these sights for the purpose of keeping them at home.

In a couple of hours we arrived in the rebel camp about a mile from town, to which we were ordered, and got almost there when we were ordered back again, taken before ex-Governor and Brigadier-General Chestnut, and examined very closely and separately. We were then sent

to town and again examined. They thought us spies from Sherman's camp, and would not believe that we had travelled from Columbia, saying it was impossible, for they had troops all the way on the route we must have come, and we would have been caught or starved before we got so far. After waiting some time we were examined again and asked for papers. I happened to have an old letter from a member of my regiment that I received in Charleston, and Myers had one from his regiment, the Seventy-sixth New York Infantry. These letters, I think, saved us. Doubtless we would have dangled between heaven and earth from the limb of some tree had we been destitute of any proof that we were not spies. It looked pretty blue for us for a while, and the guard that frequently reminded us that we would be swinging from the end of a rope before the sun went down and he would be glad to help pull it.

About noon our letters were returned to us and we were confined in a kind of pen just outside their guard-house. This was the 12th day of December, 1864. We were taken to the pen and shut up with a black corporal who was taken prisoner at the battle of Honey Hill with two others belonging to the Fifty-fourth United States Infantry. The other two were taken out and shot soon after they were caught, but the corporal told them that he was free born and belonged in South Carolina and wanted to go home. Our pen where we were confined was six feet by eight, and we could just stand up straight in it. It was made of small logs about six inches through and pinned together at the corners. It was the same at the top and bottom, with none of the cracks stopped, and looked like a cage for wild beasts. Four men guarded us and their own guard-

house. One of them treated us well and brought us provisions on his own account, so that we had more to eat than we had at any time while confined. After a night's rest we began to devise means of escape again and thought we might possibly get this rebel soldier, who was a Union man at heart, to assist us. I hinted the subject to him and he said he would do all he could and at first suggested that he might go with us, but as his father and mother lived at Grahamsville and he did not like to leave them. The fact is he hadn't nerve enough to undertake it for fear of being caught. He finally promised to let us know the next day, as he was going home that night, and promised also to find out where and how the rebel pickets were stationed. The next day, December 14th, he told us where the pickets were, but could not nerve himself to go with us. I offered him money and promised everything in my power that I could do for him if he would take us safely through to our lines, which could be reached in three hours, but it was no use. Fear of being caught caused him to fight on against his principles. When each sentinel was relieved during the night the pen was examined to see if all were present.

Our Union Rebel at last agreed to let us get out while he was not looking if we could manage in some way to make it appear that we did not escape while he was on duty.

Hopes of liberty again made me feel jubilant. The guard was allowed to take one of us out during the daytime to get pine leaves for our beds. I got a chance to go out and gather what I could carry and took them in; then with the wood we had we could fix up some dummies under the old blankets and a piece of tent the black corporal had. The corporal was to stay; Myers and myself were to go

after arranging the dummies in bed with the corporal so as to deceive the next guard that came on after we had gone. We knew where the pickets were and how to pass them. Three hours time was all we wanted to reach our lines. After everything was ready we were impatient for the time to come when we could make our exit. But, alas! just after dark five rebel soldiers came with an order to take us to the depot and send us to Charleston, S. C., and so our hopes were again dashed to the ground, and no prospect of escape open to us. They marched us to the depot, and with five men guarding us, kept us there all night. I lay awake all night on the ground, watching for an opportunity to get away. At one time Myers, the negro, and four of the guards were asleep. I thought the other one began to nod and I would get a chance, but some one came along and I was foiled again.

The next morning the rebs issued us some fresh beef, a big bone with some meat on it, and the question was how Myers and I were to divide it. We drew cuts to decide it and I won. Then Myers thought we should draw again for the choice. Again I won and we got into a quarrel which nearly ended in a fight (the first since we had been out). Finally Myers proposed another trial and once more I won the choice, which settled it.

About noon we were put on a train for Charleston which had to run the gauntlet of our gunboats that lay in the Potomac River. The train was to pass in the daytime and would be the first for three days to make the attempt. We were in the rear car. They ran the train as fast as possible in passing places exposed to the fire of the gunboats. One gunboat fired several shots, and one solid shot struck about twenty yards from the rear car of the train in the centre of

the track. Two rifle balls, fired by our sharp shooters, struck the train. I was never on a train before when I wished for an accident, but we were carried safely through to Charleston, where we were put into jail, amid scenes quite familiar to us, the jail being the next building to the one where we were confined before. We found three officers there who had escaped and been recaptured after being out eleven days and nights. We had the privilege of three rooms and a hall in the third story, with nothing but the bare walls and floor. A more miserable, dirty, squalid place would be hard to find. It was now the 16th of December. We were fed but once a day and then not half enough for a meal. At this rate we were bound to starve. It was much worse than living out in the woods.

In the jail were prisoners of every description—rebel deserters, galvanized Yankees, and citizens. One man had been in there for two years because he was a staunch Union man. One year of the time he was in irons. On the seventeenth we were placed in a room one story lower down with twelve of our enlisted men from Andersonville. Here were seventeen of us in a room ten by fifteen. About half of these men were the most pitiful objects imaginable—nothing but skin and bones, covered with sores and vermin. All of their clothes had been worn for months without washing. They were almost idiots from the effects of their treatment. One man I noticed in particular. He had his corner and scarcely ever moved out of it or spoke a word except when something to eat came in. Then he would brighten a little and eat like a famished dog. Not a word of complaint escaped his lips. In fact he was like a living corpse. He could not, or would not, tell me who he was or where he belonged. How soon I would become

his counterpart was hard to tell. I was fast rivalling him in filthiness, for we had no way of cleansing ourselves. These days in the Charleston jail were the most sickening, disgusting, and hardest to bear of any part of my confinement in Southern prisons. Our excretions were deposited in a tub or half barrel and emptied but once in twenty-four hours. The stench was terrible. No wonder we were fast becoming subjects for a mad-house.

December 18th. The enlisted men were taken out of jail and sent to Florence, S. C., to a pen not a jot better than Andersonville. They gave us a little better provision this day, though very scanty. On the morning of the 19th, before day, we were aroused and given a small piece of fresh beef each, then taken out and marched to the depot and put on board a train for Columbia. My piece of beef I ate raw, and a very sweet morsel it was, too; yet it did not satisfy my hunger. We were very glad to get out of the Charleston jail. Nothing occurred worthy of note on the trip, but we were in no hurry and enjoyed the fresh air. No chance presented itself for escape, and just at night we arrived at Columbia. We were marched at once to the jail and locked up without a mouthful to eat, and those in charge would give us no water, though we were nearly famished for the want of it.

On the morning of the 20th we were taken out and marched to the Lunatic Asylum yard, to which our prisoners had been removed while we were away. The first thing we looked for among our friends was a mouthful to eat. They regretted our capture yet glad that we were alive. A number that escaped were caught by dogs and badly bitten. From the asylum yard there seemed no way of escape and our chance to get North very soon seemed hope-

less. We must now rely upon Sherman. The weather had become very cold—colder than it had ever been known before in that country. I had no shelter and nearly froze. Lieutenant Johnson of the Tenth New York Cavalry and I finally made us a little hut of dirt and a few pieces of boards and sticks and covered it with the old blanket I had brought with me. Some officers of our acquaintance had been exchanged since we had been out and left their old blankets with Johnson. They gave him also an order for any money that might be sent to them. In this way we obtained a little money and managed to get a little meat at five dollars a pound, so that we fared somewhat better. We suffered very much with the cold, for it was impossible to get wood enough to keep us warm, and for a few weeks I was hardly able to move about.

About the only hope we had was the continued success of our armies. There were about eleven hundred of us, and the rebels had furnished lumber enough to shelter about three hundred, and probably one hundred more were sheltered in tents. The rest had to do the best they could. Tunnels were started, but were generally discovered.

One incident I must record here. Lieutenant S. H. Byers of an Iowa regiment wrote a poem entitled "Sherman's March to the Sea." It was sung every afternoon by a large choir of prisoners. Many of the citizens of the town would often mount the platform of the stockade and call for the song. The words were as follows:

"Our camp fire shone bright in the mountains,
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe.

When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted 'Boys, up, and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea,'
And shouted Boys, up, and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea.'

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those that fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banner
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,

Yet we twined them with a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.
For we twined them with a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was the army that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said 'Boys, you are weary
This day, fair Savannah is ours.'
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Lieutenant Byers presented a copy to General Sherman, written on scraps of paper, and he speaks of it in his Memoirs. The lines were composed soon after Sherman had taken Savannah, and was sung for the first time in our prison a few days after I got back. Thus the Winter wore away, and rumors got into camp that Sherman was on the march again. The darkies smuggled some newspapers into camp, from which we learned that he was coming toward Columbia. A party of twenty-five had been working in a tunnel which was now ready to open, and each was allowed to choose two friends to go out with him. I was chosen for one, and immediately made preparations to try my luck again.

Then, on the 15th of February, came orders to be ready to move in two hours. We knew that Sherman was near,

and although foiled in our tunnel scheme, Lieutenant Johnson and myself determined to effect our escape from the cars during the night. We had an old case knife with saw teeth filed in the back for the purpose of sawing a hole in the bottom of the car. During one of the coldest rainstorms I had ever seen in the South—the rain freezing as it fell—we were stowed on a train of cars, fifty-five in each car. Soon after dark the train started, and before we had gone many miles we had a hole sawed through the bottom of our car, ready to crawl through as soon as the train should stop at any small station. Thirty miles from Columbia the train stopped where there was no station, and through the hole we went, followed by half a dozen others. We lay down close to the track outside, waiting for the train to start. The guards stationed on top of the cars were nearly frozen, and the officers in command were getting them down from the top and placing them inside the cars. In doing this they discovered many Yankees outside and put them back into the cars again. Johnson was caught, but no sooner in than he slipped out again. To keep out of sight I had to roll from one side of the road to the other under the cars. One of the guards in getting down from the top of the car dropped his gun and it came very near falling upon me. About that time I saw a rebel officer coming with a lantern looking for escaped prisoners. A pile of cross ties were piled up across the gutter. There were six inches of water in the gutter, and the ties were about six inches above the water. I rolled down the embankment five or six feet and crowded myself feet foremost under the ties into the water with my head sticking out. It was rather a cold bath, but I lay still and escaped the notice of the officer. Soon after, Johnson came down

and jumped across the gutter near my head, and I called to him in a whisper and he helped me out.

We succeeded in getting away from the train and took a road that led back to Columbia. We had not gone far before we came up with Captain Getman of the Tenth New York Cavalry, Lieutenant Crosley, of the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Lieutenant Fisher, of the One Hundred and Forty-second New York Infantry, who was the only officer captured at Fort Fisher at the time of Butler's fizzle. A little later we came across two more officers, who soon left us. The four mentioned above and myself comprised our party. It was an awful night, the rain falling heavily, freezing as it fell and covering the ground with ice. I never suffered more with cold than on that night. My clothes were in rags, hardly covering my nakedness, and were frozen stiff. But we were free again, and in good spirits considering the circumstances. We had with us but very little to eat, and that was soaked with water. At the side of the road, under an old shed, we held a short consultation and concluded to cross the Broad and Saluda rivers and join Sherman, south of Columbia, thinking we could flank the rebel army easier in that direction than in the other.

Although it rained continuously, we travelled about fifteen miles as near as we could calculate. Toward morning we discovered by a mile-stone that we were twenty-seven miles from Columbia. Turning off the road into a piece of woods we lay down to rest, but it was so cold we could not keep warm without moving about. At daylight we found a secure place in a ravine where a large tree had fallen and built a good fire. Although it continued to rain, we made out to get warm and eat what little provision we

had. Crawling out near the road, I saw a woman pass on horseback, and we knew that we were not far from a habitation of some sort. At night it cleared off, and the moon shone bright, which would help us in our attempt to cross Broad River and get into a better country where we hoped to get something to eat.

Very lame and sore from the previous night's march, we started out and came to a guide board, directing us to a ferry that crossed Broad River. We took the road that led to the ferry. About midnight we met three officers who escaped at the same time we did, and they had a negro guide with them. Our party was already too large, and we did not join them. Their guide told us that we could not cross at the ferry, but would have to go up the river about ten miles. With these instructions we turned in that direction. About three o'clock A.M. we heard cannon and knew that Sherman had attacked the city but concluded to keep on our course. At these welcome sounds we threw up our hats with joy, but made no unnecessary noise in our demonstrations.

After travelling until nearly day, we came back to the guide board that we left the night before. This was rather discouraging, but we turned back, took another road, and camped in a thick piece of woods where we could have a fire, as we were not yet dry from the recent storm. The firing kept up in the direction of Columbia all the morning, and at intervals during the day. As we were between two railroads we could hear the cars moving to and fro almost constantly, and believed the rebels were evacuating the city. As we had nothing to eat, our first business after night was to find some provisions. Soon after dark we started out, organized as follows: Getman, Crosley, and

Smith, who had not been out before, and as Tommy Johnson and I had had experience as refugees, therefore they insisted that we should take the lead. Our plan of march was in single file at intervals of a few rods so as to keep in sight of one another and communicate any signal from the leader along the line and act accordingly. So Tom and I relieved each other frequently and kept in touch at all times. After travelling a couple of miles we came to some negro quarters a little distance from the road, and Johnson and Smith visited them while the rest of us waited behind a fence for their return. They succeeded in getting some cornmeal and a bottle of sorghum molasses. Each took a small handful of meal and we marched on, fearing to stop to cook it, for Tom learned from the darkies that the bridge we intended to cross was guarded, and that a party of rebels with about one hundred of Sherman's men as prisoners had passed that day and gone to Winsboro. We concluded to change our course and take another road and endeavor to flank the rebel army on the other flank, where there were no streams to cross, but we had to cross the railroad, which no doubt was well guarded.

Very cautiously we proceeded, and before morning reached the suburbs of Winsboro. This town we easily flanked and soon came to the railroad, which was guarded, as we knew by the small fires along the track. It was an open country but the picket fires were not very near together. We selected a place for crossing and each man was to crawl far enough to the other side to be out of danger. I had the lead and passed safely over. Tom came close behind me, and the others all got over without alarming the pickets. We then struck across the country, avoiding the road and guided by the stars. Daylight coming on,

we camped in a deep ravine but a short distance from the main road and railroad and but a few miles from where we escaped from the cars. We had a secure place behind a wooded bluff that overlooked the main road and railroad. We made mush all day in a pint cup, each one taking his turn. All conversation was carried on in a whisper. Tom and I crawled to the top of the bluff and saw Beauregard and a small division of infantry, some cavalry, and a couple of batteries of artillery pass on the retreat toward Winsboro. We heard firing all day and concluded that Sherman must be in Columbia as the firing was much nearer at night than it was in the morning.

Our prospects seemed bright and we determined to make our way back to Columbia, keeping clear of the main roads as much as possible to avoid pickets and stragglers, for there were too many of us to work the flanking process successfully. At night huge fires lighted up the sky in the direction of Columbia, and some negroes that we met informed us it was the city burning, and also that the woods were on fire, which subsequently proved correct. We started across the country in the direction of Columbia in the attempt to flank the rebel army. An occasional gun was fired during the night, which proved we were not far from the opposing forces, but we were getting along finely. We came to some negro shanties and found the darkies all excited, but got something to eat for all of us. We learned, too, that Sherman's forces were only seven miles from us but the rebels were between us and Sherman. We kept on slowly and cautiously with good success. On the morning of the 18th of February we camped in a small but thick grove of pines not far from a house. As the country was thickly settled we could find no very secure

place. We lay and slept most of the day in a dry ravine where the ground was covered with pine leaves and pine branches. We heard no firing during the day. We had a small fire in the morning to cook a few sweet potatoes we had but soon put it out.

In the afternoon a wench and a little yellow girl came carefully down to the woods toward us. The wench had seen a little smoke come up through the tops of the trees from our fire we had in the morning. She said "she didn't tole any body, but thought dar mus' be Yankees down dar" and as soon as she got a chance came down to see. Her name was Manda. She had never seen a Yankee before, and it was a long time before she would come near us. Her visit was most opportune, for we were destitute of eatables. After some conversation she promised to bring us something to eat as soon as it was dark. Before night we heard troops camping in the edge of the woods that we occupied. Crawling quietly down to the bottom of the ravine, we lay still, awaiting events. We were sure they were rebels, for if Yankees the wench would have told them and we should have been found, as we instructed her to that effect. Just at dark a man with two horses came within a stone's throw of us, apparently looking for water, but soon returned. It was too dark to distinguish his uniform and we lay quietly until about ten o'clock at night, when we heard a low whistle near us. After several signals of the same kind we answered the signal and found it to be from an emissary of Manda with directions to stay where we were and she would soon bring us something to eat. Six hundred rebels camped near the house and she had been obliged to cook for them and was unable to get word to us earlier. True to her promise, she came with a

basket of pork, potatoes and bread, which were most welcome. In the morning, February 19th, we still held our position. At reveille a rebel band struck up and gave us a few Dixie tunes, then moved out, much to our relief. Manda had promised to let us know as soon as they had gone and bring us something more to eat.

This day was Sunday. Manda cooked and brought us a couple of chickens that she had saved by killing and putting them in her bed while the rebels were there, and we had a fine meal. Manda brought her husband with her, a big, strong fellow, whose name was Bill. He was one-quarter Indian, one-half white, and one-quarter negro. He had travelled all over the South with his master who had owned a stud of race horses. He was about thirty years of age and could read and write. He was anxious to go with us and join the Yankee army. He said he could show us the way to Columbia and avoid all the main roads. Manda was anxious he should go with us, and said she would go home and get everything ready and give us all something to eat to take with us. I was much pleased with the plan of taking him with us to act as a guide, but all the others of the party were against it, and thought it the most dangerous thing we could do. They talked the matter over a good deal during the afternoon. At length I said, "Boys, we can settle this very easily. You go ahead as you please. I'll take the guide and trust to him."

When night came I said "Bill, come on, you and I will start out." The others soon followed, and I heard no further objections. We travelled along with good success until we almost ran into some rebel pickets, but we flanked them successfully. As we were all moving in line, about fifteen or twenty yards apart down a stony by-road, I heard

some one approaching on horseback at a lively pace. I was in the lead, Tom next. Tom dropped down on one side of the road and I on the other behind a low bush. When the officer, as he seemed to be, got abreast of me his horse shied out of the road and nearly unhorsed the man, but he stuck to him and said, "Get up, dam you, are you afraid of a hog?" and putting spurs to the animal rapidly left us. I was unblushingly happy to be taken for a hog on that occasion and felt no disposition to resent it.

Daylight coming on, we stopped in an open piece of woods where we could hear troops but a short distance off, who were no doubt rebels. We crawled under a tree top that had lately fallen and had to lay there all day for fear of being discovered. I sent my guide to find a place by himself and come back to us after dark. Troops were in hearing all day, seemingly at work tearing up the railroad, but we heard no signs of fighting. There was no way of finding out who they were until dark without exposing ourselves too much. Toward night the noise in our front ceased, but the woods had been set on fire, and we were threatened with being burned out, but darkness came on before the fire reached us, and our guide, Bill, came also.

As soon as it was dark enough to venture out, we took a circuitous route and flanked the picket post that we came near encountering in the morning on the opposite side. Before we were well under way it was near ten o'clock. Bill said we were seventeen miles from Columbia. We made thirteen miles the night before. It looked like getting home and we were all in fine spirits. Fearing to travel by any road, we took a course by the stars directly toward Columbia. Most of our march was through an almost impenetrable swamp and thicket, then over a ridge,

then a creek and another swamp. Each creek was known to our guide, and he also knew the distance from each to Columbia. Fires lighted up the horizon immediately on our course and we were confident that we could reach our lines before day. At length we came to an almost impassable swamp and creek, the water being about four feet deep and the underbrush very thick. It was about three hundred feet across and took us nearly two hours to get over it, but we all reached dry land again safely, but cold, wet, and almost tired out. Large fires were but just over a small hill from us which we thought might be from a rebel camp. We soon took up our line of march in single file, about three rods apart, with the negro well in the rear. With the utmost caution, Tom and I investigated our front. By crawling to the brow of the hill we saw that the woods were on fire. Old fallen trees, stumps and logs all ablaze, it looked like lines of picket fires in front of us.

Seeing no one, and hearing no human sounds, we passed through the line of fire and smoke and kept on our course. We were expecting every moment to be halted, but kept on, not knowing what else to do. After marching a mile or two through the burnt woods, the fires began to grow less, or rather had burnt out, and only here and there an old log or stump was smouldering. I was busy groping my way slowly along, approaching every fire with distrust, when I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a voice singing out "Halt! Who comes there?" Every one dropped to the ground and commenced crawling away, except myself. I gave the answer, "Friend," and moved slowly into the shade of a large tree. "Who are you?" said the sentinel, and I heard his gun click as he cocked it. I was convinced at once that he was no rebel by his tone and dialect. No rebel would

say "Who are you?" as he did. I felt so certain of it that I called to the others to come on, that we were all right. "Hold on there! Who are you?" said he. "An escaped prisoner," I answered. "Corporal of the guard, here's a man who says he is an escaped prisoner." "Advance," said the corporal. I caught a glimpse of the sentinel's blue clothes, and the U. S. on his belt. It was some time before I could get the boys all together, Bill the guide coming in last.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES AGAIN.

SURROUNDED by Yankees once more, our joy knew no bounds, and a happier set of beings I never saw. We danced, sang, thanked God that we were once more under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. It was a Wisconsin regiment of Sherman's army that we had found on picket. A sergeant conducted us to division headquarters, where we were provided with plenty to eat, and a place to sleep by a good fire, but we were too happy to sleep. General John E. Smith, commanding the Third Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, at whose headquarters we then were, sent his compliments to us by an orderly, and requested that we make a little less noise so that he could get a little sleep. I think the morning of the 21st of February, 1865, was one of the happiest mornings of my life. Never did the glorious old flag of our Union look half so good to me as at that time.

Thus ended my prison life of eight months' duration, lacking three days. Our party remained with the Third Division until we reached Fayetteville, twenty-two days after. The staff officers all tried to make it as pleasant as they could for us. On the march I was given a ride in the ambulance for the first day, as I was hardly able to walk or even ride on horseback. The next day I got a mule from the quartermaster and rode with the column. Our division had the

advance that day, and General John A. Logan rode in the advance with us. I believe every man in the Fifteenth Corps loved that man.

Lieutenant Johnson and I generally rode together, and we concluded we must have some clothes that were a little more presentable than our worn-out prison clothes; so we did a little foraging on our own account. The first house we came to that was inhabited, and not too far from the column, we stopped at and knocked for admission. There were three women in the house, who were considerably frightened at our informal entrance into their house. I asked if there were any men about the house. "No, they were all gone, fighting you Yankees," said one, "and I wish they'd kill every one of ye." Their answer settled the political status of that family, and I told Tom to entertain the ladies while I looked the house over for men and clothes. Although the woman had declared that there was no men's clothing in the house, I soon found quite a good stock to select from. We assured the ladies that we were very much in need of clothing, and that they need have no fears of our taking anything else, but clothing we must have if we could find it. In one of the bedrooms I found each of us a suit of underclothing, two pairs of trousers, a good blue frock coat for myself, and each of us a clean white muslin shirt. Tom held quite a lively discussion with the women while I selected the goods. After thanking the ladies for their kindness we departed, and seeing the column halted in the road, repaired to a thicket a short distance from the house and exchanged our old prison duds for our new outfit. Tom was fitted to a "T," but mine was a little large, except the coat. A complete outfit from the ground up secured us a complete release from vermin, and we felt like new men.

February 24th. On the march again to-day in a drizzling rain. Some of Sherman's "bummers" captured a train of a dozen wagons or more, drawn by some fine horses and mules, and loaded with all manner of household goods, clothing, women and children. In one wagon was a large lot of white lambs' wool blankets, double size, and the boys presented us prisoners with a pair each, which were very acceptable, and insured our comfort for the rest of the trip. So far, we had met with the kindest treatment from the general and his staff, down to the private soldiers.

February 25th. To-day we are quiet in camp, fourteen miles north of Camden, where we crossed the Catawba River after quite a little fight at the crossing by one of our advance divisions. Our quartermaster of the division kindly furnished me a mule, and I went out with a foraging expedition and captured a little white mule, a saddle and bridle. After that I had transportation of my own. We had a pleasant time, and got back to camp all right. There were some rebel cavalry hovering about our flanks, and when they captured any of our men, either shot or hung them, which caused our general to retaliate. We were now on the ground of old Revolutionary scenes, and to me the country was very interesting indeed.

February 26th. On the march to-day. Plenty of rebel cavalry hanging on our flanks, but not interfering with our movements. Am greatly enjoying this trip, and am in fair condition. Having a hard rain.

February 27th. Camping near Kelly's Ferry, on Lynch's Creek, waiting for the water to fall so that we can move across comfortably. I am domiciled to-day in the house of an old Secesh planter by the name of Kelly.

There was, now and then, a loyal man or woman, even

in South Carolina, as is shown in the following account of the experience of an officer who escaped from the train the same night I did. He called at a planter's house and made himself known to a young lady, who secreted him under a bed in her own room, and was fed and waited upon by her. Her father had left home to escape conscription, and wishing to get her prisoner upstairs without anyone knowing it, she called all the blacks together and got them engaged in divine service while the officer moved to his hiding place unobserved. As soon as our forces came along he was restored to liberty, "and you bet," said he, "that place was not disturbed by our troops."

February 28th. There was no advance to-day; weather very rainy. I am living on the fat of the land, chickens, turkeys, fresh meat of all kinds, preserves, wines, fine old brandies, etc. We are at the house in Kershaw District, S. C., where the first secession flag was raised by W. Kelly. At the time I was writing the foregoing memoranda he was in the next room, tearfully declaring that he had always been a good Union man.

March 1, 1865. I am not well to-day, and hardly able to move about. We still remain at Kelly's on account of the high water in Lynch's Creek.

March 2d. A little better this morning. Moved seven miles to-day to Kellysville and camped for the night.

March 3d. To-day is my birthday. Am thirty-three years old. Am far from well. Started on the march early to-day. Not far from our column a lieutenant-colonel was taken prisoner, two men killed, and one murdered, not more than twenty-five rods from me. Hope the rebels will not get me again. Think I'll stick close to the column hereafter.

March 4th. We are two miles from Cheraw. Marched

29 miles yesterday. This army can beat the Army of the Potomac making rapid marches. A battle is going on ahead, but our division is not ordered to the front, but formed in line of battle, and I may have a chance to see a fight, as the enemy seem to be making a stand at Cheraw. We reached there at 8 P.M., but the battle was over. The boys ahead of us had whipped the rebels and captured forty-two pieces of artillery, ten thousand stands of small arms, a large number of prisoners, cotton, and all sorts of army stores, and lost only a few men. We camped near Cheraw, on the field of the battle, near the town.

March 5th. We crossed the Peedee River this morning, the rebels retreating before us. Camped at half past ten o'clock A.M. In camp all day. The Twentieth Corps passed us to-day. I feel some better.

March 6th. Rested in camp all day. Hundreds of black and white refugees constantly coming into camp. I saw a peculiar sight yesterday. The creeks were so high and the swamps so full of water that Sherman's men had to build a corduroy road through every swamp they came to, and also bridge the small streams. Almost an army of negroes were trying to keep up with the column, and when we came to a swamp or creek they had a hard time of it, but would wade through mud and water to keep up, for fear they would be left. At a stream where we crossed yesterday there was a small log across the stream, just below the bridge, and the darkeys were hurrying over it as fast as possible. Along came a big wench with two little darkeys, one under each arm, and started to cross. When about half way over, one of the little ones slipped out from under her arm and fell on the upper side of the log. The current sucked the body under the log, and that was the last that

was seen of it. The old wench passed on with the other, and paid no attention to the lost one, nor did any of the others. This was the most heartless act I ever saw a mother do, white or black.

March 7th. Our division marched about nine miles and camped on Crooked Creek, about five miles from the State line, between North and South Carolina.

March 8th. We marched about twelve miles to-day in the rain. Roads terrible. Here we passed into the State of North Carolina, near Laurel Hill. Am feeling somewhat better to-day. While at lunch to-day with General John A. Logan and staff, and General John E. Smith, at the top of a hill, where there was a view in several directions for a distance of ten or fifteen miles, we could see the smoke curling up from burning buildings and cotton bales, the work of Sherman's army, devastating the whole country. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Seldom had we a chance to overlook so large a tract of country. Sherman's idea of war being "hell" was fully illustrated in the scene before us. Many a once happy home succumbed to the flames in that forty-mile-wide path of Sherman's Army through the Carolinas.

During the lunch a sergeant brought to General Logan a soldier under arrest, who was a good deal the worse for the good things he had indulged in. "What is this man under arrest for, sergeant?" asked Logan. "Disobedience of orders, sir." "No such a thing, Uncle Johnny," said the soldier, and continued talking. "Silence, sir!" said Logan, in a calm voice. "Relate the particulars, sergeant," said Logan, and the sergeant explained in a few words. "Let me shay a few words, Uncle Johnny," said the soldier. "Don't want to hear them," said Logan. "Take this man

to his company and tell his captain to keep him with his company and on duty for a week at least before trusting him on outside duty again." "Thankee, Uncle Johnny," and they marched away, the soldier blubbering to the sergeant, "There, damn you, I told you Uncle Johnny wouldn't do anything to me. He knows I'm all right." No wonder that the men of Logan's corps almost worshipped their general. He did not censure them, but when he called upon them to act they were ever ready to obey the man they loved. To me this little episode was very interesting, and I thought more of the general ever afterward.

We marched on the 9th to Lumber Creek, and crossed it after dark, in a drizzling rain storm. Roads were in horrible condition and almost impassable. Headquarters of division were at the house of a noted secessionist, whose name was McMurchin. We found some very good-looking girls to-day on the march. The people were not so much frightened here in North Carolina as to leave their homes, as they did in South Carolina. The country through which we passed was thickly settled. Tom and I stopped at an old man's house to get out of the rain while the column was marching past, and found the owner sitting on his porch with the tears rolling down his cheeks. He told us that he had always been a Union man, and said he: "I told them it was all wrong to go out of the Union, and that they would come to grief if they did." Just then one of the boys from the column chased a pig under the porch, and it gave a terrible squeal as a bayonet was run through him, which cut off the old man's remarks rather short, and he jumped to his feet and cursed the boys in a tone far above the noise of the pig. "That is my last pig. The damned Secesh took all the rest day before yesterday; yes, and all of my stock,

and every chicken on the place," and he dropped into his chair, sobbing as though his heart would break.

Tom and I rode on for a mile, and came to a house where there were three women on the porch, two young ladies about eighteen or twenty years of age, and one elderly lady. The rain was pouring down, and without much ceremony we climbed the steps of the porch and introduced ourselves to the young ladies, who seemed not at all averse to our intrusion, and we were soon engaged in conversation with them. The girls were rather pretty, and quite jolly, and seemed quite friendly. Tom says to me: "Well, Cap, hadn't we better be going? There's the rear of the column, and I'm ready as soon as this girl will give me a parting kiss." "All right, Tom," said I, "I'm ready, but I don't want to kiss my girl." And the reason was this. I had noticed that the one I was with often walked to the end of the porch to expectorate after "dipping snuff" a few moments before. It shocks one's sensibilities to see such a filthy habit indulged in by a woman.

We were now forty miles from Fayetteville, N. C., at the head of navigation on the Cape Fear River. We saw General Sherman several times to-day, and we had an idea that he was concentrating his army and marching all the corps to that point, which subsequently proved correct.

March 10th. Roads very bad; so bad that the boys had to corduroy nearly the whole distance traveled. We made only five miles to Raft Creek, crossed it and camped. We found we were only nineteen miles from Fayetteville. We also learned that the Fourteenth and Seventeenth corps are already there.

March 12th. Sunday morning, weather fine. We camped last night at Nelson's P. O., N. C. To-day we are in camp

not far from Fayetteville, a town at that time of about thirty-five hundred. A very old place, but a very pleasant one. We found that General Dodge's dispatch boat from Wilmington, N. C., had already arrived, so we concluded to visit General Sherman's headquarters, to see if we could get a chance to go down the river on the dispatch boat. We saw the general, and he told us that the boat would not go for a day or two, but he would see what he could do for us. So we rode back to camp and rested until the next day.

March 13th. Went to town to-day and saw the general again, and he directed us to General O. O. Howard, who would arrange for our accommodation and give us transportation to Washington. General Howard told us to come the next day and he would give us a pass down the river, but could not vouch for transportation further. We decided to take the chances. We went back to camp again, stopped over night, and turned over our animals to the division quartermaster.

March 14th. Off for General Howard's headquarters for our pass, which we got about noon, and went aboard the dispatch boat John B. McDavidson, bound for Wilmington, N. C. She does not start until night, as there is danger of attack on our way down by renegades. We bid good-bye to Uncle Billy's grand army and started just at dark. There was no secure place on board the boat, and riflemen on shore could pick us off very easily. I took a look about the boat, and found a huge coil of a hawser near the bow, where there was just room enough for one man. I crawled inside the coil soon after we started, and was soon asleep, safe from any stray bullets from rebel skulkers along the shore.

It was now just one month since I had escaped from prison, and what a month! A month into which was crowded

a seeming lifetime of hardship and suffering, joy and despair, dangers and happiness, anxieties and hairbreadth escapes; indeed, an experience to test my mental and physical powers to the utmost. I still wondered that I was alive and in possession of my faculties. I was much emaciated and worn out, but, all things considered, in a fair state of preservation.

We arrived at Wilmington about five o'clock in the morning of the 15th of March, where we secured transportation to Fortress Monroe on the propeller J. A. Green, that was to sail the next morning. Wilmington, at that time, was a Yankee soldier town, pure and simple. We went to the theatre in the evening to see the play, "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and nine-tenths of the audience were soldiers and the balance "niggers."

March 16, 1865. Left Wilmington at 6 A.M. Passed Fort Fisher at 10 A.M. In coming out of the harbor we saw several of the British blockade runners that had been sunk at different times while trying to get out or in. Once more I was on the briny deep, and before night the wind began to blow very fresh, and soon after dark had become a gale. The sea was terribly rough, and almost everybody was seasick. It was an awful night, but the good old ship weathered it out and rounded Cape Hatteras all right. On reaching Washington I resigned my commission in the army, received my pay, and started for home on the 5th of April.

I found myself in New York City on the morning of April 6th, and learned from the bulletins that Grant was pushing Lee at a terrible rate, and would no doubt soon capture his whole army. Uncle Abe was at the front, and Jeff Davis had left Richmond before I left Washington; and one day, while there, I heard the Vice-President, Andy Johnson, make

one of the most patriotic speeches on the steps of the Patent Office Building I ever heard. Johnson said: "If I were President, I would have Jeff Davis caught, and I would hang him, hang him, *hang him*, higher than Haman!"

I called on some of my old friends in New York, viz., W. A. Bodine, John Brown, J. C. Palmer, Geo. Mitchell, Capt. Geo. Vanderbilt, and many others. I replenished my wardrobe, and the next day I took the train for Elmira, N. Y. I spent the day there with friends, thence to Cortland, and reached home in the town of Taylor, N. Y., April 10, 1865, just three years and six months after I left to join the army.

For some months previous to my return I was supposed to be dead. A newspaper was handed me containing my obituary, stating that I had died in prison in Charleston, S. C., and that this information had been furnished by Lieut. H. H. Call, who had just returned from that place. The editor gave me a good send-off, eulogizing me as a loyal and patriotic soldier that had worked his way up from a private soldier until he became captain of his company, and was taken prisoner in battle while leading his company at St. Mary's Church, June 24, 1864.

The evidence seemed conclusive that I was among the victims of the terrible war. My father had sold my favorite horse, that I had sent home to keep for me, but fortunately to one of the neighbors, and I recovered it by returning the purchase price.

I wrote a letter to Major A. D. Waters, of Cortland, N. Y., which was printed in one of the Cortland papers just before the Presidential election. Some of my Democratic friends declared it a forgery and claimed it was got up as an electioneering article by Major Waters, who was on the Repub-

lican ticket for district attorney. One of these friends produced this letter and asked if I had written it, and if so, whether it was smuggled through in an old boot, as claimed. This is the way it was sent, as I then told him: Among our prisoners were a number of surgeons, and they were to be exchanged for an equal number of rebel surgeons. I was well acquainted with one of the former, and I got his consent to let me knock off the heel of one of his boots, scoop it out, put the letter in it, and nail on the heel again. He promised me to take it out and mail it at the first opportunity, and it was done as promised.

The letter referred to above is as follows:

WHAT A UNION PRISONER SAYS.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter written by Capt. B. B. Porter, of the Tenth N. Y. Cavalry, written to A. D. Waters of this village. It was smuggled through in an old boot.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 23rd, 1864.

FRIEND WATERS:

You have heard, no doubt, before this, of my being a prisoner of war in this dilapidated city of Charleston, S. C. I was captured the 24th day of June, at the battle of St. Mary's Church, Va. I was kept forty-eight hours without a mouthful to eat. As soon as I was taken I was stripped of hat, boots, all papers, and everything, even to my tooth brush. I was marched twenty-five miles barefoot, in the hot sand, with my feet covered with blisters and then thrown into Libby prison, at Richmond. I was there five days, then sent to Lynchburg, Va. I was marched from there to Danville, seventy-two miles, and from there conveyed by rail to

Macon, Ga., and confined there with sixteen hundred other officers, until the 11th of August, when we were removed to this place, and placed under fire, where we now remain, with Foster's shells bursting and playing over and around the building, every five or ten minutes. Our rations are not sufficient, and those who are not fortunate enough to have any money, are almost constantly in a state of semi-starvation. There are about two thousand officers, and about ten thousand enlisted men confined in this town. The condition of the enlisted men is horrible indeed, half fed and clothed, and no shelter. Sickness, of course, prevails to a great extent, and a large number die daily. Yet withal, nine-tenths of the men and officers keep up good spirits, with starvation staring them in the face and scarcely any hope of exchange or release from this living death. They wonder that there can be so much dissension among the people of the North where men, nay traitors are crying peace, peace! just at a time when they should be more than ever united in a determination to crush the rebellion, by furnishing men and means to accomplish it.

Old men and little boys are guarding us. All able-bodied men are in the field, and we have but them to overcome, and the rebellion is at an end.

The whole South is completely under military control. Every man and boy is a soldier, not even cripples are exempt.

Were the Northern people half as much in earnest as the people of the South, the rebellion would not last sixty days. Could the people of the North know the situation at the South I believe they would not hesitate a moment to fill up our armies, furnish the funds, re-elect Abraham Lincoln. I hope and believe that with our late victories at Mobile,

Atlanta and Winchester, a new war spirit will spring up that will crush the last vestige of the traitorous hordes that now confront our gallant and victorious armies, and the long looked for and only lasting day of peace will soon come, *but by any other means peace will never come.*

The following officers are prisoners here, viz.: Lt. T. W. Johnson, Capt. D. Getman, Capt. A. T. Bliss, Lt. Morey, all of the Tenth N. Y. Cav.; Lt. H. Call, Lt. Cahill, Lt. Myers, and a number of others of the 76th Regiment; Lt. Curtis, Lt. Powers, and Capt. Coffin of the 157th N. Y. Vol. All well.

I am yours,
CAPT. B. B. PORTER.

When I verified the above letter my Democratic friend had no more to say, but let me have the copy for preservation.

During my career in the army I took part in twenty-six battles, as follows:

1. Fredericksburg, Va., December 12 to 16, 1862.
2. Louisa C. H., May 2, 1863.
3. Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
4. Aldie, June 16, 1863.
5. Middleburg, June 19, 1863.
6. Ashby's Gap, June 17 to 22, 1863.
7. Gettysburg, Pa., July 2 and 3, 1863.
8. Shepherdstown, Va., July 16, 1863.
9. Sulphur Springs, October 12, 1863.
10. Little Auburn, Va., October 14, 1863.
11. Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863.

12. Mine Run, Va., November 29 to December 3, 1863.
13. Todd's Tavern, Va., May 5 and 6, 1864.
14. Wilderness, Va., May 7 and 8, 1864.
15. Anderson's Ford.
16. Beaver Dam Station, May 10, 1864.
17. Ground Squirrel Church, May 11, 1864.
18. Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.
19. Inside of fortifications, near Richmond, Va., May 12, 1864.
20. Mechanicsville, Va., May 13, 1864.
21. Hawes' Shop, Va., May 28, 1864.
22. Old Tavern, Va., May 30, 1864.
23. Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864.
24. Trevillian Station, Va., June 11 and 12, 1864.
25. White House, Va., June 21 and 22, 1864.
26. St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24, 1864, where I was taken prisoner. I was in many skirmishes where we had harder fighting than we had in some of the important battles.

CHAPTER XI.

UPS AND DOWNS IN BUSINESS LIFE.

OVER-INDULGENCE of my appetite after reaching Sherman's army had a bad effect on my system, no doubt, but I was slowly gaining, and as soon as I got my horse I took daily rides, which seemed to do me good. I confined my diet to milk, raw eggs, and fruit; in fact, I could eat nothing else; but my appetite improved, and I felt encouraged.

On the first day after my return I met an old chum of former days, and about the first words that he said were, "Porter, your girl is married." "How is that?" said I. And he related the circumstances. Although this is not a novel, there is a little romance connected with the above mentioned girl, Lieut. H. Call, and myself. When on veteran furlough, during the winter of '63 and '64, I went to see my best girl. She had been formerly Lieutenant Call's sweetheart, but a year or two before had discarded him. Having known her for a long time, I became quite attentive to her, and my affection being fully reciprocated, we became engaged, with the understanding that we were to be married on my return from the army. Call, in some way, became aware of the fact. We were ostensibly good friends, and were both in the service. Call was taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness, about two months previous to my capture. Both were in the same prison together, but nothing was ever said between us about the girl. When he

was attacked with the yellow fever at Charleston, and they were taking him to the hospital, I bid him good-bye, and wished him a speedy recovery. He was too sick to talk. That was the last I saw of Call. When we left Charleston and moved to Columbia, S. C., he was still in the hospital at Charleston, with many others. An exchange was effected by our government and the rebels, by which our sick were sent home, and he recovered. He got a thirty day's furlough and went home. He had a notice put in the local papers that I was dead, and also informed my girl, and pressed his suit with vigor, telling her that he would marry her and take her with him to Washington when his furlough expired. His mother helped him hurry up matters with the family, and the result was they were married. I knew nothing of this, of course, until I got home, but I took it as philosophically as I could, concluding that "all is fair in love and war," but decided to call on them and get my watch that I had left with her for safe keeping when we parted. So I drove to their neighborhood and stopped overnight with a friend who knew of our engagement, and he gave me the full particulars. The next morning I drove up to their house and knocked at the door. Mrs. Call came to the door, and as soon as she saw me she gave a scream, and would have fallen to the floor had I not caught her and placed her in a chair, and got some water, which soon restored her to consciousness. Call was gone for the day, and she insisted upon my staying. From her I learned the deception he used to win her for his wife. From that day that household was not a happy one, but she lived but a year afterward. I got my watch and sadly returned home, a disappointed man, but not entirely crushed. That which cannot be cured must be endured.

On my arrival home I learned of the assassination of our great and beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, and of the attempt on the life of the Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward. No calamity has ever befallen the nation that went so deeply to the hearts of the people. Every household in the land was a house of mourning. So wrought up were the feelings of the people that no one could even hint that it was right, but they were hustled off to close quarters to save their lives from an enraged people. Funeral services were held in every church in the land. It was a dark day for our nation.

My health improved a little, and I was able to ride about the country and visit my old friends in Cortland and Chenango counties. I bought a mate to my horse, and contented myself as well as I could in trying to get back to a normal condition; but it seemed a very slow process.

M. M. Whitney, a member of the Seventy-sixth N. Y. Infantry, was home from the army, recovering from a wound, and together we traveled the country over, enjoying ourselves the best we could, but my poor health continued to be a handicap to all my plans and anticipations. It was now June 24th, just a year since I was taken prisoner, and what a year of events it had been to me!

When I stopped in New York on my way home, my old friend John Brown and his partner were carrying on a sign-painting business, and they offered me a third interest in the business if I would come down and do the outside soliciting for work. It was a good offer, but I told the boys that I could not accept it on account of my health; as soon as I thought myself able to stand it, I would let them know, and if the offer was still open, I would accept it.

During the month of June I had become acquainted with

a young school teacher at Pitcher, Chenango County, a sister to the young lady whom M. M. Whitney was paying attention to, and the four of us conceived the idea of celebrating the Fourth of July in an old-fashioned way. There was to be a grand celebration and parade at Cortland, N. Y., with Daniel Dickinson as speaker. On the morning of the Fourth we started out for Cortland with my span of horses and the best carriage we could find, and I joined the procession riding the horse and using the same saddle and bridle that I had ridden in the army, and wearing my army uniform. It was the only complete outfit that had been in active service, in the procession. While there I met Captain Mead, an old prison comrade, and he induced me to go to a dance that night at Moravia, his residence, where also several of the old boys of the Tenth Cavalry lived. Inside of an hour the four of us were on our way to Moravia, and were welcomed with open arms by the boys of the Tenth Cavalry, and also by some of the Seventy-sixth Regiment. About one hundred couples had gathered at the largest hall in the place, and we had a delightful time. In the morning, after breakfast, we concluded to go to Auburn, N. Y. (my birth-place) and visit the State Prison. The weather was fine, and we all enjoyed the trip very much. At night we put up at Parmalee's Hotel, where I was well acquainted, and we were entertained in the best possible manner. The next morning, after visiting many places of interest, we started on the road for home, via Skaneateles and Skaneateles Lake, on the east side, through Bordino, and on to Scott, where we put up over night. The next day we started for home via Cortland and Cincinnatus, where we arrived safe and sound, making a good four days' celebration. We took with us well-filled lunch baskets, and when we got hungry we

camped on the side of the road in a friendly shade and enjoyed our repast, picnic fashion, on the grass. Who could enjoy a Fourth of July better than two old soldiers that had just helped to save our glorious Union? Had we not earned it? It was our first peaceful Fourth of July since 1860. Our partners, the ladies, enjoyed it immensely, too. Their names were Elizabeth Beasley and her sister, Elenor Beasley, both full of fun and life. Have never had so enjoyable a Fourth since.

In a few days I got a letter from Captain Vanderbilt, requesting me to come to New York at once, and I started July 8th. Van had a business proposition in which he wished me to join. It looked favorable to me, and we started for Baltimore the next day to investigate. We secured an option on the rights in the city and county of Baltimore for a patent soda fountain, then a great improvement on bottled soda water. We went back to New York, and studied the business carefully at a plant that was being operated in New York City, and the more I saw of it the more I liked the proposition.

On the 14th of July I went to New Haven to see Aunt Bradley and other relatives who lived near there. My dear old aunt, who was 87 years of age, was very glad to see me, and to know that I had come through the war all right. It was the last time I ever saw her. She died when 88 years of age, retaining all her faculties very nearly to the end. After a short visit I returned to New York, and went home feeling considerably better. I arrived at Taylor July 18th, having been gone ten days. As my health improved I felt anxious to get into business, but was not yet in condition.

July 28th. I went to Syracuse to see the old regiment once more before they were mustered out, as they were there

for that purpose. I had a very happy meeting with the boys that composed the remnant of the old regiment. They were feeling good, and gave me a hearty welcome. Only old soldiers know what that means. As I bade each one good-bye, many a tear was seen on the cheeks of those old veterans, especially those of my old Company G, whose captain I was through many a hard fought battle. God bless them! They were heroes all. I went back home feeling that I had closed the last act of the war as far as I was concerned.

I had fully made up my mind to go into business with Vanderbilt in Baltimore, and wrote him to that effect. I was getting better all the while, and began to think about doing something toward marrying and settling down to the realities of life. I had enjoyed myself immensely since my return from the war, notwithstanding my ill health. Being naturally jovial, I could not do otherwise very well, and therefore took advantage of my present opportunities to make the best of them. On the 2d of August, 1865, during a ride by moonlight, I promised to marry Miss Elizabeth Beasley, of Pharsalia, Chenango County, but no time was set for the wedding.

A few days after, I received a letter from Captain Vanderbilt, saying that he was ready to begin our enterprise. As we needed a man, I engaged M. M. Whitney, of Taylor, to go to Baltimore, while Van was to close the contract for that city, order generators, fountains, etc., and have them shipped, while I was on the way overland, accompanied by Whitney. I sent Vanderbilt five hundred dollars to commence business, and meet us on our arrival at Baltimore, Md. We had called on our best friends and bade them good-bye, and on Sunday, August 13th, drove to Binghamton and put up for the night.

August 14th. Drove over the hills from Binghamton to Montrose, Pa., five miles beyond Tunkhannock, where we stayed over night with an old farmer.

August 15th. Rather warm to-day, but we drove to Nanticoke, forty-three miles from our starting place.

August 16th. Drove forty-four miles over one of the worst roads I ever traveled over, and reached Danville at sunset.

August 17th. We made forty-three miles to-day, and stopped at Montgomery's Crossing. Our drive, thus far, had been very rough, except in the Wyoming Valley, which we went through on the 15th, passing the monument that marks the site of the massacre of 1778. It is a charming valley, surrounded by mountains, here and there picturesque old buildings, barns, and old orchards, with apple trees over one hundred years old.

On the 18th we stopped at noon, five miles from Harrisburg, Pa., two hundred and thirty-five miles from our starting point, making an average of 47 miles a day. A short distance out of Harrisburg we drove up to a road house to water the horses. Two men came out and examined my horses rather closely, and we were asked if they were for sale. "Yes," said I. "What do you want for them?" asked one. "Seven hundred dollars," I answered. They said no more, jumped into a buggy, and drove away on the same road we were going. We caught them in about a mile and they motioned us to stop. We asked what was wanted, and found that one was a sheriff and the other a deputy. We were suspected of having a stolen team, but we soon convinced them of their mistake, and went on our way rejoicing. We stopped at Dillstown, Pa., that night, and I was up nearly all night with one of my horses, that was

very sick; but he was better in the morning, and we drove on to Gettysburg, reaching there just at night, the 19th of August.

It being Saturday night, we concluded to stop over Sunday and take a look at the old battle field where we had both fought two years before. As our regiment was stationed there during the winter of '61 and '62, I was quite well acquainted, and looked up a number of my old acquaintances, among them Mary Weaver, Annie Garlach, Vina Werrick, and Maggie Pierce, besides several others. We visited the National Cemetery, and went to the spot where the Seventy-sixth Regiment fought, and many other parts of the battlefield. We made calls on many of the old families we used to know, making it altogether a very busy Sunday with us, but we enjoyed it to the utmost.

Monday, August 21st. We started over the Baltimore pike for Baltimore, highly pleased with our visit, and pleased also that the day's rest had brought my sick horse back to a normal condition. The day was fine and the road good. We stopped at a little town that night where they had a dance, which we joined, and tripped the fantastic toe until the wee small hours of morning.

August 22d. We arrived in Baltimore in good shape, having had a most enjoyable trip. Found Vanderbilt awaiting us, though he had arrived only the day before. We at once rented a building on President Street, near the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Wilmington Depot, for twenty-five dollars per month, and found a good place to board at a private house for all three of us. Our goods arrived, and we commenced business, though with not very flattering success; but we had lots of work to do in getting ready. I felt satisfied that we had a good thing, and that we could make it pay. We did

not get ready to put in our first apparatus until the 7th of September, 1865. It was rather late in the season to begin the soda water business, but we thought if we could make expenses during the winter and increase our customers we could do a good business the next summer. On the 8th we got another customer, but our money was getting short, and it was necessary to obtain more cash capital. My health poor, with no prospects for money to keep up so soon after starting, was not a very glorious outlook, although our apparatus gave splendid satisfaction. I finally came to the conclusion that I had to raise some money if we kept the business going. Vanderbilt had no way of raising any, and I found that I had to form myself into a ways and means committee to get funds. I went to Washington, but failed there. I wrote to A. D. Waters of Cortland, and finally went to Cortland, and secured six hundred dollars. I then went to Genoa and saw my old friend Captain Pierce, and had a good visit with him. Saw my best girl, and visited my father. Made arrangements to get married about New Year's, 1866. On my return to Baltimore I took the darky, Joseph Page, back with me to take care of the horses. Arriving in Baltimore, I found that the business had increased considerably, having gained several new customers, and our prospects looked brighter for business. About this time Van and I made M. M. Whitney an offer to go into partnership with us if he could raise a thousand dollars. He went home and raised the money, and that made us easy.

Van went to New York to see his girl, and came back with a proposition to go into the plastic roofing business, which would not cost us much, and we concluded to take hold of it. Van was to run the roofing, and Whitney and myself were to run the soda business.

The soda business was a little dull, but increasing. Everything went along very well up to Christmas, 1865. In those days the city of Baltimore seemed to go wild on that day. The whole city was drunk, it seemed to me. All private, as well as public houses, were open, with a full assortment of eatables and drinkables, free to everybody. I never saw a whole city drunk before. It was something new to us Northerners.

The next day, December 26th, I started for New York to marry and bring my wife to Baltimore. I arrived at Taylor on the 28th, and went to Pharsalia, where my intended resided with her parents. On New Year's Eve, December 31, 1865, I was married to Elizabeth Beasley at her home. We had a very quiet wedding, with only the family and two or three friends present. On New Year's Day, 1866, we went to Smithville to see my father and brother, returning the next day, and left for Cortland the day after. From thence we went to New York, where we stopped over night, then went to see my relatives at New Haven and vicinity. It was bitter cold weather, and we nearly froze going from place to place, which made our visit much shorter than it would have been had the weather been pleasant.

January 10th. We arrived at Baltimore, and as I had a house all ready to go into, we were soon living as cosily as could be. I came across an old soldier from the West, Captain Hathaway, whom we hired for four hundred dollars a year, and we also borrowed a thousand dollars for a year from him at 7 per cent. interest. Business seemed to pick up considerably, and everything looked favorable for a good year. Vanderbilt had commenced to roof some buildings, so that on the first of February our prospects looked

very bright. The effects of prison life still clung to me, and I had many poor spells, but soon recuperated, so that I was able to work most of the time. On the 3d of March I was thirty-four years old. My wife was twenty-four years of age on the 11th of December preceding.

About the middle of April, Vanderbilt went to New York and was married on the 17th, and brought his wife to Baltimore and went to housekeeping. We engaged Delos E. Landers, an old soldier of my company, to keep our books. He brought his wife to Baltimore, and we all boarded with him. Van was more extravagant than the rest of us, and drew out more money than Whitney and I combined; consequently there was some feeling engendered as to the outcome. Expenses were increasing faster than the profits of the business. I said nothing, but saw that something must be done to keep the expenses down, in which Mr. Van did not agree; but our business continued to increase. I managed to keep our notes from going to protest, but it was a great struggle for me, as my partners seemed to be willing to let me shoulder the responsibility for the whole thing. Matters went along, but not very smoothly, until the 1st of August, when a note became due at the bank, and I had just money enough to meet it. Van's wife being in New York, he took it in his head to go after her, and without a word of notification to anyone went to the bank, drew out forty dollars, and left for New York. When I went to the bank to pay the note, the cashier informed me I was short forty dollars, Mr. Vanderbilt having drawn that amount the Saturday before.

On his return I called upon him for repayment of the money, and there was trouble at once. I informed him that he must either buy me out or sell to me, and that the matter

must be closed up within forty-eight hours. After some warm controversy he finally accepted my offer. He took over the roofing business, and I the interest in the soda fountain business, paying him for his services with the firm, and thus dissolved the partnership. This left Whitney and I as partners still, I with two-thirds and Whitney with one-third. This occurred on August 8th, the day that we had set for my wife to go home on a visit, and I did not let the difficulty interfere with this arrangement. On the 9th we drew up all papers, notes, and so forth, and made a complete settlement. The readjustment left Captain Hathaway out, and I settled with him, which left Landers, Whitney and myself to carry on the soda business. Whitney and I drew up our writings, and we went ahead more satisfactorily. Expenses were cut down, and we began to get a little money ahead; in fact, the business began to prosper. About the 20th of August I had a letter from my wife's sister, Mrs. Julia E. Sage, who lived in or near Flint, Mich., saying that her husband was dead, and that she intended to come to Baltimore to reside with us as soon as she could settle up the estate. Her husband had been an officer in the Civil War, and he had left her an insurance policy on his life in her favor.

August 23d. We arrived in Baltimore just one year ago this day, and on reviewing our situation concluded, under the circumstances, we had done very well. Though considerably in debt, we had our business well established and growing, and, all in all, we had no cause to complain. As the weather got cooler our business began to fall off, and we needed more money. Notes came due and it was hard work to meet them. Our business was all right, but our capital was insufficient to keep it going; but somehow, and I can

hardly tell how, we kept going, and kept the wolf from the door. This state of affairs continued till October 12th, when some money had to be raised, and I knew of no way except to go North and apply to my friends once more. I found my wife at her father's, in good health, then started out to find some money. I had rather poor success until I found my friend O. F. Forbes, from whom I obtained two hundred and fifty dollars for a year, which would tide us over for a time. After visiting my father at Smithville for a day, we started for Baltimore, where we arrived safe and sound, and glad to get back. Soon after our return I had to commence suit against my landlord—Jones by name—and we had quite an amusing trial before a justice of the peace. I was my own lawyer, and after a good deal of fun, and not much swearing, I won my suit, and Jones in turn sued me. I non-suited him, and that ended the affair. When I had lived in his house long enough to get my pay, I vacated it, and we were square. We then commenced keeping house over our place of business. Whitney had gone North, and I engaged D. E. Landers to work for us the next year for seven hundred dollars. We were looking for Lib's (my wife) sister to come and live with us. The business was fair. I was in tolerably good health, but hadn't got over the effects of my prison life; my wife was in good health, and the prospects for business were very good.

New Year's Day, 1867. I was married just one year ago last night. Since Vanderbilt left us we have got along very smoothly. Our capital is rather short, but we have got to make the best of it. Our credit is good, and we have not failed to meet our obligations so far. The business is slowly increasing, and our apparatus is taking first rate; we ought to have a good season the coming summer. We

were busy most of the time getting ready for the opening of the season, which in Baltimore generally begins in March. On January 23d my wife's sister, Mrs. Julia E. Sage, arrived, and took up her residence with us. She brought some money with her, and I borrowed fifteen hundred dollars from her.

I closed up with Vanderbilt, and went to Philadelphia and settled with J. D. Lynde, of whom we bought the patent, and felt easy in regard to money matters.

February 13th. I settled up with Captain Hathaway in full to-day; also sent A. D. Waters the amount I owed him. Business is improving a little. Our little family are enjoying themselves, and all seem quite happy.

March 3, 1867. To-day I am thirty-five years of age, and ought to be in first-class health, but army life was a little too much for me. As the spring opened the business improved. Customers increased and we were getting along very well, but for some reason there seemed to be a good deal of suppressed feeling on the part of Landers and Whitney toward me, yet no open rupture. They appeared to be anxious to crowd me out of the business in some way, but did not have the capital to back them. However, we had no row, and kept on "sawing wood" as usual, and working to make the business a success.

August 8th. My wife and her sister went North to visit the old folks, and did not return till the 11th of September, and soon after, Whitney and Landers boarded with us again and there was a little more cordiality in the firm. My wife and I took out a joint policy of insurance in favor of the survivor for twelve hundred dollars, and I also had my horses insured.

We enjoyed ourselves every Sunday by taking a ride out

into the country in various directions over the fine oyster-shell roads about Baltimore, for which that city is noted. The city had then a population of a little less than 300,000. It was famous for road houses, and soft-shell crabs at summer resorts, where good dinners were a specialty. There were also many steamboat excursions down the bay to various dancing pavilions, bowling alleys, and amusements of all kinds. We managed to enjoy ourselves very much. Baltimore has much fruit when in season, and peaches were very plentiful. We could buy fine ones that season for ten cents a basket. Fresh oysters, too, could be bought for twenty-five cents a gallon. I think Baltimore, at that time, was one of the cheapest places to live in the United States.

When the business began to fall off in October, Whitney seemed to be discontented with his one-third of the business. So he offered to buy or sell, and wanted me to set a price. After a while he offered to sell his interest for three thousand dollars, I to pay all debts of the firm. So I set my price at six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, and put in one of my horses, which heretofore had not been a part of the firm's property. I knew that Whitney had no way of raising the money, and I began to look about to see if I could arrange to buy him out. In the meantime we were trying to settle upon the terms, which we finally agreed upon, and I gave him two hundred dollars down, and notes running thirty, sixty and ninety days, six months, one year, and the last note twenty-three months, so it made it quite easy to meet them if I could keep the business going profitably.

November 21st. We closed up the bargain, and I owned the business alone, but owed six thousand dollars, which had to be got out of the business by my own exertions, which I felt equal to, provided I could keep my health. Some days

before we made our bargain I had sent for Charley Beasley (my wife's brother) to come to Baltimore and work for me, and he got there November 19th.

On the 23d M. M. Whitney went home, having cleared a couple of thousand dollars in fourteen months, which paid him very well. I soon went to Philadelphia to see Mr. Lynde about the price of the patent, and although he was a very close man in money matters, I got him to throw off a thousand dollars on the purchase price for the city and county of Baltimore and to claim no further royalty on sales. I gave him notes for the balance due on the purchase price, without interest. That was the first stroke of management after I had become proprietor.

In December I went to see my father in Smithville, as well as to try to raise some money, or find where I could get some when I needed it, but did not meet with much success. I got back to Baltimore the first day of January, 1868, in time for a turkey dinner with my family, Landers and his wife, and Julia Rorapaugh, a sister of Landers' wife, and we had a jolly time. All were former residents of Cortland and Chenango counties, New York. A few days after my return I received from A. D. Waters of Cortland money enough to carry me through the winter and meet all my obligations, and felt greatly relieved. I was taken sick soon after, and was unable to do anything for two weeks, but finally got about again, though badly used up. The winter of sixty-seven and sixty-eight was a very hard and cold one, the worst known for years, and in consequence the business was very dull. I made up my mind that I would find something to make money at during the winter before another season rolled around.

February 29th. Received news to-day from my brother,

Wm. E. Porter, that my father died suddenly on the 25th of February. I could hardly realize it. Peace to his ashes, God bless him! He was ever a kind father to me. I had been in hopes that he would be able to come and live with me, so I could raise him more comfortable than he was with my brother; but alas! he was gone. He was seventy-seven years of age.

March 3d, my birthday, was one of the coldest days of the winter. Health and business poor, and I am worrying too much. I always feel good when I am well, no matter how things go, but when I am sick everything goes wrong; but I am in hopes that my will power will carry me through all right.

March and April were very cold months for Baltimore, but May came in all right, and business was pretty good. A good many of the old soldier boys dropped in to see me, and we had some one on a visit to us most of the time. My health was somewhat better as the weather grew warmer, and we were able to resume our trips to the country and get a little fresh air and recreation every Sunday. We had made the acquaintance of a good many first-class people, and made many social calls.

On June 20th I received a letter saying that my best and noblest friend and old schoolmate, John G. Pierce, died June 15, 1868. He was a man that, had he lived, would have made his mark in the world, for he had all the good and great elements of character, as well as marked ability far above the average. Words cannot express my feelings in regard to the loss, not only to me, but to all his friends and relatives. A more jovial or congenial companion I never knew. We loved one another. I enlisted with him for the war that we could be near each other during the

time of danger. He was a bold and fearless soldier, and all who knew him loved him. I could not suppress the tears as I read the letter containing the sad news. We were more than brothers. He was thoroughly educated, and followed the profession of law, and had already outstripped many a man much older than himself in his profession. He studied law with Mr. Ballard, Ex-Secretary of State, and I heard Mr. Ballard say that he was the brightest student he ever had in his office. Noble soul! Peace to him for ever and ever!

On the first of July I hired a man, John Buckley by name, who had been driving a wagon for a bottler. He brought me a good many new customers and increased my business considerably. He worked for me as long as I was in business in Baltimore, and was the best man I ever had. I don't think I ever lost a cent by him while he was working for me. An honest man is surely the noblest work of God. I was meeting all my notes and obligations as fast as they became due, but it was uphill work, and sometimes I had to shake off the blues. When October came, I found myself a little short of money, and had to strike out for the North again to raise funds to meet some notes that would soon become due. It seemed like one continual hunt for money to keep going, but I had great hopes that the business would eventually get me out of debt all right, and I worked cheerfully on, though it was a great struggle and constant effort.

In November, G. S. Hotchkiss came to see me, and was so well pleased with my increase of business that he proposed to go to work for me and put in a thousand dollars and call the business a joint stock concern on a capital of eight thousand dollars. I accepted the offer, and it carried

me through the winter in good shape. Hotchkiss was to commence work for me in the spring. I had two hundred three-gallon cider kegs made, and commenced buying apples to make cider. I went to Harrisburg, Pa., and got a hand cider press, and started the cider business, which kept all hands busy up to New Year's.

I decided to move into a larger place as soon as I could find one, and break up housekeeping and go to boarding. I finally found a good place that I could get possession of in February.

New Year's Day, 1869. Getting along well, but business rather dull. Have got my new place fitted up nicely at 75½ Eastern Avenue, at the foot of High Street.

We move about the 20th of February, and break up housekeeping. We have already gone to board with Sam de Haven. Am making more than expenses this winter, which is better than I have done any winter before.

March 3, 1869. Am thirty-seven years old to-day. Have been to New York, and shall introduce the syphon bottle for mineral waters, the first introduced south of New York. Hope it will be a good feature. Hotchkiss will begin work to-morrow, March 15th. Prospects look flattering for a good season.

The spring opened with fair business, and I put on three wagons and employed another man. Charley Beasley had to go home, and his brother Harvey came down to take his place, and put in five hundred dollars for a year, which made me easy again regarding money matters. I was getting some of my debts wiped out, and, on the whole, was getting along very well, though it seemed slow. I had got my business well in hand, and was running bottled stuff for shipment. Syphons with all kinds of mineral waters, and

also charged fountains of wine, furnished seventeen kinds of syrups, and was fully equipped to run cider on an extensive scale the next winter.

July 10th. Sent my wife North for her summer visit, and she did not come back until September 4th, well and hearty. Hardly think I will get out of debt this year, though I have gained on it considerably. We have changed our boarding place twice, but are now domesticated at Mrs. Noris', 72 East Pratt Street. Bought a great many apples and made cider, which pays me first rate. Kept all my men at work to the middle of January, 1870. Shall keep them all through the year this year. Settled up with Hotchkiss. His thousand paid him 35 per cent., or three hundred and fifty dollars for the use of his thousand.

It is now January 9, 1870, and I have concluded to sell out my business as soon as I can, on account of my health. I am a member of the American Fish Culturists' Society, and think of going into fish culture. Offer my business for eighteen thousand dollars, and it will be for sale until I can sell it out.

May 1st. We went to board with Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, a noted spiritualistic medium. Am doing first rate now; in fact, my business has been good all summer, and it looks now as if I would get out of debt entirely by a year from now. My credit is first class and my health is somewhat better. Have got my business into working order. This past summer I put on the streets of Baltimore two of the finest delivery wagons in the city, and I am now furnishing eleven out of the thirteen first-class hotels of this city, all of the theatres, and three hundred of the first-class saloons, and my business is still growing, but it has been very hard work bringing it up to where it is at the present time. Busi-

ness in those days was a very different proposition from what it is now (1902). There were no telephones or electric cars, or even horse cars, except in the main streets. Over one-half of the business men of the city drove out of town every afternoon during the summer, and they ran things at a much slower pace than is done in the twentieth century. It took two hours by rail to get to Washington, D. C., from Baltimore, just forty miles, where the schedule time of the present day is forty-five minutes; and all New York and Washington trains were hauled by horses through Pratt Street from one depot to another; but I don't know that people are any happier now than then.

January 1, 1871. Business fair, and I keep all hands over winter. My health is as good now as it has been since I have been in Baltimore. Business matters are moving along quite comfortably, and I am still trying to sell out my business.

March 3, 1871. Celebrated my birthday very quietly, this being my 39th. Settled up with Mrs. J. E. Sage, and gave her a new note for twelve hundred dollars. In May sent my wife North for the summer, and went to board at the U. S. Hotel on President Street. Had a very good summer. My wife returned in the early fall, in good health, and looked up a new boarding place. Owe but little now.

December 1, 1871. Expect to attend the American Fish Culturists' Association, which meets at Albany on the 7th of February, 1872. Am gathering all the information in regard to fish culture that I can, with the intention of engaging in the business as soon as I can dispose of my business here. I am now trying to find a good location with a good spring of water, suitable for the business. Have got old Joe Van Cleve, of Newark, N. J., to look over the coun-

try in the vicinity of New York for a spring. My wife is delighted with the idea of leaving Baltimore, but we have to sell first.

January 1, 1872, opened rather cold. I had had a very good winter's sales, but they would soon fall off after the first of the year. I was getting pretty well out of debt and had a working bank account.

February 7th found me in Albany, N. Y., in attendance at the Fish Culturists' Convention. There were only twenty of us altogether. This was the first regular meeting of the association in the United States, and was composed of such men as Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, Seth Green, Geo. Sheppard Page, Fred Mather, A. S. Collins, and two or three others of New York; Livingstone Stone, of New Hampshire; Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Slack, of New Jersey.

There were many interesting papers read, and about twenty new members enrolled. I came away from that meeting fully resolved to engage in fish culture, more particularly trout culture, as soon as I could sell out my business and find a suitable location for the purpose. Through the sole efforts of Geo. S. Page, one of the best men I ever knew, an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars was obtained from the U. S. Congress for the establishment of a fish commission, with Mr. Spencer T. Baird for commissioner, and from that time to the present day, 1902, the Fish Commission of the United States has been one of the best institutions of our Government. To R. B. Roosevelt, of New York, for his devotion to the cause as president of the association for several years, the people of the United States are deeply indebted. Had it not been for that gathering of kindred spirits in a little bedroom in the Globe Hotel, of Albany, in

February, 1872, our inland streams would hardly pay to even attempt to catch a mess of fish. The Pacific Coast would not have striped bass, catfish, and many other kinds of fish now seen daily in the markets there. The salmon rivers would long ago have been depleted, and trout streams would long ago have been among the "has beens." I feel it an honor to have been one who, in a feeble way, helped to bring forth such grand results.

Soon after my return to Baltimore I visited different fish culture establishments to learn what I needed to establish a fish farm, among them Seth Green's fish ponds at Rochester, N. Y., where A. S. Collins had charge; Dr. Slack's place in New Jersey, M. H. Christler's at Kinderhook, N. Y., and a little town in the center of Pennsylvania. About this time Van Cleve wrote me that he had two or three places in view, and wished me to come and look at them. We rode two or three days without finding anything satisfactory, and I was getting discouraged about finding a suitable place near New York, but late in the afternoon, on our way back to Newark, we discovered a stream that apparently came from a spring, and stopped to examine it. We followed it up a few hundred feet to its head, and found a spring flowing at the rate of thirteen hundred gallons a minute, and the water about the right temperature. It was the best spring I had seen anywhere for the purpose. The question now was, "could we buy the property?" Van Cleve knew the parties who owned it, and said that he would find out in a few days and let me know. There was a spring at Leesburg, Va., that I had heard of, and I wished to see that before I made any arrangements to buy the one that we had found. So I told Van to wait till I went down there to investigate, and that I would let him know at the earliest

moment. Soon after going back to Baltimore I made a trip to Leesburg, Va., to see the great spring I had heard so much about. It is a few miles north of Leesburg, and I got a horse at the sleepy old town, and a guide, and drove out to see it. It was a large spring, and had a large flow of water, perhaps larger than the one in New Jersey, but I found the temperature altogether too warm for trout, but all right for raising carp. When I got home I wrote to Van Cleve to secure the spring in Franklin Township, New Jersey, at as reasonable terms as possible. The property had to be bought from two different parties, and it was some time before I could arrange matters satisfactorily; but finally I got it, and was highly elated over it.

The next thing was to sell my business in Baltimore. I advertised, but found no buyer. As spring came on the business increased rapidly, and soon got me out of debt, and I paid a good sum on the land I had bought in Jersey. The summer of 1872 was the hottest known for years, consequently increased my business without any increase of expenses, and I made money fast. On the fifth of June I lost my favorite horse, which died suddenly. He was a splendid animal, and I could have sold him for seven hundred dollars, but as he had carried me safely through the celebrated Stoneman raid and several hard fought battles during the war. I would not part with him at any price. I would make him lie down flat on the ground, then place my head on his neck and go to sleep. He would not stir till I raised my head, when he would be on his feet in an instant. I could lie down on the ground and go to sleep at any time, with the bridle reins over my arm, and he would never disturb or step on me, though he would tramp about the length of the reins, but never pull on them to wake me

up. If ever I loved an animal, I loved this horse, and it sorely grieved me to lose him.

I sent my wife home on a visit, July 18th, accompanying her as far as New York City, where I had business. I visited my spring with Mr. Hopper and Van Cleve, and tried to sell my Baltimore interests to Mr. Hopper for his son, whom he wished to start in a good business. He came down to Baltimore from Paterson, N. J., where he lived, to look the matter over with his son, but we didn't make a trade.

By the middle of August I had paid two thousand three hundred dollars on my spring property, and gave a mortgage on the balance of thirteen hundred dollars, to run as long as I wished; interest payable semi-annually.

September 19th. Went after my wife, and to make a short visit in York State. My health was better than it had been for some time, notwithstanding I had been working hard all summer. While I was gone, Van Cleve and I bought eleven acres more of land adjoining the spring property, for speculation.

Back to Baltimore, September 28th. Have been unable to sell up to the present time, but the business is paying well, and I am running it for all it is worth. In October, Van Cleve and I made a trip to visit several fish hatcheries, where they had begun taking spawn, and I learned so much that I was satisfied I could carry the business to success.

As winter came on I did not relax my efforts in pushing my business while trying to sell it. On the first of January, 1873, I found by my books that I had sold thirty-five thousand dollars worth of soda, syrups, mineral waters, cider, etc., for the past year, with a net profit of ten thousand dollars. My main competition was the firm of Williams & Son. The bottlers did not disturb me, for I had secured all their

best customers. As I was anxious to dispose of my plant, I concluded to see Mr. Williams and offer to sell to him. At first he laughed at me, as he thought that I was not doing half the business he was. After several visits to him I got him to come down and examine my books. He at once became interested, and began to make some absurd offers, but I would not drop much on the price I had set, and he began to raise a little, and on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, we came together and the bargain was made.

Williams and his son-in-law were to pay me fourteen thousand dollars, half down, and the balance on notes of a thousand dollars each, every three months, I to retain one horse and the debts due, which were over one thousand dollars, making over fifteen thousand dollars for the business. It was a good sale, and I got my pay without much trouble.

On the seventh of April, 1873, I left Baltimore for Cortland, N. Y., with my horse, on the train as far as Binghamton, and rode him from there to Cortland, where my wife awaited me. At Cortland I bought a wagon and harness, and my wife and I drove to the town of Pharsalia, where her parents lived, and leaving her there I started for New York. I visited all the fish establishments in the New England States as far north as Dixfield, Me., on the Androscoggin River. I first went to Springfield, Mass., and saw B. F. Boles, and learned where there were trout ponds on the west side of the Connecticut River; visited them, but learned very little. From thence I went to Bellows Falls, Vt., then by rail to L. Stone's place on the New Hampshire side of the river, and saw something worth seeing at his place. Mr. Stone was not at home, but the woman in charge gave me much information which was very valuable to me. From thence I crossed the State of New Hampshire

into Maine. I took the railroad from Portland north that went to Farmington, and stopped at a little town by the name of Wilton. From this point I had to drive over to Dixfield, ten miles, to see Mr. Stanley, one of the fish commissioners of the State, who was engaged in raising trout.

I left the little town of Wilton about 4 P.M. to drive over but soon encountered huge snow drifts, and for several miles had to walk the horse until I reached the banks of the Androscoggin River. Consequently I did not reach Dixfield until about ten o'clock at night. It was a cold, freezing night, and I was chilled through when I reached the hotel of the place, where a feeble light was glimmering from one of the windows. I soon aroused the landlord, and he showed me the way into the bar-room, where an open fireplace held a few dying embers that shed forth a sickly amount of light and heat, and a solitary old man of fifty or sixty years of age sat hovering over them. He made room for me, and while the landlord was taking care of my horse he opened upon me in true Yankee spirit a flood of questions as to my business, where I was from, where I was going, etc., etc., while I, shivering with the cold, was trying to get warm, and answering him in monosyllables. Finally the landlord came in and put on a few chips which nearly put the fire out, and asked if I wanted supper. I told him no, but if he had a little good whiskey or brandy I would like a drink to warm me up. He says: "I am very sorry, but you know the Maine law is in force, and they don't allow us to sell or give away liquors of any kind." I got up and turned about, and tried my best to get warm, but could not. Pretty soon, as I sat brooding over my forlorn situation, the old gent spoken of got up and stretched. "Wall," said he, "I guess

I'll go home." Then with a "Good-night, stranger," he pulled out, and down the steps to the street. He had not gone ten steps when the landlord jumped out with a lighted tallow candle in his hand, touched me on the shoulder, and motioned me to follow him. "What for?" said I. "Come with me," he replied, in a whisper, and, "smelling a mouse," I went. He led me to a door in the hall under the stairs that led down to the cellar. "Don't be afraid," he said, "follow me." And I followed. When we reached the bottom of the stairs he struck out straight across the cellar for a stone wall, and when he reached it, placed his hand upon one of the stones, when a door flew open as though a part of the wall had caved in. He stepped into a large room, with a table in the center, upon which were bottles of all kinds of liquors, a pail of water, and several tumblers. I stood for an instant in astonishment. On three sides of the apartment, barrels of all kinds of liquors, piled three or four high, lined the room. Pointing to the table, he asked, "What will ye have?" "Some good whiskey," I said, and I got it, paid for it, and asked the old gentleman to take a drink, which he did not hesitate to do; and we went upstairs. The fire was better, and seemed to warm me easier than before, and I soon felt quite comfortable.

Said I: "Landlord, how is it that you have a room full of liquor, and a stranger like myself cannot get a drink even for medicinal purposes?" "Wall, I'll tell ye. You see, we have a prohibition law and we have to lay in a stock during the winter and haul it from the railroad when there is good sleighing, and in the dead of night, and store it away before day. It all comes in crockery crates, each barrel marked 'Crockery'; and you see, I've just laid in a year's stock." After some further conversation I went to bed, and

when I came downstairs in the morning the landlord met me at the bottom of the stairs, and with his thumb thrown over his shoulder in the direction of the cellar door, thinking, of course, I would want a drink before breakfast. "Oh no," said I, "I never drink before breakfast." The old man, somewhat crestfallen, I thought, said: "Walk in to breakfast." I had a good meal, and learning where I could find Mr. Stanley, I started up the street, but had gone only a short distance when I was hailed from the other side by the man I had met at the hotel the night before. I stopped, and he came over to tell me how sorry he was for me the night before when I could not get a drink, and asked me if I wouldn't step over to his house and take a drink with him. I thanked him, and went on up to Stanley's store. Mr. Stanley seemed to be the leading man of the town. He kept the post office, a drug store, groceries, dry goods, and a little of everything, and was, besides, the landlord told me, the leading temperance man of the place. Said I to Mr. Stanley, "You have a very dry town here." "Why?" said he. "Well, I got to your hotel down the street last night at ten o'clock, nearly frozen, and could not get a drop of anything to warm me up." "Why," he says, "you ought to have come up here; I could have given you something. I have plenty of it on hand."

After visiting Mr. Stanley's place, where he was hatching and raising some fine Rangeley Lake trout, he directed me to a place about a mile out of town where there was a fine pond of trout that I ought to see. So I had my horse hitched up, and got a fellow about the village to pilot me to the place. As soon as I got there I made my business known, and said that I came at the suggestion of Mr. Stanley. He immediately asked me into his house, and, quicker than I

can tell it, had decanters and glasses placed before me, and insisted that I should take a drink with him. We saw his fish, and on my return to the hotel I quizzed my companion about the prohibition law, and he told me that every resident in the town, or nearly every one, was provided with some kind of liquor, and that there was twice as much liquor drank as there was before the prohibition law went into force. Prohibition did not seem to prohibit in the State of Maine at that time.

I left some orders with Mr. Stanley for some Rangeley Lake trout, and then went to Boston, and from thence to Plymouth, Mass., where I made arrangements for some large trout. I then went back to New York, and Paterson, where I got out some specifications for a house, and also made a contract for a hatching house, to be completed within thirty days. I had three firms to figure on the contract for a house, which I intended for a permanent home. I had already drawn a plan for a house before I had left the city of Baltimore, and the architects did not change the plan, except in minor details. One firm figured at ten thousand for the house, another at nine thousand three hundred, and the lowest at eight thousand five hundred. After getting everything under way, I went back to Cortland and Chenango counties for my horse, dog and gun, and wagon, about the middle of May. I found everything all right, and on the 22d of May I loaded my trunk, dog and gun into the wagon and started across the country for Oakland Station, on the Jersey Midland Railroad (now Ontario & Western), Franklin Township, Bergen County, New Jersey, 225 miles from Pharsalia, N. Y. I drove there in five days without accident or mishap. My horse, a fine black Morgan, made the trip easily. I had my fishing tackle with me, and caught a

fine mess of trout from the Beaverkill Creek when I stopped one night at a little town on its banks.

Before I left Oakland I had secured a boarding place with a family by the name of Spear. My hatching house had been completed. While at the little town of Wilton I ran across a boy who found me a fishing tackle and guided me to a creek where, he said, there were plenty of trout; and we started out to enjoy my favorite pastime. I caught only four or five, but took a great fancy to the boy who went with me, a lad of about twelve summers, and, as I thought, very bright. I asked him how he would like to go home with me. He said he would go if his mother was willing. So I went to see his mother, a widow woman. After considerable conversation she said that she would let him go, but could not get him ready to go with me then, but would send him a month or so later. He was to live with me until he was twenty-one, and I was to send him to school for a certain length of time each year, and give him a certain amount of money when he came to be twenty-one years of age, providing that at the end of a year he was satisfied to stay or that I was willing to keep him. His name was Charles L. Waugh. On the eighteenth of June, 1873, he reached me at Oakland, and stayed with me for several months. We liked him very much, and he seemed to think a great deal of us, but he got homesick and wanted to go home. I told him I would send him home on a visit the next year, but he got so despondent that I took him to New York and put him on the train, with a ticket for his home, and have never heard from him since, except a note from his mother that he arrived home safely. I went out of the adoption business after that experiment.

As my hatching house was fitted up for living in, with

three rooms, closets, etc., I wrote to one of my old comrades of the war who had worked for me at Baltimore for a couple of years, and who had a wife, but no children, asking him if he and his wife would come and work for me, at a certain figure per month, or so much per year. His answer was that he would accept my offer and come at once if I was ready for them. I wrote him to come. He was an Englishman, and his wife an Englishwoman. His name was James Harrison, and he had been a sergeant in the British army. In a few days he was fully established in the hatching house, and I a boarder, with the boy. My house was being rapidly built, and my wife was living at Cortland until it was completed. I had a barn built also, that was finished on the Fourth of July. I had already several ponds made, and a considerable number of trout in them, caught from nearby streams, and they were doing finely. I made a trip to Cortland, N. Y., to see my wife and get the agency for a platform spring wagon that was then being manufactured in Cortland. I secured the agency and made arrangements for my wife to come down as soon as the house was ready. In the meantime my health was pretty good, the outdoor work agreeing with me better than had the indoor work at Baltimore. About the first of October my wife came down, and on her arrival seemed much disappointed with almost everything, but had to make the best of it. We furnished the house in good style, and soon got to living all right, and she seemed to be more contented. I sent for her father and mother to come and spend the winter with us, and after that my wife was well contented. We had a fine house, with all modern conveniences, hot and cold water for kitchen and bathroom, and gas. I also had a model barn, though not large, which cost me fifteen hundred dollars,

The hatchery house cost twelve hundred dollars, and the total amount for the buildings that I had placed on the farm reached twelve thousand dollars. I had 23 acres of land, all free and clear, with money in the bank, several hundred trout in the ponds for breeding purposes, and others being added as fast as possible. I had hatching troughs for over two hundred thousand eggs, and all sorts of tools and utensils for farming and fish-raising purposes, a spring of water that flowed thirteen hundred gallons of water per minute, with a temperature of 52 degrees in summer and 53 degrees in winter, just right for trout culture. The situation was such that there was no danger from floods, and the flow never varied during the worst drought or the heaviest rains. I had orders for spawn and small fry greater than I could furnish with my facilities at that time, and everything was running smoothly.

This was my condition when the panic of 1873 burst upon the country and sounded the death knell of thousands upon thousands of small fortunes as well as large ones. At first, many people thought it would soon blow over and times would improve; but alas! the situation became worse and worse; banks tumbled, property went down, and kept on going down. Ruin stared hundreds of thousands in the face, yet many did not seem to realize it. I, for one, felt the weight of depression strike me when I read the list of banks all over the country that had closed their doors. On reading the terrible news of the panic, I remarked to my wife that we would see the worst times we ever had seen before it was over. "Why," she said, "what need we care? We don't owe anything." "Well," said I, "you'll see;" and we did.

The bottom seemed to fall out of everything. Van Cleve,

with whom I had been more or less interested, and who had something like seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars' worth of property in his hands at the time, went down in the crash, and to save myself I had to buy out his interest with money I had in reserve. This crippled me very much, but I was clear of him. Things looked pretty blue, but I did not get despondent. I pushed my business as hard as I could, added more ponds, bought fish, and kept on as though nothing had happened. The sporting clubs of New York, with whom I had contracts to furnish fish for their preserves, nearly all failed, and their places went down. Improvements stopped, and they cancelled their orders, or reduced them.

I was a good deal discouraged, and finally advertised my place for sale through the columns of *Forest and Stream*, of which Charley Hallock was then editor. He came over and inspected the place, and told me he would do all he could to help me sell it. But it was no use; times were getting worse. I kept on increasing my stock and disposing of it as fast as I could, but to keep going it was necessary to have money. On March 14th, 1874, I secured a loan of four thousand dollars on my property, and decided to push the business to the utmost. Harrison stayed with me for nine months, when he got a chance to do better in Baltimore, and went back there. In the fall of 1873, when the trout began to run up the various streams in the vicinity of my place, we secured a large number of them, which added to our stock not only the fish, but many thousands of eggs. In the spring of 1874 I put out in the ponds eighteen thousand small fry. I had enough large fish in six or eight ponds to make a fine showing, and as my place had become famous, we had a large number of visitors. These came, not only,

from the surrounding country, but from Europe and almost every State in the Union. I sold a limited number of fish from the ponds at a dollar a pound, with the privilege of taking them with hook and line, which was rather tame sport, as they had become domesticated, and it needed no strategy to coax them to the bait.

The name I gave my place was "The Crystal Spring Fish Farm," and at that time it had the name of being one of the finest plants for trout raising in the United States. One of the most distinguished visitors that I ever had from Europe was the honorable secretary to the Pope at Rome. He was a cousin of Mrs. Price, the wife of Ex-Governor R. M. Price, of New Jersey. As he was much interested in fish culture, the governor brought him over to see my place. He seemed to be well posted on the subject, and questioned me closely on all points in the process, especially on the taking of spawn. It being the time of year for the operation, I caught some fish and went through the process, in which he was much interested. He and the governor spent several hours with me, and after a glass of wine and other refreshments left, saying it was the most interesting visit he had made since he came to America. He afterward, through the governor, sent me his compliments, and regretted that his time was so limited that he could not call again. The old governor said he told him, after he had left my place, that I was the best posted in the business of any man he had ever met.

During the fall of 1874 I secured a number of fine trout from the streams in that part of the country and saved many thousands of eggs from them during the spawning season.

In the summer of 1874 I received from Mr. Stanley, of Dixfield, Me., three large Rangeley Lake trout, two males

and one female. One of the males weighed a little over six pounds when they arrived? The female weighed over three pounds, and I got thirteen hundred eggs from her. I succeeded in hatching about eleven hundred of them and turned out into the pond over eight hundred fry. I kept them separate from the others, and when they were two years old took over sixteen thousand eggs from them; but they did not hatch as well as the native trout eggs. They were at least from one-third to one-half larger than any other trout I had at the same age. One of the large males got blind, and I fed him from the end of a stick for months. The other male did finely, and was, no doubt, the largest trout in the State; but in the winter a sneak thief stole him. Then the female became blind and died, and the other male wasted away to a skeleton and died. The raising of fish was the most fascinating business I ever engaged in, and I never tired of caring for them.

During the winter of 1874 and 1875 I sold a good many trout and small fry for stocking purposes, and did fairly well. I also had fifty thousand Rangeley Lake trout spawn to hatch for Geo. S. Page, to stock a stream near his home at Stanley, N. J. I also furnished Joseph Jefferson, the actor, five hundred two-year-olds for his fish ponds at his home, above Hackensack, besides five thousand small fry to put in the same ponds. That year I took two thousand yearlings and two-year-olds and put them in the Beaverkill, up in New York, for a club of sporting men. I furnished some private ponds with large trout, above Yonkers, east of the Hudson River. I added more ponds to my place and turned out a large number of small fry. In the fall, my cousin, Mrs. J. A. Lum, of New Orleans, came to see me, and was very enthusiastic over my place. She wanted me

to sell an interest in the business to her brother, Fred E. Castle, who lived near New Haven, Conn. We finally made a bargain, and she paid me a thousand dollars down, and was to pay me another thousand after Fred had got moved and settled with me.

He came on with his wife and three children, and for several months seemed satisfied. Then he got tired of the business, and on account of the hard times Mrs. Lum could not, or did not, furnish the balance of the money to carry out the contract. With the money she was to furnish I proposed to make the place a summer resort for picnics, and charge an admission fee. I went to work in good faith, and built a pavilion for dancing purposes, and got the place partially fenced, but the money failed to come, and the scheme fell through. Fred moved away, and the whole thing was a dead loss to us. So I had to fall back on my own resources. Times were hard, and getting worse, but I kept on doing the best I could and increasing my stock. Property was decreasing in value all the while, and money was hard to get.

Everything looked very blue in the fall of 1875. I was engaged in getting ready to open the grounds in the spring, but when spring came times were worse than ever, and Mrs. Lum did not, or could not, hold to our agreement. Castle had gone, and I was alone. Through my friend, William Ransley, of Pompton, who kept the hotel at that place, I got a German by the name of Joseph Turner to work for me. He could speak hardly a word of English, but I found him ready and willing to learn, and very industrious. The first month he was with me I got discouraged because I could not make him understand, and would have discharged him, but could find no one to fill his place. I had

to keep him, therefore, but before the end of three months he had improved so much that I should have been sorry to part with him. He continued to work for me as long as I stayed in New Jersey.

During the summer of 1875 we secured all the trout possible from the various trout streams of the Ramapo Mountains and surrounding country. I had one pond of salmon, which grew rapidly, but it was hard to keep them in the pond, for the reason that they were continually jumping for flies, and would go clear over the banks. I lost a great many in this way. In the fall of 1875 I had several hundred thousand eggs in the hatching house but the orders had fallen off. Times were getting worse, rather than better. It was now three years since the hard times began, and no improvement yet, and no signs of any. The year before some parties came over to look at my fish farm, with a view of buying. They seemed to be well satisfied with it and asked my price, which I put at thirty thousand dollars. It was a couple of weeks before they returned. In the meantime I learned that they were looking at a place up the Hudson River, above Nyack, which comprised more land than I had but was about the same distance from New York. I learned also there was seventy tons of hay to go with the place up the Hudson, and it seemed that the hay was the difference between the two places. However, when they came back they offered me twenty-four thousand dollars, cash down, which I refused, and they bought the place up the river. That was a great mistake, but I thought with everybody else that the panic would not last long, and I could make the place worth fifty thousand dollars. Instead of improving, the times grew worse, and property, especially in that section of the country where I lived, went

down to almost nothing, ruining many a man as well as myself. Up to that time I had spent twenty-two thousand dollars on the place.

Nothing of moment occurred during the year of 1876, except that during the summer I was fortunate enough to win considerable money at the races, enough in fact to pay all expenses for living and hired help and laying in ten tons of coal for the winter, with a little money left. The next season I played the races at Jerome Park and Long Branch, but with negative results. That was the extent of my gambling operations since I left California.

During the summer I thought I would open the grounds for parties, etc., and got out the following circular:

CRYSTAL SPRING FISH FARM, AND PICNIC
GROUNDS

Are now Open to Visitors.

These Grounds have been fitted up for large or small parties,
with a splendid

PAVILION FOR DANCING,

SABBATH SCHOOL PICNICS OR PRIVATE PARTIES.

Swings, Croquet Grounds, etc. Lemonade, Ice Cream, and
other Luxuries, in their season, furnished
on Reasonable Terms.

A LIMITED AMOUNT OF TROUT FISHING ALLOWED IN SEASON.

These grounds will be open for visitors during the year.

The Crystal Spring Farm is located in the Ramapo Valley, where the scenery, historical reminiscences, and healthfulness are unsurpassed.

It is thirty-one miles from New York City, via the N. J. Midland Railroad, to Oakland Station. From Paterson, N. J., by wagon road, eight miles.

The spring is located in a beautiful grove, one mile from Oakland Station, Bergen County, N. J., and is one of the largest and finest springs in the United States. It is, without doubt, one of the best known springs for the propagation of fish of the salmon family.

It has an immense flow of water, from fifteen hundred to two thousand gallons per minute. A severe drouth does not diminish it, or a very wet season increase it. The temperature varies but one degree, viz., fifty-three degrees in winter, and fifty-two degrees in summer. All the natural advantages are combined in and about this remarkable spring for the propagation and raising of brook trout:

1. A large and constant flow of pure water.
2. Uniformity of temperature throughout the year.
3. A fall of forty feet in six hundred, of gradual descent.
4. No liability of being washed out by floods.
5. By having been a natural stream for trout.
6. By being located in a fine grove of trees.

In June, 1873, Mr. B. B. Porter commenced operations at this spring for the purpose of fish culture and making the grove a permanent and attractive place of public resort.

Since then the place has been visited by thousands of persons from nearly every State in the Union, besides many foreign countries, and so far has been pronounced the most perfect establishment of the kind in the country.

It is believed that there is no place of its kind now open to the public during the whole year, where can be seen the complete *modus operandi* of fish culture in all stages of propagation, taking the spawn, the development of the embryo in the egg, hatching of the fish, their appearance after hatching, how and when they begin to feed, etc., etc.,

all of which can be seen, and will be explained to visitors in a few hours, for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents.

At present there are twenty-five ponds of all sizes, with several more in course of construction, stocked with all sizes of fish, from an inch to eighteen inches in length, comprising salt water salmon (*salino salar*), salmon trout (*salino confinis*), and brook trout (*salino fontinalis*), native, and species from different parts of the country, to the number of seventy-five thousand, large and small, and in ponds where the fish can be clearly seen. The grove in which the ponds and spring are located comprise between five and six acres of ground. Our buildings are sufficient to shelter one thousand people in case of storm during their visit. Our charges are for admission only. No extra charge during the day for the use of the swings, croquet grounds, pavilion, and other means of amusement.

For Sabbath school picnics, admission fee will be ten cents only, all others twenty-five cents. No deduction for large parties. We will transfer all baskets of refreshments from the depot to the gate, free of charge, for all large parties, from whom a few days' notice will be required.

Small parties can come any day without giving notice.

Those wishing to amuse themselves by "tripping the light fantastic toe" in the afternoon or evening must furnish their own music, unless previously notified in time to be furnished.

All communications addressed to

B. B. PORTER, *Oakland, Bergen Co., N. J.*,
will receive prompt attention.

N. B.—Eggs, small fry, yearlings, and large trout for sale. All orders addressed as above, Crystal Spring Fish Farm, Oakland, Bergen County, N. J.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TO RAISE TROUT.

AFTER issuing the above we had a good many small parties to visit us, but the times were too hard, and the revenue from this source being rather small, I abandoned the scheme and dispensed with the charges.

In the winter of 1876-77 I sold off my stock of old and young fish pretty close, for I had made up my mind that unless I could sell out I would have to change my business, as the times were so hard, and money so tight, that it was pretty hard work to keep up expenses; besides, the price of fry and eggs had got to be so low that it did not pay as well. In the spring of 1877 I sold a good many baskets of water cress, which grew in abundance about the spring and ponds, but the price of that commodity had fallen to a very low figure, and there seemed no end in sight to the hard times. I began to think seriously of going back to California, and starting in anew. My wife was also in favor of it, although in a delicate condition. I had considerable trouble with John Post, the man that Van Cleve and I had bought some land of, and had to go through a series of lawsuits to get the matter settled up. Living was rather high, with no prospect of better times ahead, and I began to make strenuous efforts to get rid of my property.

It was a little discouraging, after working all my life to

get a home, and then at the age of forty-five have to commence over again. However, I kept a stiff upper lip, and did the best I could under the circumstances. Misfortunes and difficulties seemed to be multiplying but I was not despondent, or despairing.

As I could see no chance to sell my home, I concluded to try and close out the whole thing at auction, real estate, fish, stock, household goods; in fact, everything I had, and start for California. I found that I could arrange with the firm of John Mathews & Co., of New York, the Cortland Wagon Company, and the Hubers Glass Ball Traps, to sell their goods on commission, and as correspondent and solicitor for the *Forest and Stream*. All the above firms gave me assurance that they would do what they could to help me, and an agency when I reached the Pacific Coast. In October I got out large and small posters and put them up all about the country for miles distant about my place, and advertised the auction in several newspapers. Sale was to take place November 22 and 23, 1877. I employed H. G. Ryerson as auctioneer, who was counted the best in Paterson, N. J., and when the day of sale came we had a crowd, and the bidding was brisk, but the prices were very low in consequence of the scarcity of money. The sales were for cash only, except the real estate. The fish in the ponds were to go with the real estate.

I had a fine two-year-old dog, of the mastiff breed, one of the best watch dogs I ever saw, and on the second day I had him put up for sale, and informed the people that a bid of less than five dollars would not be entertained. Although I enthusiastically described his merits, no one wanted a dog, and I gave him to the auctioneer. A couple of years after my sale, Mr. Ryerson sold two dairies at auction, and

received something over fourteen thousand dollars in cash, which he took home and placed in a large iron safe he had in an old log house adjoining his dwelling, which he used as an office. He lived a mile or two out of the city of Paterson, and being called away from home at night, placed the dog in the office and locked him in. During the night some thieves came to rob the safe, and brought some fresh meat with them, broke the glass in the window of the office, and threw the poisoned meat in for the dog, but he did not touch it. He made so much noise that it woke up the neighbors up and down the road, and they came to Mr. Ryerson's office to see what the trouble was. Soon after, Mr. Ryerson came home and found that Bob the dog had saved him the fourteen thousand dollars all right. The Paterson papers were full of accounts of the attempted robbery, and Bob became famous in that community. The meat was taken to a chemist, and found to contain enough poison to kill forty dogs.

In the afternoon of the second day of the sale, the real estate was put up, but not a bid was made, although I offered to accept a bid as low as seven thousand dollars, with all the time for payment they required. The sale showed how bad the times were. The house alone cost me eight thousand five hundred dollars. Then there were the barn, icehouse, hatching house, and an addition I had put up, and the pavilion. The household and movable property was all sold, and netted me about half what it cost me. We had about two hundred pots of flowers, some very rare, that sold readily. I sent my wife to New York to stay with her sister, while Joe Turner remained to look after the fish left and get things in readiness to leave. I left my goods with my friend Van Houten, a neighbor, to be shipped as directed

when I called for them. To leave my home was rather hard, but it was the best I could do, as I saw it. I have been rather brief in my account of fish culture, but I will close my short, but thoroughly enjoyed career in the business by a short account of my experience in trout culture that appeared in the columns of the *Forest and Stream* some time before I left. It is as follows:

OAKLAND, BERGEN Co., N. J., Nov. 11, 1876.

FRIEND HALLOCK:

Having been much interested in the experiences of several parties in regard to the culture of trout, as given in the *Forest and Stream*, I beg leave to offer a few lines on what I know about trout raising.

There is a great difference in the growth of trout in different streams, owing, no doubt, to the kind and quality of food, as well as quantity. All fish culturists are aware that trout of the same age, bred in the same waters, from the same parents, are not all of the same size, even at six weeks old or one month, after they begin to feed, although their chances were *equal* in every respect. I begin to sort my trout when they have been feeding for a month, and I always have three sizes. I raise as small fish as anyone, and, I think, as large fish as anyone. Last year I sold a lot of two thousand, at nine months old, that would measure from four to six inches in length. I had another lot of trout that were hatched at the same time, from the same lot of eggs, that were fine, vigorous little fellows, not more than an inch and a half long, fed the same, and had the same chance in every respect. Out of the same lot of eggs I had another pond of fish that were about two and a half to three inches long. My facilities were perhaps better for experimenting

than some of your correspondents had, they being all right as far as their experience went.

Now, I wish to claim your attention a little further and explain another experiment. Two years ago I placed, within a week's time, several pairs of trout in a small spring pond, and let them spawn themselves. As soon as they were done spawning I took them out. I put pairs enough in until I thought there would be fish enough for the pond and two other smaller ponds below, with a fall between them of eighteen inches or more, without screens between them. But at the last pond I placed a screen, as securely as possible, so that the smallest fish could not escape. In due time my fish hatched out splendidly, and I had a fine lot of them. I partially covered the ponds with boards and took the best of care of them. In about a month after they had begun to feed I discovered quite a number in the second pond. In the lower or third pond I saw none for nearly two months and a half. In about three or four months my fish were about equally divided in the three ponds, and sorted better than I could have sorted them by hand. All the little dwarfs were in the upper pond, those larger in size were in the second pond, and in the third pond were the largest and finest of the lot. The ponds were nearly the same size, though the third one was perhaps the smallest. I kept them in these ponds for six months. Those in the third pond measured three inches long; in the second, two and one-half inches; and in the first there was not a fish above an inch and a half long. The same experiment was tried the past year, with the same result. It is a well-known fact that young trout will get through the smallest possible hole; therefore, have not some of your correspondents lost their largest trout, and preserved their small ones every year,

and consequently think that trout won't grow for them only two and one-half inches long to three and one-half inches long? I also claim that trout grow faster for the first year and a half than they ever do afterward.

If a nondescript one-half inch long becomes a trout of six inches in one year, does he afterward double his size as many times in a year? In the fall of 1873 I had three trout from Rangeley Lake, Maine, placed in my ponds, two males and one female. The males weighed a little over three pounds apiece, and the female somewhat less. The female died in about six or eight months. When she spawned I got thirteen hundred eggs from her. One of the males died in about one year with what Mr. Stone calls black ophthalmia, and although he was very thin, and all head when he died, he weighed three and a half pounds. The remaining one I kept for two years and a half, and he must have weighed nearly six pounds. He was always in perfect health, and became a great pet, allowing me to rub his belly with my hand with seeming delight. He was stolen from my pond one night by some miserable thief.

Hoping to hear from some other parties on the growth of trout, through your columns, I will close by saying that almost every year I have raised trout that have measured seven inches and a half in length at one year of age, as well as an inch and a half of the same age.

B. B. PORTER.

After the above letter appeared in the *Forest and Stream* I received many letters of inquiry and commendation for the article. To answer the many questions I had received about the above, and other articles sent to the columns of the *Forest and Stream*, I sent the following to the same journal:

OAKLAND, N. J., April 21, 1877.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM :

It is thought by many fish culturists that it is a very hard matter to raise trout until they are six months old. We know that they are subject to many diseases; that they die even with careful treatment, as well as with careless treatment; and thus far, no one has given any rules whereby they can be brought to maturity with a small percentage of loss. Livingstone Stone comes the nearest to it of any practical writer on this subject. We believe with him that it can be done, yet few have the requisite facilities to do it. For a few years I have been engaged in the culture of trout, with both good and poor success, but whenever I failed I could always find a good reason for the failure, and tried to avoid it in the next attempt. To start with, one must have the natural facilities, such as a constant flow of pure water of uniform temperature, not liable to be flooded, and a good fall. Great care should be taken that you get your eggs from healthy fish, as many diseases (I think) of the fry are traceable to the parent fish. After you have the eggs placed in the hatching house, exclude the light, and prevent the growth of fungus. After the eggs have been in the hatching troughs twenty days or more, take them out every day and wash them, and clean out the troughs, removing all the dead eggs. If you discover any fungus in your distributing trough, and cannot turn off the water handily, sprinkle in plenty of salt, which will kill the fungus. As soon as the eggs are hatched, remove the fish to another trough, where you have spread half an inch or an inch of good, clean, fresh earth, with a little salt mixed with it. As a general thing, the fish will remain healthy until the sac is nearly absorbed,

with the exception of a few that are attacked with blue swelling of the sac.

Sometimes the fish will all remain healthy until they have been feeding for a week or two; then, if they have not been promptly and properly attended to, a few will die; the next day probably fifty or a hundred; and if no remedy is applied, all will be dead in a week.

I have never had any disease attack my fish that a salt bath would not cure before they began to feed. To give them the salt bath, shut off the water from the trough or rearing box, and dip the water mostly out; then put in at least half a pint of salt to a gallon of water, and stir gently with a feather until the salt is dissolved. When you see the fish begin to turn on their sides let on the fresh water, and very soon they will be as lively as ever. If you have not given the fish fresh earth every day or two, a little white spot will appear on their heads, which invariably kills the fish. This disease never appears when fresh earth is freely used. Again, while the fish seem well, and eat well, you will notice a few lying on the bottom, or swimming about slowly, dropping down on the bottom, and turning on their sides. The next morning they are dead, with their gills full of fungus, which they have picked up while floating about. Salt is a sure remedy for this disease, and does not kill the fish. Stone first recommended it in his "Domesticated Trout." A free use of rock salt daily in the distributing trough and aqueducts leading to your rearing box is a preventive.

When your fish are troubled in this way, take them out in a pan or dish and give them a strong salt bath, and see how soon the top of the water is covered with dead fungus from the fish. The next morning you will find your fish lively,

and no dead ones to pick out. I also find that a salt bath kills parasites and saves the fish; and where salt is used freely there are but few of the emaciated or sickly ones, all head, with body growing smaller every day. In some of my rearing boxes, where the fish have been supplied with earth and salt freely, it is a rare thing to find a dead fish, and they are uniform in size, with no emaciated ones against the screens or seeking the still water in the corners, but all vigorously heading upstream. From my experience and experiments I am fully convinced that any man that has a taste for fish culture, and has the requisite natural advantages, and will start with good eggs, from healthy fish, and a barrel of salt, backed up with energy and perseverance, and a determination not to neglect any duty, however trifling it may seem, can raise trout until they are six months old with ease. Overcoming previous failures is a sure road to success.

B. B. PORTER.

As I left New York for San Francisco before the seventh annual meeting of the American Fish Culturists' Association met, at the request of the secretary of the association, Barnet Phillips, I prepared a paper to be read before the association. Below I will give a copy of the report of my article, as I found it in the *New York Herald*:

"A dissertation on Trout Culture, by B. B. Porter, setting forth the results of experiments made by him at Oakland, Bergen County, N. J., during the last five years, was read to the meeting by the secretary, Barnet Phillips. In this the author, who is at present residing in California, sets forth, among other matters, that the methods of raising brook trout at the present day only vary in appliances, from the date of its commencement in this country.

.....

“Brook trout culture is really the mother of fish culture, whereby our rivers, lakes, ponds, and creeks, are already teeming with countless thousands of fish in many localities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

“The salmon family of our country are now being sent to all parts of the world, and yet fish culture is only in its infancy. At the first regular meeting of the association, at Albany, N. Y., almost every member was interested in the culture of trout or salmon; but now the ‘angler’s pride’ is hardly thought of, though it is the most difficult fish to rear to maturity of all our food fishes; consequently, it is likely, I think, to remain a luxury, and will always command a good price in the market.

In raising trout, one must have the natural facilities. First, a never-failing spring, with a good flow of water; second, the water must be of uniform temperature during the whole year; third, a good fall; fourth, not liable to be washed out by floods during the severest storms. The old method of hatching the spawn on gravel is nearly obsolete. Wire traps, with wires crossing each other at right angles, one-tenth of an inch apart one way, and half an inch apart the other way, are probably the best for hatching trout or salmon spawn, allowing the fish to fall through as soon as hatched.

There are many ingenious devices for hatching, but if you have your eggs so that you can pick them over readily, and keep them clean, and exclude the light, it is the easiest part of fish culture, providing your eggs are well impregnated. The watering-pot will keep the sediment off, and a liberal use of salt will keep the fungus from generating. After the eggs are hatched it is best to remove them to another trough, or rearing box, where you have spread an

inch or more of fresh earth, and they will generally remain healthy until the sac is absorbed.

“In his experience with one hundred thousand eggs, from eighty to eighty-five per cent. are impregnated; but of these, about five per cent. will not have enough strength to break the shell. Before the sac is absorbed, five per cent more will die with the swelling of the sac. By the time the fish begin feeding, twenty per cent. more will die from disease, or be eaten by their companions. From these and other causes about twenty per cent. of the original one hundred thousand will be left at the end of the first year.

“At the end of the second year a further decrease will leave only from five to ten thousand. No one, to his knowledge, had yet raised trout exclusively for table use, but that it would be done was simply a question of time.

“The above paper called forth a lively discussion, in which several of the members participated. Mr. Seth Green was asked by R. B. Roosevelt, president of the association, his experiences, and he said that he raised eighty-five per cent.”

After putting our house in order and storing our goods, Turner and I bade the old place a kind adieu and went over to New York. As Turner was determined to go to California, too, I sent him by steamer, via Panama, as I expected to be at least a month on the way overland. After making careful arrangements with the different parties whom I was to represent on my way to San Francisco, and leaving my wife with her sister, Mrs. Sage, until I sent for her, I took my departure for the Pacific Coast on the sixteenth day of December, 1877, to seek a home and recoup my lost fortunes.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN CALIFORNIA AGAIN.

I WAS now forty-five years of age, but I felt young, and took my losses philosophically; and not being of the kind to worry over spilled milk, went on my way rejoicing, determined to do my best, and that was as good as any man could do. My health was fair, and I thought I was able to stand a great deal of hardship yet. In due time I reached Chicago, and looked up my old friend James Langfort, who was then a floor walker in the dry goods house of Field, Leiter & Co., and had a good visit with him. From Chicago I went direct to Omaha, Neb., where I was to commence work for the different firms for whom I was acting as agent. After making a few sales I went on to the town of Fremont, Neb., where I stayed for two or three days, and formed some very desirable acquaintances. I also met an old friend there, as I had arranged by letter, and he went with me as far as Grand Island, Neb. Here I made some sales.

I reached Cheyenne, Wyo., on the day before Christmas, and found W. H. Taylor, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I found him a very congenial companion, and he gave me much information regarding Denver City, where I was to go. I did considerable business in Cheyenne for a week, then went to Denver, where I stayed for five or six days.

Denver, at that time, was quite a thriving city, and there was a good deal of business done there. I did very well while there, although the cold was intense, the temperature being below zero most of the time. The atmosphere was clearer than any I had seen since I left California, over twenty years before. The scenery was superb on clear, frosty mornings, when you could see Long's Peak, Pike's Peak, and many of lesser size that loomed up in the distance. I had my face shaved clean on New Year's morning, 1878, at the Grand Hotel, Denver, and have never shaved since (this is November, 1902).

I went back to Cheyenne and stayed a day or two, then resumed my journey westward. I made my next stop at Laramie. Between Cheyenne and Laramie we passed the highest point of the Rocky Mountains, where the train stopped for fifteen minutes to allow the passengers to view the magnificent scenery, which was indeed grand. Standing on the backbone of the continent, at an elevation of 8,242 feet above the level of the sea, gazing on one of the most beautiful sights in the way of mountains and lofty peaks, vales and valleys, and breathing the pure air, one is entranced with the handiwork of God, and you long to linger and enjoy, but are suddenly startled by the cry of "All aboard!" and you drop back to the common, humdrum thoughts of the day and pass on to the city of Laramie.

After a short stay at Laramie I again boarded the train for Ogden, Utah, and on the first night out nearly froze to death in the cars. It was a bitter cold night, but the next day the weather moderated and it became quite comfortable, and I enjoyed the scenery along the road very much. In the afternoon we came to the thousand-mile tree

and the Devil's Slide in Weber Canon, and passing the many unique rocks and cliffs, as we wound along the little creek, through the Wasach Mountains, and all at once rushed out into the Salt Lake Valley, with the Great Salt Lake in full view. To me it was a remarkable ride, and I enjoyed it to the fullest extent. We reached Ogden just at dark, and I went to the first hotel I came to, pretty well played out, and retired early.

After a day or two I went down to Salt Lake City and stayed there about a week. Besides doing a good deal of business I took in all the sights possible, and attended church at the Mormon Synagogue. I did some business with the Z. C. M. I., and found them very fair to deal with, and good business men. The city seemed to be very prosperous at that time and trade good. I enjoyed my visit very much, it being to me the most interesting place I had seen since I left New York. I saw Mormonism in all its phases, Brigham Young's famous mansion, where his favorite wife lived, and many cottages where his secondary wives lived separately.

In leaving the city I reached the depot half an hour too early. Soon after, a man drove up in a two-horse wagon, with one woman sitting on the seat beside him, and four others sitting on the bottom of the wagon. The man got down, and left the women to get down as best they could without his assistance. They meekly followed him into the depot, and sat down while their lord and master called for five tickets for Ogden. The women were well clad but were ordinary looking, ranging from thirty to forty years of age. When the train pulled up to the depot, Mr. Mormon beckoned to his flock with his finger to follow him, without a word being said. He clambered into the train, and the

women got in the best way they could. Mr. Mormon took a seat alone on one side of the car and pointed to two seats on the opposite side for his wives to be seated. Not a word was said by any of them to one another during the whole trip, and they left the train at Ogden without a smile or a word. It looked to me more like a man with a pack of hounds at his heels. There was not the least sign of affection or respect on either side. And this was polygamy as I saw it, in private as well as in public.

I took the train next for Elko, Nev., and stayed there for twenty-four hours. While there I formed the acquaintance of Judge F. K. Bechtel, formerly of Pennsylvania, but at that time a resident of Bodie, California. He was on his return from a visit to the East, and had with him a little girl of eleven years of age, whose parents lived in Bodie, and he was bringing her out to them. She was a lovely little girl, and afforded us considerable amusement with her bright sayings and sprightly pranks, and withal perfectly ladylike in demeanor. The judge told her that at the next place we stopped we would have some mountain strawberries, and she was highly delighted; but when she found that the judge's strawberries were *beans*, she was very much put out. When we arrived at Reno, my next stopping place, we stayed at the same hotel, and the next morning all three of us took the train for Carson City, Nev., where we again stayed for the night and all the next day. I bid the judge good-bye until we should meet in San Francisco at some future time, as per agreement.

While in Carson City I formed the acquaintance of H. G. Parker, fish commissioner of the State of Nevada, a first-class man and sportsman, who made me promise to come and stop with him over Sunday after my visit to Virginia

City, where I expected to stay two or three days. I made my visit to Virginia City, and did some business, making the acquaintance of several of the leading men, among them the superintendent of the water-works of Virginia City, and of the Bonanza Mines in particular, who gave me an invitation to visit the Virginia City Club. I accepted the invitation, and had a most enjoyable time. He took me through the Bonanza Mines and the weighing and assay offices; in fact, treated me with great consideration, simply for giving him some desired information about raising trout and keeping them in his reservoir for fishing purposes.

I got back to Carson City on Saturday night to fulfil my engagement with Mr. Parker. We had a pleasant evening at his home, with his wife, daughter, and son, and early the next morning, with a fine team and light wagon, started for Lake Tahoe, some ten or fifteen miles away. It would astonish most Eastern people to see how easily a pair of horses can draw a heavy buggy, with two or three people in it, over hills and steep grades with hardly a break in a brisk trot. The horses seem to have great endurance in this clear mountain air of the Sierras. Eighty miles a day is done here with an ordinary team, while half that distance east of the Mississippi would be a good day's travel. On our way to Lake Tahoe we crossed and passed under the celebrated V-shaped flume, owned by the Bonanza firm of Virginia City. The flume is fifteen miles long, and has a fall of sixteen hundred to two thousand feet. Millions upon millions of feet of the best pine timber had been floated down this flume, and something like twelve thousand acres of mountain land had been denuded of its forest, and nearly all of it went into the mines at Virginia City.

We passed some most wonderful scenery that is simply indescribable. Mr. Parker told me it was twenty-one miles from Carson City to Lake Tahoe, and also that they had run down the flume seven hundred cords of wood daily, or half a million feet of mining timber. On our way over, we met the world-renowned stage driver, Hank Monk, who carried Horace Greeley one hundred and nine miles in ten hours over his route. He had driven over the route from Carson City to Lake Tahoe for many years, and once made the trip from Carson City to Virginia, twenty-one miles, in an hour and eight minutes. Monk was not a tall man, but of stout build, and looked to me like a man who used a great deal of whiskey; but he was never drunk. We made the trip in a little over two hours, and reached Glenbrook, where we had dinner, then went for a sail in a rowboat to see the wonderful beauties of Lake Tahoe.

This body of fresh water is twenty-two miles long, and, on an average, ten miles wide. It has an elevation of one mile and a quarter, and has been sounded to a depth of sixteen hundred and forty-five feet. It is as clear as crystal, and you can see fish and pebbles on the bottom at a depth of sixty to seventy-five feet. Our boat seemed to be sailing in mid-air, as it glided over the smooth water. The lake never freezes, and the trout it contains are unsurpassed for flavor. We tried to catch some, but failed, but found a fisherman out on the lake who had one that weighed six pounds, which we caught with some silver, and had it for breakfast the next morning. You cannot see the whole lake till you get out some distance from Glenbrook. There were two steamboats at Glenbrook, laid up for the winter. A trip around the lake in summer costs five dollars. Shakespere Rock stands out in bold relief, a short distance from

Glenbrook. It is almost perpendicular on the side toward the lake, on which the profile of the great poet's face is accurately lined; that is, I was so informed. The scenery about the lake is charming, and, take it all in all, it is the most wonderful lake I ever saw.

Our ride back to Carson City was made in quick time, and we reached there before night. The next morning I took the train for Reno, and waited for the westbound overland. I am sorry that I did not have time to visit Tahoe City, on the west side of the lake, where they had started a trout-breeding establishment. The trout here spawn in April, May, and June, and to show how prolific the trout are in the outlet to Lake Tahoe, called Truckee River, there were taken one hundred and seventy thousand pounds of trout, saying nothing of the fish taken from the lake, the year before.

I had intended to stop at Truckee and visit Donner Lake, as well as Lake Tahoe, but I had been so long on the way from Omaha that I concluded not to stop again until I reached San Francisco. From Reno, west, we followed up the Truckee River, which reminded me of my former experience in California, more than twenty years before. It is two hundred and fifty miles from Truckee to San Francisco, and at that time it took about twenty hours to make the trip. I lost the sight of Donner Lake, and most of the snowsheds, but have passed over the same route by daylight since, which I will speak of farther on.

We reached Dutch Flat the next morning at daylight, and in a short time we arrived at Cape Horn, where the train stopped for the passengers to view the magnificent scenery and look down two thousand feet to the American River, which, like a silver thread, courses its way between the

lofty mountains. It is an awe-inspiring sight, when seen for the first time. After a short stop, "All aboard!" was sung out, and on we went across a trestle bridge one hundred and thirteen feet high, over a ravine, to a low divide, to Colfax, where a narrow-gauge road starts. This road is built to Grass Valley and Nevada City. At Colfax we stopped twenty-five minutes for breakfast.

Colfax is one hundred and ninety-three miles from San Francisco, and has an altitude of 2,422 feet. Soon after, we were on our way to the Sacramento Valley. The glimpses we got of the valley, going down the Sierras, along the American River, were grand, and in the hazy distance we could see the Coast Range of mountains, one hundred miles away. At one point of view we could see Mount Diablo, at another the Marysville Buttes, twelve miles from Marysville. At Roseville Junction we were in the valley, and clear of the mountains and foothills, and after crossing a long trestle over the American River, rolled into Sacramento City. Before we reached the city we had a good view of the State Capitol and Agricultural Park and pavilion.

When I first saw Sacramento, in the spring of 1853, people were sailing about the city in boats, and the whole valley was under water, looking like a vast lake, with here and there a mound above water covered with cattle, horses, sheep, etc. Once more I had reached the glorious State of California, to which I had longed to get back for over twenty years. Once I got as far as New York on my way, but circumstances over which I had no control defeated my plans; but now I am here again, and intend to stay.

This puts me in mind of a ditty I found in a newspaper of recent date, which is as follows:

ONE OF THE PEOPLE

GIVE ME CALIFORNY.

“Blizzard back in New York State
Sings its frosty tune.
Here the sun a-shinin’,
Air as warm as June.

“Snow in Pennsylvany,
Zero times down East ;
Here the flowers bloomin’,
A feller’s eyes to feast.

“Shiverin’ in Kansas,
The hull blame country froze ;
Here the birds a-singin’,
Girls in summer clothes.

“It’s every one his own way,
The place he’d like to be,
But give me Californy,
It’s good enough for me.”

After a short stop in Sacramento our train moved out for San Francisco, passing Stockton on the way. We then went through the Livermore Valley to Niles, near the head of the bay, and down to Oakland, then over the bay to San Francisco.

Here I felt once more like being at home. This was the twenty-first day of January, 1878. I had been on the way from New York just thirty-six days, made many pleasant acquaintances, enthusiastically enjoyed the scenery, visited all the important cities and towns on the way, and besides

made money on the way over as agent for the different firms I represented; and best of all, had enjoyed the best of health all the while on the trip.

On my arrival at San Francisco I found my friend Joe Turner waiting for me, dead broke, and in debt for a week's board at a cheap boarding house. The first thing I looked for was a room for us both, which I found on Sixth Street, and then securing my mail, which had accumulated to large proportions, set to work answering my letters and getting ready to look about to see what to do next. I had several letters of introduction that helped to give me a start in the direction of business. Among all my new acquaintances in San Francisco, none impressed me so favorably as Mr. M. V. B. Watson, who was doing business at 319 Battery Street, and our mutual regard for each other soon ripened into a very warm friendship, and remained so until his death in 1894. He was the best man and friend I ever knew.

After canvassing the town for the *Forest and Stream* and Charley Hallock's books, I looked into the wagon and soda stock business, as well as the trap-shooting affairs, and formed the acquaintance of Dr. Carver, the best shot at that time on the Pacific Coast. I did fairly well, but prospects for a paying business were rather poor. Mathews had an agent there already, also the Cortland Wagon Company, but the wagon company's agent was in Los Angeles. I was treated very shabbily by both firms, and after several weeks concluded to drop the Mathews agency and look after the wagon company's affairs by going to Los Angeles to see what could be done. I got Turner a place to work in Alameda, and I took the steamer for Los Angeles on the 20th of February, 1878. I was to act as Mr. Watson's agent for his goods,

The day before I sailed I was over to Alameda, and found James M. Reynolds staying with his brother, who was a practicing physician in that town. "Jim" was my orderly sergeant when I was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Mary's Church in 1864, and he afterward became a major of the regiment. Of course we had a happy reunion, for I had not seen or heard of him since the war. He came from the East about the same time I did, and intended to make his home in Alameda. His wife and little daughter were with him. We sailed, as above stated, on the old steamer *Orizaba* for way ports and Los Angeles.

My mind carried me back twenty years and more, and I sat down upon the hurricane deck to meditate alone and live the past over again. Strange seemed the vicissitudes of my life! From school to Kansas, thence back to York State; then to war, a prisoner of war; thence to the verge of death; then to Baltimore and business; thence to farming and fish culture; then a traveling agent, and here I am, rocking on the broad bosom of the Pacific, a poor but not discouraged man, though far away from wife, home, and friends. I had enjoyed life in all its phases, at times struggling for existence, again with plenty of money that brought me luxuries and pleasures. I had travelled extensively, worked hard, suffered many a disappointment, at other times elated with success; in fact, there seemed no phase of life experience that I had not passed through, except that in the career of a dishonest rogue. My efforts to gain an honest living have always been honorable. I have made mistakes (who has not?), had been fortunate and unfortunate. Perhaps I had been too independent, but that was my nature, and I could not help it. I was tinctured enough with egotism to believe in myself, and never relaxed my efforts to

take care of myself, though perhaps if I had allowed others to lead me I would have been better off—perhaps not. Who can say?

The gong for supper broke my reverie, and I went below to recuperate the inner man.

We stopped at several landings, and finally reached Santa Monica, where we took the cars for Los Angeles, where I put up at the White House, at the corner of Los Angeles and Commercial streets. Before reaching the city we passed through an orange orchard loaded with the golden fruit. Everybody is enthusiastic over their first sight of an orange orchard, with the trees of a deep green foliage, loaded down with the golden fruit, making a very pleasing contrast in color; and I was no exception to the rule. I wanted to go at once and pick some, and eat from the tree. Reader, you know how it is yourself. Oh, no, you would not steal, but the temptation is too great, and the first thing you know, you have gone and done it with no one's consent, and your conscience does not bother you much, either. After a while you become more careful.

Los Angeles, at that time, had ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and seemed rather a dull town. After hunting up the parties for whom I had letters of introduction, and inquiring into business matters, more especially the Cortland Wagon Company's agent, Mr. Lieutwiler, I must say I was not favorably impressed with the chances for a man without money to invest. Everybody seemed anxious to get away, and many a young orange orchard could have been bought by paying or assuming the mortgage on it and giving the owner enough money to get to some other part of the country. One of my new-found acquaintances introduced me to Deputy United States Marshal Dunlap, who was about

to make a trip over a good part of the country to serve some papers, and he invited me to make the trip with him, he to furnish transportation and I to pay my own expenses. I was very glad to accept the offer, and the next day we started out on a buckboard behind a splendid pair of bay horses. It was in the month of March, and I saw farmers cutting hay. The whole face of the country was covered with wild flowers, and I thought I had never seen so beautiful a country; in fact, I never had at that time of year. We visited Anaheim, Downey, Gospel Swamp, Santa Ana, Orange, and then across the hills to Spadra, and back to Los Angeles via San Gabriel. It was a delightful trip and the weather was fine. We were gone three nights and four days.

I saw small houses completely covered with climbing roses all in full bloom, which was a sight that I had never dreamed of before. Santa Ana had a small hotel, one large store in a building that looked, outside, more like a barn than a store; also a tin shop and a blacksmith shop; and they had laid a foundation for a small brick building which was said to be for a bank. You could throw a stone from one end of the main street to the other at one throw—and that was the Santa Ana of the spring of 1878. Downey was little larger, Orange about the same, and Spadra consisted of one hotel, a house or two, and the railroad depot.

Old Mr. Rubottom was mine host at Spadra, and we stayed there about twenty-four hours. He had some large orange and lemon trees full of fruit, and told me to help myself, and I filled up with fruit to my heart's content. When we got back to Los Angeles I canvassed the town for business, but did not have much success.

Mr. Watson had sent me to Mr. H. W. Stoll, who was engaged in the soda water business, and finding that he was making a very poor article of ginger ale, I engaged to teach him how to make it so that it would be equal to the imported Belfast ginger ale. It took me several days, but I made a sample that his customers pronounced as good as the foreign article, and he paid me a good price for teaching him. Not finding anything to engage in that would pay me, I concluded to return to San Francisco and see what I could do there. I was a little blue over my disappointment in not finding something that I could profitably engage in, as I liked the country very much. So I bought a ticket to San Francisco by rail, and started back. We passed through Bakersfield, Tulare, and Fresno, where we stopped for breakfast, and lay there for an hour or more. While standing on the corner of the street, with other passengers, a man who said that he lived in the Washington Colony, a few miles southwest of Fresno, cried out as follows: "Listen! If there is any man here that wants to invest in a fruit ranch of twenty acres, I will sell it to him for the price of the mortgage on it. I paid half the purchase money down, and have set the whole twenty acres out to vines and fruit, and you can have the whole shooting match for one hundred dollars in cash, and take up the mortgage. Now's your chance! Show me the man that wants a bargain!" No one seemed inclined to accept the offer. This seemed to me to be a pretty poor prospect for Fresno and its surroundings.

This was just at the beginning of the raisin industry at Fresno, and to-day Fresno leads the world in this industry. A man with a little money invested, and enough to carry him through for a while, could have reaped a rich reward

for his investment; but just then it looked like folly to bite at such a bait.

After leaving Fresno we passed hundreds of miles of wheat fields, the towns of Modesto, Merced, and many other smaller towns, to San Francisco, which seemed more like home to me than any other place I had found since my return to California. For some time I looked for something to engage in that would pay me, but did not succeed, and having received most of the money I had earned on my way out, I had no further income, and things began to look very blue. About this time I got a letter from my wife, saying that she had not much money left, and would like some as soon as I could spare it. When I got the letter I had just paid a week's board in advance, and had a little over twelve dollars left. I went to the post office and sent my wife the twelve dollars, and when I left the post office I had ten cents in my pocket, all of my worldly possessions left in the way of cash. Slowly I walked down the street to my friend Watson, not knowing what else to do, and feeling rather downhearted. When I went into his office he said: "Oh, Mr. Porter, I'm glad you came in. I have just got an order to make a lot of new life-preservers for the two large ferryboats, and would like to have you help us out. Can you do it?" "Only too happy," said I, and in an hour I was at work. After we got the life-preservers made, and delivered, Mr. Watson gave me steady employment, and I was soon on my feet again.

One day, while working on the life-preservers, who should walk in but my old friend, John S. Peck, who in 1857 was the last man I saw when starting for home from Yreka, Siskiyou County, Cal. He accompanied me a mile out of town, and we bade each other good-bye, just about twenty-

one year before. He was then living in Virginia City, Nev. and had been prosperous, and was pretty well fixed. He thought of moving down to the bay to live, and intended to engage in some kind of business, and asked me to go in with him; but I told him that I had no capital, and he said *that* made no difference—he wanted *me*, not any capital. We had always been good friends, but I had no idea that he was so *much* of a friend. He had two or three schemes on hand, but somehow they did not work.

After I had worked a few months for Mr. Watson, and saved up a hundred dollars, I saw a chance to open a business in Alameda. I wrote to Peck about it, and he replied that he would send me five hundred dollars, and I could go ahead, and he would go in as a partner, or loan me the money. So I wrote him to send me the money, and I took my hundred dollars and rented a store and fitted it up for a stationery and hat business, as well as a news depot, and anything else I thought would pay. Peck sent me three hundred dollars, and I bought seven hundred dollars' worth of goods and started business the latter part of October, 1878. Being a stranger, and having some opposition, business went a little slow, but I made more than expenses from the start. I was anxious to get my wife out here to help me, and did everything I could to push the business along and keep my debts paid. During the winter my wife exchanged our New Jersey property for oil property in Pennsylvania and one hundred and sixty acres of land in San Bernardino County, Southern California, but did not get any cash in the transaction. In the spring of 1879 my business improved some, and continued to do so all summer, but as it was not large enough for two I wrote to Peck to come down and see me. He came, and we went over the

books, and I agreed to pay him back the money he had put in as soon as I could, and I would go it alone.

By fall I had saved enough money to send for my wife, and on December 28th she arrived by steamer, via the Isthmus. She brought our little dog Zoe with her, and the little thing knew me at once. This little dog was a terrier by breed, and weighed only three and a half pounds until after she was five years old, and was by far the best ratter I ever saw. One snap at a rat was all she wanted. She lived to be eight years old, when she was run over by a buggy, and lived but an hour or two after the accident.

January 1, 1880. For the first year my business had prospered, and the outlook for the future was good. I had moved into larger quarters and increased my stock, and during the year 1880 I found that I must still enlarge. So in the fall of the year I rented a larger place and moved into it in the early part of 1881. Business still increased, and I advertised liberally, which brought good returns; but my wife and I worked hard, with but little recreation. We had been in good health most of the time, but the neuralgia bothered me very much, especially in my eyes. In 1882 I concluded to sell out my business and go into something easier. The continual overwork began to tell upon me, and I knew I could not hold out at the pace I was going. I advertised all the year of 1882 without finding a buyer. I had made arrangements to go into a wholesale notion business in San Francisco, where I could have a little more time to myself and not have to work as hard as I had been doing in the retail business. During the year 1882 we had been visited by Ex-Governor Price, of New Jersey, who had lived near our old home, the Crystal Spring Fish Farm, of New Jersey, and two of the governor's sons, Trench Price and

Rodman Price, Jr.; also W. H. Taylor, whom I have before mentioned. During Christmas week of 1882 we did a very large business, and my health broke down. At last I found a buyer.

In April, 1882, two young men from Los Angeles came up and investigated my business, and I finally sold out to them on April 24th for three thousand five hundred dollars, which I had clear for four years and a half of work, which was very good, considering that I had not a cent of capital to start with.

About this time I invested in a mine near Jackson, Amador County, Cal., also in the fur business with my friend Taylor and an old German who had the secret of dressing seal skins without sending them to London. This was a good thing, and a paying business, but we lacked capital to carry it on successfully, therefore, after a struggle of a year and a half, we had to close up, but I got the most of my money back that I had invested in the venture. The wholesale firm in the notion business was badly conducted, and my thousand dollars that I had put into it came to grief when the business broke up, and I got only sixty per cent back again. Through a rascally superintendent who nearly ruined our Jackson mine, I had to go and take charge of the mine myself, though my health was so poor that I was hardly able to sit up. I stopped at Jackson for several weeks, when we got John S. Peck to go up and take charge of it. We could trust Peck, and he demonstrated all there was in it, but we lacked capital to run it. I went to Hobart & Hayward, the best mining men in San Francisco, and got them to go and see the mine and make us an offer for it. We were incorporated, and I was president of the company. They visited the mine, and offered to take eighty

thousand of the hundred thousand shares and expend fifty thousand dollars to develop the mine, pay all expenses and debts already contracted, and the twenty thousand shares to be divided up between the other five stockholders. I and one other stockholder were very much in favor of letting Hobart & Hayward have it, but the other three seemed to think that if Hobart & Hayward could do so much, it was a good thing to hold, notwithstanding we could not meet the obligations of the mine without disposing of it. Hence we lost the mine, and I lost fifteen hundred dollars. That ended my mining ventures.

Soon after coming from Jackson I was awakened at two o'clock A.M. one morning with neuralgia in both eyes. The pain was most excruciating, and I simply had to yell out with pain. My wife got some hot cloths over them as soon as she could, but it did not relieve me. She tried everything she could, but I suffered intolerably. When daylight came I could not bear the light in the least. The pain continued until two o'clock P.M., when it ceased entirely, but I could see only very dimly. We called the doctor, and he said that he could do nothing for me, but advised me to go to Dr. Barkan, one of the best oculists in San Francisco. He treated me daily for sixty days.

On leaving his office one very hot day, with the thermometer about one hundred degrees in the shade, I started across the street, when I was taken dizzy. Everything turned black, and I pitched forward to the sidewalk in an unconscious condition. Although I remembered nothing, I must have been able to direct someone to take me where Taylor, my friend, was at work, for when I came to my senses for a moment I was sitting in a chair on the sidewalk in front of Taylor's place, with a bag of ice upon my head,

and Dr. Barkan and another doctor with him giving directions what to do for me. I was conscious but for a moment or two, then knew nothing more till near daylight the next morning, when I found myself in bed, opposite the Baldwin Hotel, and my wife with me. On regaining consciousness I recognized my wife's voice and spoke to her. After eating a light breakfast I accompanied her home to Alameda. I think this was about the twentieth of June, 1883. I continued the treatment of my eyes with electricity, administered by Dr. Barkan, until it seemed to do no more good. My left eye improved, but my right eye did not. With strong glasses I could see to do business, but they never got back to their former condition.

In the fall of 1883 I bought an interest in a window shade business, hoping to get something that could be pushed and in which I could make some money. I continued long enough to learn that there was no money in it above small wages, but a great deal of physical labor. So I sold my interest to my partner for the same money I gave for it and turned my attention to something else. The next thing I tried was a fire kindler, on which three of us got a patent. We bought out the third man and started the business with very good prospects of success. It was a good thing, and gave good satisfaction, but cost too much to manufacture. I ran it for all it was worth for six months, and found that I could only make a living at it; therefore we closed the business.

During the fall of 1883 my wife and I moved over to San Francisco, on Geary Street, and opened a small store, as my wife was anxious to engage in business again. She could run the business without my help, but the competition was so strong that she was not very successful.

In the spring of 1884 we bought out a small store on Twenty-second Street where the prospects were better, and moved over there, but there was not enough business for both of us and I looked for something new, but it was no easy task. Finally I got a chance to go in with a man by the name of Merrill, from Maine. I continued with him for several weeks, but there was not much chance for more than a living.

For a year times had been pretty hard with me, and it was a good deal of a struggle to keep up expenses, let alone making anything. The investments I had made all turned out poorly through no particular fault of mine, but through circumstances over which I had no control.

One day, while feeling pretty blue, I got a note from G. J. Becht to come and see him, as he wished me to go on the road for him to sell Tufft's soda water apparatus and other goods which he was agent for. I went at once to see him, and agreed to start for him at seventy-five dollars per month, all expenses paid. I at once closed out my business with Merrill and got ready to start for Northern California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, and back to San Francisco. This trip suited me to a fraction, as it was through a country that I had not seen much of before. My trade was with soda water men, and jewelers, to sell plated ware, which Tufft had added to his large establishment of soda apparatus in Boston, Mass. I sold also goods for my friend Watson on commission. I had had some considerable experience as a travelling man in coming across the continent, and also in making several trips about the country for Mr. Watson in putting on acid feeders on gas generators, called Waldo's acid feeder, the right of which Mr. Watson had bought, and at different times had sent me outside the city

to put on for him at the following named places: Merced, Modesto, Visalia, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, also Colusa and Stockton and Valejo. I had also canvassed the city of San Francisco and all the towns about the bay with a scale eradicator that Watson sold. I think it was some time in May, 1884, that I started north, taking the train to Redding, where I stayed over night, as that was the northern terminus of the railroad at that time.

For the first time in all my travels I met a relative. When I registered my name at the Redding Hotel a man stood waiting to put his name down. "Porter, Porter," he said, "that's my name," and we compared notes and found that my grandfather and his grandfather were brothers, and that he was a member of the firm of Porter, Schleissinger & Co., of San Francisco, a large boot and shoe firm, and he was the travelling man of the firm. I have never seen him since. I took the stage at night and had to ride continuously for nearly thirty-six hours, crossing the Trinity Mountains and Scott Mountains, before we could reach the town of Yreka, which I left twenty-seven years before. We left the town of Shasta just before dark, with the stage loaded with passengers, but when we reached the junction of the road that went to Weaverville quite a number changed for that place, and we were not so crowded. When we got to French Gulch we lost two more passengers, which left me alone on the outside with the driver. The night was cool, but pleasant, and just at daylight we changed horses at the foot of Trinity Mountain. There were but two passengers left now besides myself, an old gentleman and his wife, who seemed to be, to all appearances, English people. The man, I should judge, was about fifty years of age, and his wife fair, fat, and forty. As we ascended the mountain we could

catch a glimpse of fine mountain scenery now and then through the pine trees. It was ten miles to the foot of the mountain on the other side, where we were to stop for breakfast. Our climb up the mountain was at a slow walk, and it looked as though we would not get anything to eat before noon. The cool, bracing air sharpened our appetites, and the old Englishman and his wife were complaining about the slow pace and the poor prospect of getting any breakfast in time. "I'll get you to breakfast on time," said the driver, giving me a wink. "Blast the bloody country!" said the Englishman. Finally we reached the summit, the horses were watered, and we started off on a brisk trot for half a mile, when we began to descend, and the horses began to gallop, and soon after were on a dead run. The road was good, but the pace was fearful. I was hanging on for dear life to keep my seat. I glanced back at the Englishman and his wife, whose countenances were the picture of despair, and they were bounding about like pebbles in a rattle box. As we would round a curve, they would crash against one side of the coach and the next instant were piled up against the other side. "I'll soon get you to breakfast now," says the driver over his shoulder. "Dom the breakfast," says Johnny Bull, "go a little slower." "Can't do it," said the driver, as we switched around the next curve, with a yawning precipice a thousand feet below. A little screech of fear would now and then escape the lips of the woman, but Johnny Bull got swearing mad and shouted out: "The bloody, blawsted country. I'll 'ave him arrested, so 'elp me God, if I hever get safe down the 'ill!"

When we drew up at the eating house, at the foot of the mountain, I asked the Englishman if he had read Horace Greeley's "Trip with Hank Monk Down the Sierras." He

gave me a look of contempt and limped slowly away and went into breakfast, assisted by his good wife, but I noticed they had splendid appetites. I was very glad that the trip was over. We had no time to admire the scenery coming down, and thought only of self-preservation. It was a fearful ride, to say the least.

After leaving the station, we jogged along at an easy pace, over a good road on a moderate grade, until we reached Scott's Mountains, with a long, steep, winding grade on the south side clear to the summit. Here the top of Shasta hove in sight an hour or two before sunset. I knew the grand old mountain at once from my two and a half years' acquaintance with it twenty-seven years before. It was like meeting an old friend, and I could not tire looking at it. The grade down was not so steep as that on Trinity Mountain, and our pace was not so exciting or half as fast, and we drew up at Callahan's in fair condition, but very tired from the long ride.

As we rolled down Scott's Valley, where we left the Englishman and his wife, I was now the only passenger, and as night came on I took the inside of the coach, as it was much colder than the previous one. For two or three hours I got along very well, getting a short nap now and then until we reached the summit, between Scott's Valley and Yreka. Down the mountain the road was intolerably rough, and I bounded about worse than the Englishman did on Trinity, and learned from experience how it was myself. I think that was the worst hour's ride I ever had on a stage, though perhaps not as exciting. Finally we reached a comparatively smooth road, and in a short time reached Yreka, at 2.30 A.M. As soon as we reached the hotel I went to my room and left orders not to be called. About 11 A.M. I woke

up, had dinner, and found myself so used up that I could hardly walk.

Yreka presented an altogether different appearance than it did when I left it in 1857. One thing more noticeable to me than anything else was the trees that lined the streets and the fruit that was growing in every yard, where there was not a shrub, tree, or flower when I left the town. There were some new buildings and neat cottages, but the population of the immediate town was less than when I left it. After some inquiry, I found that five residents I formerly knew were still there, which I thought quite remarkable for California. My old friend Tom Bantz, who went home on the same ship with me in 1857, had returned the year after and was now a resident of the town. It took but a short time to find him, but I found him a wreck, crippled with rheumatism, and limbs and arms out of shape, but otherwise as jolly and lively as ever. Tom was very glad to see me, but was poor, and, as he told me, was only waiting to die. I had a sad but enjoyable visit with him. One thing he had retained, and that was his love for whisky, though he told me he had not drank to excess for many years. We had a couple of drinks together, and that loosened his tongue and brightened him up wonderfully. Tom was himself again, but he was not able to be out again the next day. Poor Tom! He was his worst enemy. When I shook hands with him, to part forever, the tears rolled down his cheeks and he could not speak a loud word. I could hardly suppress my own feelings, and it was a sad and almost silent parting of old friends. He died a few years after, a victim of King Alcohol. The other four old acquaintances were all well fixed and doing well, all first-rate citizens, with whom I had a good visit.

I visited Scott's Valley and the other little towns scattered throughout the valley, spending a couple of days selling goods. I did very well, and went back to Yreka. Having a desire to visit Canal Gulch, where I used to mine, I wended my way across the fields to my old mines, where I spent two and a half years in placer mining. The hills and mountains were all familiar, but the spot where my old cabin home had been was completely obliterated, and I could not tell within fifty feet where it stood. The whole gulch was washed full of dirt and gravel, fifteen or twenty feet deep.

As I stood on the site of the old cabin I could look back with my mind's eye and see things as they were, but where were those hundreds of stalwart men I once knew. Echo answers, Where? There is not a more dreary place on earth than an old worked-out mine. I did not stay long, it was too lonesome. There was not a man, woman, or child in sight, and yet the old hills and mountains seemed to welcome me: I walked back to town with old memories freshened, but gained nothing.

The next morning I took the stage for Ashland, Oregon, a twelve hours' ride. We had a full load of passengers, the day was fine, and the scenery grand, but as I had seen it years before there was nothing new to me. From the summit of the Siskiyou Mountains there are places where the scenery is unique and most beautiful, with the snow-clad mountains, most of which are covered with the finest of timber, hardly touched by the hand of man. In the fall of 1854, with a companion, I passed over this same route, leading an Indian pony, with our blankets and mining tools packed on his back. Thirty years had wrought but little change that I could see, but there were great changes going on. Since then I have crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, in sum-

mer and winter, by rail, which presents much finer views than any seen from the stage route.

At the foot of the mountains we paid one dollar each for the privilege of lying on the floor, finding our own blankets, and using our boots for pillows. There was not a house or a shanty where Ashland now stands. The only town in that whole section of country, at the time we were there, in 1854, was Jacksonville, a mining town; Medhurst is now the station for Jacksonville on the railroad.

We arrived at Ashland before night, and I stopped there several days, doing a pretty good business. It was quite a thriving town, and at that time the terminus of the railroad from Portland.

I was glad to get through staging. After finishing up my business at Ashland, I took the train for Roseburg, Oregon, where I made my next stop. During my stay at Ashland I drove over to Jacksonville, where in 1854 I stopped for dinner, and in looking over the old town found the old log hotel (now used as a barn) where we stopped thirty years before.

Roseburg, Oregon, is a town of some importance, and I did some business there. My next stopping place was Eugene City, on the head waters of the Willamette River, in the Willamette Valley, the next largest valley to the Sacramento Valley on the coast. This valley was settled long before gold was discovered in California. It is a rich country, but very damp most of the year. One noticeable feature is that all the roofs of the houses are covered with green moss, as well as all the fences and fruit trees. At that time most of the people were from Missouri, and it was like being set back in that State, as far as manners and methods were concerned, especially the way the hogs ran loose in the

small towns, keeping the sides of the streets well cultivated, a perfect counterpart of Missouri towns.

Eugene City was more advanced and considerable business was being done there. Albany, my next stop, is a place of considerable importance, with the town of Corvallis, on the west side of the river, a few miles away, also a thriving town, though not as large as Albany.

There was one thing I noticed in Corvallis while there. On the resident streets the lots were fifty to one hundred feet frontage, with plenty of room for a garden. The soil is rich and capable of raising all kinds of garden truck, but the residents were buying cabbage heads at ten cents per head, brought from San Francisco by steamer. I asked a man who had a cabbage under his arm, carrying it home, why he did not raise his own cabbage. "Oh," says he, "we never tried it." "Look over there in that patch," says I, "the weeds seem to grow finely, and I know that land will grow cabbages as well as weeds." "Wal, stranger, I reckon you are right, but I never see'd anyone raise 'em."

People in the farming section of the country in Oregon, as well as California, never raise anything they can buy. Wheat and barley, barley and wheat, and nothing else—not even chickens.

From Albany I went to Salem, the capital of the State, most beautifully situated, and seemed to be flourishing. I stayed there for several days, and on leaving the place, on an early train going north, was in the first railroad accident of my life. We were crossing a bridge, about six miles from Salem, when the bridge broke down, and the tender fell through, and the other cars piled up on it, or turned over, bottom side up, in the mud and water, about ten or twelve feet below the track.

All the cars of the train, except the locomotive and the rear passenger car, that had no passengers in it, were wrecked. The car I was in stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and we were all more or less bruised. No one was killed outright, but two or three were considered fatally injured. We were all taken back, after some delay, to Salem and cared for at the railroad's expense. The uninjured and slightly injured were sent on that afternoon.

The bridge had been set on fire during the night, and the ties almost burned off, where the accident happened. It is supposed that it was done by tramps or some enemy of the road.

I reached Oregon City that night and got through with my business the next day, and went to Portland. I reached that place, July 3, 1884. The next day, July 4th, was the first day that it did not rain more or less since I left Yreka, California, and I thought the country was rightly named as the "web-foot" country. At Portland I stopped for some weeks, with trips radiating in every direction, going as far north as Port Townsend, visiting all the important towns about the Sound—Seattle, Tacoma, etc.—without any particular mishap, but did a good business, saw the country, and enjoyed myself as I generally do, returning to Portland after a couple of weeks.

After a few days I went up the Columbia River and saw what I consider one of the grandest sights on the continent in the way of scenery. Its magnitude is what makes it so grand. The formation of the rocks, the various falls, the old block house where Sheridan first distinguished himself in fighting the Indians, the rapids of the river, and the steamboat canal that the government is building; the continual change in the formation of the different kinds of rock,

the Multnomah Falls, one of the most remarkable in the United States, and so on, until you reach the Dalles, where the river looks as though you could almost jump across it, yet so deep that it carries an immense quantity of water, spreading out over a mile wide when it reaches the mountains. This ride up or down the Columbia River through the Cascade Mountains was the most impressive to me of any I had ever seen, and no matter how many times you may see it it always affords a new interest.

I went as far east as Walla Walla, and then returned, after having enjoyed an afternoon in fishing for speckled trout in the Walla Walla Creek, with very fair success. Here I had an introduction to John Sherman, then Senator from Ohio, who was making a tour of the Western country. He visited the cavalry military post, located near Walla Walla.

When I returned to Portland and finished up my business there, I had orders from Becht to return by steamer to San Francisco. My trip had been a most enjoyable one, and I had seen a large portion of our country that I had never seen before.

In a few days Becht started me on a trip through the southern part of the State, stopping first at Modesto, then taking in all the principal towns to Los Angeles, and from there to San Bernardino, Riverside, Pomona, and other towns. Then I went back to Los Angeles, then by steamer to San Diego, where I stayed for a week. It was now November, and I took the steamer from there to San Luis Obispo. I stopped here over Sunday, and took the next steamer for San Francisco. I was at home through December and January, 1885, when Mr. Becht, having secured the agency for the Hayward Hand Grenade, started me north again to make public exhibitions of putting out fires and

selling the grenades. During the winter there had been great strife between the Harden Hand Grenade and the Hayward Hand Grenade, with not much advantage to either, both being good, but, as I thought, the Hayward bottle broke the most readily, and therefore proved the best in many a well-fought contest, in which a great deal of bitterness on the part of the Harden folks was shown.

Agents of the Harden had visited the greater part of the coast, and we came together for the first time at San Francisco. The fight between the two agents in the press and on the streets was a very amusing affair to outsiders, but costly for the proprietors.

A man by the name of Gross, from Chicago, handled the Harden and was a hustler. When I took the steamer at San Francisco for Portland, Oregon, in the last part of February, I found Mr. Gross on board, going to Portland to push the sale of the Harden Hand Grenade. I said nothing, and Mr. Gross did not know that I represented the Hayward Grenade. He talked considerably and gave me an inkling of his plans, one of which was that he intended to have a fire to demonstrate the superiority of his grenade over all others. He had two or three expert men with him to put out fires and astonish the Portlanders. When I got to Portland I engaged Ed. Post, and old friend and acquaintance of mine, to assist me in getting the "Hayward" before the public. We had had no experience in handling the grenade, so we concluded to experiment a little.

Mr. Post lived in South Portland, and we took a box of grenades out to his residence and made our preparations to build and put out a fire and learn how to do it. In a day or two Gross had an exhibition and put out a fire near the center of the town. Then he had flaming accounts of it in

all the papers, and commenced to canvass the town for the sale of his grenade. The next day after Gross's exhibition Post and I in his back yard started in to test our grenade. The first two fires we started we failed to put out, but the third one was a complete success. We first secured a vacant lot, then advertised in the papers that there would be an exhibition of the Hayward Hand Grenade to show its superiority over the Harden. A well-known citizen of Portland, not an expert, would handle the grenades. The ad. took. Post was known to almost everybody in Portland, having been born and raised there. We built our structure, and we had a larger crowd than Gross had. Gross and his men predicted a great failure, but when we put the fire completely out with two grenades (while it took eight to put their fire out), the enthusiasm among the crowd of people was intense. All the daily papers gave us a great puff without the asking. This so enraged Gross that he advertised another exhibition, but he did not have much of a crowd, and it took a dozen grenades to put out his fire, and we gained a complete victory over the Harden. I made Post our resident agent at Portland, placed advertisements in the papers, and after a few days started north, making my first stop at Chehalis, Washington, where I had an exhibition that was a success.

From thence I went to Tacoma and Seattle, Port Townsend, and then was ordered to Victoria, B. C., to establish an agency. When I arrived at Victoria Gross's experts were there and had been for ten days, and had had a fire and sold some grenades. I stopped at the American Hotel, where I found them, and they were so mad that they threatened violence to me, but the landlord took my part. The next day I changed to a private hotel, where I was better

accommodated. An American woman from San Francisco kept the house, and I being about the only American in the house, she gave me the best room she had, and took first-rate care of me. The house was filled with young Englishmen, mostly single. A few had their wives. Not one of them had ever been in the United States and knew nothing of our ways and customs. Among them were dukes and lords, with sons and daughters, and I had a good opportunity to study the Englishman as he is "at 'ome." Some of them were regular snobs and put on a great many airs, and had a great deal to say in derision of American manners and customs. Of course, I felt like calling them down, and did so in a few instances, but I was in a foreign country alone, and they would not listen to me for a moment. It was very amusing to me to find how very green they were regarding the United States and the manners and customs of our people. I asked them a great many questions, and they asked many in return, but nothing could compare with what they "'ad hin England at 'ome." Some of them did not drop the "h's," but most of them did. The ladies were much more ignorant about our country than the men. Though most of them were healthy, hearty looking women, they did not seem to have that self-confident and self-reliant bearing that our American women have. Although I was at the house but a week, I got more insight into the English character than I had in all my life before.

The next day after my arrival the Harden men got out handbills and advertised to give one more exhibition of their grenade. I learned that I had to get a permit from the chief of the fire department of Victoria and also the mayor of the city before I could start a fire for exhibition purposes. The father of the man who wanted the agency

became very enthusiastic over the matter and told me that the mayor never would have been mayor but for his influence, and he thought he could get him to sign a permit for me to make an exhibition. I learned that the mayor had promised that he would not allow any one else to start a fire except the Harden folks; therefore it looked rather blue for me. But the old gentleman, his son, and myself started out to see the chief of the fire department, and after some parleying got him to sign the permit; then, by the advice of the old gentleman, waited until the next morning to meet the mayor at his office before applying to him.

The next morning we were on hand at the mayor's office waiting for him to come. After a while he made his appearance and I was introduced to him and stated my business. He shook his head and said he could not consent. The old gent took him off to another room, and they had some pretty lively talk, but it was not more than ten minutes before the mayor came back and affixed his signature to the permit, seemingly very much out of humor. I thanked him and we left. I immediately got out a handbill, naming the night after the Harden trial, and had it distributed about town. The public, finding there was opposition to the Harden, made the attendance at their fire quite a large one.

When their trial came it took the two so-called experts and nine grenades some time to put out the fire. The next day we put up our lumber and light wood, saturated with coal oil, for our fire, and before the time of starting the attendance was nearly double the number that the Harden folk had the night before. I stated to the people in a short speech that in order to show them the superiority of the Hayward Hand Grenade over the Harden I would let one of their citizens, who had never handled a grenade, put out

the fire and do it easier than the experts of the Harden did. I then introduced the young man, whom everybody knew. The people cheered him on. We started the fire, and when it was well started the young man put it out with four grenades, beating the Harden folks by five grenades, and we had the largest fire. That settled the Harden people. They acknowledged defeat, shook hands with me, and said, "You have too much sand for us." I never met the Harden at any other town. I established the agency with an order for fifty cases and took the first steamer for Seattle. I had good success here and made many sales, and after visiting a number of other towns returned to Portland, Oregon, having made a satisfactory trip through that country.

I arrived at Portland May 6, 1885, where I received orders to go to Alkali. After attending to business in Portland until the 11th, I took the train up the Columbia River. After a day at Alkali I returned to Portland, arriving on the 13th of May. I was not well, almost tired out, and I took a few days' rest to recuperate a little.

On the 22d I left Portland for Eugene City, in the Willamette Valley. I arrived there all right, but found they had had a fire there in April, and could not put it out with Harden grenades, of which they had a lot on hand. I offered to compete with the Harden agent at that place, but he would not do it. So I made no test at Eugene, but went farther up the river to Cottage Grove, and had a good test there, and went back to Eugene City.

On May 28th I left Eugene City for Salem and Independence. I had a test at Independence, and it was a good one. Then I went to Portland on the soda business, then back again to Salem.

On June 5th I had a good fire test there. Having made tests all over that part of the country, and put ads. in nearly all the newspapers, I left Portland and went to Walla Walla. I arrived there on June 10th to give a test and hold myself subject to orders. So again I had the pleasure of passing up the beautiful Columbia River and its wonderful scenery.

After arriving in Walla Walla I made preparations for a fire and test of the hand grenade. An editor of one of the papers of that town said he had some hand grenades in his office, but they were good for nothing. I told him if they were the Hayward I would show him that they were good if he would let me use them to put the fire out. He agreed, and I put the fire out with four of them in good shape. I went from Walla Walla to Dayton, W. T., where I had a good test and sold a number of cases. I passed through as fine a wheat country as I ever saw. I returned to Walla Walla and visited Randall's folks, had a good visit, and then started for Weston and Pendleton, Oregon.

I had a good test at Weston and took the stage for Pendleton, over a rolling country, through almost a continuous wheat field, until we reached the Indian Reservation. I forget the name of the tribe, but they were good specimens of the red man. I got to Pendleton all right and had a test there. I did very well, and then over the mountains to Round Valley. I stopped at La Grande, a lively little town, where I had a test in a gale of wind, but put the fire out all right. From thence I went to Union and had a test before the board of trustees on the Fourth of July, with excellent success, and took orders from the board, and left in due time for Baker City, where I had a fine test and did very well. I then left for a little town called Huntington, a few miles from where the O. R. & N. crosses the Snake

River into Idaho. I wrote a little sketch of the town and sent it to the *Alameda Argus*, a copy of which I will give, as it is better than I can do now:

“SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY, Oregon and Idaho, July 23, 1885.

“Editor *Argus*:—One hundred degrees in the shade is too hot for my mental powers to be very active, as it requires a great deal of exertion to manage red-hot ideas, for they might give the wrong impression of the country I am trying to write up so faithfully. You have heard of Huntington, Oregon, I presume. It is near the end of Burnt River, a small creek of no particular dimensions except in a cloudburst and for use of the railroad. Huntington was discovered by the railroad and was a miserable discovery. You have, no doubt, when quite young heard your mother say what you thought then very bad words when she had made a nice large cake (the pride of her heart) and through some mishap, or poor yeast, it came out of the oven with a large hole in the center, which spoiled the appearance of it entirely, and the cake was divided up between the children, dogs, and the swill barrel. Huntington occupies the same place on the face of the earth as the hole occupied in the face of the cake, and is divided up into swill, dogs, and a few children, poor liquor, and a large new railroad hotel, built at a cost of six thousand dollars, which is five thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven dollars more than all the rest of the town is worth, outside the hotel (not finished yet).

“The thermometer at this time of the year reaches 116 degrees on the shady side of a saloon (there is no other shade there, except one Ethiopian cook). The hotel is a joint enterprise of the O. R. & N. Co. and the Oregon Short Line

Co. The water there is strongly tinctured with alkali. You change cars and stop one hour and fifteen minutes—just that much time too long. If you want to know any more about it you had better get some other fellow to describe it, as I feel a sort of goneness from the effort to do the miserable place justice, and at the same time keep solid with the railroad.

“I left the place with many regrets that I had to stay so long. Good bye, Huntington! Pantingly I part with thee, hoping to see thee never more.

“We cross the Snake River soon after into Idaho, and roll along at eight cents a mile through a splendid crop of sage brush as far as the eye could reach. Don't think I ever saw a better crop even in the sage-brush State. The Oregon Legislature by some miraculous means let the railroad in that State carry us over a much better road and better country at four cents per mile, which I could never quite understand. The California Legislature, with their commissioners, won't let the railroads do it in that State. They are not so poor there. As the Snake River valley widened, the more sage brush you could see. There are some few people settled along the streams and some fertile spots where you could cut a whole load of hay. One enthusiastic Idahoan fellow passenger said it was the finest kind of land, only it needed irrigation. I was not prepared to dispute him, and his manner indicated an acquiescence on my part, as his coat tail lifted in the breeze from the opposite window when he arose to make his argument more effective and to inform me that as a stock country it excelled all others. I am satisfied there is a good deal of stock there, for as we whirled along I could see jack rabbits running in every direction, with a coyote now and then in the dim distance. This information

was confirmed by a quiet old lady in the seat back of me, whom I asked if the women voted in Idaho. She informed me that they did not, but in a close vote they sometimes voted mules. She also informed me that the reason of our seeing so many jack rabbits was that they had been down to the river to take a swim; that it was customary for them to go every afternoon to the river and perform their ablutions. I saw their tails were all black, as though covered with mud, and remarked it, but she smiled, and I informed her that I was not posted in regard to the habits of beasts. At that moment the train stopped at a tent and corral and she left. I was real sorry to have her leave, as I could, no doubt, have gained considerable information that would be reliable, for you know it is much better to get facts fresh from the resident people of a country than to rely upon what drummers and tourists say that somebody else has told. I did intend to go as far as Boise City with this letter, but shall have to cut it short, I am afraid, as I found a rather uninteresting ride of fifteen miles by stage to Boise over a vast field of sage brush and lava rock and not a drop of water."

I arrived at Boise all right, had a fine test, and did very well with the grenades there. I visited the G. A. R. post of that place and had a good time generally. I went from Boise to Shoshone, and had another good test there, and then started for Ogden, Utah, where I had a test. From here I went to Salt Lake City, where I found the weather very hot. At the Walker House I met Josh Billings, and our just-appointed Minister to China, the Honorable Mr. Denby. I think that was July 31, 1885. After a stay of a few days at Salt Lake City I went back to Ogden, and from

there to Park City, where I had a test and did some business with the Mormons. I returned to Ogden almost sick and tired out. The weather was very hot. Becht wrote me to come to San Francisco, but stop on my way at Reno, Truckee, Nevada, and Grass Valley, giving tests on my return wherever I thought best. I made a test at Truckee, but at none of the other places, and arrived at San Francisco on the 17th of August, having been away for six months. My trip was a very satisfactory one to my employer, but I had to work hard to make it so. I did not miss making a good test on the whole trip.

I stayed about the Bay and went to Stockton and some other places until September the 20th, when I started for Napa and the towns north with plated ware and soda stock for Becht. I went to St. Helena, Calistoga, Healdsburg, Lakeport, and then around to Ukiah and down to Peteluma and back to San Francisco. I was gone thirteen days and had a fine trip. On the 8th of October I started for Dixon with the hand grenade. I made a good test there and then went on to Oroville, made a good test there, and then on to Marysville. I had a good test there and did very well. Marysville has got to be a regular hole in the ground. I went upon the levee and looked down upon the old brick building that was occupied by the Adams Express in 1853, where I landed from the steamer, with a foot of water on the floor. The river Yuba was running forty feet above the floor of the same building at that time, and I stood at least forty feet higher on top of the levee, looking down on the building, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Some day Marysville will be swallowed up by a flood and become a buried city. Thousands of dollars are spent every year to raise the levee above the city, but I think the city is doomed

as sure as the sun shines. From thence I went to Chico, then left for San Francisco and home.

Previous to my trip to the northern towns Becht and I went to Santa Cruz and Watsonville and had two fine fire tests.

My friend, I. N. Chapman, got me a position as city superintendent to put in a line of sewers in Alameda, which took me a month or more to complete. I went over to see my old friend, Judge Beehtel, at Fruitvale, where I had a good visit with him and his good wife.

On the 9th of December I was examined for life insurance in the Great Western Mutual Aid Association of Denver, Colorado, in which I was wofully taken in after paying the policy for ten years or more, this being the second time that I had been taken in by life-insurance swindles, but that ended the business with me.

The 11th of December, which was my wife's birthday, we celebrated quietly at home. A couple of years before I had bought of a Mrs. Parsons a lot in the city of Alameda, on the installment plan. Paid for it and still own it.

On the 17th of December, 1885, with Mr. George Henrie, I bought out a fruit store on Fourth Street, San Francisco, near Market Street, of P. H. Woods, and went into the fruit business. We did very well for a while, until Mr. Henrie sent for his son, a boy of twenty, and put him in with me. He was a pretty wild youth, and thought more about his own pleasure and the girls than he did of business. He was a fine-looking young man, and not a bad boy by any means, but was not the kind of partner to have for success, consequently I sold out to him for about the same as I had put into the business and was glad to do it. This was the first of April, 1886. Mr. Henrie, the old gentleman, was a fine

old gentleman, a mining expert by profession and in the employ of a large mining company who were opening up an extensive mine in Mexico. After the father left for Mexico the son had no one to hold him back, and after buying me out he spent the money faster than he could make it. He lasted until the fall, when he failed, and went back to Pueblo, Colorado, where he came from.

About the 20th of May I bought out a fruit store at 1657 Mission Street and started in alone with a clerk, and in a few days opened with very good prospects. I made a success of it from the start, and did remarkably well, considering the opposition that I had to contend with. My wife still ran her place on Twenty-Second Street, where we made our home; in fact, kept it going all summer, when we sold out and she moved in with me, and we kept house in rooms back of the store. I needed her help very much, as she was a splendid saleswoman, well liked by the customers, and our business was very prosperous. For a couple of years our bank account grew and we did well. The business was a little hard on me, I had to work so many hours, and my old trouble of neuralgia began to trouble me considerably, and I had several spells of rather severe sickness. The effects of the war and prison life down South were beginning to show, and my nervous system was being badly broken up, but my will power exceeded my physical powers, and though I began to fail gradually my mental faculties remained intact, and I kept on.

My neuralgia was getting worse, and the terrible pains came more frequently and lasted longer. If I took cold I was sure to have neuralgia. If I got wet it was sure to bring it on, or if I lost my sleep it was sure to bring on an attack. Slowly but surely I could see myself going down. During

the years 1887-88-89 I kept on, but was getting so nervous that I could hardly write a legible hand, and I began trying harder to get a pension, so that I could, with what we had, have something to fall back upon, quit business, and take a rest, which I knew I must have, or get help in some way. My wife was not well and needed rest also. Time wore on, and I was getting worse, yet I seemed to have no particular organic trouble. My friend, Tom Burns, who was in the same business on Seventh Street, San Francisco, used to talk to me about my condition, and said I had better sell out and take a trip East, but I hardly thought that I could afford it; therefore kept on.

I had a severe fit of sickness in December, 1889, but Dr. Donnelly brought me out, except the nervous trouble. In January, 1890, I had a bad attack of neuralgia, and was laid up in bed for some days with inflammation of the eyes and neuralgia. My wife was almost sick and hardly able to be about. Whenever I took cold or got wet I was sure to have neuralgia, yet I did not give up, though at times things looked rather blue. We had a very good young man for a clerk, and he kept the business going very well under the direction of myself and my friend, Tom Burns. About this time J. H. Beasley came to see me with a newly married wife; he was a brother to my wife and a travelling salesman for a furniture firm in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He loved his whisky too well to suit me, and we were not as congenial as might be.

On February 1st I had another attack of neuralgia in my eyes and did not sleep for ten days and nights.

On February 10th I began to improve a little, and got so that I could be about again. I was pretty badly off now and then to the 1st of March, when I felt fairly well. My

wife was not well and seemed to be getting worse, but would have no doctor or take any medicine. I could see that she was failing. I had no more attacks during the month of March.

On April 2d I went before the examining board to be examined for a pension. On the morning of April 3d I was caught in a shower of rain and got wet through. The neuralgia set in in a few hours in both eyes and grew worse all the while. They sent for Dr. Donnelly, but he could not ease me. The pain was most excruciating, and I simply had to yell and could not suppress it. It was like sticking red-hot needles through my eye balls with scarcely a moment's relapse. An ulcer commenced growing on my left eye at night, April 3d, and in forty-eight hours completely covered my eye, and I was totally blind in that eye. No ulcer came on the right eye, but it pained me just as bad as the left. My right eye had been the poorest eye since the war, consequently I was practically a blind man. For eighteen days and nights I had little sleep, and the darting pains of neuralgia were almost incessant. People stood around about the room watching to see me die, for I was becoming so exhausted that I could hardly move myself in bed. A 4 per cent. solution of cocaine gave momentary relief, but only for a few seconds. It seemed to me that I would give anything I had or ever expected to have for an hour's sleep. On the nineteenth day I fell asleep for a few moments, then a little longer each day, until I could sleep for an hour or more, but the pain was continually with me. The little sleep that I got kept up my strength. I was a little better on May 7th, and that day my wife had to go to bed very sick, and we had to have a nurse night and day, as she was out of her head most of the time and continually fail-

ing. I was no better, and my horse was taken sick and became useless.

On the 17th of May I had to have my wife sent to St. Luke's Hospital, where she could have better care. On the 22d I rode out with an attendant to the hospital to see my wife, but I suffered intolerably all the way there and back. She said she knew me, but I could see she was fast sinking and could not live long. On the morning of the 24th of May, 1890, she died, and was buried on the 26th at the Veteran's Point Lobas Cemetery, San Francisco. I rode to the grave in a hack, but was not able to walk to the grave. We had lived together for twenty-four years, or since December 31st, 1865. God bless her!

My ride to the funeral nearly drove me mad with pain, and I suffered from it terribly. I had become very thin in flesh and did not seem to be getting any better, but rather worse. My eyes were no better and the pain continued.

About the last day in May my friend, Mr. M. V. B. Watson, made me a visit, and says he, "Mr. Porter, you are badly off, but keep up good courage; maybe I can help you some way." "Yes," said I, "I know it, I feel myself going, it is only a question of vitality now how long I will last; but there is one request I have to make of you, and that is I wish you to make out a will for me. I wish to will everything that I have to you, and when you get it made out bring it up with a couple of witnesses. I feel that you are, and have been, my best friend on this coast, and I want you to have what little I have left. My doctor comes here twice a day, yet does me no good and gives me no encouragement. I am losing flesh and strength, and, in fact, it looks to me as though I will soon follow my wife. I am not despondent or very much discouraged, but cannot stand this very long."

"Well," says he, "I'll see what I can do for you, and will be up to see you in a few days again."

In about five days, or sixty-five days after my attack, Mr. Watson came again and brought with him an instrument called the Electropoise, with a book of directions. He said he wished me to try it, as it was making some remarkable cures in the East, and he had been asked to take the agency for this coast, but he knew nothing about it; but if it would cure me he thought it would be worth while and he would take it. "But," says he, "you will have to stop taking all medicine." "Well," said I, "I am taking eight doses per day, besides treatment of the eyes, and I hardly see how I can discharge the doctor, as he has to treat my eyes twice a day." "Well," said he, "get some friend in whom you have confidence and have him read the book of directions, and manage it some way not to take any medicine. I sent for this instrument by telegraph as soon as I left you the other day, and here it is. I think it will do no harm to try it." "Mr. Watson, I know that you would not advise me to do anything that was wrong, and I'll try it. It does not make any difference one way or the other."

After Mr. Watson had gone N. G. Tobey, a good friend of mine, came in, and I explained the matter to him, and he became enthusiastic right away and commenced reading the book.

It was all Greek to us about charge and reaction, and the rest of the terms, "but as to the no-medicine, I can fix that," said Tobey. So he got some empty vials and pill boxes and said: "We'll commence at once. Now, when it is time to take your medicine, you take the regular dose and drop it into the empty boxes and bottles instead of taking it. Put them out of sight until the medicine is all out, then do the

same thing over again. Now," he says, "that settles the medicine question. The next thing is how to apply the instrument." So he got the thing ready at once for application. Between eight and nine P.M. that evening I was snugly tucked up in bed, with the Electropoise attached according to directions, and suffering from pain in my eyes as usual. The next morning when Tobey came around to see me there seemed to be no change that I could notice, only I was no weaker. When the old doctor came to treat my eyes and look over my stock of medicine, he thought my pulse was better; anyhow I was no worse. At night when Tobey came we applied the instrument the same as the night before, and I thought I slept better, but the pain woke me in the morning the same as usual.

The doctor said that my medicine was getting low, and I must send for a fresh supply. I felt very weak and had no appetite, but the pain was not quite so severe, I thought. So on the third night we applied the instrument again, and Tobey replenished the medicine by putting in sight well-filled boxes and bottles of the stuff that we had in reserve, as I had not taken a single dose since I commenced the Electropoise treatment. My appetite was gone, and I drank only a glass of milk the whole day. In the morning, after using the machine for three nights I thought that the pain did not come quite as often, or stay as long, although it was just as severe as before. Tobey had been to see me, and also the doctor, but I was weaker, I thought. About ten A.M. the neuralgia made one jump through both eyes and down my neck to the left arm, between the shoulders and elbow, which made me yell out. I was alone and lay quivering, expecting another shock every moment, but hour after hour wore away, and no pain came back, but I was very

weak, and when Tobey came at night to see me I told him all about it, and he fairly danced with joy to think that the pain was all gone. That was the sixty-eighth day since the pain commenced, and I was almost afraid to move for fear of its return. Tobey read me the book again, and we concluded to put the Electropoise on ice that night and try it at a higher power. So Tobey got a large piece of ice and scooped out a hole in the center and imbedded the electropoise in it, rolled it up in a woollen blanket and attached it to my ankle or wrist, I forget which, and I went to bed at just nine P.M. Tobey bade me good-night, and I lay there alone, expecting a return of the pain every moment. After about an hour I seemed to be burning up and had the queerest feelings in my head and all over me that I ever had in my life, but the neuralgia did not return. At eleven P.M. the button, or treating plate, began to burn like a hot iron, then got hotter, until it seemed that it was burning a hole in my ankle; besides, I was in the greatest misery imaginable and I could scarcely breathe. I stood it until twelve P.M., and then, more dead than alive, took it off. The peculiar feelings kept on the same as before, but wore off at the same rate as they came on until three A.M., when I was about the same as when I put it on. I dropped to sleep as soon as I heard the clock strike three, and did not wake up again till after nine o'clock the same morning, so weak that I could not stand up, but there was no return of the pain. I was awfully thirsty, and could not drink enough. I must have looked terribly haggard, as the old doctor said that he never saw me look so bad, yet could find no symptoms that I was worse. He seemed very much puzzled that his medicine should work that way. I said but little; in fact, was too weak to talk. After the ordeal I went through in those six

hours I thought it was a wonder that I was alive. When Tobey came to see me at noon I was a little better, but had no appetite, and was as weak as ever. I did not suffer much that day, except with weakness, but the pain had left me and my eyes seemed better, but I was almost entirely blind.

When Tobey came at night he read the book again to me, and we decided to try the treatment again, the same as the night before. So about nine P.M. I went to bed, hoping that I would not suffer as I had the night before. For a short time, half an hour perhaps, I did not feel much change, then the treating plate began to burn, and I suffered all the horrors of the inquisition, worse, if possible, than the night before. I stood it for an hour or more and went through the same feeling as before taking it off, only I suffered longer, and the effects of the treatment did not wear away as quickly as before; but I finally got to sleep and I slept to ten o'clock, just as the old doctor came. I covered up the apparatus as best I could, so he should not see anything of it. I was so weak that he said he would wait till the afternoon and call again.

Aside from my weakness, I felt better; at least, my eyes felt better about noon, and I got my magnifying glass and tried to read the directions, but could make out only a few words; but saw the statement that when certain symptoms appear you must stop the treatment. I had all these symptoms, and when Tobey came that night I got him to read them over to me again, and told him that I should not try it again very soon; in fact, thought the thing would kill me. "But, d—n it, don't you know the pain has stopped," says Tobey. "Yes," said I, "but I want to die a little easier than to kill myself with that thing." So we came to the conclusion to wait for reaction and see what that would do. I

went to bed that night without using it and got a very good night's rest, but when I awoke in the morning I was weaker than ever. It was an effort to lift even a finger. The old doctor said that he could not understand why I was so weak, as there were no other bad symptoms; in fact, he thought all my other symptoms were better. The smell of any food made me sick. A glass of milk was all that I had taken each day since I began the treatment. Mr. Watson sent up to know how I was, and I told Tobey to see him and tell him that I thought the thing would kill me, notwithstanding the pain had stopped. Mr. Souther came up from Mr. Watson's office, and, I think, told them on his return that I would not live many days, as he had never seen me look so bad, and all the people of the neighborhood said that I could not live much longer. But Tobey would not give it up. I told him that if I could only get over the weakness, and get so that I could eat something, I would be all right, as I had not a sign of neuralgia. Day after day it was the same. No pain, and I slept well, but was so weak that I could not stand up without holding on to something. A glass of milk a day was all that I could take, and I had no relish for that.

Tobey came to see me three times a day regularly, and the old doctor came twice to attend to my eyes. About the sixth or seventh day after we quit using the Electropoise I told Tobey that I had to have something to give me strength, and I believed I would have to go back to medicine. "You are not any worse, are you?" asked Tobey. "Well, I don't know that I am, only weaker, if anything," said I. "Stick to it," said Tobey, for you see the pain has gone." "Yes," said I, "but how long have I got to stand this?"

On the seventh day I thought I felt a little better, and the old doctor declared that I was better, but still I had no

appetite, and did not feel any stronger. On the morning of the eighth day, when I woke up I knew that I was better, and when Tobey came I felt stronger, and the doctor said that I was improving, but I did not feel hungry; yet my milk tasted a little better than usual, and after I took it I felt that I was gaining strength. Between ten and eleven I began to get hungry, and in a little while I was very hungry. I was also gaining strength very fast. I called my clerk, and told him to bring me a good, large potato, build me a fire, get me a loaf of bread, put on the coffee pot, and go to the butcher's and get me thirty-five cents' worth of tenderloin steak. He opened his eyes in astonishment, and gave me a peculiar look, rather suspicious that I was out of my mind. I said to him: "I am a great deal better, and am terribly hungry. Get those things as soon as you can—I can't wait." He got everything on hand in short order. I made Saratoga chips of a large potato, fried in butter, cooked my steak exactly to suit me, and sat down, as hungry as a wolf, to devour it. The more I ate the hungrier I got, and I kept on until I had eaten up the whole of the food, except about one-quarter or one-half of the bread, and I drank two cups of coffee and a glass of milk. Still I was not satisfied, but thought it best to hold on and not overeat.

I never gained strength so fast in my life as I did for the next two hours, and when Tobey came in, about one o'clock P.M., I was dancing a double shuffle, and feeling better than I had for five years. Tobey held up his hands in perfect astonishment and laughed until he cried. When he came in at night we had a regular jollification meeting all to ourselves, reviewing the whole course of my past suffering. That was the seventy-ninth day since I was taken sick and began to grow blind.

That night and the next morning my appetite still held good, and when the doctor came to treat my eyes he was more astonished than anyone, and said that he never saw a man improve so fast in all his life, and that I must keep right on with the medicine, although I had not taken a drop for the last two weeks, thanks to Tobey for keeping me from it, and thanks to the oxygen, for it saved my life, though I had to go through a severe ordeal while it was eradicating the disease.

At 2 P.M. I boarded a Mission Street car and started to visit Mr. Watson, at his office. After I left the car I had to walk a block to reach his office, and then climb a long flight of stairs. It was a great effort, but I made it, and walked into the office where Mr. Watson, Mr. Souther, and John Mulhern were. Those three men were as much surprised at my appearance, and more so, than they would have been had they heard of my death. They could hardly believe their eyes at first. I looked more like a corpse than a live man, as I was very pale, and nothing but skin and bones, but felt very well. I had been confined almost entirely to my room for eighty days, and had suffered more than in all my life before, and now I cannot see how I was able to stand it. Thos. A. Burns had been very kind to me in a business way. N. G. Tobey was more than kind all the way through. Mrs. Whitcombe had looked after me every day during my sickness, as well as caring for my wife; also Mrs. Allen and Miss Thompson. Mr. N. Hunter helped me very much. I mention these people, as they had been especially kind all through my sickness.

I continued to improve, but was pretty weak, and the partial sight of one eye only was left. I sold my store and stock to my clerk, Humphrey O'Sullivan, and gave him

possession July 1, 1890. I got rooms in Alameda, with Mr. Gott, the jeweler, and moved over there July 7. Previous to this I had made my will, and willed Mr. M. V. B. Watson everything I had.

Mr. Watson had secured the agency for the Electropoise, and I at once set about getting my friends who were ailing to try it. They all knew how badly off I had been, and that it had cured me of neuralgia, and many of them commenced using it, under my directions. I was acting as agent for Mr. Watson, and spent all the time I was able in introducing it, and in many cases with the most flattering success. The acute cases I had no trouble with, but the chronic cases did not yield so readily.

I improved slowly but surely in health, but my sight did not improve very much. I was weak, and did not gain flesh, so I concluded to accept Em Ludden's invitation to make her a visit at her home in Beaumont, Southern California. I sailed from San Francisco on the 20th of August, on the steamer Santa Rosa, for Los Angeles, and stopped at Santa Barbara for a few hours. I arrived at Los Angeles on the 22d, and on the 23d took the train for Beaumont, where I arrived the same evening, and met Em. Nearly thirteen years before I had left her at Grand Island, Neb., when she was on the way to marry W. W. Ludden. I made them a good long visit, and rested most of the time, gaining in strength rapidly but not very much in sight. There was no sign of the neuralgia returning, and I felt that life was worth living again. After a while I took up quarters at the Beaumont Hotel, and applied myself closely in gaining my health, until the fore part of November, when I returned to San Francisco.

During the time I had been away I had been studying all

I could and experimenting with the Electropoise on all who were ailing, treating them for nothing. I visited Riverside and San Bernardino, and sold an instrument at each place, also treated one or two at Colton, besides experimenting upon myself to a certain extent. I cured Mrs. Ludden of a trouble she had, and, taking it all in all, I learned a great deal about the effects of oxygen while on this trip. As soon as I arrived in San Francisco I at once went to work for Mr. Watson, with excellent success in acute cases, and very fair on chronic cases, but I was satisfied that I was lame in not knowing just what to do in the latter. This made me eager for more information, and I saw no way to get it unless I went East and learned from those who knew more about it than I did.

From the time I went back, till New Years, 1891, I was very busy, and sold, directly and indirectly, a good many instruments and made some remarkable cures. My health was steadily improving in everything but sight, but I was aware that I used my eyes too much. Up to this time I had not made a dollar since I was taken sick, April 3, 1890, but the Electropoise had saved my life. I had lost my wife, was almost blind, and had spent a great portion of the money I had saved, but I always look upon the bright side of life, and always kept cheerful, which was natural.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSING EVENTS.

ON New Year's Day Mr. Watson said to me: "Well, Mr. Porter, I guess we will settle up to date and make arrangements for the future." "All right," said I, "how much do I owe you, Mr. Watson?" He had been furnishing me money to pay expenses, car fare, etc., telling me not to spend my money but to call on him when I had used up what he had given me. I had done so, and felt that I was doing well and improving in health without any expense. When I asked him how much I owed him he laughed heartily, and said that, according to his books, he was owing me, as he had allowed me ninety dollars a month ever since I had been well enough to advance his interests in the Electropoise. His answer was a great surprise to me, and I told him, "No, that is too much," but he would have it no other way, which was characteristic of the man, and he paid me a good round sum for my poor services, and I thanked him most heartily.

The world was brighter to me, and Mr. Watson seemed more pleased than I. Then he offered me a stipulated sum per month, and wished me to keep right on doing what I could, but to take good care of myself, not to overdo or work too hard, and I accepted his proposition. I told him that I wished to avail myself of the experience of the par-

ties in the East who had had so much more experience with the instrument, and to visit all the different offices in the East then established. He said that the idea was all right, but he did not like to spare me; however, he agreed to the proposition, the matter was settled, and I was to start the first of May. I went to work with much enthusiasm, and a determination to make a success with the Electropoise. I studied hard, all that my eyes would bear, and worked hard to succeed, and my efforts were not in vain. Before the first of May I had made some remarkable cures and increased the sales very much, and I almost wished that I had not made arrangements to go East, but it was too late to back out now.

I concluded to go to New Orleans for my first stop and visit the parties that were running the Electropoise there, get all the information I could, and then go on to Charleston, S. C., where the next office was established. I had a great desire to go to Charleston to see the effects of the earthquake and look over the ground where I had marched up the main street, with hundreds of others, gnawing the raw beef from a bone as we marched to take the cars for Columbia, S. C., in 1864.

On the sixth of May, 1891, I left for Los Angeles and made my friend H. W. Stoll a short visit. I laid in a few needed supplies, went to Beaumont, made a short visit to the Ludden's, then went to Colton and bought a ticket to New Orleans, via Kansas City, on the Santa Fe, and thence to Memphis, Tenn., and down the river by rail, through the cities of Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, to New Orleans. As I had never been over that section of the country I chose this route.

I left Colton on the thirteenth of May. I bought a tourist

car ticket and laid in a plentiful supply of provisions and fruit to last me a week. On the train I found a number of congenial companions, and we had a royal time all the way to Kansas City, notwithstanding we were delayed by a wrecked bridge near Las Vegas, N. M., and had to walk a mile or two, losing ten hours' time. I stayed in Kansas City over night, and the next day took the Fort Scott train to Memphis, passing very near where I used to reside in Kansas before I went to the war. We went through the Marie des Cygne swamps, where I used to hunt bees in 1858-59. From there on the country was new to me. I found southwestern Missouri a fine country of rolling prairie, full of hogs and mules—black hogs, all of them. Before night we were in Arkansas, where the country was more sparsely settled. Our train had no sleeping accommodations, and I got but little rest. We crossed the Mississippi River a short time after sunrise and landed in the city of Memphis, Tenn. I found that our train did not leave until 2 P.M. We ran so near the river that I saw but little good country, though the land was rich. That night we got into Vicksburg just before dark, and till after midnight had to wait for another train. I was sorry I was not able to see more of that historical town and look over the old fortifications, where our boys had won their great victory over Pemberton on that memorable Fourth of July when we were busy chasing Lee from Gettysburg.

We left Vicksburg before morning, and passed through Baton Rouge a short time after sunrise, reaching New Orleans at 10 or 11 A.M. Some little incidents of the trip were quite amusing to me, one of which I will relate.

I had been in the habit of wearing a G. A. R. button in the lapel of my coat. On the train, all the way from Memphis,

I noticed that when parties came on board the train, especially women, they would glance at the button and pass on. Several started to sit down by me, but as soon as they got sight of that button they moved on. From Baton Rouge the cars were crowded. A well-dressed elderly man came in and took a seat by me, and I tried my best to engage him in conversation, but he would answer me only in monosyllables, each time glancing at my button. After riding half an hour or so he seemed to have reached his destination, and left the train. I took the button off, and soon a man, about the age of the previous one, took a seat beside me, and I had a very pleasant talk with him all the way to the city. I was satisfied that a man who wore a G. A. R. button in the South would not receive the same courtesy and attention as he would if he kept the button in his pocket.

I visited the office of the Electropoise Company of New Orleans, and found a very intelligent lady in charge, from whom I gained a great deal of information, and saw the first instrument of the kind ever used on a human being. After learning that a cousin of mine, whom I intended visiting, lived a good many miles up the river, on the west side, and that I could hardly get up there and back in a week, I concluded to continue my journey without going to see her.

An account of the trip from New Orleans to Washington, D. C., which I sent to the *Alameda Argus* will be better here than to rely upon my memory:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1891.

I think, Mr. Argus, that my last letter closed with my arrival at New Orleans, a city that I had not visited before. The business portion of the city is very poorly paved, and

very dirty, with narrow streets. It seemed to me to be rather sleepy and dull, though there was considerable business going on. It does not seem to be growing or improving very much, having no cable or electric roads—nothing but horsecar lines. Canal Street is the business street of the town. The post office and custom house are large and commodious, built of granite, after the same architectural plan as the old public buildings in Washington. During my wanderings about the town I saw a monument to Andrew Jackson and one to Henry Clay, and one, the largest of all, to R. E. Lee.

While riding by the Lee monument I asked a fellow passenger if I had been rightly informed that it was contemplated by the people of New Orleans to erect a monument to Benjamin Butler. He answered: "Naw! Butler be damned!" To fill out the quartette they certainly should erect one in memory of Ben.

Not being particularly delighted with the city I made a short stay, and took the L. & N. R. R. for Charleston, via Mobile, Pensacola, and Savannah. My sight being dim, I stayed but a short time in either place, therefore I will pass them by without remark, though both were important points from a war-time standpoint. I arrived in Charleston about noon on the twenty-second day of May, and registered at the Charleston House.

This was my third appearance in the city. On a former visit, twenty-six years ago last December, I put up at the Hotel de Jail, as the guest of the Southern Confederacy. A few months previous I put up at the workhouse, since destroyed by the great earthquake of 1886. On my first appearance I was a part and parcel of a delegation of five hundred persons who were compelled to accept an invita-

tion to be shot at every five minutes, night and day, for two months, by Uncle Samuel's batteries located on Morris Island, five miles away. At that time, August, 1864, grass was growing in the middle of the streets, between the cobblestones, yellow fever tainted the air, and everything seemed on the down grade, except the fat, sleek grayback. All of the inhabitants of the lower part of the city had departed, and a more lonesome, dilapidated wilderness of buildings and ruins was seldom, if ever, presented to the eyes of man. Not many hours had passed after my arrival before I had wended my way to the scenes and location of my former abode. The workhouse, the jail, and marine hospital are all on the north and west side of a single square. As remarked above, the workhouse was gone, but the jail and the marine hospital were there, but unoccupied. Standing in the street and gazing upon the old buildings, my mind wandered back to the scenes of over a quarter of a century ago, while tears started, which I could not repress, as memory carried me back among those brave and noble men who so gallantly laid down their lives to uphold the flag of the Union and scorned the idea of deserting it, though tempted in every conceivable way by our captors. The soft breezes seemed to moan through the old, deserted buildings, singing sad requiems to the dead past. Almost chained to the spot, living over again the never-to-be-forgotten scenes known only to those who passed through them, my sad reverie was broken by a small darkey crying out "Ice cream!" and pushing a small cart on which was an ice cream freezer, with a small flag stuck in the head of it bearing the Stars and Stripes. That emblem at that especial moment never looked better to me but once before, and that was on reaching our lines after I escaped from the rebel prison. To see

it here in this cradle of the Rebellion speaks louder than words that my comrades died not in vain. In a sad and thoughtful mood I left the scene of my former misery, perhaps forever.

The next morning I was up bright and early, and with a companion, who had a good glass, took a stroll down to the famous Battery, and on our way saw the Stars and Stripes floating gracefully over the custom house.

Arriving at the Battery, the most popular promenade of all classes of Charleston people, we leveled our glass across the bay, which brought to view Fort Moultrie, the ruins of Fort Sumpter, Morris Island, James Island, Folly Island, all historical points of interest, where lie the remains of many a brave comrade who died that the Union might live. We left the Battery and turned up King street, the same that I once marched up gnawing a piece of raw beef off a bone, and thought it was the sweetest morsel I had ever tasted. There were five hundred of us, and we were all going through the same tactics, paying but slight attention to anything else except getting on the outside of raw beef. In passing a station between Savannah and Charleston, marked Ridgeville, I at once recognized the place where I passed through a brigade or division of rebel soldiers when escaping, though at that time it was called Grahamsville Station. This shows how indelibly those scenes were impressed upon my memory. Between Charleston and Florence I passed another familiar place, near the Pocolalego River, where our train ran the gauntlet at its utmost speed for over a mile to escape the shells of the United States gunboats. A shell struck in the center of the track, not more than twenty-five feet from the rear car of our train. Several bullets struck the engine, but without doing any damage.

Charleston seems to be a kind of dead-and-alive place, but was much cleaner than New Orleans, and has nearly recovered from the terrible earthquake of 1886. There were nearly one hundred killed and wounded at that time. Sixty-three, we were informed, were killed instantly, and many died from their wounds. I was also told that out of over fourteen thousand chimneys examined by the insurance men, only a hundred were found to be sound. Many buildings, mostly brick, were completely shaken down.

We passed Florence and Wilmington, N. C., during the night, and by daylight we went over the battle fields near Petersburg and Richmond, and so on to Alexandria and Washington.

I had telegraphed to M. M. Whitney when I would arrive in Washington, and he met me at the train, and had everything arranged for my comfort. I arrived May 24, 1891, and the city looked its best at the time, with plenty of flowers and shrubbery. The city had improved very much since I saw it last, in 1873. Many globe-trotters declare it to be next to, if not equal to, Paris in point of beauty. It certainly is the finest city I ever saw, taking everything into consideration. I met a good many of the old boys of my regiment, and a good many of other regiments, with whom I was acquainted, and had a royal time with them. My main business was to visit the Electropoise offices and gain all the information I could about using the instruments, the effects of oxygen, etc.

I found a good operator at New Orleans, from whom I learned a good many points. At Charleston I found a Miss Howard in charge of the office, and although I got some information from her, she was not so well posted as Miss

Kimball. John N. Webb, the president of the company, had his headquarters in Washington, and I spent a good deal of my time in his office, gaining some valuable information from him. He was with Sanche, the inventor, for nearly two years, and at that time was doubtless the best informed man regarding the action of the poise in the United States. I spent considerable time in looking over the Anatomical Museum, the National Museum, the Piscicultural Department, and ponds, the Agricultural Department, and several other attractions that had been added to the sights of Washington since I was there before, including the Washington Monument.

On the 12th of June I went to Baltimore to see some of my old friends. The time of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been reduced to forty-five minutes between the two cities, the distance being forty miles. That was the fastest, smoothest ride I ever had on a passenger train up to that time, but have ridden faster since then.

When I arrived at Baltimore I found John Wagner and his brother still running the Green House Restaurant. I visited my old employee, John Buckley, and John Murray, who had become wealthy. My old friend, Mr. V. J. Brown, from whom I used to purchase large quantities of sugar, also gave me a warm welcome, and insisted that I should come and dine with him at his house. Murray took a great deal of pains to entertain me, and with his horse and buggy took me all over the city, and spent a whole day in showing me how much the city had improved since I left. The city had grown to over half a million inhabitants. I also met a good many other old friends, and enjoyed my visit very much. Instead of a couple of days' visit, as I had intended, I remained five days before going back to Washington. On

my return to the latter place I visited my old friend, A. O. Bliss, and family, at his suburban residence a few miles north of the city. Comrade Bliss had made a fortune since the war, and seemed to know how to enjoy it. I remained in Washington until June 28th, when I went to Philadelphia, Pa., for the express purpose of seeing my old comrades of the Tenth Cavalry, and Noble D. Preston in particular, and spent a week with him and his wife and daughter. I also saw the old comrade who escaped from prison with me, who belonged to the One Hundred and Forty-second Pennsylvania Regiment. I celebrated the Fourth of July with Preston and his family, and heard the old Liberty Bell rung at Independence Hall. We visited Fairmount Park and many other places of interest to me. From Philadelphia we went to New York, and met Captain George Vanderbilt, Lieut. H. E. Hayes, and others, with whom I had a splendid visit, as well as with friends in the surrounding towns. I also went to Oakland to my old home, "The Crystal Spring Fish Farm," and found many of my old neighbors, with whom I enjoyed myself a day or two and then returned to New York.

The greatest change to me in the appearance of New York was that so many foreigners crowded the streets, especially Portuguese and Italians. One day, while walking along Broadway with a friend, he said to me: "Captain, what is the greatest change you see in New York since you left?" "Hold on a minute," said I. "Stand right here on this corner for a moment with me, and I will show you. Now watch the crowd, and see how many Americans pass in two minutes." We did so. "How many?" said I. "Oh, about a quarter of them," said he. "Well," said I, "that is the greatest change. Foreigners are thicker than bees, compared

to what they were when I left." "Well, I think you are right, come to think of it, but I had never given it a thought before." "Of course not," said I, "being here all the while, you did not notice it, but I do; and unless this immigration is checked, how long will it be before an American will be a rarity on the streets?" All the cities on the Atlantic coast were the same, except Washington.

After several days in New York I took the D. L. & W. R. R. for Cortland, N. Y., and arrived there July 21st, at about 4 P.M. When I stepped off the cars I was most cordially greeted by Comrade Mark Brownell and my old schoolmate Henry T. Newell, each declaring that I must go to his house first; but as I had already made arrangements with Newell by letter, I went with him, and made my home with him while there, being charmingly entertained. Cortland seemed more like home to me than any other place, and being pretty well worn out, I determined to rest and recuperate; but, alas! there was no rest. I found that almost everybody from the surrounding country had moved into Cortland to live, and it was easy to find almost anyone I wished to see.

My old comrade Brownell got up a unique reception for me a few days after my arrival. He made me promise that I would be at his house on a certain day and hour without fail. When the time came I went as requested, and, to my surprise, found every old soldier for ten miles around that had belonged to the Tenth Cavalry, awaiting my arrival. It was a joyous meeting, and many a tear glistened in the eyes of the old boys with whom I had fought in a score of battles. None but the old soldier can fully realize one's feelings at such a time and on such an occasion, after years of separation. Most of them I had not seen since the war,

and none of them had I met for fifteen years. We had a royal time, and our pleasure was enhanced by Mrs. Brownell and her daughter and the wives of many of the old boys. That meeting was worth the trip across the continent to enjoy. I visited many of them at their homes during my stay in Cortland, and was more than welcome. God bless them all! To meet and greet them was one of the bright, sunny spots along my life's pathway.

The National Encampment of the G. A. R. met in August, and Comrade Brownell and I, with Captain Pierce, of the Seventy-sixth or One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, went to Detroit, Mich., to attend it. On our way we stayed over Sunday at Buffalo and enjoyed the hospitality of Comrade Bull at his beautiful home in the city. We met several of our boys that reside in that city. From thence we went to Detroit with one of Buffalo's G. A. R. posts in a special train, and during the encampment week met a great many of our regiment and had an impromptu reunion for several hours, fighting our battles over again. Scarcely any of the boys had I ever met since the war. To say that we enjoyed it is putting it very mild. Comrade Bliss, who was later governor of the State of Michigan, was with us, also his brother, Doctor Bliss, the surgeon of our regiment; also Judge Reynolds, of Michigan, and many others of the old Tenth.

On my return I was accompanied by Fred Mather, an old comrade who was in prison with me, and was also a brother member of the Fish Culturists' Association. I left Fred at Binghamton, N. Y., and went back to Cortland. From there I went to Taylor, Cincinnatus, and the surrounding towns, where I had many a good visit with old friends and neighbors of long ago. My health kept very good and I

enjoyed myself immensely. During my visits I found some of my friends afflicted with some acute disease. I applied the Electropoise, which almost invariably helped them.

At Willet I visited with my old friend W. Bourne, who belonged to the Seventy-sixth Regiment, and with him went to a reunion of his regiment at Truxton, N. Y., which I enjoyed, except my eyes troubled me very much. I went back to Cortland and took the cars for Norwich, N. Y., to see my wife's folks, and from thence to Oxford, N. Y., to see my dear old uncle Milo Porter and his family. He was over eighty years old, but was quite vigorous for a man of his age. I also met a number of the boys of my regiment there, who belonged to Company K, consequently had a good time. I had promised Captain Getman, of Company I, to make him a visit, so I left Oxford for Fulton County, where the captain lived, and arrived at Gloversville the same day, meeting the captain there. It will be remembered that the captain escaped with me from the Southern prison, and we both reached Sherman's army together; for that reason I was anxious to meet him again. The captain gave me a royal reception, and we went to his home in Mayfield, where I sojourned five days. His good wife did everything she could to make my visit enjoyable and the captain spent his whole time in entertaining me. We went to Saratoga and spent one night there. The next day we went to the Grant cottage on Mt. McGregor, and went over the house, where everything had been left exactly as it was when General Grant died. From the top of the hotel at Mt. McGregor you can look into three States, Vermont, Massachusetts, and New York. The little engine that took us up the mountains, the railroad it ran on, the scenery, and the cottage and its surroundings were all very interesting to me, especially the cot-

tage, with its fixtures, where the old hero of Appomattox spent his last hours.

We returned to Mayfield, and the next day the captain took me off on a long ride through the country. We called on an old man over one hundred years old who still retained all his faculties. The captain had known him for years. He introduced me, and we had several minutes' conversation with him. His sight and hearing were good, and he told me he enjoyed very good health. He seemed to be not over seventy years old. I shook hands with him when we left and wished him a long life and a happy one. He seemed to appreciate the joke, and, with a laugh, asked us to call again. Soon after, we called on his son, a youth of some seventy summers, who was not nearly as well preserved as his father, and who complained bitterly of rheumatism. He was the oldest man of the two according to appearances.

The next day we visited Johnstown and Gloversville, and called upon some of the old boys of Company I, Tenth Cavalry. The day after, I left for New York, via Albany, concluding to take the night boat.

The boat did not leave for two or three hours, and I hardly knew what to do with myself. Taking a seat in the office of the steamboat company, I happened to see a directory lying on the counter. I picked it up and looked up the address of my step-sister's daughter. I had no idea of finding it, but I did, and at once inquired the way to her house, how far it was, and how to reach it. I was informed that it was not far and that the street car that passed the office would take me within a block of her number. I at once took the car, and in ten minutes was pulling the bell at her house. Someone came bounding down the stairs and opened the door, and Ella stood before me. Although I

had not seen her for twenty-five years, I knew it was her, and would have known her anywhere. Our greeting was very cordial, and we were both happy to meet again. I asked for her mother, but she was in New York, or at her son's house in New Durham, N. J. I visited with Ella up to the time I had to leave for the boat, and it seemed more like home than any place I had been since I came East. I promised to come back, via Albany, and make her another visit before I went back to Cortland, after my visit to New York.

While in New York I visited Lieut. H. E. Hayes and family in Brooklyn, also Captain George Vanderbilt, both of my regiment. I also went over to see Fred Holland, and his mother, my step-sister, whom I had not seen for nearly twenty-five years. I found her at her son's house. She did not know me at first, but soon recognized my voice, and I had a delightful visit with her. Fred and his wife were both away from home, but returned at night. I spent a very enjoyable day.

The next day I went to New York, and the morning after took the day boat for Albany to make Ella my promised visit. She stayed at home a couple of days in order to entertain me, before she went to New York for her mother, who was living with her. Ella took me all over the old city. We visited the Capitol Building, and I saw there our old regimental flag in the archives of the State. What memories that old flag, under whose folds I saw so many hard-fought battles, brought back! I could not help but drop a tear for the noble boys who gave up their lives while fighting in its defence. After a couple of days with Ella she took a train for New York, and I went to Cortland to finish my visit there and attend a reunion of our regiment at Elmira.

It was now October, and the dull, cloudy days began to make me wish for California's bright sunshine; besides, I was annoyed by a succession of boils on my neck, head, and hands, until I had nine in full operation all at the same time, which were very painful, and made me feel almost sick. I was cared for by Mrs. Brownell with a great deal of skill and patience, and I managed to worry along until the reunion, where, notwithstanding my misery, I enjoyed myself very much, returning to the town of Cortland somewhat improved. Because of this annoyance I had to cut my visits to many of my friends rather short, and left for Albany, where I could feel at home with Ella and her mother, until my recovery, when I intended to return to my old home in San Francisco.

During my stay at Albany I took pains to inquire into the way Ella and her mother were managing to keep the wolf from the door, and found that Ella was working herself almost to death to keep going, pay rent, furnish coal, wood, etc., with nothing to look forward to, and I felt that I would like to do something for her and her mother to help them along. Ella was always my favorite when a child, and her mother was like a sister to me; therefore, I concluded that if Ella was willing I would marry her and take them both to California with me. So one morning, while we were at breakfast, I broached the subject to both, giving them a few days to decide. They did not seem very much surprised, although the mother had known nothing of my intentions before that; but I had talked the matter over very seriously with Ella before, and she had already promised to marry me. Her mother finally told me she could hardly think of going to California and leave all her children, although Ella was her favorite daughter and she would rather live with

her than any other member of her family. She had three sons and two daughters, all married but Ella. It was finally decided that Ella could not leave until the spring of 1892, when her mother would go to live with her other daughter, who was anxious that she should do so. So all matters were settled, and I was to come or send for Ella the next spring.

Having fully recovered my health, I soon left for the Pacific Coast, via Chicago, thence to St. Paul, over the Canadian Pacific to Puget Sound, then direct by rail to San Francisco.

From Chicago I went to Marengo, Ill., to visit my Aunt Harriet Howe. She lived with her son, E. E. Howe, and his family. He was a widower. My aunt was getting very old, being nearly ninety years of age, but was quite smart, retaining all her faculties to a remarkable degree. My visit gave me much pleasure, as I had not seen my aunt since the war. When I was a small boy she was like a mother to me. Her son was a noble man, and his eldest daughter was a beautiful and charming girl of twenty years of age. Mr. Howe told me that he was engaged to a young woman who was then living in Oregon, and he would like very much to have her return with me the next spring when I came East after Ella. I told him to fix up the matter with her, and, if agreeable, I would come back by the way of Portland, where she could meet me, and I would see her safely through to her destination.

I went back to Chicago, from there to St. Paul, where I had to wait for two days for my train, with the thermometer at zero. When we reached Winnipeg it was still at zero, and the morning we arrived at Medicine Hat, on the Saskatchewan River, it was twenty-seven degrees below; but the morning we reached the Rocky Mountains the weather

had moderated, and at noon it began to snow. At the first station after we reached the Rockies I looked north, and saw what is called Cathedral Rock. The treeless plain seemed to run right up level to the foot of the mountains, which rose almost perpendicularly. This puzzled me, as I had never seen the foot of a mountain like that. I determined to visit it and learn why it was so. The conductor informed me that I would have time to go out and back if I would be quick about it. As no one of my fellow passengers seemed interested in the matter, I went alone. On reaching the spot, I found the whole mountain was one vast flint rock, without a particle of debris at its foot, forming almost a right angle with the plain. The elements seemed to have had no effect on the mountain whatever. To me it was a very peculiar formation, and I do not remember having read of anything like it before. The run from the plain on the east of the Rockies to the banks of the Columbia was made in about twelve hours. About three hours of the time it was snowing, which shut out bits of scenery that I was told were very fine. We passed a long, narrow swamp, some of the water of which, I was informed, ran eastwardly into the Atlantic, and some westwardly into the Pacific. In going down the west side we passed a glacier three hundred feet thick and five hundred feet above the road. Soon after, we came to the Glacier House, which is near an immense glacier five hundred feet thick at its lower end and is miles long and wide. This is quite a popular resort, and several of our passengers stopped over one train to visit the glacier.

From here to the Columbia River we had but little chance to admire the scenery, as it snowed all the way. Before crossing the Columbia we stopped for lunch. I regretted

that we must pass through the Selkirk Mountains, as well as the second crossing of the Columbia, in the night, but was informed that we would not reach the Frazer River before three or four o'clock next morning, and would pass most of the way down the river by daylight. It would be moonlight, however, and, if awake, I could enjoy some remarkable scenery by moonlight. I turned in early, making up my mind to wake up at 2 A.M. and see all I could. I was wide awake at the right time just as we struck the Frazer River, and my berth being on the right side for observation, I did not have to get up. The moon shone very brightly in that clear atmosphere, it was almost as light as day, and I had a splendid view from my window. As soon as it was daylight I was up, and rode on the platform all the way through the Frazer River Canyon. Some of the time we were five hundred feet or more above the river, on a shelf cut in the perpendicular side of the mountain. It was certainly the most entrancing and exciting ride I ever had on a railroad, the scenery being the wildest and the most unique I had ever beheld. Words cannot do justice to it; it must be seen to be appreciated. To build a railroad in the side of a perpendicular mountain, above a chasm five hundred feet deep, filled with a roaring, foaming, whirling, splashing body of water of immense volume, that fairly shakes the solid rock, is what I call the climax of engineering skill. I shall never forget that ride down the Frazer River, and would like very much to go over it again. I remember in the fifties talking to a man who had returned from the Frazer River country during the gold excitement, who told me about his experience in that place. "Why," he said, "you can't go from one bar to another on foot, or in a boat, or any other way, except by balloon;" and I now think, since

I have seen it, he must have been right, for I never saw such a dangerous stream to navigate, either up or down.

At noon that day we reached the town of Whatcom, on Puget Sound, and went on board the steamer, where we learned that she would reach Tacoma the next morning, after making the circuit of the Sound, first to Seattle, and from there to Tacoma, to connect with the train for Portland, Oregon. At night I went to my state-room for a good sleep, as I had been all over the Sound in previous years and cared nothing for the sights to be seen. Our boat lay at the wharf the next morning when I awakened, to take the train for Portland. Nothing of moment occurred on the way to Portland, at which place I spent more than half the day, leaving at ten P.M. for San Francisco. As I had been over the road before, the scenery did not interest me very much until we reached the Siskiyou Mountains, which are always interesting, no matter how many times you have seen them. Old Shasta Butte I never tire of, for I think it one of the grandest mountains on the Pacific Coast. When we got a glimpse of it, it seemed to me like looking upon an old comrade.

Without mishap we reached the bay of San Francisco on the morning of November 22, 1891, having been gone six months and sixteen days. It had been one of the most enjoyable trips of my life, and I returned in better health than I had enjoyed for thirty years, notwithstanding I was nearly sixty years of age. My main object in visiting the East had been to learn more about the use of the Electro-poise and the effects of oxygen on the human system, as I had determined to make it a business to help others as I had been helped, having been, as it were, snatched from the grave by its use. I visited all the offices established at that

time in the Eastern States, except Nashville, Tenn., and one or two others in the South. When I reached Chicago I found Miss Howard in charge, whom I had met in Charleston, S. C., where she had charge of the office at the time I was there.

On my return to San Francisco I at once commenced to study causes and symptoms of all diseases, using the electro-poise as my treatment. My success was quite remarkable, and I soon found that all acute diseases, no matter of what nature, were readily cured; but chronic diseases were not so easily dealt with, and it was hard work to keep the patients from going back to medicine. When the oxygen began to work strongly on the disease they would get discouraged and want to try something else, but those that stuck to it came out all right and became enthusiastic, like myself. The more I used it the more convinced I became that oxygen was the best, the safest, and surest cure for disease ever discovered, and after using it for over thirteen years my confidence in it is unbounded. I have cured thousands, and it frequently astonishes me to see the remarkable effects I have produced by its use, when properly applied.

There are many things to be taken into consideration when using oxygen to get the best results, as it is sensitive to the least interference by drugs or alcoholics, changes of atmosphere, bathing, or eating, condition of patient, disobedience of the laws of nature, etc., etc. It is more scientific than any other mode of treatment, and yet you cannot use the treatment without benefit, even in the most careless manner. There are so many very important facts brought out and demonstrated which cannot be done with anything else known, that it astonishes the medical fraternity, and they know not what to say or think.

Physicians who love their patients better than the almighty dollar and themselves, drop medication and use the oxygen treatment. Many of the doctors have an Electropoise of their own, and use it themselves in secret and denounce it to their patients. Cold *facts* will eventually win, and the time will come, no doubt, when the medical fraternity will adopt this treatment as their own. Old Doctor Beckwith, of New York, is trying hard, and has been for years, to make medicine and oxygen work together, for the benefit of the medical fraternity, but oxygen and poisons will not harmonize, and never will.

I worked hard through the winter of 1891-92, studying nights, and attending patients during the day, and perhaps used my eyes too much, but was in splendid health otherwise. That was the first winter of la grippe visitation on this coast, and many died. I had eleven cases that I treated, and brought them all out in fine shape, with no after effects. In fact, I never failed to cure the grip in a single instance for thirteen years. Can any medical physician say the same who has had any practice at all? I think not.

I got ready to go East after Ella, and set the time to start for the second of April, 1892. I had corresponded with Miss Bennet, who was to meet me at Portland, Oregon. On the second of April I left San Francisco for the East, via Portland. I found my lady companion on hand when I reached the latter city, and that night took the train, via the Northern Pacific, for St. Paul, where she was to take another train for her destination in Iowa. We had a delightful trip, and both of us had laid in an extra amount of provisions, not knowing what each other had done, so that when we came to open our lunch baskets for the first meal we had enough for four people instead of two. I selected

mine from a man's standpoint, and she from a woman's—therefore we had a splendid layout. What one had not thought of, the other had. On our arrival at St. Paul we had enough to last a week longer. The people in our car were so agreeable and mirth-loving that the time did not drag at all, the trip terminating all too quickly. The scenery on the Northern Pacific cannot be compared with that of the Canadian Pacific, in my estimation, nor is it as good as on the Central Pacific or the Santa Fé.

On my arrival in Chicago the weather was very cold, and we had more or less of snow squalls all the way to Albany, where I arrived on the tenth of April, 1892, and found Ella all right. After disposing of her household goods, and sending her mother to Truxton, N. Y., to live with her daughter Frances, we went down to New Durham, N. J., where her brother, Fred Holland, lived, and on the 24th of April, at the episcopal parsonage, at Union Hill, N. J., were married.

On the 25th of April we left for Chicago, Ill., and made my Aunt Harriet Howe and her son, E. E. Howe, and family, a visit for a week. Leaving Marengo, we went to Chicago, where we took the Santa Fé for Los Angeles, Cal., arriving there May 8th. We stopped over one day, then left for San Francisco, where we arrived on the 10th of May, staying at the Park Hotel in Alameda until we could find a suitable place in San Francisco.

I immediately went to work for Mr. Watson, with the Electropoise, having been gone between five and six weeks. My health was fine, but my eyes troubled me considerably. The rest and trip did not seem to improve them much.

Times seemed dull, and it being the year of the Presidential election, which always affects business more or less,

everything seemed to be at a standstill. Through taking cold, my eyes became inflamed, and I had to be shut up in a dark room for five weeks, which was a terrible ordeal to me, though my general health was of the best, and I was gaining a pound of flesh each week. I had to hold up my studies for some time, for it looked very much as though I would become blind altogether. After consultation with Mr. Watson, I came to the conclusion that I would have to change my business and stop using my eyes. Therefore I quit work on the 1st of February, 1893.

My wife was badly afflicted with bronchitis, and the climate of San Francisco not being favorable to her disease, we concluded to go to our ranch of one hundred and sixty acres in Southern California, and see if we could not make us a home there by exchanging my land for a small place that had improvements upon it.

Very reluctantly I gave up my Electropoise business, but I took some instruments with me, and three years' experience; also a sub-agency from Mr. Watson to use and sell the same, so that I could follow it again if my eyes permitted me to do so. We stopped in Los Angeles for two or three weeks to give me a chance to look about and see what I could do. I went out to San Bernardino County, where my land was situated, also to the city of San Bernardino, as well as Colton, Riverside, and Redlands.

Finally I ran across a man in Colton, by the name of Greenleaf, who told me that he knew of a man who would exchange a twenty-acre ranch that was more than half set out to oranges and other fruit, and I could see him the next day. He was introduced to me as the Rev. Mr. Rogers.

I had had, at different times during my career, considerable dealings with church members, deacons, and ministers

of the Gospel, who had invariably tried to swindle me ; therefore, I kept these facts in my mind, and looked upon Mr. Rogers as one of the same class, subsequent events proving that I was right. However, we came to an agreement, verbally, to meet in Los Angeles, at a certain day and place, and close the transaction. Deeds were to be made out and each one was to give a clear title, without encumbrances. We met, and made contracts to meet and exchange deeds on a certain day, in Colton, Cal. In the meantime I was to take possession, have my deed and abstract ready, and Mr. Rogers was to have his ready. The matter went along so very smoothly that I began to have my suspicions that there might be something wrong. So I visited Lawyer A. B. Paris, of San Bernardino, who informed me that Elder Rogers was one of the smoothest rascals in the country. Therefore, I left the matter of exchanging my one hundred and sixty acres of land for Rogers' place with Paris, and he soon found there was a mortgage on Rogers' place of twenty-five hundred dollars. I dropped a note to Mr. Rogers to meet me on the day agreed upon at Colonel Paris' office in San Bernardino. Rogers met me there, and when the colonel asked him about the mortgage, he said: "Oh, that is all right ; I will pay that off in a few days, already having made arrangements for it." "But," says the colonel, "we cannot give you any deed until that mortgage is paid up and cancelled." "Oh well," said Rogers, "I'll give you my deed, and you can leave yours with the Colton National Bank, not to be delivered until I present the mortgage, cancelled from the court." He also said it would be all straightened out in a couple of weeks.

On March 28th my wife and I moved on to the twenty-acre ranch, and we found ourselves settled in a few days,

with a feeling that we had a home, and I commenced improving the place. Rogers had not paid off the mortgage, but made most glittering promises to do so. Time went on, a year had passed, and the mortgage remained unpaid. The man who held the mortgage threatened to foreclose, but Rogers still failed to pay even the interest. I had my one hundred and sixty acres, but had so many improvements on the place I had bargained for that I did not propose to leave it without some remuneration for doing so. I came to the conclusion that Rogers had given up all intention of paying off the mortgage, and would let the mortgagor take the place, so I commenced to negotiate with J. N. Roads for its purchase, or the exchange of my one hundred and sixty acres for it. Not until May, 1896, did Roads foreclose the mortgage, and then it had to be sold at auction six months after, or in November, 1896. Roads bid it in, and I exchanged my one hundred and sixty acres to Roads and got a clear title, and finally had a home once more. On the first of January, 1897, we were fully settled on the third terrace, a mile and a half northwest from the city of Colton. It had been a long struggle, over three and a half years, for a home, but we got it.

Now I will go back to March, 1893, when we first occupied our home. Before we left San Francisco I got a letter from my brother, Wm. E. Porter, that his health was very poor, and he thought that he would like to come to California to see if I could cure him with the Electropoise. If he could not sell his place in Smithville, N. Y., he would rent it, and come out. I wrote him that I was going to Southern California, and as soon as I could get me a home I would let him know, when he could come and live with me. All the family he had was one daughter, eleven years old,

As soon as I got settled on the place I wrote him to come. He reached Colton in June, 1893. He was hardly able to walk from the house to the barn, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet, but I soon got him improving slowly. He had kidney trouble, from a strain thirty years before, and had been an invalid most of the time. For about five months he improved slowly, then he began to improve faster, and in a few months more was better than he had been for years. He was at my home for nine or ten months, when he went back to his farm in the town of Smithville, New York.

In the fall of 1893 I went East to bring my wife's mother, Mrs. Holland, back to California with me. I also wished to attend the reunion of my old regiment at Syracuse, N. Y. I left Colton October 12th, reaching Syracuse October 17th, in time for the reunion. After the meeting was over I went to Unadilla, to my wife's brother, after her mother, whom I found well, and she accompanied me to Cortland, N. Y., to see her daughter and son, who lived at Truxton and McGraw, respectively. I had a pretty stormy time to get their consent for their mother to go with me, but finally accomplished my purpose. We took the train for Chicago, and then to Marengo, Ill., to see my aunt and cousin there. On account of delay in receiving funds, we did not leave there before the middle of November. Mrs. Holland enjoyed the trip very much. Between Chicago and Kansas City I was robbed of my return ticket, and had to buy one from there to Colton. In all my travels I had never been robbed of anything before. The ticket was taken while I was asleep in my berth.

We travelled via the Santa Fé Railroad. My wife met us at San Bernardino, and both of the ladies were delighted

to be together once more. This was our first winter in Southern California. It was a cool, but delightful one, and we all enjoyed it very much. During the year 1894, after my brother left, I was engaged in taking care of the place and treating a good many patients with the electro-poise. From the cures I made there was a gradual increase of patients, which fully paid all expenses. Nothing of moment occurred during the year 1894. We all enjoyed good health, and Dollie (my wife) and her mother were like two children, as happy as could be, and I was content. My sight was slowly getting worse, and I could do nothing to improve it. In the winter of 1894-95 we had a man living with us, by the name of Cole, for a while, whom I was treating, and some other parties whose names I have forgotten. In the meantime my patients were increasing, and I had to spend more time studying. In looking after the property, attending to patients, and so forth, I was kept very busy, so I got a man, by the name of E. D. Walker, to come and live with us and take care of the place.

The summer of 1895 passed off all right, but one thing troubled me, and that was my failing eyesight. My wife and I, with her mother, were as happy as could be expected. I had come to the conclusion that Rogers would never lift the mortgage, and Roads had come to the same conclusion, and promised me to foreclose the mortgage, which he did in May, 1896, agreeing to pay me fifteen dollars per month for taking care of it. I hired Walker to work for me at twenty dollars per month for the year, I to board him. We had to wait six months before the sale of the place, after the foreclosure, and that carried us through the summer of 1896. In the meantime I tried to negotiate for the place on the same basis that Rogers and I were to trade, but it

was a hard job. However, as before stated, the trade was made, and we had a home. I employed Walker, and commenced to improve the place. McKinley had been elected President of the United States, I had a home, and we were all happy and contented.

My success with the Electropoise was marvellous, patients were increasing, and everything looked promising up to the day of the inauguration of McKinley, on the fourth day of March, 1897. That night my wife's mother went to bed all right at eight P.M. At half-past ten P.M. she woke us up, saying she was choking to death. We both got up at once, and found her in a critical condition. She was in great pain about the heart. I eased that with the Electropoise, but she grew weak. My wife brought some hot water, but it was of no avail; her pulse grew weaker and weaker. I sent Walker at once for a doctor at Colton, telling him to hurry, for I thought she would be dead before he could get back. My wife took her in her arms, and in forty minutes from the time she called us she breathed her last. A blood vessel near the heart had burst.

She was one of the best women I ever knew, of the sweetest disposition, and always cheerful, kind, and obliging. To have known her was to have loved her. We laid her to rest in a bed of flowers in the City Cemetery of San Bernardino. My wife almost idolized her mother, and the loss of her almost killed her daughter.

During the year 1897 I made many improvements on my place, laying pipes, setting out trees, and getting the place in shape. It was a dry year and we could not get water enough to keep the place up to a proper standard; but we did the best we could.

On January 1, 1898, there was a better feeling as to the

future, and times began to improve in some parts of the country, though we did not notice much difference here. Walker had my place to work again this year, but the rainfall had been scanty, the prospects for water were very poor, and there was not much show for pushing the orange grove to any extent, but we had some oranges to sell for the first time since I owned the ranch.

The Electropoise business increased considerably, and money was a little more plentiful with me than it had been before. I made some very remarkable cures during the year which astonished the doctors considerably. My sight did not improve much, in fact it was a little worse, but I had studied considerably, and perhaps used my eyes too much; besides, the heat of summer injured them, and it looked very much as though I might lose my sight altogether; but I kept up in good spirits, and made the best of it, though it was hard to keep from my books. Besides the patients we had a good deal of other company, my wife and I always trying to make it pleasant for everybody who came to see us. The year passed without anything particular occurring. We were as happy as could be under the circumstances, and drifted along down the stream of life without scarcely a ripple to mar our happiness.

New Year's Day came and went. The winter was a very dry one and we had to irrigate all winter. In January two young ladies came to reside with us, natives of Canada. Their names were Bertha Little and Rose Little. The former was sent here for her health, and her sister came with her to take care of her. Her disease was laryngitis. I treated her, with good success, until the 25th of July, when they departed for their home. They were both charming young ladies and we missed them when they had gone.

My wife was not in good health, but I kept her up with oxygen, so that she was able to do her work most of the time. In the fall of 1899 I got a letter from Mark Brownell saying that he thought he and his wife, Minnie, would likely make us a visit, if agreeable to us. Nothing could suit us better, I wrote him, for my latch string hung on the outside to all old comrades, especially to those of my own regiment. Brownell was a member of Company A of the Tenth Cavalry, and when I was East, in 1891, his wife and himself treated me very kindly at their home in Cortland, at a time when I was sick and in a miserable condition with a dozen boils, more or less.

In December I got a letter that they were on the way, and would telegraph me what day they would arrive in Colton, specifying what train they would be on, etc. On the morning of the 18th of December they arrived, and were delighted with everything, as we were with them. The next day after their arrival a very heavy norther set in, which lasted for five days, but they did not seem to mind it much, although it kept us all indoors. We had a most enjoyable time, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. We had concluded to have a small reunion of what few soldiers we could gather together of our regiment for a Christmas dinner. We sent an invitation to all whom we knew were in this part of the country. David Brinkley and wife, of Los Angeles, responded, and Corporal Ellen, of the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, who belonged to Company M of our regiment; Uncle Jesse Higgs, of a New York regiment of infantry, was also with us. We all fully enjoyed the small but happy reunion to the full extent of our ability. All the party had arrived the day before, and Christmas Eve was spent very happily. Mrs. Brownell made the

remark that she had experienced 'most everything that California could afford, except an earthquake, and she would like to see what it was like. She was fully gratified, for before daylight on Christmas morning we had the worst shock I had ever experienced in this country. San Jacinto and Hemet had buildings shaken down, and four Indians were killed. Brinkley was badly affected by the shock for several hours. Mrs. Brownell was perfectly satisfied with the demonstration, and did not care to have any more.

Brownell and his wife went to Pasadena, to the rose tournament, on New Year's Day, 1900, besides visiting many other parts of Southern California, but kept their headquarters at our house, returning now and then to rest and recuperate. They took their final departure on March 8, 1900, and visited the northern part of the State on their tour of California, going as far north as Puget Sound, thence east, via the Northern Pacific.

Johnny Cowles and wife made us a visit from Chicago, and stayed with us a week while Brownell was here. Johnny was an old member of our regiment in the Civil War. My wife was in miserable health most of the latter part of the winter, and I was very busy with my patients, who had increased very rapidly, and I was obliged to stick pretty closely to my studies and observations in order to learn the effects of oxygen on the human system. One great drawback is that there are no books that teach the effects of oxygen; in fact, the M. D.'s do not seem to know anything about it. Their colleges teach nothing of the kind. The best medical experts of the land will fill up a patient with drugs and poisons and then pour down liquid oxygen, which assists nature to throw off the poisons administered, and puts the patient in

the greatest misery imaginable during the reaction, as in the case of President McKinley, who begged of them not to give him any more oxygen, because it caused him to suffer so intensely. No medicine should be given with oxygen. Either depend upon medicine alone or upon oxygen alone. They are antagonistic to a remarkable degree and only make the malady worse.

The year 1900 proved a very successful one for me in treating patients for all kinds of diseases, and my reputation advanced accordingly; but there was one drawback to my success, and that was my poor eyesight. My sight was gradually getting poorer and poorer as time advanced, so much so that I had to curtail my reading and writing during the heat of the day and by lamp-light, which was very annoying to me, as my whole mind, heart, and soul were in the work of investigating the action of oxygen on the human system. I made many remarkable cures during the year. I worked hard, but enjoyed good health most of the time. My wife was in poor health most of the time, but I was able to hold her trouble in check, so that at the end of the year she was no worse.

Slowly but surely my sight was getting worse, and my age being against me, I feared that there was no further help for it, but I did not despair, or allow it to worry me, keeping on with my business as best I could and taking as good care of myself as possible. Keeping cheerful and contented is the best of tonics for health and long life, and for this reason I determined to keep up good spirits and take things as they came. Therefore, 1901 found me about as good as ever. E. D. Walker had my ranch to take care of for this year, and David J. Dartt, a young man who had been with us for a year for treatment, left us, well, and went North.

Miss Belle Randall, who had been with us for a year, still remained, so that our family was reduced to three. Nothing of importance occurred worth relating until September, when Miss Randall was married to Fred V. Pepper. We gave her a wedding and she was married at our house.

Business had increased with me to a considerable extent, and I had been very successful with some very severe cases of sickness. My wife had worked too hard during the year and I had noticed that she was failing in health, but although I cautioned her that she was threatened with paralysis, she would not curb the propensity of doing more than her vitality would allow. It worried me a great deal, but I could not coax her to desist, and she kept on overdoing, rushing headlong on to the inevitable. Our winter was a very dry one and we had to irrigate nearly the whole time. My health remained very good, but my sight was no better, and was slowly failing. Happy and contented otherwise, we enjoyed life fully as well as the average run of people of our age.

My wife and I lived alone for some time, until we got a young lady, by the name of Ina Lyman, to work for us, as my wife was hardly able to do our work. My Electropoise business was increasing and my sight slowly decreasing, and I had so much to do that I felt that I was overdoing. Miss Lyman proved to be a good help and we got along very nicely. During the very hot weather in July, 1902, my wife and Miss Lyman got up one morning, very early, to do the washing and get it out before it got too hot. They got it out before breakfast, but my wife was so tired she could eat nothing, but kept on until noon overworking, and at dinner could eat nothing. In the afternoon she tried to rest, and was lying on a cot, in the shade of the house, when she began to

feel very bad and got up to go into the house. She got as far as the piazza, and sat down in a chair. I passed into the office to see when I had treated her last, when I heard her cry out my name, as if in distress. I ran out just in time to save her from falling out of the chair to the floor. Her whole body was rigid, and she was unconscious. I laid her on the floor and called to Miss Lyman to bring some water, in the meantime applying the Electropoise to her ankle as soon as possible. She was still breathing, but with great effort. I bathed her temples, and watched results. She soon seemed a little easier, though still unconscious, and remained so for over thirty minutes. In the meantime we had laid her on a cot on the porch. I saw her symptoms were favorable; she became partially conscious, but was unable to move. We carried her into the house and put her to bed. It was a complete stroke of paralysis of the whole body, but I got the Electropoise on her so soon that it saved her. After she had become fully conscious a severe pain settled in the small of her back and she was unable to move herself, compelling me to handle her as you would a baby. I watched and attended her for twenty-four hours, applied the treating plate to the spot where the pain centered (in the small of the back) for a short time, which relieved her almost immediately, and in two hours she was walking about the house without help, although very weak. In three days she was quite well, but weak, and it was a year or more before she got back to where she was before the stroke. Not a drop of medicine nor of anything else was used, only hot compresses. It was a close call for her, and I thought she would surely die, and I think she would have had I not been on the spot at the time. Oxygen is certainly the best cure for all nervous diseases ever discovered, and I have

brought out many a one from a stroke of hemiplegia, paraplegia, and locomotor ataxia, where all other methods utterly failed when attended by the best physicians. I may say that I am all the while working on the most obdurate cases, on which the best doctors have exhausted their powers and given them up as past curing, and almost without exception I have brought them out all right.

The year passed very quietly and we got along without any other mishaps until 1903. My business increased considerably during the winter and spring. We then learned of the death of my wife's sister-in-law, who lived at Unadilla, N. Y. She left her brother's daughter without a home or parents, and we wrote to her to come to us and make her home with us. She was an only child of my wife's brother, and had reached the age of twenty years. She accepted our offer, and was to come in the fall, after spending the summer with relatives in New York State. Her name is Ella E. Holland, and when she arrived at our home we found her a charming and lovely girl. We were proud of her, and delighted to have so good a companion for us both. We soon learned to love her as our own, and we think she fully reciprocates our feelings. Considering everything, we were a happy family, and all seemingly well contented.

I bought six lots in Colton and am trying to sell my old ranch on the sandhill, and will move into Colton if I am successful. I had a letter from my cousin, Sophia E. Roberts, the first news of her for many years. She writes me that there is a prospect of my receiving something from the estate of my cousin, Hobart Kimberly, of Hamden, Conn.; also that I ought to have had quite a sum from Aunt Cynthia Bradley's estate, which had been kept back by the adminis-

trator, Henry Tuttle, a cousin of mine, who has proved to be a rascal of the first water.

In September of this year I attended the yearly Grand Encampment held at San Francisco, Cal. I spent a week there and had a most enjoyable visit with old comrades and friends. I returned without mishap.

Aside from my increasing blindness my health has remained good during the whole year; also my wife's. Nothing of any importance occurred during the rest of the year.

New Year's Day found me still on the old sandhill ranch, not having been able to dispose of it. Business seemed to increase, and I had all I could very well attend to, with my increasing blindness. The year before I had made some very remarkable cures and that increased my business very much.

The year 1904 was a prosperous year, and I concluded to build me a home in Colton, whether I sold the ranch or not, and I made preparations accordingly. I secured four lots on the corner of I and Second streets, and gave the plans to five contractors to figure on, finally awarding the contract to H. F. Wegnori, of San Bernardino, to build me a house, and it was ready for occupation in March, 1905. As I was very busy, I secured the services of R. H. Franklin, an old soldier, and a friend of mine, to superintend its construction, which he did in an able and honest manner. We moved into our new home March 21, 1905, where we hope to spend many happy years, comfort and cure the afflicted, and prolong the lives of ourselves and friends by assisting nature with the life-giving oxygen extracted from her own laboratories; good air, food, water, proper temperature, and a strict adhesion to the following general directions:

No medicine, drugs, or poisons.

No electricity of any kind.

No turpentine, chloroform, or alcohol.

No liniments, salves, or lotions.

No beer, wine, or any kind of liquors, unless specially prescribed.

Patent medicines contain from twelve to fifty per cent. of alcohol.

During treatment bathe not more than twice a week, with water just comfortable. Use a sponge or towel only. Rub well toward the body.

Avoid hot baths, or very cold ones. Never bathe for two hours or more after a meal. To bathe before retiring is best.

You must sleep alone, both for your own sake and that of others.

Never eat without an appetite. Wait until the stomach calls for food. Eat well when you have an appetite, but stop when you could eat more.

Never overeat. Never eat when tired and exhausted. Rest first.

Avoid meat at the last meal of the day.

As to diet, no two persons are alike.

No set of rules can be given for everybody.

Eat that which agrees with you and let alone that which does not. Don't mix several kinds of vegetables at the same meal, or mix fruits with vegetables. Too many kinds of food at one meal are not good. Use olives or olive oil as a food if you wish.

Drink sparingly at meals. Avoid strong tea and coffee. Use no milk in coffee and plenty of milk in tea.

Use plenty of cold water between meals, but not too much at a time.

Most people eat too much, especially old people. Moderation in all things.

Be careful about overworking in nervous troubles. Obey the laws of nature, and profit thereby.

Oxygen assists nature to remove the cause of disease. Oxygen gives you vitality. Drugs, medicine, and alcohol reduce the vitality and only remove effects.

Holding the hands in cold water will, many times, reduce the pains and bad feelings caused by the action of the oxygen.

Hot compresses, as hot as can be borne, placed over the painful part, will relieve, but you must remove as soon as relieved. Sip a cup of hot water, with a pinch of salt in it, for sour stomach, short breathing, nausea, or fainting fits, or a constricted throat. On going to bed, sip a cup of hot water, with a pinch of salt in it, for constipation.

Oxygen will reverse the process of disease. After sixteen years of experience we cure more diseases with oxygen (except consumption) than by any other method known, and can prove it by demonstration, if the treatment is not interfered with and directions are followed. Since 1891 my life has been fully occupied with studying the symptoms and causes of disease and the effects of oxygen upon the same, and I flatter myself that my studies have not been in vain, as thousands can testify. I have been badly handicapped by my failing eyesight, for which there seems to be no remedy, and it looks as though I must eventually become blind. I am doing all I can to preserve what little sight I have. By taking good care of myself and cheerfully making the best of my serious condition, I am in hopes that I may be spared to successfully combat the ills of life, smooth the path of life for suffering humanity, correct in a measure the excesses,

and teach many people to depend upon *Nature* and let drugs, poisons, and M. D.'s alone.

The year 1905 was a fairly prosperous one with me, although my sight surely but slowly failed. Changing our home from the ranch to our house in town, and getting the house in order, furnishing and fitting it up in an up-to-date manner, has occupied our time and attention for most of the year. Several of our most beloved relatives and friends have died, though myself and family passed through the year most comfortably and satisfactorily.

Some of the time I was overworked by the many patients, but New Year's Day, 1906, found me in good condition, physically and morally, and as jovial as ever, still in the pursuit of happiness. On account of my eyes and my patients, I was tied up at home, and visited Los Angeles only twice during the year 1905, once to visit the Old Soldiers' Encampment at Huntington Beach, and once on business. During the hot summer months I was obliged to keep out of the heat, on account of my eyes.

For several years I have been a prisoner at home during the heated term, although enjoying the best of health. I am, at the present time of writing, in my seventy-fifth year of life.

The greater part of the foregoing pages have been written since I was seventy years young, almost entirely from memory, for I had but little memoranda to draw from; therefore, I had to leave out many amusing incidents that I had passed through that would have made the history of my life more interesting, perhaps.

The idea of my writing this book was conceived by a young lady who spent several months at our house, and she was never so happy as when she could coax me to relate

some of my past experiences. She would sit for hours listening to them, and then say, "Why don't you write a book? How I would like to read it! It would surely be interesting to others."

Poor girl! She is dead now, but it confirms the old adage that there is a woman in the case, in many of our troubles—and there was one in this case—of my autobiography.

THE END.





~~APR 30 1907~~

APR 30 1907



