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GEN. J. MADISON DRAKE

Historical Sketches

OF THE

Revolutionary and Civil Wars

With an account of author's desperate leap from a swiftly moving train of cars, and a fatiguing tramp of 1,000 miles through three Confederate states, in making his escape from a Prison-pen

James
BY
J. MADISON DRAKE

Captain Ninth N. J. Volunteers and Bt. Brig.-
General by special act of N. J. Legislature

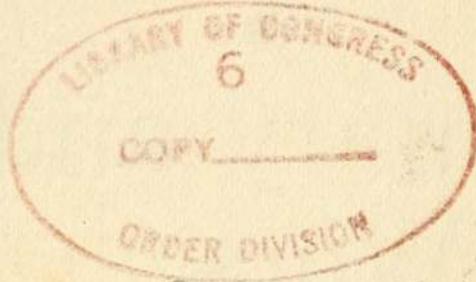
Historian Ninth N. J. Volunteers, Past Historian Medal of Honor
Legion, U. S. A., and author of "Fast and Loose in Dixie,"
and "Across the Continent in Red Breeches"

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INTRODUCTORY.

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AT the earnest and repeated solicitations of many citizens I present this volume to the public, the chief object of which is to preserve in convenient form many personal incidents which enlivened the war for American Liberty—1775-1783—as well as the war for the preservation of the Union—1861-1865.

The sketches of the Revolutionary War are founded upon legends I fondly heard when a youth from revolutionary sires and their descendants, as well as from official reports and statements appearing in the newspapers of that period, while those relating to the Civil War furnished by the actors, some of whom are still living, are given that the heroic actions of my comrades may not be effaced by time, nor their wondrous deeds deprived of renown.

The modest work is submitted with the fond hope that it may revive proud recollections in the hearts of all true Americans, and inspire them with patriotism and greater love of country, for which its braves sacrificed so much.

What the author has done (in the pages which follow) in chronicling and perpetuating the brilliant history of New Jerseymen he much fears will be but an epitome of what might be recorded, but such as it is he dedicates it to the

PATRIOTIC PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

J. MADISON DRAKE.

Elizabeth, N. J., 1908.

Historical Sketches of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

PART I.—THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

NEW JERSEY'S CONTINENTALS.

THE first call made on New Jersey for troops in the Revolutionary War was by a resolution adopted by Congress October 9, 1775, and under its provisions two regiments of eight companies each were promptly raised. The men, enlisted for one year, were to receive five dollars per month, and, in lieu of a bounty, a felt hat, pair of stockings, and a pair of shoes. They were compelled to provide their own arms and accoutrements. A few days later Congress showed its further generosity to the men who were to expose their lives and do the real work by granting each man a hunting shirt, not exceeding in value \$1.33, and a blanket, providing these articles could be procured. This was to be regarded as a gift, not as a part of the enlistment contract.

On the 26th of October, Samuel Tucker, president of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, issued a call for able-bodied men to fill the quota, and appointed Elias Dayton, of Elizabethtown, chairman of a commission, to muster the men.

The first regiment raised in New Jersey had as its first colonel William Alexander (Lord Stirling), of Somerset County, William De Hart (major), Matthias Ogden (lieutenant-colonel), Matthias Halsted (quartermaster), and Aaron Ogden (paymaster).

The Second Regiment, with William Maxwell as colonel, was raised in the middle of the state.

On the tenth of January, 1776, Congress called for another regiment from New Jersey, on the same terms offered the other two. None, however, were to be enlisted but healthy, sound and able-bodied freemen over sixteen years of age. The call further

specified that no apprentice should be enlisted without the consent of his master or mistress, and every person under the age of twenty-one years, enlisting as aforesaid, may within twenty-four hours after their parent or guardian shall have notice of their enlistment obtain his discharge by refunding the money received from the recruiting officer, and returning such necessaries as may have been supplied him by the officer or the value thereof in money.

Elias Dayton was appointed colonel of the Third Regiment, Francis Barber, major; Jonathan Dayton, paymaster, and Rev. James Caldwell, chaplain.

As soon as organized, four companies were sent over to Staten Island; the other four to Amboy. On the 28th of April the Third Regiment reassembled here, and was reviewed on the public ground in front of the First Presbyterian Church graveyard (a valuable property since presented to the church corporation by a corrupt city council). On the third of May the First and Third Regiments embarked on sloops, and sailed for Albany, thus commencing a term of active service, in which they won, during eight years of war, imperishable renown. While in the north, companies of the two regiments were stationed at Johnstown, German Flats, Fort Dayton (thus named in honor of Colonel Dayton), Fort Schuyler, Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, to prevent incursions of the Indians. The two commands did hard duty in that section until March, 1777, when they returned to Morristown in this state, and were mustered out of service, their term of enlistment having expired.

Congress, in September, 1776, called for four regiments, offering a bounty of twenty dollars to every man who would enlist to serve during the war, unless sooner discharged. Under this call Congress made grants of land to all officers and men who should serve during the entire war. A colonel was to have 500 acres; a lieutenant-colonel, 450; a major, 400; a captain, 300; a lieutenant, 200; an ensign, 150, and each enlisted man 100 acres of land.

The four regiments thus called for were promptly forthcoming. They constituted what was for seven years known far and wide as the "Jersey Brigade." It participated in every important battle of the war, besides taking part in Sullivan's expedition to Wyoming Valley, Pa., to punish the Indians for their outrages in that section.

HOW MINUTE-MEN WERE ORGANIZED.

THE Provincial Congress of New Jersey, on the fifth of August, 1775, ordered the various counties to raise and equip fifty-four companies of minute-men, of sixty-four men each, making a total of 3,456, from which ten battalions were formed. Elizabethtown, then really Essex County, furnished one regiment, known as the First, to which Lord Stirling, of Baskingridge, was assigned as colonel. Bergen, Middlesex, Monmouth, Somerset, Morris, Sussex, Hunterdon and Burlington counties each furnished a battalion, Gloucester and Salem counties another. Cumberland and Cape May counties organized independent companies of infantry and horsemen.

New Jersey, being a frontier state, with the British occupying Staten Island and New York City, was subjected to all the dangers and miseries of border warfare, and her losses in proportion to her wealth and population were probably greater than those of any other State, with, perhaps, the exception of South Carolina.

When a powerful British fleet and army appeared off Staten Island, July 1, 1776, the disaffected in New York and New Jersey greatly rejoiced and united as far as they could in annoying the patriots and their provincial governments. Cortlandt Skinner who had been attorney-general of New Jersey, with every member of his family, pronounced their allegiance to the British king and removed to Staten Island, whither he called all Jerseymen who acknowledged their loyalty to the enemy. Skinner was quickly appointed a brigadier-general, and ordered to raise 2,500 Jerseymen, which he thought he would have no difficulty in doing, but he succeeded in getting only 500, many of whom were low characters, but fit for the cowardly work he set them at.

In the summer of 1776 the tories of Monmouth, Hunterdon, Bergen and Sussex counties became so active in their opposition to the measures of Congress that minute-men were sent to arrest the leaders. Things took such a turn in Hunterdon that the tories committed acts of violence, going so far as to plunder the house of Captain Jones, who, in resisting, was beaten and wounded.

Congress then ordered the militia to march to the disaffected localities and disarm all who were ascertained to be sympathizers or supporters of the British king.

An act of cruelty that enraged New Jerseymen was the

arrest and confinement of Richard Stockton, a member of Congress, whose home was at Princeton. When the British army, in pursuit of Washington, reached that town, they made search for Mr. Stockton, who had a few days before taken his family down into Monmouth County to save them from danger. A British force, dispatched in search of him, dragged him out of bed at night, and in his night dress carried him to Amboy, where he was put in a dungeon. The ill-treatment he received during his long imprisonment at Amboy and New York laid the foundation for a disease that terminated his existence in 1781.

On the 17th of July, 1776, the patriots of New Jersey, that the world might know where they stood in the times that tried men's souls, caused the provincial congress to pass the following:

"Whereas, The honorable, the Continental Congress, have declared the United Colonies free and independent states, we, the deputies of New Jersey, in provincial congress assembled, do resolve and declare, that we will support the freedom and independence of the said states, with our lives and fortunes, and with the whole force of New Jersey."

This proclamation sounded the death knell of toryism in New Jersey during the war for American freedom.

NEW JERSEYMEN HAD MARTIAL SPIRIT.

IN no section of this beautiful land have people more firmly adhered to patriotic principles than in New Jersey. The pure and upright men who came here from New England in 1664 were intense lovers of civil and religious liberty, and willing to make any sacrifice to enjoy it. Fathers who had fled from the oppression of the British government, after coming to this virgin soil, told the story of the indignities and wrongs they had suffered, and the truths sinking deep into the hearts of their children, caused them to hate despotism. The men who settled Elizabethtown, and consequently New Jersey, had no love for the British throne nor for the pomp and circumstance of corrupt and gilded courts. They were jealous of natural and covenanted rights, and ever firmly resisted attempts to part with them.

The people of Elizabethtown were first to follow Massachusetts in opposing the provisions of the stamp act, passed by the British government in March, 1765, and in February, 1766, erected a gallows on Broad street, vowing they would hang with-

out judge or jury any person who purchased or used stamped paper. This proclamation had the desired effect. It was because of this action on the part of our people that the 26th regiment of British regulars was sent here. Meantime our people solemnly vowed they would not purchase or use any English-made goods. In May, 1770, the 29th British regiment, which had taken part in the Boston massacre the previous March, relieved the 26th regiment. This act of the British authorities maddened our people. It added fuel to the fire.

Nowhere in this country previous to and during the American revolution was greater patriotism displayed than was exhibited by the people of Elizabethtown, and no community made greater sacrifices for the cause of liberty and human privileges.

Elizabethtown, previous to the war and during its continuance, was the headquarters of the patriots of the state. It was here that expressions of sympathy were first heard for the Bostonians, whose port had been closed by the British in retaliation for the "Tea party."

It was here that this sympathy took practical shape in the forwarding of money generously supplied by our people for such inhabitants of Boston as had been reduced to extremity and want by this action of the British government.

It was here, before the shot fired at Lexington, that the people refused to have commercial intercourse with those who upheld the tyranny of the British government, notably breaking off all intercourse with the inhabitants of Staten Island, who were inflexibly opposed to the cause of American freedom.

It was at a critical moment that our people supplied the army with powder after the battle of Bunker Hill, in which all the Americans had been expended. In less than one month after the battle Elizabethans forwarded nearly seven tons of powder to the army encamped around Boston, and it was in the old mill on South Broad street, that the first powder was manufactured in this state.

The martial spirit of the people of Elizabethtown was fully shown in October, 1775, when sixteen companies of infantry and one company of horsemen were formed for active service. When these minute-men first appeared on Broad street, on the parade-ground in front of the First Presbyterian Church grounds, people from near and far came to witness the pageant.

It was here that the first recruiting station in the state was organized, and in November, 1775, Lord Stirling, who lived at Baskingridge, came down and organized the First Regiment.

Previous to this the Earl had been colonel of a militia regiment in Somerset county.

June 29, 1776, General Livingston sent three companies of Elizabethtown boys to New York to assist in the defense of that city, Washington having urgently requested this. These were the first troops to leave the state.

Late in 1775, Staten Islanders who had remained loyal to the British crown, finding themselves ostracized by all patriots and unable to dispose of their products, became penitent, disavowed fealty to the king, and sued for recognition by patriots, but when the British army, under Lord Howe, landed on the island July 2, 1776, they quickly renounced their professions of allegiance to the cause of American liberty, and joyfully gave the glad hand to the invaders of their soil, and did not withdraw it until compelled so to do at the end of the conflict. Staten Island, for seven years, was a nest of traitors, and patriots hereabouts suffered all that malignity could invent from their marauding expeditions. When Staten Islanders crossed to this side of the sound they carried knife and torch.

The day following the disembarkation of the British on the eastern shore of the island, red-coated soldiers paraded on the western slope in plain view of the people of Elizabethtown, and this so enraged two young men that they crossed the sound in a canoe, and making their way over the salt meadows, fired a number of shots at the insolent foe. The British soldiers, surprised at the audacity of the two patriots in thus boldly bearding them, made attempts to effect their capture, but failed.

July 6 most Elizabethans hurriedly fled to the mountains, a rumor prevailing that the British on the island intended invading the town. The alarm proved false, and the fugitives soon after returned to their homes.

August 26th, Captain Daniel Neill opened with his artillery on a British camp on the island, the enemy replying, but doing no damage.

In the latter part of August, owing to the absence of the New Jersey troops from this state, the First Regiment of Pennsylvania (mostly from Philadelphia) arrived at Elizabethtown to guard it from incursions by Staten Island Tories. The Pennsylvanians, however, did more harm than good, and people were heartily glad when most of them deserted to return home. Washington, pained by their conduct, and the gloom they cast among the people, made a touching appeal to their patriotism beseeching them to remain faithful to their obligations, as the

fate of the country, perhaps, depended on the exertion the army might make during the next few weeks. The address failed to have the effect desired, as the desertions continued. General Livingston, in command here at the time, indignant at the conduct of the Pennsylvanians, in a public letter, regretted association with them, classifying the regiment as "a discipline-hating, goodliving-loving, 'to eternal fam'd damn'd,' coxcombical crew."

August 31, 1776, General Livingston was elected the first governor of New Jersey, holding the position fourteen years until his death, a longer term than was enjoyed by any other executive.

September 24, Elizabethtowners were considerably exercised over the unexpected arrival here of 420 American soldiers, survivors of the ill-fated expedition of General Benedict Arnold to Canada, who had been liberated on parole. Many of the men were sick. All were wrecks. They had suffered from frost-bite, starvation and cruel imprisonment. As they could not be properly cared for here they were conveyed in wagons to Millstone, Somerset County.

November 21, citizens of Newark and Elizabethtown fled to the mountains for refuge, owing to a threatened advance of the British army. This was one of the darkest periods of the war.

November 28, Washington, with the wreck of the army, barely 3,500 in all, retreated from Newark, where he had been nearly a week, Lord Cornwallis, with a powerful and confident force, closely following. Cornwallis reached Elizabethtown four days afterwards, and remained several days. He kept his men busy foraging for supplies, and rejoiced at the discovery of several tons of leaden bullets, which the people had moulded for the army.

Private property in and about Elizabethtown suffered greatly during the war, Governor Livingston's home on Morris avenue (now the residence of Senator Kean) being an especially interesting object to marauders of both sides. The building was pillaged repeatedly, and the marvel is that it was left standing, so implacable was the hatred of the enemy for the most popular governor New Jersey ever had.

During the year 1778, owing to the occupation of the town by a considerable force of American troops, kept here for its protection, the people were enabled to dwell in comparative safety at home. In fact this was the only year during the war in which they had any enjoyment of life.

Governor Livingston's family resided here but little during

the entire eight years, finding a refuge at Baskingridge and Parcipany. The governor himself, upon whose head the British government had set a price of several thousand pounds, remained here as much as possible, but was often compelled to mount his horse and hie away to the mountains above Springfield to escape capture, if not death. Shortly after the futile raid of Colonel Sterling with two British regiments, February 24, 1777, to effect his capture, Governor Livingston informed Sir Henry Clinton by letter that he was "possessed of the most authentic proofs" that one of his (Clinton's) general officers (Cortlandt Skinner) had "offered 2,000 guineas and a pension for life to an inhabitant of this town" to assassinate him (the governor) in case he could not be captured alive.

The chivalrous Briton replied so curtly and impertinently that the governor returned a withering rejoinder, which he was well qualified to do, for he was master of the English language.

To further show how desolate the soldiers made the governor's home, I quote the following letter written by one of his daughters:

"Kate has been at Elizabethtown; found our house in a ruined condition. Gen. Dickinson had stationed a captain with his artillery company in it, and after that it was kept for a bullock's guard. Kate waited on the general, and he ordered the troops removed the next day, but then the mischief was done; everything is carried off that mamma had collected for her accommodation, so that it is impossible for her to go down to have the grapes and other things secured; the very hinges, locks, and panes of glass are taken away."

CAPTURE OF FIRST ENGLISH SHIP.

IN the early days of the revolutionary war Elizabethtown was governed by a committee, composed of its best and ablest men. Its public actions were reported direct to congress, then, as now, the law-making power of the land.

William Alexander (titular) Earl of Stirling, a firm patriot, residing at Baskingridge, Somerset County, organized the First Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, for the Continental Army, shortly after the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, and in the latter part of that year a battalion was sent to guard this town.

Monday night, January 22, 1776, Col. Stirling, with some forty men of his regiment, all that were in this vicinity, the rest

being with the army on Long Island, left here in wagons for Amboy, with the avowed intention of procuring a vessel at that place, in which he had decided to attack and capture a British transport, said to be lying in Prince's Bay.

Shortly after Lord Stirling's departure for Amboy, the town committee learned that a British gunboat had suddenly left New York to go to Sandy Hook and convoy the transport to the city.

Fearing that Colonel Stirling might be overtaken by the British war vessel, sent out to defend the transport, he having no cognizance of this move on the part of the enemy, the town committee despatched a courier to warn him of the threatened danger. The committee were to send him reinforcements in boats by way of the narrows.

The committee then hastily summoned Colonel Elias Dayton, commanding the Third Regiment (Elizabethtowners), and a number of his officers, and ordered them to assemble as quickly as possible such of their men as would volunteer for dangerous duty. With that characteristic which has ever distinguished patriotic citizens of Elizabeth, more volunteers came forward and expressed a desire to perform the duty required of them than could be accepted.

When the men had assembled Colonel Dayton made an address, picturing the dangers that might possibly surround Colonel Stirling, who was absent on a perilous mission, and called upon those who wished to go to his assistance, to at once provide themselves with arms, ammunition, blankets and rations, and report to him at midnight at the wharf at the foot of Elizabeth avenue.

Meantime the town committee, fully realizing the importance of the brief time at its disposal, hastened to the water front and selected three of the largest and best shallops, which their owners cheerfully prepared for the expedition.

Promptly at midnight, the tiny craft, laden with more than one hundred Elizabethtown boys, under a favoring but icy wind from the northwest, sailed in a southerly direction down the sound. It had been Colonel Dayton's intention to go by way of the narrows, in order to intercept the British war vessel sent out in the afternoon, but owing to a strong adverse tide and floating ice, reported in New York Bay, the vessels proceeded as above stated.

The trip down the sound was far from being a voyage of pleasure, owing to the severity of the weather and the chilling

wind, but the patriots, thinking only of the object in view, murmured not at their exposure to the wintry blasts. Wrapped in blankets, and huddled together in the open boats, these brave spirits made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. It was not the first or last time they suffered for the noble cause they so cheerfully espoused.

Colonel Dayton's little fleet speedily reached Amboy, and he at once communicated with Lord Stirling, who had just found a craft for the purpose he had in view. The armada, under the joint command of Lord Stirling and Colonel Dayton, were well out in the bay before "Old Sol" gilded the eastern horizon, and although a keen lookout was kept for the British transport reported to be in that vicinity, its whereabouts could not be discovered.

Shortly after the rising sun had dispelled the heavy hanging mist, the soldier-sailors were made happy on descrying, far out on the blue waters, the towering masts of a large vessel, with all sail set, and in rapid motion, headed for New York.

Intense excitement prevailed on the four vessels composing the Elizabethtown navy, and every man carefully examined the priming of his weapon and nerved himself for the expected contest. The vessels separated to produce the impression that they were fishing smacks, and this innocent manouever completely deceived the commander of the incoming ship. He paid no heed to the shallops, and kept on his course, but he was the most surprised man in the world when he discovered his vessel surrounded by the American boats, filled with armed men. Before he could offer resistance, had he been so disposed, the Elizabethtown craft were run alongside and fastened with grapnel hooks, and while men detailed for the purpose quickly climbed on board, others kept their muskets trained upon the surprised British crew, which surrendered, not a shot having been fired by either party.

The captors gave vent to their joy by repeated cheers, and treated the crew so well that it set to work and prepared a steaming breakfast for the conquerors. The ship, which proved to be the Blue Mountain Valley, was taken into Amboy, where it became an object of great interest. Owing to strong head winds it was found impossible to get the ship to this town, so it remained at Amboy till Friday, when it reached here safely and to the great satisfaction of the town committee and our people.

The Blue Mountain Valley was bark-rigged and over 100 feet

in length. Its cargo consisted of 107 chaldrons of coal, 30 bundles of hoops, 100 butts of porter, 225 bags of beans, 150 sacks of potatoes, mostly decayed, 10 casks of sauerkraut, 7 live hogs out of 80 consigned.

Lord Stirling having reported the capture of the ship to congress, that body testified its appreciation by adopting the following:

“Resolved, That the alertness, activity and good conduct and spirit of Lord Stirling, and the forwardness and spirit of the gentlemen and others from Elizabethtown, who voluntarily aided him in taking the ship Blue Mountain Valley were laudable and exemplary; and that his lordship be directed to secure the capture until the further orders of congress; and that in the meantime he cause such part of the lading as would otherwise perish, to be disposed of by sale.”

THE FIRST CANNON SHOT.

IT has never been generally known that the first cannon shot at the enemy, after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by Congress at Philadelphia, on the evening of July 4, 1776, was fired in Elizabethtown, so I will narrate the exciting episode. Up to February, 1776, this State, or province as it then was, had no artillery organization, and the importance of that arm of the service being acutely felt, the provincial congress, in session at Burlington, on the 13th of that month, adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That two complete artillery companies be raised in this colony.”

The ordinance provided that the term of enlistment should be for one year, and that one company should be stationed in the eastern part of the province, the other in the western. Each company was to consist of a captain, one captain-lieutenant, two second lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals, and one hundred and fifty matrosses. (The last term was at that time used to denote gunners' mates, or soldiers in a train of artillery who assisted in loading, firing and sponging the guns.)

The day following the passage of the ordinance the first or eastern company was organized in Newark by the election of the following officers:

Captain—Frederick Frelinghuysen.

Captain-Lieutenant—Daniel Neill.

Second Lieutenants—Thomas Clark, James Heard.

Captain Frelinghuysen served but one month and resigned—Lieutenant Neill succeeding him.

Shepard Kollock, born in Delaware in 1750, after learning the "art preservative of all arts," in Philadelphia, located in Elizabethtown after the war had commenced, and joined Captain Neill's battery. He was with it when it attacked and destroyed a British gunboat, and by his distinguished gallantry on that occasion was promoted to the first lieutenancy. At the close of the campaign in 1778, General Knox, commanding the American artillery, advised Lieutenant Kollock to establish a newspaper in Elizabethtown, as he would thereby be able to render great service to the patriot cause. Lieutenant Kollock liked a soldier's life, and did not want to leave the army, but General Knox finally prevailed upon him to engage in the newspaper enterprise, so he resigned, and securing a rude outfit located in Chatham, a much safer place than Elizabethtown was at that period, and for some years afterwards. Lieutenant Kollock continued the publication of the *New Jersey Journal and Political Intelligencer* at Chatham until peace was declared, when he removed his plant to Elizabethtown, where it has since remained.

Captain Neill, by untiring energy and devotion to duty, quickly got his command in good trim for the active service it was soon to engage in. In the latter part of June Captain Neill, who had been stationed in Newark, being ordered to Elizabethtown, took possession of the earthworks at what is now the foot of Elizabeth avenue, where he made a comfortable camp. To relieve his men from ennui when not engaged in drilling, Captain Neill caused them to throw up more dirt, thus adding to the strength of the redoubt. He planted his four guns so they would command the sound, narrow at that point, as well as the entrance to the Elizabeth river, then known as "Mill Creek."

William Livingston, a resident of the town, who resigned his seat in the Provincial Congress at Burlington, to be made commander-in-chief of the New Jersey militia, overjoyed at the presence of Captain Neill's battery, on the morning of July 4, 1776, wrote General Washington:

"* * * We now have two field pieces, 18-pounders, with a part of Captain Neill's company of artillery in this province."

Shortly after the mounted courier had set out with the dispatch for Washington's headquarters in New York, American

piquets posted on the ground now occupied by the buildings of the Singer company, were surprised to see a large British gunboat lying off the southern end of Shooter's Island. They at once sent word to General Livingston, and early in the evening he mounted his horse, ever saddled, and rode to the lower part of the town, where he had a conference with Captain Neill, who had already taken steps to repel an attack, in case the vessel meditated mischief.

The sudden appearance of the gunboat was a great surprise to our soldiers, as no British vessel had been in our waters since Washington occupied New York City and Long Island. The gunboat was a part of Admiral Lord Howe's fleet, just arrived from England, and that day anchored off Clifton, Staten Island.

Along towards the middle of the night the gunboat was seen coming slowly through the Achter Koll. In the soft moonlight the craft was plainly distinguishable to our Argus-eyed soldiers keeping watch and ward along the shore. As any effort they could make against the ship with their smooth-bore muskets would be impotent, they maintained a painful silence, feeling assured that when it reached the battery our guns would give a good account of themselves.

The commander of the vessel, in blissful ignorance of the possession of artillery by the Americans, sailed unconcernedly and tranquilly over the placid water. Like most British officers at that period of the war, he had profound contempt for American militiamen, whom he did not consider foemen worthy of his steel.

Captain Neill, who had been on the *qui vive* for some time, on learning of the vessel's approach, impatiently awaited a closer proximity in order that his shots might be fully effective, and his welcome to the stranger more hearty if less hospitable. His guns, ready shotted, were admirably posted close to the water, and matches already lighted by the fire-workers.

It was only when the vessel, but slowly making its way through the silver-rippled water owing to the lightness of the breeze, reached a point directly opposite the redoubt occupied by Captain Neill, that his dogs of war were loosened, and from their brazen throats belched forth sheets of bright red flame, preceded by iron missiles which swept the deck of the boat, carrying death, destruction and dismay to the hitherto confident and unsuspecting crew.

The salvo, like a clap of thunder from a serene sky, whose vibrations accumulated and rolled across the waters and along

Staten Island's beautiful hills, ruthlessly awaking sleeping thunders of the woods, was followed by a rain of merciless iron, utterly demoralizing the officers and crew, and creating scenes of indescribable confusion and terror. A state of chaos ensued; discipline was thrown to the winds—it was every man for himself. The distracted sailors, finding themselves in a trap, and seeing no way of escape save by surrender, deserted the vessel by jumping overboard. At least those did who had not been killed or maimed by the well-directed fire of our artillerymen.

Those who thus sought safety by springing into the water, endeavored to reach either shore; most of them, however, struck out for the Jersey side on account of its nearness. Some succeeded in gaining the Staten Island shore, but many failed to reach either.

Meanwhile the craft, totally disabled, drifted with the outgoing tide, no attempt being made by any on board to work any of the fourteen guns with which it was armed.

When Captain Neill, true-hearted soldier that he was, saw the desperate helplessness of the British sailors, and their attempts to save themselves, he ceased firing, and sent men to rescue them from watery graves. The boat was carried by the tide beyond the mouth of the Elizabeth river, and, being in flames, went down to Davy Jones' capacious locker just after passing the spot now occupied by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad bridge.

Some thirty years ago oystermen raked up a large number of British coins and other articles from this spot, and many believed the treasure was at one time possessed by the sailors of the ill-fated gunboat.

General Livingston, who had remained with Captain Neill and witnessed the attack and destruction of the vessel, at once wrote the following dispatch to General Washington, sending it off poste-haste:

“E. Town, July 4, 1776—midnight.

“One of the enemy's sloops of war, mounting fourteen guns, having this evening run up to this Point, was attacked from the shore by the 12-pounders, a great number of her men killed, she set on fire, and entirely destroyed.”

As Captain Neill's attack on the British gunboat occurred at midnight July 4, 1776, there can be no shadow of doubt that his guns were the first ones fired after the immortal Declaration of Independence was adopted, the congress in session at Philadelphia, having formally performed this act between 9 and 10

o'clock that evening. It was the first exploit of the new-born nation, and a gallant young patriot, a citizen of this province, carried it to success.

Captain Neill and his battery was shortly after assigned to Colonel Thomas Proctor's regiment of artillery, and subsequently to the brigade of artillery commanded by General Knox, one of the bravest and purest officers in the Continental Army. The battery participated in the battles of Trenton, Assanpink Creek, Princeton and Monmouth. At Princeton the heroic Neill sealed his devotion to the cause of American liberty and independence with his life's blood, being instantly killed by a British sharpshooter, just after the gallant General Hugh Mercer, a patriotic Scotsman, was mortally wounded.

FIRST BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

THE darkest and most unpromising period of the patriots in the American revolution was the two closing months of 1776. The sad ending of the campaign on Long Island, causing the expulsion of the American army from New York City, sent a thrill of horror and distrust throughout the entire country, and when Washington, in November, with the wreck of his illy-clothed and poorly-provided force, not more than 3,500 strong, hastily retreated through New Jersey, closely followed by a powerful army under Lord Cornwallis, it seemed as if all hope for liberty and independence had fled.

The tories, although few in number, with brethren of the same ilk on Staten Island and in New York, loudly predicted that the authority of King George would soon be re-established and vauntingly declared the Declaration of Independence to be an idle boast. While the tories reveled in these delights, the most enthusiastic patriots were dispirited by recent events. Since the landing of the British army on Staten Island, July 2, the patriots of New Jersey had been in a constant state of alarm. Members of families had become estranged and intercourse was far from cordial. Nobody knew whom to trust, so uncertain was the doleful state of affairs.

The superbly appointed army of Cornwallis quickly spread itself over eastern New Jersey, occupying the most important points. As he continued in pursuit of Washington, Cornwallis left detachments in Newark, Elizabethtown, Spanktown (Rahway), Woodbridge and New Brunswick.

Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., of Morris county, had managed

to assemble several hundred militiamen and took position among them beyond the Short Hills, toward Chatham, while Major Oliver Spencer, of Elizabethtown, with some two hundred boys, marched to Springfield to guard that section from an expected raid of the British from Newark. It was just before this that Colonel Ford adopted novel means of apprising people in his section of threatened danger. He had been fortunate in securing an old 18-pound iron gun, which he planted on a commanding eminence at Springfield, placing as its companion a tar barrel at the top of a lofty hickory pole nearby. This was to be set on fire when the cannon sounded an alarm. If by day, an immense volume of black smoke would ascend; if by night, the bright blaze could be seen for many miles. These were to be regarded as signals of imminent danger to the people of the surrounding country as well as an order to the minutemen to hasten to the appointed rendezvous for service.

Very little has been recorded in history of the first battle of Springfield, which took place late in the afternoon of December 17, 1776, four years previous to the more important and brilliant engagement, in which Major Oliver Spencer, one of the best soldiers in the Continental army, won renown and a colonel's commission by distinguished gallantry.

General Leslie, commanding a British brigade of more than 2,000 men, had been left in Elizabethtown by Cornwallis, with instructions to make incursions into the interior to annoy the people and secure cattle and forage.

It was early on the morning of December 17 that Leslie left Elizabethtown for Plainfield, but as the farmers had gathered and attacked him at various points along the road, he halted at Westfield, and finding but little to encourage a further advance in a westerly direction, started at noon on his return, taking the road leading east to Springfield, where he hoped to be more successful in securing needed supplies.

Major Spencer's videttes, posted along this road near Springfield, first to discover the British advance, sounded an alarm, upon which the signal-gun was discharged for the first time and the tar barrel set ablaze. Major Spencer, surprised at the approach of the enemy from the direction of Westfield, instantly dispatched Nathaniel Crane, of Captain Marsh's light horse as an express rider to notify Colonel Ford at Chatham, that the enemy, in strong force, was advancing on Springfield. It is said that young Crane, a thorough horseman, made the four miles in less than nineteen minutes.

Notwithstanding the great speed at which he rode over the hills, his ride was a task of supererogation, as when he reached Colonel Ford's trusty minutemen, he found the command already in line and ready to march to the defense of Springfield—the reverberations of the old cannon below having given notification of threatened danger.

Meantime, Major Spencer, with his meagre force, had fiercely resisted the advance of the British, contesting every foot of the ground, never giving way until his flanks were seriously threatened. Upon reaching the main road running north (now Morris avenue), Major Spencer slowly retreated toward Chatham, confident of soon meeting the reinforcements he had sent for.

His brave heart leaped with joy when he saw Colonel Ford and a thousand minute-men hastening toward him. The two commanders had a conference at Briant's tavern, and promptly made dispositions to attack the enemy, which, they learned, had occupied Springfield.

To Major Spencer and his Elizabethtown boys, was assigned the post of honor (in battle, always the place of danger). They were to advance and attack the centre, where the main body of the enemy was naturally posted. The British line extended from a point west of the village in an easterly direction to the Vauxhall road near Millburn.

Captain Job Bloomfield, of the Morris county battalion, crossed over to Vauxhall road, and made a determined attack on the enemy's right, while Captain Sylvanus Seeley, of the same battalion, commanded the detachment detailed to make an attack on the enemy's left, resting along the Westfield road. Colonel Ford, with the remainder of his battalion, advanced on the left of the Morristown road, keeping within supporting distance of Major Spencer, while Captain (afterward Lieutenant-Colonel) Elezor Lindsley, of the Elizabethtown battalion, marched on a parallel line on the right of the road.

The sun, low on the southwestern horizon, was casting lengthening shadows, when Major Spencer's little force, which had advanced cautiously through the dense underbrush, got within effective shooting distance, and opened a galling fire on the British line, posted on the right bank of a considerable creek running through the northerly end of the village. The fighting continued along the entire line, a mile and more in extent, when darkness put an end to the conflict. Neither side had won, but as the British had a strong position and were superior in num-

bers, the little American band fell back about a mile to higher ground, where it would have a more advantageous position in case the enemy advanced in that direction.

Here the Americans went into bivouac, starting bright fires to keep from freezing. Sleep being impossible under the circumstances, the men talked over the events of the day, and all through the long night kept muskets in hand, longing for another day, that they might again assail the dastard foe. But their expectations in this respect were doomed to disappointment, as when the sun rose that intensely cold December morn, nothing was to be seen or heard of the enemy, which had taken advantage of the cover of darkness to retreat, carrying its dead and wounded along in wagons. The British commander had no idea, on starting out, that he would, before the sun went down, meet with such a force of Americans, or that the wagons he took along to convey stolen goods would be required for any other purpose. From the haste with which he left the battlefield, it was evident he was as glad to retire from Springfield as Sir Henry Clinton was that pretty day in June, four years afterward.

General Leslie, during the night, retreated to Newark, entering that town during the forenoon. The Americans were greatly encouraged with the result of the engagement, claiming a victory, as it undoubtedly was, the enemy having abandoned the field. At all events, it was the first time that the British soldier turned his back and fled from "insignificant rebels," as American patriots were denominated. The battle, small as such an affair may be considered in these days of warfare, gave the Jersey Blues confidence, and taught them the British soldier was not invincible.

Tradition has it that the farmer boys of Morris county, who fought so heroically, vied with the Elizabethtowners in deeds of daring, and that the chivalrous Spencer, mounted upon a spirited horse, performed prodigies in dashing along the line, thus inspiring his men with his indomitable courage. Major Spencer's intrepidity attracted the attention of the enemy, whose sharpshooters, failing to "bring him down," as they had been commanded, riddled his uniform with bullets. At one time, while dashing across an open space, and quite close to the British, he opened fire with two pistols, his men sending up a cheer that awoke the grand old hills in **their** rear. One might think such an act would awaken a feeling of admiration among the British, but they failed to appreciate the heroism of the peerless horseman, and gave vent to their feelings by pouring a volley at

point-blank range at the gallant major, whose noble charger fell dead, under the terrific fire. The major, who had received a wound, being unable to extricate himself from underneath the dead animal, was rescued from his perilous position by his men, despite the great danger incurred in performing the heroic act, and within the folds of his silken sash, which he always wore in battle, was borne unconscious to the rear.

Major Spencer, for his skill and bravery on this occasion, was immediately promoted to a colonelcy, an honor he richly merited. He served faithfully throughout the entire war, being mustered out of the army after peace had been proclaimed in 1783.

Sad to relate, Colonel Ford, who willingly divided the honors of the day with his compatriot, Major Spencer, died at Morristown on the 11th of January, 1777, less than a month after the battle. Owing to the great exposure and the responsibility resting upon him, he was attacked with pleuro-pneumonia, and died after a brief illness. He was 40 years old. His father, Colonel Jacob Ford, Sr., died at Morristown upon hearing the news of the victory won by his gallant son and Major Spencer. Colonel Ford was accorded a military funeral by order of General Washington, Major Spencer commanding the escort.

HEROISM OF MARYLAND TROOPS.

MY main object in this chapter is to imbue the minds of youths with patriotism; to show of what kind of stuff the boys were composed in the days of the American revolution, and to describe fierce contests in which many of them engaged one hot day in August, 1777, while laboring to establish our blessed government.

For seven long and trying years, from July 4, 1776, when Captain Daniel Neill, with his artillery, destroyed a British sloop of war at the foot of Elizabeth Avenue, to March 31, 1783, when the last act in the bloody revolutionary drama was performed by Major William Crane of "Spencer's Regiment," resulting in the capture of two British sloops of war, lying within pistol shot of each other off the Battery in New York, the people of Elizabethtown suffered untold horrors from forays by the enemy, which took delight in rapine, murder and arson.

It was in consequence of the numerous predatory excursions

sions of the British and tories to the town and vicinity that Colonel Matthias Ogden, a native, and one of its best defenders all through the war, suggested to General John Sullivan, his immediate commander, encamped at Hanover, Sussex county, with a considerable force, the propriety of invading Staten Island in sufficient strength to make reprisals. Colonel Ogden, an ardent patriot, always anxious for a fight, had no difficulty in convincing General Sullivan that if the project was promptly undertaken, success was reasonably assured.

General Sullivan, pleased to take Colonel Ogden's view of the matter, at once arranged an expeditionary force to carry out the object stated. Sullivan came to this state with a high reputation as a fighter, and his men having the utmost confidence in his ability, cheerfully engaged in the enterprise.

Everything being in readiness General Sullivan selected 1,000 picked men from the brigades of Generals Smallwood and De Borre, and marched rapidly to Elizabethtown, reaching it at 10 o'clock on the evening of August 22, 1777. Colonel Matthias Ogden, with his own First New Jersey Regiment, and most of Colonel Dayton's Third New Jersey Regiment, and some 100 militiamen from Colonel Frelinghuysen's command, who had been ordered to join the expedition, had previously marched to Elizabethtown Point, and south along the water front to a point opposite "Fresh Kill" (now Green Ridge), Staten Island, where the entire force embarked in boats and was rowed across the sound, and up a creek to the high ground. Colonel Ogden reached the main road running from Richmond to Totenville long before daybreak.

General Sullivan and his column were conveyed in boats from the Point to Palmer's Run, between Castleton and Northfield, on the north shore. General Smallwood was to attack Major Van Buskirk's battalion of Skinner's brigade, numbering 250 men, at Decker's Ferry (now Port Richmond), while General De Borre was to assail Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, 250 men of Skinner's brigade, encamped near New Blazing Star ferry (now Linoleumville).

If Colonel Ogden, to whom had been deputed the chief duty, succeeded in defeating the force he was first to meet, he was directed to follow it up by attacking Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Vaughn Dongan's battalion on the Morning Star road, near Northfield, and if again successful, to advance at once upon the position held by Lieutenant-Colonel Allen on the Amboy road, midway between shore and Graniteville.

Colonel Ogden displayed the highest attributes of a soldier in getting his command across the sound, and in gaining the desired point without discovery by the enemy. He had surrounded the British post long before daybreak, and only waited the coming of Aurora's rays to carry his well-laid plans for its capture into execution. When the eastern firmament began to be illumined by the glorious orb of day, and golden beams overspread the scene, Colonel Ogden's men charged impetuously upon the silent camp, whose occupants were unaware of the presence of the Americans until summoned to surrender. Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, the commandant, and 83 men of Skinner's brigade, promptly complied without firing a shot. They were at once put under guard and escorted to the ferry, and transported across the sound to this side, and before nightfall safely confined in the court house building, destroyed by fire two or three years later.

Having succeeded in carrying out General Sullivan's instructions, Colonel Ogden immediately took up a line of march towards Morning Star Road, to attack Colonel Dongan's force, which he found in a strong defensive position, and prepared to make a stiff fight. The New Jersey boys, however, covered by large trees, took careful aim, and wasted neither powder nor ball, and within an hour had the enemy on the run, Colonel Ogden leading them in a gallant charge. Colonel Dongan displayed great bravery, and while urging his men to resist the advance of the Americans, was shot through the body, dying on the following day. Seeing his commander fall, Major Drummond assumed command, and made repeated efforts to stop the flight of his men, who only halted when they joined Lieutenant-Colonel Allen's battalion on the Amboy Road.

The combined force made a stand, and fought desperately for some time, but the Jersey brigade, smarting under outrages these same men of Skinner's command had committed in New Jersey, poured in deadly shots, and the enemy, no longer able to withstand the withering fire, fled in disorder to Prince's Bay, where they sought safety in the entrenchments lining the shore at that point.

Colonel Ogden, had his orders allowed, could have bagged the party there. He and his brave boys regretted the orders were circumscribed. No alternative left, Colonel Ogden, having accomplished his undertaking, retrograded to Old Blazing Star (now Rossville), to await the anticipated arrival of General Sullivan and his command. Hearing nothing from Sullivan,

after a long wait, Colonel Ogden and his men embarked in their boats and were speedily conveyed to the Jersey shore.

Soon after Colonel Ogden engaged the enemy at daybreak, General De Borre's brigade attacked Colonel Barton's battalion at the New Blazing Star (now Linoleumville), and after a brief resistance, seeing the superiority of the American force, the British broke from cover, and sought safety in flight. Many of them were so panic-stricken that they seized boats lying at the ferry and crossed to the Jersey side, while others, thoroughly acquainted with the country, took refuge in the dense woods near at hand. Colonel Barton and some forty of his men were taken prisoners. The Americans in this fight captured a British stand of colors, some blankets, arms and clothing. General De Borre's men burned several British vessels lying at the ferry.

General Smallwood's column having come up, General Sullivan moved towards Richmond, expecting to meet Colonel Ogden's force, but hearing nothing from Ogden before reaching that village, turned to the right and moved to Old Blazing Star (now Rossville), where he was surprised to learn that Ogden and his command had already crossed the sound. The latter had waited for his superior longer than his orders warranted, and fearing further delay to be unnecessarily hazardous, concluded that safety alone was to be found on this side.

When General Sullivan reached the ferry and found neither Ogden or his boats, he began to fear for the safety of his command. Without artillery, and ammunition almost exhausted, and a large force of British regulars from Tompkinsville (then a watering place), and what remained of Skinner's brigade, gathering in his rear, and a wide and deep river (sound) intervening in front, no boats or relief in sight, and night coming on, his position seemed perilous in the extreme. He made an attempt to get the boats from this side which Colonel Ogden had used, but they were out of sight of his messengers. After some delay three boats were discovered, and in these his men were conveyed across the sound. It was a laborious task, and attended by manifold dangers.

Shortly after the embarkation of the troops had commenced, the British appeared in strong force, but were kept at a considerable distance from Sullivan's main body at the water's edge, by eighty Marylanders, commanded by Majors Stewart and Tillard, who maintained a well-directed fire from their rifles. It was through the gallant efforts of the Marylanders that the

enemy was held back until all of Sullivan's troops were safely conveyed across the sound. So heroically did the brave Southrons contest the advance of the British that the latter were repeatedly driven from points of vantage. The small force of Marylanders, however, was at length compelled to retire from the high ground and take positions near the water, until it stood, like a lion at bay, within twenty rods of the water.

By this time the British brought up several pieces of artillery, and opened with grape and canister upon the little but determined band of heroes which had so long and tenaciously held a perilous position while safeguarding the retirement of the Americans. After the British cannon were brought into action it was impossible to get the boatmen to return to the Staten Island shore, and so no alternative was left the brave rear-guard except to die or surrender. When the Marylanders had expended their last cartridge, and with the last hope of crossing the sound gone, they raised a white flag and about forty of them became prisoners. Some sprang into the water and succeeded in swimming across the sound, but a number were drowned in the excitement.

General Sullivan, in a letter to congress, gives the following summary of his operations:

"In this expedition we landed on an island possessed by the enemy; put to rout six regiments; killed, wounded and made prisoners at least four or five hundred of the enemy; vanquished every party that collected against us; destroyed there great quantities of stores; took one vessel and destroyed six; took a considerable number of arms, blankets, many cattle, horses, etc.; marched victorious through the island, and in the whole course of the day lost not more than one hundred and fifty men, most of whom were lost by the imprudence of themselves and officers. Some few, indeed, were lost by cross-accidents, which no human foresight could have prevented."

General Sullivan was sharply criticised for his failure to have boats at the point he desired to recross the sound, whereby the safety of his own column was imperiled, and as he was blamed for his conduct at Brandywine, where he failed to carry out orders, he threw up his commission in disgust, and took no further part in the war.

The redeeming features of the expedition were the brilliant and successful operations of Colonel Ogden and his New Jersey boys, and the heroic defence made by the Maryland troops in holding at bay for several hours a superior force of the enemy, while Sullivan's troops crossed to this side.

NEW JERSEY SOLDIERS BATTLED WITH INDIANS.

I WILL devote this chapter to the operations of General William Maxwell's New Jersey Brigade, which took an important part in the long and wearisome march from this town to northwestern Pennsylvania in the summer of 1779, and in the short but decisive campaign in which it engaged against the Six Nation Confederacy of Indian barbarians, for the foul outrages it had committed the previous year upon soldiers and peaceful settlers in Wyoming Valley, culminating in the brutal massacre of several hundred defenceless men, women and children.

The tales of butchery in that lovely and fertile valley in 1778 and the cries of mothers and children, outraged and driven from their burning homes into the wilds of the almost impenetrable forests in that region, heard over the civilized world, received the execration of mankind, and brought fearful retribution, not only upon the savages, but upon the soldiers of King George, who paid ten dollars in gold for each human scalp.

A year passed ere Washington could attempt to avenge the barbarities committed with the aid and approval of the British authorities, and then retribution came surely and swiftly, the leading part being assigned to three New Jersey regiments, which performed the dangerous and onerous duties in a soldier-like way, and to the eminent satisfaction of congress and the commander-in-chief.

General Maxwell's brigade, after the battle of Monmouth, in which it gained distinction, came to Elizabeth to recuperate and obtain needed supplies in the way of clothing and shoes, which it stood badly in need of. It spent the winter of 1778-79 here, and having enjoyed a long rest, was selected by General Washington for active duty in the campaign he had decided to wage against the Seneca Indians in northwestern Pennsylvania.

It was in the mellow weather, when the buds of May were bursting into the blossoms of June, and all nature was glad with the bright promise of the coming summer's generous life, that the brigade, which then consisted of Colonel Israel Shreve's Second New Jersey, Colonel Elias Dayton's Third New Jersey, Colonel David Forman's New Jersey Regiment (mostly Marylanders), Colonel Elisha Sheldon's (Connecticut) Regiment of Light Dragoons, and a battery of light artillery, took its departure from the town to join the expedition, which Washington

had entrusted to Major General John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, one of the truest officers in the army. Many friends of the soldiers accompanied them several miles on the way, and the leave-takings were sorrowful, owing to misgivings as to the outcome of the battles which might be looked for with crafty enemies in the wilderness.

The brigade reached the general rendezvous, Wyoming (now Wilkes-Barre), in August, after a long and fatiguing march. The other commands, composing the expedition, arrived shortly afterward by way of New York, and while awaiting their approach the Jersey brigade marched up the Chemung river, a distance of twelve miles, to a village of that name, where the first Indians were encountered. Although the Jerseymen advanced upon the village in broad day, they fell into an ambuscade, and sustained quite a loss in killed and wounded. Surprised by the attack, they quickly took to cover, and finally compelled the savages to retire. The Jerseymen, in revenge, after driving the enemy through the village, set the place on fire, destroying every habitation, cut down several acres of corn, and retired to Wyoming late in the afternoon, carrying along their dead and wounded and a plentiful supply of corn, pumpkins and garden truck, which they conveyed in boats that had been taken up the river.

Shortly after this, General Sullivan ordered Colonel Shreve, of the Second New Jersey, to build a large stockade fort at the junction of the Susquehanna and Chemung Rivers, a few miles away. The stockade, when completed, enclosed ground 100 yards square. It was formed by digging a trench nearly three feet deep, and standing logs, about twelve feet long, therein. Massive gateways were constructed on three sides. When the brigade, in its forward movement, first reached the majestic Susquehanna, which it was necessary to cross at a given point, the battery opened fire on the dense woods on the opposite side, the presence of Indians being feared. Scouts who crossed, signalling favorably, the brigade entered the swiftly running waters, which, in places, reached to the men's armpits.

Sergeant-Major Grant, of Colonel Dayton's Regiment, in describing the crossing, says:

"The manner in which it was performed was by forming platoons, each man grasping his fellow's hand supported each other. General Hand, who commanded the division, quit his horse and waded with cheerfulness. The water was rapid, and took the men above the middle, notwithstanding, the army

crossed in the space of half an hour without the loss of either man or horse, or any baggage. The sight was beautiful and pleasing, but must have been very terrifying to the enemy, who, it is very probable, saw us from neighboring hills which overlook the water. We likewise crossed the Tioga or Cayuga much in the same manner as before."

To Colonel Shreve, of the Second New Jersey Regiment, had been assigned the care and defense of Fort Sullivan, which his men had constructed, while the rest of the army proceeded further into the Indian country. His duties incurred great diligence and responsibility. Besides his regiment of 250 men, several hundred invalids were confided to his keeping. It was anticipated that when the expedition reached the interior battles would be fought, so Colonel Shreve was directed to provide hospital accommodations for the wounded, and also for the removal of such as could be carried to Wyoming in boats. He performed his duties so well that General Sullivan, on his return, in general orders commended his "faithfulness, zeal and diligence."

From August 30 until September 16, the army, in pursuit of the redskins, voluntarily subsisted on a half ration of flour and meat, most of which the men carried in haversacks. Their wants were, of course, supplied with corn and such vegetables, planted by the Indians, as could be found in the fields they devastated. A crow would have found it difficult to subsist on what was left by our army in its terrible march through that virgin and romantic land. This diet, with the early autumn weather, occasioned considerable sickness among the troops, but notwithstanding the severity of the long marches and the dangers to which the men were constantly exposed, the loss was but 41 men, of whom 4 died from sickness, 1 was drowned, and 1 accidentally killed in camp. The latter was a captain in General Hand's brigade. Thirty-five were killed in battle, and more than 100 wounded.

Pursuit of the Indians having ceased, the Jersey Brigade, on its return, stopped at Fort Reed, to await the arrival of other columns, and while here General Maxwell, so highly pleased with the conduct of his men, and the success of the expedition, held a jubilee, which Lieutenant William Barton, of the Second New Jersey Regiment, a native of Hunterdon county, thus describes:

"* * * In the forenoon (September 25), the army all discharged their muskets, with orders to parade at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, each man to be furnished with blank cartridges.

According to orders the whole paraded in a line to fire a feu de joie, when thirteen rounds of cannon was fired. Then began a running fire of muskets from the right through the whole; this not being performed to the general's liking, he ordered the whole to charge (load) again; after this was done he ordered the whole to be put in readiness, and not a man fire until he should come opposite him. All being in readiness, he put his horse off at full speed and rode from right to left with whip and spur, men all firing according to orders, which made it very grand, and caused the general to say it went like a hallelujah. After three cheers given for the congress in consequence of their resolutions of the 18th of August, and then three for the United States, and thirdly for the King of Spain, our new ally, and thus the day ended with joy, the officers of each brigade furnished with one of the best bullocks there was, extra."

The army reached Fort Sullivan September 30 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and marched into the enclosure, where it was received with military honors, the garrison turning out with presented arms, the artillery firing a salute of thirteen guns, one for each state. Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Hubley wrote of the reception:

"Colonel Shreve, of the Second New Jersey, governor of the garrison, had an elegant dinner provided for General Sullivan and all the field officers of the army. We regaled ourselves, and great joy and good humor was visible in every countenance. Colonel Proctor's band, and drums and fifes played in concert the whole time. Saturday, October 2, the commander-in-chief made an elegant entertainment, and invited all the general and field officers to dine with him. In the evening, to conclude the mirth of the day, we had an Indian dance, the officers who joined in it putting on vizors (alias Monetas). The dance was conducted and led off by a young Sachem of the Oneida tribe, who was next followed by several other Indians, then the whole led off, and after the Indian custom danced to the music, which was a rattle, a knife and a pipe, which the Sachem continued clashing together and singing Indian the whole time. At the end of each the Indian whoop was set up by the whole."

In this expedition our army burned forty Indian villages, destroyed 200,000 bushels of corn, besides thousands of fruit trees, and immense quantities of beans and potatoes. It was successful in every respect and extremely gratifying to General Washington, who in orders from West Point October 17, congratulated the army on General Sullivan's success, adding that

“the whole of the soldiery engaged in the expedition merit and have the commander-in-chief’s warmest acknowledgments for their important services.”

General Maxwell’s brigade returned to this town the latter part of October, and met with a hearty welcome from our people, who, despite great joy at again beholding their brave soldier boys, were compelled to laugh at their appearance—their apparel barely covering their nakedness, having been torn into shreds by bushes and brambles through which for several months they had been marching.

FIERCE BATTLE IN DEEP SNOW.

THE winter of 1779-80 in this region was of terrible severity, causing intense suffering to man and beast. Cold weather commenced in November, and snow-storms followed in quick succession. The rivers and Staten Island sound remained solidly frozen from November to the middle of March. There was no navigation in the waters about New York for nearly three months, the ice being of such solidity that horses and vehicles traveled upon it with greater facility than on the earth.

It was during this unexampled season that Washington’s troops at Morristown suffered so much for the necessities of life owing to the blockade of the roads by snow. Foraging parties had great difficulty in procuring and getting back to camp with needed supplies, which they were obliged to seek from farmers. Colonel Matthias Ogden, of this town, was finally selected by Washington to scour Essex county and collect what cattle could be found. Although he and his foragers suffered more than tongue can tell from intense cold and exposure, they managed to return to the camps at Morristown and the Short Hills with the provender which the half-famished soldiers needed.

Washington, about Christmas time, sent General William Irvine, of his staff, to this town to consult with Colonel Elias Dayton, who, with his Third Regiment, was stationed in and about the town, in reference to the practicability of making a successful raid on Staten Island. Irvine promptly reported to the commander-in-chief that his scouts had visited the island, where they had found but about 1,200 men in all, most of whom were renegade Americans without the spirit of fight, and the

sound so tightly frozen that it could be crossed in safety. General Irvine's report, endorsed by Colonel Dayton, was so roseate in character that Washington at once gave directions for a movement of all the troops in this locality that could be promptly and conveniently assembled in Elizabethtown within a given time.

General (Lord) Stirling, entrusted with the command of the expedition, came down here just after the big snow-storm of January 3, and at once commenced preparing for the work to which he had been assigned. In his labors he was ably assisted by Colonel Dayton, who, with his command, was burning to cross to Staten Island and engage the tories and refugees, many of whom had left Elizabethtown early in the war for the good of the community and the cause.

Including the eight companies of Colonel Dayton's regiment, General Stirling, within ten days, had the satisfaction of seeing a force of 2,500 men assembled in this town.

It was on the night of January 14 that this little army rendezvoused on the open parade ground in front of the First Presbyterian Church on Broad Street, where previously had been collected a large number of sleds and sleighs, any kind of a vehicle to which runners were attached, and which could be drawn by horses and oxen. These vehicles had not been requisitioned for pleasure purposes, but were to be used solely for the transportation of reserve ammunition, rations, medical supplies, etc., to break a pathway through the snow which yet lay deep on the earth, so that the infantry could more readily march, and to bring back the dead and the wounded should there be any casualties.

Before daybreak on the morning of the fifteenth the column, full of joyous spirits, had reached the ice-bound sound, over which it silently passed without detection or resistance on the part of the enemy. The tramp over the salt meadows, waist deep in snow, to the point now known as Elm Park, was extremely fatiguing, but the gallant men who were suffering and about to imperil their lives in battle, uttered no complaint, being anxious to revenge themselves upon the traitorous Staten Islanders, who bitterly hated the patriots of the town and the cause they represented.

The Americans at noon succeeded in reaching the forks of the road at the "Blazing Star," now Rossville, thus cutting off the British general—Sterling—encamped within a strong earthwork on Pavilion Hill, where Fort Wadsworth now stands, from

communication with Colonel (Lord) Rawdon, commanding the Royal Irish Volunteers, on the easterly shore at the foot of the Narrows, and Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, in command of the "Queen's Rangers," mongrel Americans, who espoused the King's cause.

When the Americans reached the old Mill Road, now Columbia Street, New Brighton, General Stirling divided his force into three columns. The smaller detachment was confided to Lieutenant-Colonel Willett, with instructions to proceed to Decker's Ferry, now Port Richmond, and capture a tory force of some 200 men, commanded by Colonel Van Buskirk.

The main column, commanded in person by General Stirling, marched as rapidly as possible along the shore towards Tompkinsville, at that period noted as a summer resort for the wealthy people of this section. General Philemon Dickenson, in command of the other column, proceeded on the old road to Dongan's Mill, with instructions to keep constantly within supporting distance.

The shades of night were falling fast when General Stirling got within view of the British position, which was found to be more formidable than had been expected. The strong redoubts occupied by the British had been made more difficult to approach by the recent heavy fall of snow, which, by drifting, had formed an immense bank on the western front.

Long before General Stirling reached the danger point his advance had been discovered by the enemy, which at once, made preparations to resist attack. Stirling, finding the enemy fully alert and most advantageously posted, and much stronger in numbers than he had anticipated, with night near at hand, went into bivouac, to wait the advent of another day. During the fearfully cold night that followed, the Americans maintained huge fires, around which they huddled to keep from freezing. When day at length broke, General Stirling, learning that Knyp-hausen was despatching reinforcements from New York, and that the force under Colonel Willett had completely surprised Van Buskirk's tories at Decker's Ferry, and burned nine sailing vessels and a number of fishing boats, he ordered a retreat, which was accomplished without molestation on the part of the enemy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, in command of the British cavalry and infantry encamped on the high grounds near Richmond, on learning of the approach of our little army, in mortal fear of an attack, hastily sent men out to gather all the cattle, harness, horses and sleds in the neighborhood, and bring them

within his defensive works. This precaution was in a measure successful. Simcoe hoped, in case of attack, to hold Richmond until reinforcements could reach him from New York. He gave up all thought of receiving assistance from General Sterling, his immediate commander, when he learned the Americans had marched to attack that officer at Tompkinsville, a few miles away.

Simcoe, in his desperation, ordered Colonel Christopher Billopp, who commanded the militia on Staten Island, to immediately assemble his men in Richmond for the defence of the place. But neither orders, entreaties, or the personal example of Billopp had any effect. Not a man responded. None of them had any desire to meet their old neighbors from New Jersey. These gallant militiamen preferred to lounge around the various public houses to talk of the war and drown their troubles by drinking poor rum, or by providing for the security of their cattle and other effects, which they were just now fearful of losing, to meeting men they dreaded in battle. Most of these fellows were refugees, and being originally from New Jersey, some of them from Elizabethtown, they had every reason to evade a call to arms, as in the not improbable event of capture, they knew they would receive the short shrift their perfidy and treason justly merited. A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

When Colonel Simcoe learned next morning that the Americans were retreating across the island, he started in pursuit with two companies of Hussars, but failed to overtake them.

Colonel Willett, after a lively brush with Van Buskirk's Tories at the Ferry, put them to flight, burned Isaac Decker's house, because he had guided the British in their raids in this state, set fire to a number of vessels, and came away with ten prisoners, and many blankets greatly needed by our men. Informed of General Stirling's retrograde movement, he marched rapidly and rejoined the column before it reached the sound, which was crossed at DeHart's ferry at noon.

General Stirling, in his official report of his movements to Washington, says:

“* * * The retreat was effected in good order, and with very little loss. A party of the enemy's horse, under Major Edwards, charged our rear-guard, but was immediately repulsed. They had three men killed. Some few of the men were frost-bitten, and though we took all the pains in our power to have all those unable to march transported in sleighs, yet I imagine a very few have been left behind.

“* * * While the troops were upon the Island, a number of persons from this side (Elizabethtown) took advantage of this occasion to pass upon the island and plunder the people there in the most shameful and merciless manner. Many of them were stopped on their return, and their booty taken from them. All the soldiery, on re-crossing the ice, were searched, and the little plunder they had taken from them, and their names noted, that they might be brought to punishment.”

Incensed at the wanton vandalism and thievery of evil-disposed men from this vicinity who followed General Stirling's force to Staten Island, General Cortlandt Skinner, commanding a brigade of tory New Jerseymen on the Island, quickly arranged a “return visit” for retaliatory purposes. Skinner, a lawyer, was the last English attorney-general of New Jersey.

Although most of the property carried away by General Stirling's camp followers, invariably a worthless and cowardly set, had been promptly returned to the despoiled Staten Islanders by Chaplain Caldwell, detailed by Washington to perform that duty, they refused to be pacified, and smarting under the infliction, demanded that the British authorities whose cause they had espoused, should cross over to Elizabethtown and obtain full satisfaction for the outrages committed.

General Washington, who had given express orders to General Stirling against pillage or excesses of any nature, on learning of the misbehavior of some of the soldiers, and the thievery of the worthless vagabonds who went along, ordered an investigation of the matter. When General Stirling reached this side of the sound on his return, he halted his command, and had his officers inspect the men for plunder. What was thus found was at once returned to Staten Island under a flag of truce, and the names of the men implicated in the robbery noted. Most of them were court-martialled and punished for a violation of orders. The camp followers were rounded up and compelled to disgorge their ill-gotten wealth.

This restoration of the stolen articles, however, did not satisfy the angry Islanders, and they importunately demanded that General Skinner should invade the town, and take bitter revenge, not only for the damage inflicted, but also for perturbing their minds. General Skinner lost no time in acceding to their demands, and having completed details for an expedition, selected 130 infantrymen from the first and third battalions of his command, and put them in charge of Lieutenant John Van Buskirk, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Abraham Van Buskirk, a

native of New Jersey. Some fifty dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant Neal Stewart, were also detailed for the expedition.

Everything being in readiness, the little force, guided by the notorious Cornelius Hetfield, and his infamous brothers, Job and John Smith Hetfield (all natives of this town), set out from Richmond late in the afternoon of January 25, and crossed Staten Island Sound on the ice at Trembly's Point, three miles below this town.

The sixty American soldiers stationed here, to whom had been entrusted the safety of the place, together with the inhabitants, were in blissful ignorance of the advance of the enemy, little dreaming of danger or molestation until awakened at midnight by fierce blasts of bugles and the heavy clatter of horses' hoofs.

The British entered the town from the south by two different roads before their presence became known to the people, the Hetfield boys, familiar with every road and by-path in this region, being excellent guides. The three brothers had been banished from this town early in the war for treasonable practices, and taking refuge among men of their own ilk on Staten Island, who gladly welcomed them, they became active partisans for the enemy. These renegades, degenerate sons of a worthy and patriotic sire, took fiendish delight when able to inflict damage on the people of this community, which they never lost an opportunity of doing, especially if the transaction was unattended by personal danger.

There is a legend that while the British troops were in town on this fateful night, Cornelius Hetfield rode over to the home of his aged parents on the "Landing," and after rudely awaking them from sleep, swore he would with his own hands apply a torch to the First Presbyterian Church edifice. His father, a highly-esteemed citizen and an elder in the congregation, implored the wayward and head-strong boy to spare the sacred building. He might as well have attempted to curb the wind. Uttering loud and bitter imprecations, the unfilial son put spurs to his horse and dashed rapidly away. An hour afterwards a cloud-reaching flame, illumining the surrounding country, proved that the renegade had fulfilled his impious threat.

The church building, also used for many years as a town meeting-house, was built in the year 1665. It was a frame structure 36 feet wide and 46 feet long. The grounds attached embraced about eight acres, and extended west to the river, then called "Mill Creek." The land was originally donated to the

church trustees by the first purchasers and their "Associates," but as the original deed could not be found in 1719, the freeholders "allowed" the grounds to the church trustees and their heirs and successors.

Isaac Decker, whose house at the ferry at Richmond, had been burned on the 15th by Colonel Willett's men, who had been fired upon from its windows, still smarting under the injury done him, applied a torch to the court house building adjoining the church, and this, too, was entirely consumed.

The lurid flames from the fiercely burning structures were seen by our soldiers in Newark and at other points, and the long roll and other signals of danger sounded. It was a wierd spectacle the people of this town witnessed that cold winter's night when they saw flames consuming structures to which they were devotedly attached, and jubilant and excited red-coated soldiers giving vent to their joy at the destruction of cherished land-marks, which the patriots were unable to prevent.

The two buildings consumed were constructed of wood, and neither had ever been beautified by artificial means. No union painter's brush had sought their ornamentation. They had weathered storm and sunshine for more than a century's time, and were always objects of veneration to our people. The church building was especially dear, hallowed as it was by recollections of worship therein by Pilgrim fathers, and the religious instruction given by Dickenson, Spencer, Whitefield and Caldwell, the most noted preachers then in this country.

The court house, one of the oldest buildings in town, was used in the early part of the war for the confinement of prisoners of war, Elizabethtown having been designated as a general depot of exchange. It was here that the survivors of Benedict Arnold's ill-fated expedition to Canada were brought for exchange. Colonel Ethan Allen, for a time, had charge of the British prisoners confined here.

When the patriot father of the miscreant Cornelius Hetfield visited the ruins on the following day his heart bled within him at his undutiful son's sacriligious act. As there was no other building in town capable of accommodating an audience, the elder Hetfield tendered the use of his large frame building known as the "Red Store House," located on the east side of Cherry street, near Rahway Avenue, then the most populous and important section of the town, and the kind offer being accepted by the congregation, the structure was remodelled, provided with seats, and for several years afterwards used as a meeting house.

The sudden and totally unlooked-for descent of the enemy caused consternation, not only among the American soldiers, but among all the inhabitants who had been awakened by bugle blasts, the hoarse voices of the British soldiery, and the discharge of fire-arms. A dozen soldiers on guard at the Cross-Roads (now Union Square) were the only ones who escaped. They fled on hearing the firing on Cherry Street, where the British first surprised the American guards, and gained our lines at Newark.

The British cavalry crossed Mill Creek, where the stone bridge stands on South Broad Street, and dashed rapidly up Broad Street, the advance halting at Jersey Street. At that period there were but half a dozen houses on Broad Street. The loud warning the Britons gave to the people to remain within doors was religiously observed, and no citizen had the temerity to show himself out of doors until after daylight, and not then unless morally certain the enemy had withdrawn.

The British having satisfied themselves with plunder from private dwellings, and satisfied with the destruction wrought, as well as the easy capture of five commissioned officers and some fifty men of a Maryland regiment, retreated down what is now Elizabeth Avenue and First Avenue, to the sound at DeHart's Point. As a parting blow at the old town, the departing enemy set fire to De Hart's ferry house, the bright light from which illumined their pathway across the sound.

Washington, justly incensed, not only at the destruction of public and private property, but at the non-watchfulness and cowardice of the Maryland troops sent here to protect the town, classified the event as a "misfortune and disgrace," and two days afterward ordered General Arthur St. Clair, who was at the Short Hills, to come down here and investigate the causes of the disaster, and take command of all the forces from Paulus Hook (now Jersey City) to Perth Amboy.

The winter of 1779-80 was the severest on record. The ground was covered with snow from the middle of November to the first of April. January 3, 1780, snow fell to a depth of from four to six feet, and all the waters about here were frozen till the first of March. The season opened late, not a blade of green grass being observable hereabouts as late as the 18th of May.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE GOVERNOR.

IN "the days that tried men's souls," New Jersey had no firmer patriot or abler or wiser counselor than Governor Livingston. No Jerseyman, during the revolution, took so prominent a part in public affairs. No man in the land did more for the cause of American liberty—none made greater sacrifices for the public weal. No other Jerseyman was so bitterly hated by the British and tories, and none was more cordially loved and trusted by every friend of Freedom.

Time and again did the British and renegades on Staten Island descend upon this town, both by night and day, to effect the capture of the governor, but the most serious attempt in this direction was made on the night of February 24, 1779, when the 33d and 42d Regiments, with some light guards, numbering in all over 2,000 trained troops, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Sterling (afterward general, who was killed a year later at Union Square by an American sharpshooter), embarked on Long Island, and a few hours afterwards landed without discovery near Crane's Ferry, on Newark Bay, a mile north of the present Singer factory.

The British force was guided by Cornelius Hetfield, Jr., and his brother, John Smith Hetfield, Elizabethtown boys, who, three years previous, had been banished from this place, owing to their treasonable sentiments and opposition to the patriot cause.

After disembarking, long before daylight, the 42d Regiment, headed by Colonel Sterling, marched rapidly across the meadows by paths thoroughly known to the Hetfield boys, and soon gained the upland near the present city almshouse (then known as Woodruff's Farms). Reaching this point, the British commander was surprised to learn of the non-arrival of the 33d Regiment and the guards, who had failed to follow in the darkness owing to a misunderstanding of orders.

Colonel Sterling reached the town as the Americans departed him forthwith, but the colonel of the 33d refused to recognize the order given verbally by a man he did not know, and who could not show any credentials. This blunder caused several hours' delay, and imperilled the success of the expedition, as it afforded time for the American militiamen to rally, which they very promptly did as usual.

Colonel Aaron Ogden, a native of this town, first to learn of the enemy's landing and of its advance, sent word to General

Maxwell, in command of a small force at the barracks on Cherry Street, and that gallant soldier at once assembled his troops, alarmed the town, and retreated towards Galloping Hill, many citizens hurriedly following, taking with them in their hasty flight such personal and household effects as they could carry.

Colonel Stirling reached the town as the Americans departed and quickly seizing all roads leading out, stationed guards to prevent surprise. This accomplished the British commander dispatched a force, guided by Cornelius Hetfield, to "Liberty Hall," to capture Governor Livingston.

Fortunately the governor was at the home of a friend near Springfield, and thus escaped. The Britons, after quietly surrounding the mansion, forcibly entered, and were surprised to find themselves confronted by Miss Kate Livingston, the governor's daughter, a brave and patriotic girl, who roundly denounced the ruthless invaders of her home for their untimely visit.

Miss Livingston, inured to war and without fear in her soul, burning with indignation, ordered the raiders to leave the mansion, and some, very much ashamed of themselves, were on the point of complying, when the British officer in command gave polite assurance to the brave girl that no harm should befall her, and directed his men to make a search of the premises for the governor.

This proving a fruitless errand, the commandant demanded that Miss Livingston reveal the depository of the state's papers. She parleyed with the officer as long as possible to gain time for our troops to pull themselves together and reach town, and only when her art at subterfuge failed, did she consent to lead the way to an apartment in which she happened to remember, was stored some worthless documents. A large trunk, filled with important looking papers, quickly attracted the attention of the raiders, and was removed in a hurry. The soldiers displayed great glee over what they considered a valuable find, and departing, soon after joined Colonel Sterling in the heart of the town.

While awaiting the return of the detachment from the governor's home, Colonel Sterling had kept his men busy collecting horses and cattle, a considerable number of which were gathered. When the British commandant learned that Governor Livingston had not been captured, he gave vent to his rage by ordering the burning of the state barracks on Cherry Street, and the arsonage of the First Presbyterian Church close by, and to make

his visit more memorable he directed his men to fire the public school academy, standing on Broad Street, where the First Church lecture room is now located. One or two other structures were also fired.

Shortly after daylight General Maxwell, who had succeeded in getting reinforcements from Rahway and Newark, having meantime ascertained the position and strength of the enemy, advanced on the town from the northwest, first engaging the British posted at the river on what is now West Jersey Street. The enemy opened a spirited musketry fire, but gave way rapidly when the Americans opened with two light field pieces. They speedily joined Colonel Sterling on Broad Street, where he stood witnessing the burning of the Academy. Quickly recalling his different detachments, Sterling, sending ahead the cattle his men had stolen, commenced his retreat down Elizabeth Avenue, his rear covered by the light guards.

General Maxwell, now feeling greatly encouraged, and almost sure of capturing the British force, followed in close pursuit, using his two field pieces with considerable effect on the fleeing and disheartened foe. Before the British reached New Point Road they had become so frightened that they were glad to abandon the horses and cows, all of which were recaptured and restored to their joyous owners.

The immediate pursuit of the enemy was entrusted to three of the best officers in the American army—Colonels Dayton, Ogden and Barber—all natives of this town. These gallant spirits pursued the British relentlessly, giving them no time to stop and fight, even if they desired that sort of relaxation. It was fight by our farmer boys all the way to the water. While the intrepid Ogden, who had the advance, was making a reconnoissance, he was imprudently led into an ambush, and came within an ace of losing his life. Suddenly confronted by four or five British infantrymen, who had secreted themselves in the dense brush lining the narrow roadway, he attempted to cut his way out, and while doing so a Briton thrust his bayonet through the right side of his body. Ogden's men, coming up, opened fire on the Britons, some of whom were killed. Colonel Ogden, with the rusty weapon still in his body, was taken to the building now used as the "Old Ladies' Home" on East Jersey Street, where it was finally removed through the efforts of several surgeons who had been summoned. Colonel Ogden recovered from the ghastly wound, although he was laid up for a long time, and some years afterwards was chosen governor of our state.

The retreat of the British down New Point Road was precipitous owing to the closeness of the pursuit by our enraged militiamen. The enemy's officers made repeated attempts to rally their men, but demoralization having superceded discipline, their flight continued. At one spot our men made a gallant charge, and got so close to the British that many of them, in their fright, left the narrow roadway, and fleeing across the meadows, became mired in the swampy land.

When the discomfited foe at length reached the place of embarkation, the men experienced great difficulty in getting to the boats, which lay anchored some distance out in Newark Bay, owing to the shallowness of the water, and had not the British been protected by several sloops of war, which opened fire upon the enthusiastic Americans, the entire force would undoubtedly have been captured.

As it was the enemy had ten killed, forty wounded, and twenty-one captured.

The Americans lost one killed and five wounded—one of the latter being Lieutenant Rencastle.

BATTLE OF CONNECTICUT FARMS.

ELIZABETHTOWN, during the winter of 1779-80, guarded only from time to time by small detachments of Continentals and militia, was subjected to frequent raids by renegades from this section, who, at the outbreak of the war, had taken refuge on Staten Island, a settlement notoriously hostile to the American cause.

Washington, in retreating from New York, made his headquarters at Morristown, echeloning his small and ill-provided army along the foot hills, where his men suffered incredible hardships, not only from exposure to the long period of intense cold weather, but from the lack of food, difficult of procurement on account of the great depth of snow that covered the earth.

On the night of January 25, 1780, a British force of infantry and cavalry, numbering five hundred men, crossed Staten Island sound on the ice, at Trembley's Point, and succeeded in entering the town by two different roads, before the small guard of Americans, supposed to be on duty, was aware of its advance. The raid was a complete surprise. The British dragoons in their dash, killed and wounded several Americans, and captured the others, most of whom were in bed. Among the prisoners

taken were Major Eccles, of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, and a Virginia colonel.

On retiring the elated enemy set fire to the court house and the First Presbyterian Church adjoining. Both structures being of wood, were rapidly consumed. The court house and grounds attached had been used during the war as a place of confinement for prisoners of war.

General Washington, highly incensed at the conduct of the Southern troops thus surprised and captured, ordered an investigation of "the late misfortune and disgrace at Elizabethtown," as he classified the event.

Knyphausen, in command of the British forces in and about New York, was busily engaged all the spring in preparing for a formidable invasion of this state. He boasted to the English governor (Robertson) of New York, that when the weather conditions permitted he would cross over to New Jersey and capture or expel from its soil the rebel army, which he knew to be reduced not only in numbers, but to dire extremity. With the great power of the British government behind him, granting his every wish, Knyphausen was given *carte blanche* in selecting a force which he was confident would prove itself equal to any emergency. The first commands that had been brought to this country were chosen—among them a squadron of dragoons, known as the "Queen's Rangers," and the famous Coldstream Guards, which some years afterwards made themselves immortal by desperate fighting at Waterloo.

Knyphausen, determined to leave nothing undone to ensure the success of the expedition on which he had centered every hope, selected as commanders of his brigades General Edward Mathew, General Sterling and General Tryon, whom he considered his ablest subordinates. To them was entrusted the command of the three divisions, into which he divided his force of between 6,000 and 7,000 men. To Sterling, the youngest and most active and promising general, he confided the advance column.

On the first of June this chosen corps, which had rendezvoused in Battery Park some days before, began to embark on vessels assembled off the Battery for that purpose, and a day or two afterwards the ships sailed for Staten Island, landing the troops on the eastern shore, from which point they leisurely marched across the island to the high land opposite what is now Elizabeth Avenue, where, going into camp, they remained until the night of June 6, when the column took up its line of march

over the intervening salt meadows and crossed the sound on a pontoon bridge previously laid.

Colonel Elias Dayton, who had been stationed here for some time with his Third New Jersey Regiment, occupying the barracks on Cherry Street, had witnessed the arrival of the redcoats on the western slope of Staten Island, and sent intelligence to Washington, who was still at Morristown. Determined to resist the British advance as long as possible, on the night of the sixth he posted a small force of sharpshooters at the junction of Old and New Point Roads (now Union Square), with instructions to lie in ambush and fire upon the British advance when near enough to make their shots effective. The gallant and watchful colonel told his men to retreat when such a step became necessary, and fall back to Broad Street, where he would await them.

It was only when Aurora began gilding the morn on the fateful seventh of June that this band, impatient during the long night and longing for the day, first heard the beating of horses' hoofs and the rattle of accoutrements, and shortly after saw a dark mass advancing up Old Point Road (now First Avenue). With fast-beating hearts and heavy flint-lock muskets well primed, the American piquet, secreted in the underbrush, anxiously bided the time for action. These brave farmer boy soldiers fully realized the desperate undertaking in which they had cheerfully engaged, and were cognizant of the futility of any act which they felt competent of performing, but, alive to the importance of obeying orders, and intent on dealing a blow, however ineffective, to the insolent invader of their homes, they gladly perilled their lives in thus boldly attacking an army of trained warriors.

Unconscious of danger, the British general—Sterling—rode proudly in the van, his bright sword and golden helmet glittering in the early sunlight. No thought of a lingering and painful death disturbed the serenity of his mind—no shadow of fear crossed his handsome face, as, mounted upon a prancing and gaily-caparisoned steed, he made his way along the quiet road, burdened by deathlike stillness.

“Fire!” rang out the clarion-like voice of Ensign Moses Ogden, an Elizabethtown boy of nineteen years, and the next instant, from the brazen muzzles of thirteen muskets poured forth a sheet of flame and death-dealing missiles into the serried ranks of the invading host, the proud and haughty general—Sterling—being unhorsed by a ghastly wound in his right thigh. (He was removed to the house now occupied by the Old Womens' Home on East Jersey Street, and subsequently conveyed to New York, where he died one year later).

What was regarded as the killing of their general, together with the wounding of several horsemen, threw the dragoons into a state of panic, and much confusion resulted. This afforded time for the Americans to reload and fire again, which they lost no time in doing, then fled up what is now Elizabeth Avenue to Broad Street, where Colonel Dayton, who had impatiently awaited them, complimented Ensign Ogden and his comrades upon their gallant behavior and the efficiency of their effort. Young Ogden was heartily greeted by the regiment, and lustily cheered when Colonel Dayton announced what he had done. Sad to relate, before the sun went down behind our western hills that day, the heroic ensign sealed his devotion to his country and the cause of liberty with his life's blood, being instantly killed in the battle at Connecticut Farms (now Union) late in the afternoon, a ball passing through his intrepid heart.

Colonel Dayton, with a portion of his regiment, made a stand at Broad Street and Elizabeth Avenue, having previously posted four companies at Broad and Jersey Streets to guard and protect his retreat. He feared the enemy might attempt a flanking movement by way of East Jersey Street, but the British commander kept his column intact, and made no diversions.

The British column, having reformed after the unlooked-for attack at Union Square, resumed its advance up Water Street, the dragoons having been superceded in the task of leading, by the Coldstream Guards, who moved forward with circumspection.

When Colonel Dayton found that British infantry had been assigned to lead the column, he delegated a number of sharpshooters to cover his retreat, with instructions to annoy the advancing host and retard its advance as long as possible. The riflemen detailed for this hazardous duty, while slowly and sullenly retiring, fired as opportunity offered from every available covert—trees along the highways affording them excellent protection. It was from this vantage that many Britons reddened our soil with their blood on this momentous day. This resistance while delaying the march of the enemy, gave time to rally the militiamen in this section, who were temporarily at home attending affairs on their farms, and it aided Washington in getting his army together to march south to meet the invading host. But it was nearly dark when Washington reached the Short Hills, with the main body of his force, and learning of the repulse of the enemy at Connecticut Farms and the bridge near Springfield he went into camp to prepare for what he considered might be an issue on the following day.

Colonel Dayton retired from Elizabethtown by way of West Jersey Street and the Galloping Hill Road, northwesterly to Connecticut Farms, his rear guard contesting every foot of the way. At Galloping Hill there was a spirited fight, but the overpowering numbers of the enemy speedily drove the Americans from the untenable position, and the retreat was continued to the West branch of the Elizabethtown River, where two companies of Dayton's regiment, having chosen an admirable position, welcomed a score and more of the enemy to hospitable graves.

Meantime General Maxwell, to whose brigade Colonel Dayton's regiment belonged, had deployed his command in a semi-circle on the highest ground northeast of the church, his left flank resting on the Vauxhall Road, near what is now "Ye old Meeker Inn," his extreme right being at the junction of the two roads leading north and west. A few hundred feet from this point stood a small frame house, in which lived in fancied security the patriot wife of Chaplain Caldwell of Dayton's regiment. Mrs. Caldwell, who had no fear in her soul, after serving a British soldier with refreshments, was cruelly murdered by the fiend who had enjoyed her hospitality.

General Maxwell had taken the position above described, in order to guard the two roads leading north to Springfield, and thus prevent the enemy from separating his force from Washington.

The fight at the branch southeast of the church was well-contested, and continued for three long hours, when the Americans, threatened by a flank movement, gave way, and joined General Maxwell on the hill, half mile away. The entire American force present numbered less than fifteen hundred men, and being without artillery, and no reinforcements in sight, General Maxwell began his retreat towards Springfield, harassing the enemy as opportunity presented itself.

But it was at the bridge over the Rahway River, which crosses Morris Avenue, at the foot of Prospect Hill, half a mile from Springfield, that the severest fighting of the day took place. Although the British brought all their artillery into requisition and maintained a steady fire during the latter part of the afternoon, the Americans withstood the bombardment with heroic gallantry, and by a withering fire from muskets and rifles, and a small iron field piece, succeeded in blocking the further advance of a powerful foe.

Finding his efforts balked, and learning just before night-fall that Washington, with a large force, was hurriedly advanc-

ing, Knyphausen sounded a cessation of hostilities, and reforming his dispirited men under cover of darkness, which now enshrouded the earth, commenced a hasty retrograde movement.

When the baffled foe reached the Farms village on their return, they plundered every dwelling, a dozen or so in number, and fired the structures after every portable article had been removed therefrom. The Presbyterian Church building, a frame structure, did not escape the incendiary's torch, and was totally destroyed. It is recorded that Governor Robertson, of New York, who accompanied Knyphausen on this expedition, in the expectancy of witnessing the capture of General Washington, participated in the hellish work, and profited by a share of the ill-gotten plunder.

Amid Stygian darkness, relieved only by vivid flashes of lightning and burning buildings along the road, Knyphausen "the drowsy tyrant by his minions led," succeeded in reaching the lower part of Elizabethtown at daybreak next morning—his men drenched to the skin, covered with mud, exhausted, depressed in spirits, and in a highly demoralized state. The discomfited British evidently felt they had justly incurred God's wrath by their crimes, and regarded the pouring rain, the lightning's flashes and the loud-pealing thunder as admonitions from on high. The lightning on this occasion is described by a German officer present as "having frightened the horses" and "deprived the soldiers of sight for a time."

Learning of the close pursuit by the Americans, who, despite the raging storm, were in an exhilarating mood over their victory, Knyphausen posted a battalion of "Yagers," armed with heavy rifles, in a grove on Water Street (near what is now Reid Street), supporting them with the 22d Regiment, a crack organization, and a battery of light artillery, at the junction of Old and New Point Roads, now Union Square. A brigade of Hessians, including the famous Coldstream Guards, and a squadron of heavy dragoons, went into bivouac on a knoll below Rickett's farm, near what is now Liberty Square at Third Street, with a view of lending support in case of attack. With these dispositions, considered ample, the British commander deployed the remainder of his army in a northeasterly direction, and almost parallel with the sound, the line being extended as far as Crane's Ferry (near the location of the Singer factory). A considerable body of dragoons was posted on the extreme right flank, guarding the New Point Road. The British, in this position, possessed superior advantages, enjoying, as they did, admirable cover in

the old earthworks constructed early in the war by the Americans, and having their right flank further guarded by an impenetrable marsh on the salt meadows, while its extreme left was efficiently protected by British gunboats on the sound just above the mouth of the Elizabeth River.

General Hand, in command of a brigade of the American army, was stationed near Springfield, guarding the approaches to the Short Hills. Unable to reach the "Farms" in time to participate in the glorious battle of the previous day, he and his men burned for an opportunity to pursue and punish the dastard foe. General (Lord) Stirling, his immediate commander, having been informed that the enemy, in a demoralized condition, had recrossed the sound to Staten Island, leaving but a small force on this side, acceded to General Hand's importunacy, and directed him to proceed with his brigade of riflemen and a battalion of militiamen to Elizabethtown, and "bring up those fellows at the point."

Despite the rain, which fell in torrents, the gallant Americans received the order with cheers which awoke echoes among the grand old hills, and promptly commenced the march to the town, over rough and heavy roads, making the task difficult and fatiguing, yet not a murmur was heard in that loyal band. Every man was eager to meet a foe capable of any enormity, even to the cold-blooded murder of defenceless women, and with the killing of Mrs. Caldwell uppermost in their minds, the heroic Continentals pressed forward to avenge that patriot woman's death.

And thus ingloriously ended Knyphausen's much-vaunted and first attempt to penetrate New Jersey, by which he had fondly hoped to reach the American lines at Morristown, and capture or destroy the small force encamped there. But the haughty Hessian hireling, so confident in the morning of destroying the patriot army, finding himself thwarted in his design by a handful of American farmer boys, was compelled to beat a disastrous retreat under cover of Cimmerian darkness, in the midst of a drenching rain-storm, accompanied by fearful lightning and thunder, to retrace his wretched and weary way to the point from which eighteen hours before, he had started under the most auspicious circumstances, with all the pomp and panoply of war.

BATTLE OF ELIZABETHTOWN.

GENERAL HAND entered Elizabethtown at about seven o'clock on the morning of the eighth by two different roads—his columns forming a junction at the corner of Broad and Water Streets, where a small outpost piquet of the enemy was surprised and captured by a dash of his ill-mounted troopers who had the advance.

Ascertaining from citizens and scouts that a strong force of the enemy was entrenched at the Cross Roads (Union Square), General Hand divided his command into three separate columns and resumed his march towards the "Point," proceeding cautiously down Water Street. Almost absolute silence prevailed—nothing being heard save the irregular tread of the men. When near the tannery of that staunch patriot, Timothy Ogden, a lineal descendant of John Ogden, one of the most influential founders of this town, the head of column, received a volley from the "Yagers," lying in ambush in a grove at what is now Elizabeth Avenue and Reid Street, which caused some confusion among the Continentals. While General Hand was making dispositions to resist attack, the "Yagers" took to their heels, fleeing across the fields in the direction of the Cross Roads—shots from the Americans adding to their terror and greatly accelerating their flight. It afforded merriment to the farmer boys to witness the celerity with which the trained troops of Britain ran after delivering a volley, which, happily, proved harmless.

A careful reconnoissance satisfied General Hand that the British occupied a strong position at the Cross Roads, and that the utmost caution on his part would be necessary to avoid disaster. He accordingly despatched one column to make a detour through the thick undergrowth to the left, and on gaining the New Point Road, to bear down upon the right flank of the enemy's position. Another column, the smallest of the three, was directed to proceed to the right, and threaten the British left and rear.

General Hand, after witnessing the departure of the two flanking detachments, formed the remainder of his force into a column of attack, and while waiting the lapse of sufficient time to enable the two columns to gain the desired points for co-operation, addressed his men, exhorting them to pay attention to orders, keep cool, as at Monmouth, and, above all, not to waste ammunition. The Americans, impatient of delay, could hardly be restrained from dashing forward upon the earthwork, now in plain

view, and but a few hundred yards in their immediate front. The long-expected command, "Forward," was at length quietly given, and with steady step the assaulting column pressed down Water Street towards the common goal. It was evident to all that the enemy were fully prepared to receive them, yet not a man faltered—each felt the responsibility resting upon him—all were eager for the fray.

The British commander, who had been on the alert since first learning of the advance of the patriot army, while confident of his ability to hold the position assigned him, had apprised Knyphausen of the approach of the Americans, and of the threatened attack, and had asked that reinforcements might be kept in readiness to assist him in the event of his inability to withstand assault. From the redoubt the British commandant saw the cautious advance of the Americans, for whose reception he had made every preparation in his power. He had carefully trained his artillery to rake the road at the foot of the knoll (where Smith Street now intersects Elizabeth Avenue), and with lighted matches his cannoneers stood ready to obey his bidding, and hurl a storm of iron hail upon the advancing patriots.

The crucial moment came at last, when the stillness of that summer morning was broken by the booming of British artillery and the rattle of small arms. The road (Elizabeth Avenue) along which the Americans were making their way, was ploughed by cannon balls, whose hissing would have been sufficient to appall the hearts of others than patriots determined to punish the cruel invader and drive him from the soil so dear to them. With compressed lips and firm tread the Continentals pressed forward, only halting when they reached the foot of the knoll, about one hundred yards from the breastworks. It was from this point the centre column opened fire upon the redoubt.

Meantime General Hand had received no tidings from either of his detached columns, and finding the enemy too strongly posted decided it would be fatal to storm the British position without their co-operation. Passing and repassing his thin line, General Hand, momentarily expecting to hear of the success of the flanking parties, encouraged his lion-hearted men to hold their ground and be ready to spring forward upon the works when the opportune moment arrived. The American commander watched with impatience for some signal from his absent detachments, that he might at the proper moment rush forward and secure the prize he had hoped was within his reach.

Directly, the British slackened their fire, having observed the

rapid advance of the Americans along the New Point Road, from the direction of Jersey Street. As this movement jeopardized their safety, the British hastily limbered their guns, and fled precipitately to the rear, across the fields and down Old Point Road towards the water. The two American columns entered the deserted earthwork at the same moment, the men cheering wildly over the success achieved.

Without waiting for the arrival of his third column, which he had not heard from, General Hand ordered a pursuit of the fleeing enemy, and a movement was made as far as Sixth Street, where a halt was made, owing to the approach of a large force up New Point Road. Finding himself largely outnumbered, the American commander retrograded to the Cross Roads, where he awaited the arrival of his right flanking column, which an aide-de-camp finally found endeavoring to make its way out of a dangerous morass in the vicinity of where the gas company's property now is on Fourth Avenue.

General Hand, having united his columns, and finding himself unable to successfully cope with the large force now being brought up to assail him, retired up Water Street, and so from the town, his rear being well protected by his riflemen. The British, however, were brought to a standstill where the Elizabeth River crosses West Jersey Street, and thus ended the second battle of Elizabethtown.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

NEW JERSEY, sandwiched between the states of New York and Pennsylvania, and particularly Elizabethtown, contiguous to a large British army encamped for a long time on Staten Island, suffered more from the enemy's depredations during eight years of the revolutionary war than any other section of the country. The most important battles and engagements were fought in this state, and Elizabethtown came in for more than a full share of the trouble.

Soldiers born in and about this town, including Colonel Aaron Burr, whose after life was made miserable by selfish and designing men, participated in almost every engagement from Quebec to Yorktown. They were at Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth; they accompanied General Benedict Arnold on his perilous march to Canada, and were at Ticonderoga, and in the disastrous battle on Long Island. They took part in the storming and capture of

Stony Point, and were rewarded for their valor there by General Washington, who presented them with a beautiful brass field piece which the English captured from the French at the fall of Quebec. Elizabethtown boys opened the battle of Brandywine, and distinguished themselves shortly after at the battle of Germantown. They passed the long and trying winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge, many of them without shoes, and none with sufficient clothing. They charged fiercely at Monmouth under the noble Lafayette, a fact he well remembered and stated when he made a visit to Elizabethtown in 1824, receiving an ovation from our people. In 1779 nearly two regiments of Elizabethtown boys marched up the Susquehanna to avenge the massacre of whites by Seneca Indians in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania.

No organization of American soldiers fought on so many fields during the revolution as General William Maxwell's brigade of the "Jersey Line," composed chiefly of men, young and old who claimed birthright in and about this town, which, I may add, embraced a large extent of territory, including the villages of Connecticut Farms, Springfield and Newark.

In a previous chapter I described the battle of Elizabethtown—June 7-8, 1780—concluding with the enforced retirement of the defeated British army within its works along the water front on the evening of June 8. The British suffered severely both days, but concluding to make another attempt to penetrate Washington's lines at and beyond the Short Hills, north of Springfield when circumstances became more propitious, it remained on this side of Staten Island sound. The boat pontoon across the sound laid on the evening of the sixth, was kept intact, and thoroughly guarded during the occupancy of the town by the enemy.

General Knyphausen, commanding the British columns in the battles on the 7th and 8th, had proven such a "magnificent failure" as a leader that he was superseded in command by Sir Henry Clinton, who no more understood the character and ability of the American volunteer soldier than his predecessor, though he had witnessed their brilliant valor at Brandywine and on the glorious field of Monmouth.

Clinton secured more artillery (having no less than half a dozen field batteries) and additional men, and being fully prepared for an advance to the mountains, broke camp just after midnight on the morning of Friday, June 23, and marched rapidly and silently through this town by way of First Avenue, Elizabeth Avenue, and West Jersey Street, and thence northwest on the road over Galloping Hill to Connecticut Farms, the scene of the

recent defeat by our farmers, where, as the lovely day was just beaming, shots were fired that initiated the battle of Springfield, one of the best contested and spirited engagements of the war.

By this time the surrounding country had been thoroughly aroused by the sullen booming of a large cannon and the blazing of tar barrels at the signal station on Prospect Hill, near Springfield. These dread alarms summoned the militiamen from their homes, at which they were permitted to remain when no danger threatened, and they hastened to the various rendezvous with rifle, bullet pouch and powder horn in hand. Not a man in this section shirked duty that day. Some, too infirm to walk, mounted horses and dashed to the point of danger. All were anxious to again confront the hated Briton and contribute to his expulsion. They bitterly remembered the cruel murder of the sainted Mrs. Caldwell, a few days previous, as well as the burning of the church and their homes at Connecticut Farms, and were eager to take part in the fray, and drive back the haughty invader, the despoiler of their firesides.

When the British commander reached the Farms he divided his force, sending one column to the right by way of the Vauxhall Road, running north through Headleytown to Milburn, to threaten the left flank of the Americans, posted in the principal pass over the Short Hills, while the other column was despatched to the left, taking the narrow road running north till it intersects what is now Morris Avenue, a mile and more this side of the Rahway River, and half a mile from the village of Springfield.

Major-General Greene, one of Washington's trusted lieutenants, in supreme command of the American forces at Short Hills, had placed Colonel Matthias Ogden's First New Jersey Regiment (Elizabethtowners), Captain George Walker's riflemen of the Second New Jersey Regiment, and Lieut. Colonel Harry Lee's ("Light Horse Harry" of Virginia) Famous Legion, in which more than one hundred New Jerseymen gallantly served during the war, at Littell's Bridge on the Vauxhall Road, to resist the advance of the British in that direction.

To Colonel Elias Dayton's Third New Jersey Regiment and Colonel Angell's Rhode Island Battalion, with a small field piece, was entrusted the main defence of the village. Colonel Dayton, ranking officer on this part of the field, stationed his command at the wooden bridge spanning the Rahway River, a few hundred yards this side of Springfield, and a smaller force under Colonel Israel Shreve, Second New Jersey Regiment, at the bridge over a small stream, at the north end of the village. Colonel Day-

ton, while impatiently awaiting the approach of the enemy, took the precaution to remove the planks from the two bridges. This was a wise proceeding, as it delayed the final advance of the British, while getting their artillery across the stream, greatly swollen on account of a rain-storm a day or two previously.

Meanwhile the British column on the Vauxhall Road, unable to dislodge Colonel Ogden's command at Littell's Bridge, where a stubborn fight took place, in which "Light Horse Harry" made repeated charges with his dashing horsemen, moved to the right and, completely flanking Ogden's position, compelled his retirement.

When Sir Henry Clinton, who was with the main column on Morris avenue, learned of this success, he moved his serried line over a hill against Colonel Dayton's insignificant force at the bridge. Clinton covered this movement with a fierce cannonading, no less than fifteen pieces being thus employed on the rising ground three hundred yards south of the bridge.

Despite this formidable array of the enemy, and the constant blazing of their artillery, Colonel Dayton's brave Elizabethtowners and Angell's heroic Rhode Islanders, posted along the right bank of the river, where the trees afforded excellent cover, maintained their position, and kept the trained Britons at a respectful distance for nearly an hour. The small field piece possessed by the Americans, planted on what is now known as "Battle Hill," did good execution, and added greatly to the torment of the British commander, who was surprised at the tenacity and intrepidity of the little band of Americans. It was at this point that the chief fighting occurred, and it was only when the ammunition of the Americans was nearly expended, and a flanking movement on the part of the enemy was being carried out, that the greatly outnumbered patriots gave way, falling back slowly through the village, taking their dead and wounded along.

There is a pretty legend that while the battle was in progress the Elizabethtown boys being short of wadding for their flintlock muskets, Rev. Mr. Caldwell the patriotic chaplain of Colonel Dayton's regiment, ran to the Presbyterian Church in the heart of the village, and gathering some hymn books, hastened back and distributing them among his comrades, said: "Now, boys, put Watts into them."

The British pursued the retreating Americans through the village and some little distance beyond, but on learning that Washington was advancing with a strong force, Sir Henry halted and smarting under the disgrace of his defeat by less than 1,000

farmer boys, for the time being militiamen, he eased his conscience by giving the village up to pillage, a work in which his followers were adepts. Before quitting the village the enemy set fire to the frame church edifice and nineteen dwelling houses, which, together with outbuildings, were totally consumed. The humane Sir Henry was induced to spare four houses, occupied by his wounded.

The British, in their hurried retreat back to this town, were closely followed by our brave militiamen, who frequently ambushed the dispirited foe, killing and wounding many by the way-side. The survivors entered the town in great disorder at sunset and after a brief stop within their earthworks at the "Point," crossed the sound. When daylight came nothing was to be seen of the Britons or the pontoon bridge.

The reader must remember that all the engagements, from the 7th to the 23d of June, took place within the territorial limits of Elizabethtown, and that nearly all the men who so often bared their breasts to the storm of war, were natives of this section—men who cheerfully left their everyday occupation and firesides when summoned to field duty. The yeomanry of New Jersey served without pay, and provided for their own necessities, even to furnishing themselves with arms and ammunition. Their heroism, sacrifices and brilliant services should never be forgotten.

If there is a town in all this broad land of ours that is rich in the memories of the past, rich in the traditions of "Auld Lang Syne," rich in the fealty which she has ever shown towards the state and national governments, it is the fair city of Elizabeth, the resting place of the martyred Caldwell and his sainted wife, of the heroic Ogdens, Spencer, Daytons and Barber, and of the old home of the victor of Lundy's Lane.

The patriots of Elizabethtown, from July, 1776, to the latter part of 1781, suffered more from the depredations of British and tory marauders than the people of any other section. The town during those five terrible years, lying contiguous to the British army which occupied Staten Island, was subjected to almost constant predatory incursions, some of which were attended by great barbarities. Infants, children, old men and women were left naked and exposed, and furniture, which the raiders were unable to carry away, was wantonly destroyed; dwellings and out-buildings burned or rendered uninhabitable; churches and public buildings consumed, and the most fiendish outrages perpetrated upon women and even very young girls.

I believe these horrors had much to do with the failure of the

British soldiery to establish itself in this country, for had the enemy paid for the supplies taken, and respected the rights of the people, the cause of independence might have been lost. The ruthless outrages of the enemy had the effect of arousing intense indignation and embittered the people, who rose in their majesty to repeal the invaders and revenge their personal injuries.

A resume of the leading incidents occurring in Elizabethtown during the war may be of interest:

1775.

Monday, May 8, members of Congress from Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, en route to Philadelphia, were met this side of Newark by many Elizabethtown gentlemen mounted, and escorted through the town to Rahway. The distinguished party received an ovation here.

The Provincial Congress of New Jersey convened here May 27. William Livingston and John DeHart, of this town, were the first representatives of New Jersey in Congress. They were re-elected the following year.

July 17, the Town Committee forwarded to Washington at Cambridge, Mass., fifty-two casks of gunpowder, purchased in Philadelphia, and in August the committee sent on nearly seven tons additional. It was carried in rack-riggings, covered with hay, to allay suspicion.

July 17, the Town Committee resolved to re-establish commercial intercourse with the people of Staten Island, they having pledged themselves to prove true to the cause of American liberty. The compact was broken by the Islanders the moment the British army landed on their soil, July 2, 1776.

October 4, sixteen companies of infantry and one of horse, belonging to the town, which then included the greater part of what is now Union County, were reviewed on the parade-ground on Broad Street. In 1868 a patriotic city council shamefully surrendered this public space to the First Presbyterian Church congregation, which it imprisoned within a high iron fence.

October 9, Congress issued its first call for troops from New Jersey, and three regiments of eight companies each were promptly organized. Two of these commands were composed of Elizabethtown men. The First Regiment was commanded by Lord Stirling, the Third regiment by Colonel Elias Dayton. The men were enlisted for one year at \$5 per month, and each private, instead of a bounty, was allowed one felt hat, a pair of

yarn stockings, and a pair of shoes. Each man had to supply himself with arms.

In November Congress established a recruiting station here, and William Alexander (titular), Earl of Stirling, residing at Baskingridge, came down here and organized the First New Jersey Regiment of volunteers.

1776.

January 22, Colonel Stirling, with thirty men of his regiment, and Colonel Dayton, with one hundred volunteers of his Third Regiment, went to Perth Amboy (the latter party in boats), and next morning captured the British ship, "Blue Mountain Valley," just in from England with a valuable cargo. The prize was brought to this town and the cargo sold, the proceeds being divided among the brave fellows who engaged in the undertaking.

February 5, Colonel Stirling marched to New York City with four companies of his regiment.

March 1, Colonel Stirling was promoted brigadier-general.

February 3, Abraham Ogden was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of light horsemen raised in this section.

February 10, General Livingston, commander-in-chief of militia, sent three hundred Elizabethtown minute-men over to the eastern shore of Staten Island to resist a threatened landing there of British troops under Sir Henry Clinton, just arrived from Boston. Sir Henry, seeing our farmer boys along the shore, thought it advisable to postpone his landing, and sailed away.

In March, Elizabethtowners commenced to throw up earth-works along the water-front, and shortly after Congress called upon this town to equip a battalion for service in Canada. Abraham Clark, who signed the immortal Declaration of Independence, replied: "If all the congresses upon the continent required us to disarm ourselves at present, unless we are deemed dangerous to liberty, I would not obey." The situation here at this moment was critical, and our people acted wisely in husbanding every resource. In fact, the want of proper arms was most seriously felt by those who had enlisted.

March 24, Colonel Dayton marched his regiment to New York for the defence of that city.

In June, anticipating the speedy disembarkation of the recently-arrived British army from England and the continent, General Livingston ordered the removal of live stock from Staten Island, and a force of light horsemen and militiamen went over and brought the cattle to this town. The tories on the Island,

whose hearts were ever with the British, objected to the proceeding, but their wishes were disregarded. Staten Island was intensely disloyal to the American cause throughout the war, and for a long time afterwards.

July 2, the British landed on the eastern shore of Staten Island, and next day marched over to this side. Their appearance on the hills greatly excited the inhabitants of this town, so much so that two young men, on the Fourth, crossed the sound in a canoe and discharged their rifles at the red-coats. They returned in safety, although pursued by the enemy.

July 4, General Livingston wrote Washington that breastworks had been thrown up from Elizabeth River, northward, as far as where the Singer factory is now located, and that he had mounted therein two field pieces, with a portion of Captain Daniel Neill's company of artillery. During the evening of the fourth a British sloop of war came to the Point, and was destroyed by Neill's guns, the first to be fired after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

July 10, nine Elizabethtown riflemen crossed the sound in a boat and attacked a force of British soldiers engaged in throwing up a breastwork on the meadows. One, with a venturesome spirit, advanced alone upon the British force and demanded its surrender. A ball through his head was the only response. His comrades beat a retreat, leaving the body behind. In the afternoon Colonel Smith, commanding here, sent over to the Island for the body, which the British officer kindly surrendered together with the dead soldier's rifle and all his accoutrements.

July 18, General Mercer came here from Amboy to make an attack on Staten Island. He took along 1,300 men and intended crossing the sound at Thompson's Creek, opposite the Blazing Star, but as he was on the point of embarking his force in boats a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder came up suddenly, compelling him to abandon the enterprise.

August 25, Captain Neill's artillery, posted at the foot of Elizabeth avenue, where he destroyed the British gunboat on the night of the fourth, opened on the enemy in the afternoon, the British replying vigorously.

August 31, General Livingston was chosen the first governor of New Jersey. He served with great satisfaction to the people from 1776 to 1790—14 years—the longest term any governor of this state ever had.

September 24, four vessels arrived here with 420 American soldiers taken prisoners at Quebec. They were under parole.

October 13, General Matthias Williamson, commanding the militia here, crossed to Staten Island with a considerable force, and had a sharp skirmish with the enemy, who compelled him to withdraw.

November 21, owing to Washington's contemplated retreat through the state, all the families in Newark and Elizabeth moved their effects to the mountains.

November 26, Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., of Morris County came down here with all the militiamen he could gather. Each man had four days' rations, a gun, accoutrements and a blanket.

November 28, Washington, with 3,500 disheartened men, entered this almost deserted town. After a brief rest, he continued on to Trenton, which he reached December 2.

December 2, Lord Cornwallis' powerful army reached here. He left a considerable force under command of General Leslie, and went on in pursuit of Washington.

December 17, Major Oliver Spencer, of this town, assisted by Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., administered a stunning defeat to General Leslie's 2,000 British regulars at Springfield.

1777.

January 6, General Maxwell came down here from the Short Hills, and drove a large force of Hessians out of Springfield, Newark, and Elizabethtown, pursuing them to Spanktown (Rahway), where he had a spirited fight for two hours, inflicting severe loss on the enemy. In the engagement here General Maxwell captured thirty Hessians, fifty Highlanders and numerous wagons loaded with baggage. Thus, in a month, the enemy had been driven from New Jersey, and the hopes of the patriots rose high.

February 27, Major Tympany came over here from Staten Island with sixty men, and after a sharp conflict at the crossroads was compelled to flee.

August 27, Colonel Matthias Ogden, commanding the First New Jersey, and Colonel Elias Dayton, commanding the Third New Jersey, joined General Sullivan's division here, and crossing to Staten Island, attacked Skinner's New Jersey Provincials, posted along the western shore, from Decker's Ferry (Port Richmond), to Tottenville. Ogden and Dayton successfully carried out the program assigned them, but the rest of Sullivan's command lost heavily, owing to failure in finding boats in which to recross the sound.

November 27, General Dickinson, commanding the militia here, with the approval of Washington, crossed the sound to

Staten Island during the night, and attacked Skinner's tories. Being outnumbered Dickinson retired, getting back here at noon next day, bringing a number of prisoners. Three royalists were captured and fourteen wounded.

1778.

Affairs were remarkably quiet in town during this year, and almost everybody occupied their homes and farms.

December 1, General Washington, whose headquarters were at Bound Brook, came down here to review General Maxwell's New Jersey brigade. He remained five days, and was a guest of a number of our people. The occasion was made festive.

1779.

February 25, the 33d and 42d British Regiments and a company of Horse Guards, under command of Lieut. Colonel Sterling from Long Island, landed near where the Singer factory now is and entered the town by way of New Point Road before their landing became known. The object of this expedition was to effect the capture of Governor Livingston, upon whose precious head a high price had been set by high British officials. Major Aaron Ogden first discovered the presence of the enemy and gave an alarm, and at daybreak General Maxwell arrived and made a furious onslaught on the raiders, driving them through the town to their boats. Before Maxwell arrived, however, the British set fire to the First Church parsonage and barracks on Cherry Street and the public academy on Broad street. It was while pursuing the enemy along the New Point Road that a British soldier in ambush thrust a bayonet through the body of Major Aaron Ogden, from the effects of which he never recovered.

1780.

January 3, snow fell to a depth of five or six feet, while Staten Island and New York Bay were frozen to such solidity that horses and wagons could travel better on the ice than on the earth.

January 15, General William Irvine, with 2,500 men, including Colonel Dayton's regiment, crossed the sound on the ice, and attacked the enemy on Staten Island. The troops, despite the deep snow and intense cold, did much damage to the property of the Islanders, and returned next day at noon. Many of the men were badly frost-bitten.

January 25, in retaliation for this raid, this town was invaded by a strong force of the enemy, which succeeded in entering the

heart of the town about ten o'clock in the evening, before their advance was discovered. They captured fifty American soldiers, and before departing burned the First Presbyterian Church and Court House. Cornelius Hetfield, Jr., a native of the town, acting as a guide to the British, applied the torch to the sanctuary in which his aged father worshipped.

February 10, a column of British, under Generals Skinner and Sterling, crossed the sound on the ice, and created dismay among our people. After plundering a number of houses, the enemy hastily withdrew, taking much plunder and a number of inoffensive citizens along as prisoners.

The winter of 1779-80, passed in constant alarm and terror, was noted for the awful severity of the weather and the devastation of the merciless foe, aided by the renegade Hetfields, who fled to the British on Staten Island in 1776.

1780.

June 6, six thousand British regulars landed early in the evening at the "Point," now foot of Elizabeth Avenue.

June 7, the enemy, under General Knyphausen, advanced up Old Point Road (now First Avenue), and were fired upon at the Cross Roads by an American piquet of thirteen farmer boys, posted there by Colonel Dayton. General Sterling, in command of the advance, was unhorsed by a shot fired by Ensign Moses Ogden, age 19 years. Sterling died from the wound a year later, while young Ogden gave his life at Connecticut Farms during the battle there in the afternoon. The British force, after cruelly murdering Mrs. Caldwell, and burning the Presbyterian Church and a dozen dwelling houses, hastily retreated from the hamlet, re-entering this town early in the evening. They marched to the water front and took refuge in the earthworks there. A small force, however, was left at the Cross Roads, at the Junction of Old and New Point Roads.

June 8, General Hand, who had followed the British from Connecticut Farms, entered the town at daybreak, and at once attacked the enemy at the Cross Roads, driving the detachment down First Avenue as far as Third Street, where it was reinforced by Knyphausen's entire army. General Hand, finding himself greatly outnumbered, and fearing a flanking movement, retreated by way of Elizabeth Avenue, Broad Street, and West Jersey Street. The British pursued the Americans to the Elizabeth River, when they returned and occupied their former positions.

The British remained here till the morning of June 23, when, under the guidance of Sir Henry Clinton, the entire force, with additional field batteries, moved through the town, one column going westerly by way of Galloping Hill, the other northerly by the Vauxhall Road, to Springfield, where a severe battle took place, resulting in the defeat and precipitate retreat of the invaders.

1781.

During this year the town was almost constantly overrun by "Cow-boys" and other Staten Island thieves. They gave our people but little rest, and made their lives as wretched as possible. The raids were generally made on moonless nights.

November 24, Rev. Mr. Caldwell, a chaplain in the Continental army, was shot dead without provocation by a native of Ireland named Morgan, who had but recently joined the American army for one year. The murder took place on a sloop lying at the wharf, foot of Elizabeth Avenue. Morgan, convicted of the foul crime, was subsequently hung at Westfield.

1782.

June 20, Major William Crane, of this town, with a party of thirty soldiers, rowed around to the east side of Staten Island, and captured two large whale boats, which had been fitted out for a piratical cruise.

1783.

Perhaps the last act in the eight years' drama was performed by Major William Crane, who, although a landsman, was equally at home on the water. With seven companions Major Crane embarked in a shallop on the evening of March 3, and sailed for New York City, where, off the Battery, he successively boarded and captured the British sloop-of-war "Katy" of twelve four-pounders, and the British ship "Eagle," mounting twenty-four guns. Major Crane, after the war, was mayor of this town.

TERRORIZED WHOLE COMMUNITIES.

THE most notorious characters in the eastern section of New Jersey during the greater part of the revolution were Cornelius Hetfield, Jr., and his brothers, Job and John Smith Hetfield, natives of Elizabethtown. The Hetfields, in 1778, becoming haters of the patriots' cause, went about town, heavily armed, threatening the lives of all who condemned royalists. They took good care to make their threats during the absence of troops from the town, but shortly after, a number of citizens, who resolved to submit no longer to abuse from the Hetfields, got together and ordered them to leave the place. They were conveyed to Staten Island, where they remained until the war was over.

A few weeks after this their property was confiscated and sold at auction.

The Hetfields, on reaching Staten Island, became active partisans for the British, and neglected no opportunity to do injury to their former neighbors.

Cornelius, the most daring and bitter of the two, guided the Thirty-third and Forty-second British Regiments, under Lieut.-Colonel Sterling, who landed on the night of February 24, 1779, near where the Singer factory now stands, to the home of Governor Livingston, on Morris Avenue, hoping to effect his capture.

Failing in this, the British, in the rage of their disappointment, burned the barracks and Presbyterian parsonage on Cherry Street, and an hour afterwards destroyed the academy at Broad Street and Caldwell Place, where now stands the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church. It is recorded that Hetfield "danced about the fire like a savage," so great was his glee over the wanton destruction.

On the night of Saturday, June 12, 1779, Cornelius Hetfield, with five other banditti, crossed Staten Island Sound in a skiff, and, reaching the home of Lieutenant John Haviland, who lived near the water, surprised him in his bed, plundered the house of its contents and succeeded in recrossing the sound to the island in safety, taking Haviland and others along as prisoners.

A few days after this it was discovered that the negroes in this town contemplated murdering all the white inhabitants, and many of them were arrested and punished. Three were burned at stakes. Cornelius Hetfield was one of the instigators of this conspiracy.

During the night of January 25, 1780, a strong British force from Staten Island crossed the sound on the ice at Tremley's Point, and entered the town before the few militiamen on guard here could sound an alarm. The Britons were piloted by Cornelius, Job and John Smith Hetfield. It is said that while the British were collecting cattle, Cornelius rode over to the home of his parents on Pearl Street and, after rudely awakening them, swore he would not leave town until he had burned the First Presbyterian Church, of which congregation his aged father was a worthy elder. The renegade carried out his threat, applying the torch with his own hands to the hallowed structure.

The court house building, a frame structure adjoining the church, was also set on fire and consumed. The British hurriedly left town before daybreak, taking with them two majors, three captains and forty-seven privates.

All is considered fair in war, but I must now narrate one of the blackest crimes perpetrated in this region during the entire war, for which no excuse can be offered.

Cornelius and John Smith Hetfield and four boon companions, all natives of this town, captured Stephen Ball, of Rahway, who visited Staten Island under assurance of protection, and escorted him to the headquarters of General Patterson, the British commander on Staten Island. This officer saw no evil in Ball, and refused to hold him. Hetfield, who hated Ball, then took him to General Skinner, who also refused to proceed against him. Hetfield alleged that Ball had aided in the execution in 1779 of Thomas Long, a refugee from this state, but the two generals were not satisfied with the truth of Hetfield's charge, and ordered his release.

This maddened the Hetfields, who took him across the sound to Bergen Point, and hung him to a tree without further ceremony.

John Smith Hetfield was captured at Westfield while stealing cattle, and sent under strong guard to the jail at Burlington, where he was heavily ironed. He subsequently effected his escape, and George Hair, the jailor, was fined \$3,000 for "letting him do so." After the war he was tried at Bergen Point for participation in the brutal murder of Stephen Ball, but was discharged on account of the "absence of material witnesses," and admitted to bail. He shortly after fled the country.

Cornelius Hetfield, after peace had been declared, sailed for England, where he remained until 1808, when he came to Elizabethtown, to take charge of the Hetfield farm, bequeathed

him by his father, to whom, by the way, he had been ungrateful. His return was no sooner learned than he was arrested and taken to the jail in Newark, where he was confined until his trial for being the principal murderer of Stephen Ball.

Hetfield was able to secure the services of three of the ablest lawyers in the state—Colonel Aaron Ogden (ex-governor and ex-United States senator) and Isaac H. Williamson (afterwards governor), and William Chetwood. After an exhaustive trial Judge Pennington discharged Hetfield, declaring that “by the spirit of the treaty of 1783, he was not answerable for the transaction.”

Hetfield, thus escaping, returned to England, where he died at an advanced age.

DELIGHTED TO PUNISH THE BRITISH.

GENERAL WILLIAM CRANE, a native of Elizabethtown, and its first mayor after the war, first saw service in Canada, whither he went with Aaron Burr and other town boys in the disastrous Montgomery expedition. He was appointed a lieutenant of an artillery company, and as such won a reputation as a fighter that lasted him through life. It was while his gun was doing good service at Quebec on that terribly stormy night—December 31, 1775—that Lieutenant Crane received a wound in his left ankle, from a shot fired by the old gun now reposing on the Court House lawn, from the effects of which he died forty years later.

“It was in March, 1783, long after a treaty of peace between England and this colony had been signed, and while the English soldiers were preparing to evacuate New York City, that Major Crane designed and successfully carried out one of the most daring acts of the revolution. The major, owing to the ghastly wound received at Quebec, from which he never recovered, and unable to remain on active duty during the war, attached himself to the militia, or home-guard, and thus rendered good service. He had intense, burning hate for the English, and although peace had been declared, determined to deal a final blow to the enemy. It was the last act of hostility.

The major called a number of boys together one evening and presented a plan for capturing or destroying a couple of English gunboats he knew to be anchored off the Battery in New York. Thinking it would be sport to engage in the enterprise.

six promptly offered to accompany the major and Captain "Bill" Quigley on the expedition.

Each armed with a cutlass and musket, they embarked in a whale boat early on the evening of March 3, and although the winds were strong, and the waters rough, before midnight they reached a point under a small island, within easy reach of the Battery, off which two vessels were at lazy anchor.

It was here that Major Crane repeated his instructions, and all being prepared, with muffled oars they rowed to the nearest vessel, which proved to be the sloop "Katy," armed with twelve four-pound guns. It was but the work of a moment to leap upon the "Katy's" deck, which the men did the instant their craft reached its side, and before any alarm could be given by the single guard, stationed at the entrance to the captain's cabin he was seized and gagged. The rest was easy. The crew, numbering forty, were surprised. After bucking and gagging the officers and crew, the major left two of his followers to guard the prisoners who were locked in the captain's cabin, and with Quigley and the other four, rowed quietly to another vessel, close at hand, which they subsequently ascertained to be the sloop-of-war "Eagle," of twenty-four guns.

The major had no difficulty in capturing the "Eagle," but as she was hard aground was compelled to leave her there, much to his regret. Major Crane, after transferring the crew and removing some valuables from the "Katy," thought of setting fire to the "Eagle," but afraid of pursuit by other war vessels close by and well satisfied with his success in taking the "Katy," he hoisted sail on that vessel, and as Aurora was casting his bright beams over the old town, sailed into the Kills, firing the "Katy's" guns as fast as his men could load them, alarming the inhabitants and making a din that had not been heard here in a long time. Many people made haste to get down to the ferry at what is now the foot of Elizabeth avenue, wondering what could have occasioned such an infernal noise.

A few days later the vessel and cargo, which was valuable on account of the large stock of good old Jamaica found on board, were sold at auction, the proceeds being devoted to town purposes.

Major Crane's exploit caused a sensation, and for many years afforded a theme of conversation among our people. He died, universally regretted, at the age of 67 years, on the ninth of July, 1814, having a year previously suffered the amputation of the leg which was torn by a shot at Quebec, nearly forty years before.

ELIZABETH OFFICERS THREATENED MUTINY.

THE New Jersey Brigade of the Continental Army, during the winter of 1779, was encamped in and about Elizabethtown, guarding it from probable incursions of British troops, stationed on Staten Island. When spring opened the various regiments were ordered to march away to reinforce the western army, then about to open the campaign.

During the winter the officers of the First Regiment had appealed to the state legislature for a redress of certain grievances, especially as to the pay and subsistence which they received, but no attention was given the petitions for a betterment of their condition.

When the orders came to march the officers of the First Regiment sent a remonstrance through Colonel Ogden, addressed to the legislature declaring that unless their complaints received immediate attention they were, at the expiration of three days, to be considered as having resigned their positions, and requesting the legislature in that event to appoint other officers.

General Maxwell, to whom Colonel Ogden forwarded the remonstrance to the state legislature, endorsed it with the following words:

“* * * This is a step they (the officers) are unwilling to take, but is such, as I make no doubt, they will all take. Nothing but necessity, their not being able to support themselves in time to come, and being loaded with debts contracted in time past, would have induced them to resign at so critical a juncture.”

The officers, while awaiting a reply from the authorities continued making preparations for obeying the orders to march away to battle, and declared they would continue on duty until a reasonable time after the appointment of their successors should elapse.

The paper currency had depreciated to such an extent that it had but little value. It was scarcely worth accepting. The officers, in rags, were ashamed to appear at social gatherings arranged in their honor, and actually suffered for the want of proper food because of their inability to make needed purchases.

Washington, who knew of the distress of the officers, and deeply sympathized with them, repeatedly urged upon Congress the necessity of making some general and adequate provisions for them. At one time, Washington wrote Congress that the distress in some of the corps “is so great that officers have

solicited even to be supplied with the clothing issued to the common soldier, coarse and unsuitable as it is. I had not power to comply with the request. The patience of men animated by a sense of duty and honor will support them to a certain point, beyond which it will not go. I doubt not Congress will be sensible of the danger of an extreme in this respect, and will pardon my anxiety to obviate it."

The remonstrance and letter of General Maxwell had the effect of bringing the lawmakers to a realizing sense of their duty, and they at once authorized a commissioner to furnish the officers with clothing to the amount of two hundred pounds, and to pay each soldier in the brigade the sum of forty dollars each. This action removed the only obstacle to the forward movement of the brigade.

Washington, who was strongly attached to the army, knew the virtue of the men, their sufferings, and the justice of their complaints, wrote the following letter to General Maxwell, to be laid before the officers:

"There is nothing which has happened in the course of the war that has given me so much pain as the remonstrance you mention from the officers of the First Jersey Regiment.

"I cannot but consider it a hasty and imprudent step, which on more cool consideration they will themselves condemn. I am very sensible of the inconveniences under which the officers of the army labor, and I hope they will do me the justice to believe that my endeavors to provide them relief are incessant. There is more difficulty, however, in satisfying their wishes than perhaps they are aware of. Our resources have been hitherto very limited. The situation of our money is no small embarrassment, for which, though there are remedies, they cannot be the work of a moment.

"* * * I confess the appearances in the present instance are disagreeable; but I am convinced they seem to mean more than they really do. The Jersey officers have not been outdone by any others in the qualities either of citizens or soldiers, and I am confident no part of them would seriously intend anything that would be a strain on their former reputation.

"The declaration they have made to the state at so critical a time, that 'unless they obtain relief in the short period of three days they must be considered out of the service,' has very much the aspect of appearing to dictate terms to their country, by taking advantage of the necessity of the moment, and the seeming relaxation of continuing until the state can have a reasonable

time to provide other officers, will be thought only a superficial veil."

This letter of the commander-in-chief, although it did not cause the officers to recede from their claims, had the effect of bringing them so far round as to continue in the service. In an address to Washington they declared their unhappiness that "any step of ours should give him pain," but alleged, in justification of their action that repeated memorials which had been presented to the legislature had been ignored, and added:

"We have lost all confidence in that body. Reason and experience forbid that we should have any. Few of us have private fortunes; many families are suffering everything that can be received from an ungrateful country. Are we, then, to suffer all the inconveniences, fatigues and dangers of a military life, while our wives and our children are perishing for want of common necessaries at home, and that without the most distant prospect of reward, for our pay is now only nominal?"

"We are sensible that your excellency cannot wish or desire this from us.

"We are sorry that you should imagine we meant to disobey orders. It was, and still is, our determination to march with our regiment, and to do the duty of officers until the legislature shall have a reasonable time to appoint others, but no longer.

"We beg to assure your excellency that we have the highest sense of your abilities and virtues; that executing your orders has ever given us pleasure; that we love the service, and we love our country, but when that country is so lost to virtue and to justice as to forget to support its servants, it then becomes their duty to retire from its service."

The legislature, roused by this event, made some partial provision for the troops. The officers withdrew their remonstrance, and continued to do their whole duty until victory was won—until the war ended in 1783.

SECOND MUTINY OF JERSEY BRIGADE.

THE condition of the Jersey brigade continued deplorable. The officers, in rags, were so much ashamed of their uniforms, that they refused to attend social gatherings. They not only lacked clothing, but suffered for the want of food; in fact, many of the officers, like their families at home, were in a starving condition.

While the officers were thus reduced, owing to the inability of the legislature to keep its obligations, the condition of the rank and file was a thousand times worse. The enlisted men suffered so much for the want of the actual necessities of life that they became unfit for active duty. Scarcely one of the men had shoes, and most of them went about camp with their feet bandaged in rags. Their nakedness, unhealthy food and want of sustenance filled the hospitals, causing many deaths.

On the first of January, 1781, thirteen hundred Pennsylvania troops, encamped near Princeton, paraded without officers, declaring their intention of returning home. Their contention was that the term for which they had enlisted—three years, or during the war—had expired. The officers insisted that the meaning of the agreement was that they were to serve to the end of the war.

The enlisted men took a contrary view, maintaining that they had engaged to serve for three years only, or during the war, if it should terminate before three years should elapse.

The Pennsylvanians, determined to obtain a redress of their grievances, seized upon a battery of six field pieces, and at once left camp for Princeton, where the legislature was in session.

General Anthony Wayne, a Pennsylvanian, in command of the brigade, hearing of the revolt, mounted his horse and overtook the mutineers, whom he commanded to halt. The men refused to obey his orders, and wild with passion, the hero of Stony Point placed himself in front of the column, and cocking his two big horse pistols, and pointing them at the breasts of two of the most active malcontents, threatened to fire unless they countermarched to camp.

“Don’t fire, general, or you are a dead man,” shouted those nearest to him. “We have ever loved and followed you, but can do so no longer. We have been deceived by the authorities, and will not submit to further impositions. We are not going over to the enemy; on the contrary, were the British to appear now

we would fight under your command with as much resolution and cheerfulness as ever; but we wish to redress our grievances, and this is the time to do so."

General Wayne, who loved his men, seeing that coercion would fail, appealed to the patriotism of the men, who consented to put their demands in writing. They demanded an honorable discharge of all who had served three years, immediate payment of all the money due them, and that all future pay should be made in real money to all who remained in the service.

A committee of congressmen, joined by the governor of Pennsylvania, visited the camp of the Pennsylvanians, and made an acceptable arrangement with them.

Washington, on learning of the revolt, took steps to quell any further disturbance. He knew the troops had cause for discontent, and was disposed to deal as leniently as possible with men who felt themselves driven to extremity, but he could not allow further outbreaks, and with this in view, selected a choice body of troops, which he held in readiness in the Short Hills to march at any moment.

This precaution on the the part of the commander-in-chief was timely, as a few days later a portion of the Jersey brigade encamped near Elizabethtown, rose in arms and boldly demanded the terms granted to the dissatisfied Pennsylvanians.

Washington, who feared this disruption might lead to the destruction or disbandment of his greatly reduced army, immediately dispatched General Howe, with his chosen command, in pursuit of the Jerseymen, with orders to crush the revolt by force, unless the mutineers should at once yield unconditionally and return to duty.

General Howe speedily overtook the malcontents, and threatening to open upon them with artillery, brought them into submission. They had no alternative, so yielded without terms. Two of the ring-leaders were tried by drum-head court-martial, and promptly executed in the presence of all the troops.

This ended the revolt of the Jersey brigade.

ASSASSINATION OF CHAPLAIN CALDWELL.

THE foul and utterly unprovoked murder of Rev. James Caldwell, the most noted preacher-patriot in America during the revolutionary war, occurred on the wharf at what is now the foot of Elizabeth Avenue, Elizabethtown, on Saturday afternoon, November 24, 1781, but little more than one year after his angelic wife had been slain by a ruthless British soldier at Connecticut Farms, now the village of Union.

James Caldwell was born in Virginia in April, 1734, his father, of Scotch ancestry, having emigrated to this country from County Antrim, Ireland. A daughter of Caldwell's brother was the mother of John Caldwell Calhoun, South Carolina's famous statesman.

Young Caldwell graduated from the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University) in September, 1759, and next year was licensed to preach, being assigned a circuit in the southern states, including the Carolinas. In November, 1761, at the age of 27 years, he accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, with an annual salary of \$800. One year after settling there he married Hannah, daughter of John Ogden, great-grandson of John Ogden, one of the first settlers.

When the war for liberty and independence was precipitated, Parson Caldwell took a leading part in arousing people to a sense of duty, and in all his prayers, and often in his sermons and exhortations, called upon the people to rise and strike a blow that would make them freemen. The most prominent men in the state lived in Elizabethtown and attended service at the First Church, and the seed he implanted by his fervor and eloquence fell upon good ground, producing most excellent results.

From among his parishioners went forth to the patriot army no less than 40 commissioned officers, six of whom attained the rank of general; 5 became colonels.

In May, 1776, Mr. Caldwell accepted the chaplaincy of Colonel Elias Dayton's Third Regiment, and accompanied the command on its long and trying march to reinforce the northern army, then besieging Quebec.

Besides attending to the spiritual wants of the men of the entire Jersey brigade, which he never neglected, Parson Caldwell was frequently called upon to act as assistant commissary general of the brigade. The duties of this office were to provide the men with food—no easy task in those days.

With one exception—Governor Livingston, one of his congregation—Parson Caldwell was more bitterly hated by the British and their tory allies than any man in New Jersey. On the other hand, he was loved by all soldiers and patriots with whom he came in personal or official contact, and enjoyed the fullest respect and confidence of all the officers, from Washington down.

Chaplain Caldwell was noted for bravery and zeal as well as piety, and never hesitated in the performance of any duty. At the battle of Springfield, June 23, 1780, 16 days after the cold-blooded murder of the mother of his children by a fiendish British soldier, learning that the soldiers of his regiment needed wadding for their muskets, he made his way through a line of the enemy's fire to the church in the village beyond, and thinking of nothing better or more available entered the sanctuary and gathering a number of hymn-books, hastened back to the firing-line, and distributing the little volumes, bade the boys "Give them Watts." If he intended any stronger expression under the circumstances, as he very likely did, he restrained it.

It is sad to relate the fate that befell this sterling patriot and eloquent Christian minister, just at a time when he had every reason to look forward to a long and happy life, the war being virtually over.

On the afternoon of Saturday, November 24, 1781, Chaplain Caldwell drove down to the "Point," as the lower part of the town was then called, to meet Beulah Murray, sister of Mrs. Ichabod Barnet, and escort her to the latter's home. Miss Murray came over from New York on the flag-of-truce boat, which plied between the two places. The vessel having reached the wharf before the arrival of Mr. Caldwell at the station, the young woman disembarked and securing a conveyance, proceeded on her way.

Major John Scudder, commanding the provost-guard at the ferry, who was on the sloop when the chaplain reached the dock, being well acquainted with the latter, invited him to board the vessel. Mr. Caldwell, supposing Miss Murray to be on the craft, stepped on the dock to greet her, but on learning the young lady had taken her departure, excused himself to the major, and was in the act of leaving the vessel when one of the sailors asked him to take a small parcel, tied in a handkerchief, to a friend in town. The kind-hearted parson, whose chief happiness was in doing good and making other people happy, said it would be a pleasure to deliver the package as requested, and receiving the sailor's thanks for the kindness, descended from the sloop's deck to the

wharf, and, reaching his vehicle, was in the act of driving away when a soldier named James Morgan stepped up to him and rudely said: "I want to see what ye have got in that bundle."

Mr. Caldwell, not liking the soldier's looks or his language, and having no disposition to bandy words with the fellow, asked if he might be permitted to return the bundle to the person from whom he had received it.

Morgan, in a husky voice, gave his consent, whereupon the chaplain took the package from the box in the buggy, and was proceeding to the boat when Morgan, with musket raised, ran up to within two or three yards of him and fiercely yelled, "Damn you, stop."

Parson Caldwell, surprised at the rude demand, instantly halted, and before he could turn his face to see what the demand meant, Morgan leveled his weapon to point blank, and sent a bullet crashing through the parson's body. He expired instantly.

The murderer was at once secured by Lieutenant Woodruff who happened to be near at the moment. The body of the dead chaplain was tenderly removed to the public hostelry (where afterwards stood the "Red Jacket" Hotel, Elizabeth Avenue and South Front Street), and late in the afternoon was brought up town, a mournful procession following the rude ambulance up First Avenue, Elizabeth Avenue, Broad Street, and down East Jersey Street to the large building now known as the Old Ladies' Home.

Next day was the saddest Sunday the people of the town ever experienced, all hearts appearing to be crushed under the awful calamity.

The entire population, without regard to creed, color or condition, assembled on Tuesday to pay the last tribute to the martyred patriot, whose mortality was exposed to view on the lawn in front of the mansion. Strong-minded men wept in their deep sorrow, while the air was rent with the wailing of tear-bedimmed women.

At the conclusion of the sad but impressive service, performed by Rev. Dr. McWhorter, of Newark, an intimate friend of the late chaplain, the plain wooden coffin was closed, and General Elias Boudinot stepped forward, leading the nine orphan children of the deceased, and after causing them to surround the silent dead, delivered an oration of sublime eloquence.

A procession was then formed, the mournful cortege moving slowly up Jersey Street and down Broad to the First Church where all that was mortal of Chaplain Caldwell was laid at rest

beside his sainted wife, amid tears of the surrounding multitude.

What induced Morgan to commit the foul and unnatural crime was never ascertained. At his trial in Westfield, January 21, 1782, two months after the murder, he sturdily maintained stoical indifference, even refusing to confer with his counsel, Captain William De Hart, who had been assigned to defend him. Morgan was found guilty, and eight days later executed on a tree on the highest point of ground north of the village. He bore a bad reputation, and was noted for his quarrelsome disposition. He had joined the army but a few weeks previous to his crime, and shirked all the duty possible. The *New Jersey Journal*, four days after the murder, stated that "Morgan had been to New York City without leave a fortnight before the assassination, and there are just grounds for suspecting that he had been bribed by the British or the Tories of that city, which was never patriotic, to commit the abominable crime."

Morgan was 22 years old and unmarried. His body was allowed to swing upon the tree until midnight, when Sheriff Noah Marsh and two assistants (sworn to secrecy) buried it deep, but just where was never revealed.

MURDER OF THE SAINTED MRS. CALDWELL.

I COPY from the *New Jersey Gazette* (the first paper established in this state), printed at Burlington, the following interesting particulars relating to Knyphausen's bloody raid on the seventh of June, 1780, to Connecticut Farms, the cruel murder of the angelic Mrs. Caldwell, the burning of her home, her rude burial, the battle that ensued, the burning of the village, and the hasty and disorderly retreat of the enemy back to this town, the most lucid and detailed account of the affair I have ever seen in print:

"(Extract of letter from an intelligent gentleman in the neighborhood of Morristown, June 9, 1780):

"Although extremely fatigued I catch a moment to inform you that I have just returned from Elizabethtown, where I have been reconnoitering the enemy's situation and strength.

"To give you any tolerable idea of their ravages and cruelty is beyond my descriptive abilities. They came out in force on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, and landed in Elizabeth before day. Most observers differ in their account of their numbers. From my own observations I suppose them about

5,000, with 17 pieces of artillery, and every preparation for a lengthy march.

“They advanced to Connecticut Farms, about five miles distant, very early in the morning of Wednesday, and altho’ they observed great discipline and decorum in Elizabethtown, yet at the Farms every step was marked with wanton cruelty and causeless devastation. They set fire to and entirely destroyed the Presbyterian Church and fourteen dwelling houses and barns, so that there are (I think) but two dwelling houses remaining in that fertile settlement. But, alas sir, this is only one part of the horrid scene!

“In this neighborhood lived the Rev. James Caldwell, whose zeal and activity in the cause of his country had rendered him an object worthy of the enemy’s keenest resentment.

“His vigilance and attention had always evaded every attempt to injure him, and therefore it was now determined to wound him in an unguarded spot; following the absurd principles of too many of our incautious countrymen, he left his wife and family at home, trusting to the politeness and humanity of the enemy toward an amiable woman and a number of helpless and innocent children, tho’ he did not think it prudent to trust them with his own safety. He had been warned of their utmost hatred to him, and therefore dissuaded him from leaving his family in their power; but, alas, his confidence in their benevolence towards the helpless has been his destruction.

“Soon after possessing themselves of the neighborhood, a soldier came to the house, and putting his gun to the window of the room where this worthy woman was sitting (with her children and a maid with an infant in her arms alongside of her), he shot her through the lungs dead on the spot. Soon after an officer and two Hessians came in and ordered a hole dug and her body thrown in, and the house to be set on fire.

“At the request of an officer of the new levies, and with some difficulty, the body was suffered to be carried to a small house in the neighborhood, and Mr. Caldwell’s dwelling house immediately set on fire, and everything belonging to him consumed together. The only comfort coming to this afflicted family is that the wretch who served as the executioner of this murdered lady (who from her excellent character deservd a better fate) did his business so effectually that she lost her life without distress or pain. Thus it is, that even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty. This melancholy affair, with their cruel burnings, has raised the resentment of the whole country to the high-

est pitch. They are ready almost to swear an everlasting enmity to the very name of Briton. So far is this cruelty and devastation terrifying to submission that it drives the most timid to feats of desperate heroism.

"A most worthy man, who has for more than four years past devoted himself to the service of his country, is thus left with nine small children, destitute of even a shift of clothes to comfort them. Many of the inhabitants are in a similar situation; some widows, some aged, some infirm.

"So many have suffered, and are daily suffering, among us, that it is impossible anything considerable can be done for their present necessities. Shall I beg in behalf of these worthy, tho' unfortunate fellow citizens, suffering in the common cause, that you will exert yourself among your acquaintances to afford them so relief? The difficulty of obtaining linen, clothes, etc., etc., is unsurmountable among us. A small pittance saved from your luxuries will rejoice the hearts of our desponding brethren, and engage others to step forth with firmness to oppose the foes of America and mankind.

"It moves the heart of the brave and venturous citizen to behold the piteous, heart-rending sufferings of the widows, children and dependents of those who have nobly fought the battles of our country, and bled in her righteous cause, while those who fly from the appearances of danger are rioting on the spoils of those who bear the heat and burden of the day.

"I know your generous heart will bear a part with the afflictions of every sufferer in so glorious a cause, and your benevolent hands will be ready to exert themselves to obtain the relief that may be in your power.

"But to return: The enemy being opposed by a regiment of Colonel Dayton's, and such militia as could be suddenly collected made a slow advance till they came to a bridge at the entrance of Springfield, where the militia had an old iron 4-pounder field-piece, which they used to such purpose that the enemy were driven back for some considerable distance. Being thus encouraged, Colonel Dayton's regiment, and the militia together, pressed upon them and killed and wounded many of them; the general estimate is about 100. As our people were reinforced they gained firmness, and at night the enemy had reached no further than Connecticut Farms.

"In the night, having received an express from General Clinton in North Carolina, they immediately began a retreat, and by ten o'clock on Thursday they had gained Elizabethtown Point,

from whence they sent off all their wagons, a part of their artillery and some of their cavalry. Previous to this, Lord Stirling, with General Hand's brigade and the militia, was detached close on their rear, and between Elizabethtown and the Point had a very severe skirmish—some loss on both sides. Never did troops behave better than ours. The militia behaved beyond anything that could have been expected. The Continental officers gave them the greatest credit. It is said the enemy had been persuaded that after the taking of Charleston the militia would submit and the Continental troops would desert. It seems as if the militia had known these suggestions. Never did they so universally turn out on such short notice, and never with better spirits. I left this morning at least 2,000 of them below the mountains, and more flocking down continually. Colonel Dayton deserves the greatest credit, as does all his officers, who behaved unexceptionably.

“The enemy were all day yesterday manouvering to bring on a general engagement, and General Washington trying to draw them from their possession on the Point, where it was impossible to attack them to advantage. Both have failed, and General Washington hath drawn back the main body of his army above Springfield to refresh them, as they were exceedingly fatigued with two days and two nights lying on their arms. Everything has been carried on with great propriety, and we are in hopes the gentry will be obliged to retire notwithstanding their sanguine expectations. General Knyphausen, it is said, brought over his carriage, expecting to have comfortable use for it. They are in such force that I am clear of opinion they intended to penetrate the country, and from some hints they have dropped, they have Pennsylvania in their eye, if they can beat General Washington.

“I would give more particulars, but I am wearied beyond measure with the fatigue of three days' ride, and no rest at night, and I write in pain.

“P. S.—I forgot to mention a circumstance relative to Mrs. Caldwell's death that is very striking. Some of the soldiers attacked a young lady about three miles from Mr. Caldwell's home, and one of them, presenting a fixed bayonet at her breast, swore he would kill her, for that she was the wife of Mr. Caldwell. He was with difficulty prevented from putting his threats into execution by a young officer who knew the lady, and swore to him that she was not the wife of Mr. Caldwell. This was previous to her murder. And on their retreat from Connecticut

Farms, a soldier bragged at Elizabethtown that he had shot this unhappy lady.

ATTEMPTED CAPTURE OF BRITISH CROWN PRINCE.

DURING the American Revolution there was no more patriotic or daring soldier in New Jersey than Colonel Matthias Ogden, who had a close rival in his only brother, Colonel Aaron Ogden, after the war governor and United States senator. In these days of commercialism and greed it may not be amiss to revert to the days that tried men's souls while laboring to establish liberty and independence for the people of this and other lands.

Colonel Matthias Ogden distinguished himself on many occasions during the revolution, but in no instance did he show greater bravery than when, with a few chosen companions, he attempted to capture the Crown Prince of England, afterwards King William IV., in New York City. The young man, a son of George III., when fourteen years old, was appointed a midshipman in the British navy, and to acquire knowledge of the sea and distant lands accompanied Admiral Digby to this country. Admiral Digby's fleet reached New York City in 1779, and remained there some months.

The Crown Prince, who was of lively disposition, and allowed to have his own way in pretty much everything, was ashore most of the time, having a good time with boon companions of both sexes. He went about unattended by pomp, display or guard, and was prodigal in the use of money, with which he was ever well provided.

Late in the summer it occurred to Colonel Ogden that it might be possible to effect the capture of England's future ruler, and bring him to New Jersey as a hostage. The British and Tories on Staten Island, having made repeated raids to this town while the Jersey brigade was absent in the Indian country (Wyoming Valley) inflicting great damage to property and carrying away defenceless citizens as prisoners, among whom were some friends of Colonel Ogden, he matured a plan for the capture of the Crown Prince, and submitted it to General Washington, in camp at New Windsor on the Hudson River.

"I do not altogether favor such a mode of warfare," said Washington, after hearing Colonel Ogden reveal his intentions, "but it will give you a little diversion and may prove of some

value to the cause. You have my permission to engage in the enterprise, but if you succeed in capturing the young man you must treat him with all the deference due his great rank. I cannot but impress upon you the necessity of extreme caution if you would escape the fate of Nathan Hale."

Armed with this permission and overjoyed at the result of his interview with the commander-in-chief, Colonel Ogden made his way back to this town, and at once selected the men who were to compose the expedition.

Colonel Ogden picked four men from his regiment who had often gone through fire with him, and on whom he could place the utmost dependence, and early in the fall made his way to Paulus Hook (now Jersey City), where a skiff, admirably suited to his purpose, was found and appropriated. The weather conditions postponing the crossing of the Hudson for two nights, a start was finally made. Evading vessels lying at anchor, Colonel Ogden and his little party had nearly reached the New York side, and were congratulating themselves on the almost absolute certainty of success, when they were suddenly hailed from a large launch filled with soldiers in the act of putting off from a dock near the Battery.

Taken thus wholly unawares, and unprepared to return a satisfactory answer to the challenge, Colonel Ogden quickly sheered off and rowed up the river on a flood tide, a shower of leaden messengers following. Finding himself pursued, Colonel Ogden, at the tiller, encouraged his crew to make every exertion to outdistance those in pursuit if they would not "have hemp for breakfast." The colonel, as his craft proceeded up the river, looked everywhere along the shore for a safe place of refuge, and finding none owing to the alarm that had been given when first discovered, headed his boat for the Jersey shore, and finally succeeded in reaching the ground now occupied by the city of Hoboken, where he and his men landed safely under a fire which the American outpost there directed against the approaching British boats that had closely followed in pursuit.

Colonel Ogden's spirited adventure formed an interesting theme in camp and bivouac for months afterwards, some joking at the expense of the colonel being indulged in.

When intelligence of Colonel Ogden's undertaking reached the notorious Hetfield brothers (natives of Elizabethtown, but for several years past refugees on Staten Island), they declared they would return the American colonel's compliment by capturing him at the first opportunity. Those who knew the character

and desperate daring of the Hetfields had no doubt they would carry out their intention. The Hetfields possessed an intimate knowledge of the topography of this section and knew every nook and crook, as well as every family in what is now circumscribed by the bounds of Union County. The night set for the accomplishment of their fell purpose—Saturday, November 4, 1780—having rolled round, the Hetfields and other wild and adventurous spirits crossed the sound from Staten Island, and procuring horses on this side, dashed into this town and reached the homes of Colonel Ogden and Captain Jonathan Dayton before an alarm could be raised.

Foiled by the absence of the two officers from their homes that night, the Hetfields learned they were at the home of William Herd, at Connecticut Farms, and at once proceeded thither with all possible speed, fearing their retreat would be cut off. The raiders, on reaching Mr. Herd's, surrounded his house, and bursting in the doors, demanded the surrender of its inmates. Resistance under such circumstances being futile, Ogden and Dayton, thus ruthlessly awakened from sleep, gave up. Allowed to make their toilet, they were bound and gagged, and then compelled to see the raiders partake of a repast which they compelled Mrs. Herd to provide for them. The good woman consumed as much time as possible in preparing savory dishes, hoping meantime for the arrival of a rescue party, which, however, failed to materialize, much as it was desired.

The raiders had great sport in compelling "Pomp," an aged slave, to serve them with apple whisky of delightful flavor, on which Mr. Herd and his friends often doted. Having thus refreshed themselves, and accomplished the object of their undertaking, the raiders seized two of Mr. Herd's best horses, on which they mounted the two prisoners, then set out on their homeward journey, via Galloping Hill, reaching the sound near Tremley at daybreak and crossing the water in safety.

At the close of the war, General Ogden, on the recommendation of Washington to Congress, was sent to the court of St. James with important communications. He died in Elizabeth at the early age of thirty-six years.

He sleeps beside the entombed mortality of his brother, Colonel Aaron Ogden, Colonel Francis Barber, General Dayton and other immortals.

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

I HAVE no intention in this sketch of one of New Jersey's foremost and brilliant soldiers of the American Revolution to bore the reader with prosy history, but simply to narrate exciting incidents in the career of Lieutenant Colonel Francis Barber, of Elizabethtown, who was throughout the contest very close to Washington, serving at times upon his military staff. Some of the incidents narrated to me by Mrs. Mary Chetwood, of Elizabeth, a granddaughter of Colonel Barber, and Colonel Aaron Ogden, have never before found their way in print.

Elizabethtown, during the war for independence and liberty, was celebrated for the patriotism, culture and wealth of its people, as well as for the number of its citizens distinguished on forum and in the field. Among the famous men of the country at that time was Francis Barber, who, at the age of 18 years, was placed in charge of the only grammar school in the colony having as pupils young men who shortly after rose to national prominence. Among Mr. Barber's scholars was Alexander Hamilton, of illegitimate parentage, and a native of an island in the West Indies, who, at the age of 14 years, landed in New York City. It was at Mr. Barber's school that young Hamilton first met the brilliant and patriotic Aaron Burr, of Newark, for whom he conceived a bitter dislike.

Francis Barber cast books and ferule aside on learning of the shot at Lexington, whose reverberations went rolling around the world, and promptly devoted himself to the enrollment of his neighbors and friends to resist to the death the aggressions of the Briton.

Young Barber, actuated by the holiest of motives, and a sincere desire to serve his bleeding country, made numerous addresses in and about his home, his eloquent words stirring his hearers to profound depths of patriotism and effort. A regiment, quickly organized in the town, was not called for by Congress for active service until the latter part of 1775. Young Barber, a first lieutenant in the First Regiment, was one of the small party of hardy young men belonging to that command that went in boats from Elizabethtown to Amboy, to capture the Blue Mountain Valley, a large British supply ship from London on its way to Boston, but which, owing to a storm in January, 1776, had been compelled to put into Prince's Bay for safety. The capture of the vessel, which was a valuable possession, produced great excitement wherever the news was spread.

In March, 1776, Congress appointed Lieutenant Barber major of the Third Regiment, and later on he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the highest grade he reached.

Colonel Barber's knowledge of military affairs, quickly acquired, together with the dashing bravery he displayed in numerous engagements from Brandywine to Yorktown, where General Lafayette (on whose staff he was serving) exchanged swords with him, won for him the cheerful obedience and admiration of his troops, as well as the confidence of his superiors, who on more than one occasion commended his gallantry.

Colonel Barber was desperately wounded on three distinct occasions—Monmouth, Newton and Yorktown—in each of which he exhibited the rarest heroism. It was at Brandywine, while fiercely striving to save from capture the six beautiful guns taken by Washington from the Hessians at Trenton, that Colonel Barber established a reputation for fearlessness that gained for him encomiums from the commander-in-chief, under whose eyes he performed prodigies of valor.

But it was at Monmouth, one of New Jersey's most noteworthy battlefields (where Colonel Barber acted as aide-de-camp to Washington), while leading a charge at a critical moment, that he delivered a shock to the trained British host that was like a falling mountain. Amid the roar of artillery and volleys of small arms, Colonel Barber's plume, like that of the Knight of Navarre, glared everywhere through the smoke of battle. He raged that hot day in June like an unloosed lion, amid the foe, and his bright eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clarion voice, heard above the awful turmoil of battle strife, was worth more than a hundred trumpets to cheer on his faithful and enthusiastic followers. Colonel Barber was a thunderbolt in battle, and the deeds wrought by him during the long seven years of active service might well furnish themes for the poet and the painter.

"It was an inspiring sight," chronicles a historian of those days, "to see Colonel Barber, whose whole soul was ever in the deadly work, leading on his brave townsmen and friends, eager as they were for the fray. His lithe yet manly form was ever in the thickest of the contest. He ever set an example to all about him, displaying a stoical disregard of death, despite repeated wounds and the sanguinary harvest which Death reaped about him."

In 1779 Colonel Barber accompanied the Jersey Brigade, then consisting of Colonel Israel Shreve's Second New Jersey, Colo-

nel Elias Dayton's Third New Jersey, Colonel David Forman's Regiment of Jerseymen and Marylanders, Colonel Elisha Sheldon's (Connecticut) Regiment of Dragoons, and a battery of light artillery, from Elizabethtown to the Wyoming Valley in northeastern Pennsylvania, to punish the Six Nation Confederacy of Indian Savages for the foul outrages committed by them the previous year on soldiers and peaceful settlers.

It is not my purpose to give an account of the long and fatiguing march (beside which Sherman's promenade from Atlanta to the sea was a pleasure excursion) our brave Jersey Blues made on that occasion through an interminable wilderness, often finding it necessary to hew a way with axes through dense forests, but to recite a thrilling incident witnessed with horror by the entire expeditionary force at the perilous crossing of the romantic, wild and turbulent Susquehanna River, near where Wilkes-Barre now stands.

It was in this rapidly coursing flood that Colonel Barber narrowly escaped a watery grave. A young lad from Newark belonging to the Third Regiment, unable to maintain his footing in the flowing waters, having been separated from his companions (who held each other by the hand as they waded across up to armpits), was carried swiftly away by the rapid current, when an alarm was shouted. Colonel Barber, mounted on a superb horse, being near at hand, superintending the movement, hearing agonizing cries, and seeing the imminent danger of the young soldier, spurred his swimming animal toward the drowning boy, who often disappeared from sight, and by dint of great exertion succeeded in reaching him in the nick of time. The soldier at once, by direction of the colonel, seized a stirrup, holding fast with death-like grip. To keep his head out of water, Colonel Barber, in his efforts to draw the lad out of the raging flood, lost his balance, and falling from his horse, was rapidly borne down stream.

Yells of horror and scenes of indescribable confusion among all who witnessed the colonel's peril followed. Those on the shores became frantic, especially when the hero disappeared for a time under the waters owing to his inability to gain a footing, so swift and strong was the current. Meantime a number of mounted officers put out from the shores to effect the rescue of a companion who was justly regarded as every man's friend and the idol of the brigade. Three of the horsemen, after great difficulty, managed to reach the drowning colonel, who, encumbered with a heavy sword, was unable to assist himself, and saved him from a cruel fate.

The woods lining the shores, which had heretofore only resounded to the songs of birds and the blood-curdling yells of savages, rang with such cheers as only American soldiers can give, when they saw the gallant and almost unconscious colonel delivered from a perilous situation. The colonel's horse, to which the brave Newark lad had clung with tenacity, reached the shore in safety with his burden, greatly to the satisfaction of Colonel Barber, who highly prized the noble animal.

Colonel Barber, who had long enjoyed the confidence of Washington, was senior aide-de-camp to General Lafayette at Yorktown, and to partially reward him for his many acts of bravery the commander-in-chief designated him to command and lead the charging column in the last general engagement of the war. No sooner did Alexander Hamilton, Barber's former pupil, learn of this determination on the part of Washington than he went directly to the commander-in-chief and violently remonstrated against the detail. He went so far as to threaten to resign his commission unless the order was countermanded and he given command of the advance column. Although Hamilton had never had direct command of troops, nor led in any battle, being simply a sort of military clerk to the commander-in-chief, Washington was compelled to do an act of great injustice to Colonel Barber, which he ever after regretted.

Although bereft of a duty, which he had not solicited but which he would gladly have performed, Colonel Barber had intense satisfaction in entering the enemy's works by the side of his beloved chieftain, Lafayette, in advance of the troops directed by Hamilton, and although he received a ghastly wound while endeavoring to wrest a standard from a British color-bearer, he felt amply repaid by the compliments paid him in Washington's congratulatory order, and in exchanging swords with General Lafayette, his immediate commander, who expressed a desire to carry back to France a weapon that so often and so gloriously flashed in battle. Colonel Barber's sword is in France, while the elegant and costly blade worn by the French patriot may be seen to-day at the rooms of the New York Historical Society at Newburg.

It is sad to reflect that Colonel Barber, after many vicissitudes and manifold dangers, often lying close to death's door, should end his brilliant career of usefulness to his country by being accidentally killed.

Washington, surrounded by most of his officers that day, was in a very happy frame of mind, having received intelligence

that a treaty of peace had been signed by the mother country. He had ordered an elaborate dinner in celebration of the event, and all were about to partake of the feast when Washington received an important dispatch requiring prompt action. This he committed to Colonel Barber for delivery. The latter, like the faithful soldier he had ever proved, mounted and dashed away and in passing through a woods, half a mile from camp, he and his horse were crushed by a falling tree, which at that moment soldiers had felled for firewood. The soldiers, horror-stricken, rushed to the spot, but the colonel and his animal, impaled, were dead, having been instantly deprived of life.

When the sad intelligence was borne to Washington, he rose from the table, deeply affected, saying: "Men of higher rank and more wealth may die, but there is but one Francis Barber."

In closing my sketch, I will add the following story relating to Colonel Barber's family, narrated to me by Mrs. Chetwood:

"During the revolution, Mrs. Francis Barber, my grandmother, was, with her children, George and Mary, sitting in her apartment on the ground floor of the stone house, built in 1759 by her father, in Elizabeth Avenue, below Spring Street, and still standing, when a party of British soldiers rudely entered either for murder or plunder, or both. They were boisterous, and paid no heed to the remonstrances of my grandmother.

"When the soldiers at last tumultuously entered the drawing-room, expecting to enrich themselves, they came to a sudden halt. They had made an unexpected discovery—no less than a superb painting, representing General Wolfe at the battle of Quebec, executed in a large panel over the great open fireplace. The raiders no sooner beheld the picture than, intoxicated and hilarious as they were, they doffed their hats, made rough attempts to straighten up and salute the object of their adoration, and immediately withdrew from the apartment and from the house. My grandmother often said she was firm in her conviction that she and her children were indebted for their lives and the preservation of her property to the effect the painting of the gallant British officer had on the mob."

HEARD COLONEL BURR TELL THRILLING STORIES.

NO town in New Jersey is richer in Revolutionary lore than Elizabeth, which furnished more men for Washington's army than any other locality in the colony. No other town in New Jersey was so beset by the enemy during the eight years' struggle, and no community made greater sacrifices of blood and treasure. Elizabeth enjoys the distinction of having furnished more commissioned officers than any other town, the most daring and distinguished men having their homes there when the war broke out. Some of them rose to national prominence in field and forum.

Quite a number of the lineal descendants of these heroes and statesmen are still living in Elizabeth, notably Mrs. Mary Chetwood, still hale and hearty at the age of 90 years. Mrs. Chetwood, widow of John Chetwood, born here in 1817, is a granddaughter of Colonel Aaron Ogden and Colonel Francis Barber.

In a recent intensely interesting conversation with Mrs. Chetwood she narrated many personal recollections of General Lafayette, Colonel Aaron Burr and other noted heroes of the war for independence.

"I am glad to know," said this patriotic and most amiable lady to me, "that you are an admirer of Colonel Burr, whom I repeatedly met and conversed with at the home of Colonel Aaron Ogden, my grandfather. No American was ever more foully aspersed than he. I never saw a more unselfish character, and never talked with such a brilliant conversationalist. No one who ever looked into his keen, black, luminous eyes, could forget them. I was in my early childhood when first presented to Colonel Burr at my grandfather's home, and was so fascinated with his appearance that I could scarcely withdraw my gaze. Perhaps he noticed this, as directly he made his way across the great drawing room and asked me in a silver-toned voice if I played on the piano. When I told him I did not, he smiled sweetly and remarked: 'It is as well; you will have more time to improve your mind.'

"Colonel Burr, my grandfather and his brother, General Matthias Ogden, were bosom friends, almost inseparable, and of about the same age, 19 years, when the war broke out. General Ogden was two years their senior. The intimacy and burning love existing between the three was formed at the home

of Colonel Burr's uncle, Timothy Edwards (son of President Edwards, of Princeton College), who had married Rhoda Ogden, daughter of Robert Ogden, and a sister of Matthias and Aaron. Colonel Burr's mother was a daughter of President Edwards.

"Colonel Burr's parents dying when he was 5 years old, he and his sister made their home with their uncle, Timothy. Young Burr inherited a considerable estate, which allowed him the privilege of living and regulating his conduct according to the bent of his own inclinations. Burr's grief at the loss of his parents, to whom he was devotedly attached, seems to have completely changed his character, and historians, taking advantage of this, have been very hard on him, painting him in the blackest colors. Some writers in aspersing his character, have gone so far as to say that Colonel Burr died unbefriended, and his place of 'sepulchre is unknown.'

"I never understood why so-called historians wrote so venomously of a man who had faithfully and brilliantly served his country on its battlefields. Colonel Burr died at a pleasant home on Staten Island, his bedside surrounded by sorrowing relatives and friends. His mortality was interred at Princeton, near the happy scenes of his college days. Some of the relatives present at the obsequies were Pierrepont Edwards, son of the distinguished Jonathan Edwards. Pierrepont Edwards and Colonel Burr's mother were descendants of Colonel Burr's uncle, brother and sister. Mrs. Lily Devereaux Blake's mother was a daughter of Pierrepont Edwards. Ogden Edwards, who long lived on North Broad Street, this city, and died there, was a great-grandson. His family still lives there.

"Ogden Edwards at one time possessed an oil painting of Theodosia Burr (Mrs. Alston), Colonel Burr's only daughter. It hung in the parlor for many years, where I frequently admired it. One night the house was entered and the canvas cut from the frame and carried away. The painting could never be traced, and a fine work of art, together with the picture of a lovely and fascinating woman, whose fate was melancholy, was thus forever lost. Theodosia Burr, in both girlhood and womanhood, was all brain and heart, the former too active and the latter too loving for the fragile casket in which nature had enclosed them.

"I delight in recalling recollections of Colonel Burr, and the many thrilling stories I heard when a girl, of his great bravery and gallantry; of his long, perilous and fatiguing march through the enemy's country, amid deep snow and intense cold,

to carry a dispatch from his commander—General Benedict Arnold—to General Montgomery, then besieging Quebec; of his carrying the latter after falling desperately wounded through a red sea of the enemy's shots to a place of safety; of his pleasant association with General Israel Putnam, on whose staff he ably served, and of his distinguished conduct at Monmouth, in which campaign he was stricken with a disease which necessitated his retirement from the army, to whose interests he had been entirely devoted for more than four years.

“In stature, as I remember, Colonel Burr was about five feet six inches; of spare, meagre form of elegant symmetry; fair and transparent complexion. He did not dress flashily, but well, and was of commanding presence, erect and dignified deportment. His forehead was prominent and broad. His eyes, of which I have already spoken, were of ordinary size, of a dark hazel, appearing almost black, and scintillated with the most tremulous sensibility. They rolled with poetic fervor and beamed at all times with the piercing rays of genius. His mouth was large, his voice manly, clear and as melodious as a lute. His face, analyzed, showed unimportant traits, but upon a superficial view they were obscured like the spots in the sun by a radiance that dazzles and fascinates the sight.

“Colonel Burr, in a promiscuous company, was rather taciturn, but when he spoke it was with frankness. He was the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be found, even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction.

“I am heartily glad,” said Mrs. Chetwood, in conclusion, “to learn that Americans are beginning to appreciate the great services rendered our country by Colonel Burr, and to bestow upon him that meed of praise of which he has so long been bereft by the machinations of envious men, who have labored to blacken his character and thus effect his ruin.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF LAFAYETTE.

MRS. MARY CHETWOOD, of Elizabeth, contemporaneous with many of the illustrious men of the Revolutionary War, and who met and conversed with them on numerous occasions, recently narrated to me her recollections of the last visit Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis De Lafayette, made to Elizabeth.

"The General's long-promised visit to this town was anticipated with joyful pleasure by all our people, poor as well as rich, blacks as well as whites. Our authorities and citizens, with ample time at their disposal, made elaborate preparations for his coming, and the attending receptions, as after the General arrived in New York he went as far as Boston and later to Albany on his sight-seeing journey. Wherever he went he was met by an outpouring of a grateful people, who extended the warmest greetings of welcome. Next to our own beloved Washington, I believe General Lafayette was the most popular man of our Revolution.

"The General reached here about the middle of September, on one of the most charming days of that delightful month. Everybody rose early that eventful morn and lost no time in getting a coigne of vantage to view the distinguished visitor and the brilliant escort accompanying him.

"The decorations of buildings, while not so elaborate as I have seen them here in later years, were pretty and effective and highly creditable for the times in which we then lived. You must remember our town then numbered but a few hundred people, who had hardly recovered from the blighting effects of the long war fought less than half a century previous.

"I remember General Lafayette's appearance perfectly well," continued Mrs. Chetwood, "as he took my tiny hand in his at the home of my grandfather, Colonel Aaron Ogden, in the fall of 1824. He was then about 60 years old, thick set, and not over five feet seven inches high. His hair, quite short and tinged with gray, was unparted, giving it Pompadour style. His somewhat long neck was encased in a high stock, covered with black silk. He wore no hair on his elongated face. He greatly resembled Governor Williamson, with whom I have often associated him in my mind.

"I shall never forget the beautiful memories that cluster around the day General Lafayette stopped in our town. Every scene was brilliant and impressive. Business was generally suspended, and the schools closed; everybody appeared in their best attire, and Broad and Jersey Streets presented an animated appearance.

"The General came dashing into town amid the discharge of cannon and ringing of bells, shortly before noon from Newark, escorted by a gay cavalcade of horsemen gathered from this town and surrounding country. He traveled in a large and heavy barouche, drawn by six cream-colored horses, with pos-

tilions and outriders in liveries. I had never before seen such a gaudy display of apparel, at least not on men.

“General Lafayette, while in this town, was the guest of General Jonathan Dayton, who then lived in the building at present occupied as the Home for Aged Women, and of my grandfather, Colonel Aaron Ogden, former Governor and United States Senator, whose home was in the brick building standing on the southwest corner of East Jersey and Catharine Streets.

“Receptions, open to the public, were given the distinguished visitor at both houses, and I am of the opinion that everybody who assembled there had the pleasure of accepting the outstretched hand of the General, who was in a very happy mood. The ladies who attended were dressed only as fashion and elegance could devise. Their head-dresses were principally flowers, with large ornamental combs, some wearing plumes of ostrich feathers. White and black lace dresses over satin were mostly worn, with steel ornaments, and neckchains of gold and silver, suspended to some of which were gold and silver medals bearing a likeness of General Lafayette, the most popular foreigner who crossed the sea to aid the Americans in achieving independence. A belt or sash, with a likeness of the General, entwined with a chaplet of roses, also formed part of the dress of the ladies.

“As nearly half a century had rolled round in the vista of Time since my grandfather and General Dayton first met General Lafayette, then a spirited lad of but 19 years, after his arrival in this country to do what he could to aid our people in their desperate struggle with a rich and powerful nation, their reunion on this occasion was most joyful. They warmly embraced, actually throwing themselves into each other's arms, but did not, like the crowned heads of Europe, indulge in any exercise of osculation. They enjoyed themselves *tete-a-tete* whenever possible, but the constant arrival of those anxious to pay homage precluded such a talk as they would have delighted in.

“But how much more glorious the occasion had Governor Livingston, General (Lord) Stirling, General Elias Dayton (the personification of Washington), General Matthias Ogden, General William Crane, General William Maxwell, Colonel Francis Barber (with whom General Lafayette exchanged swords after the capture of Yorktown), Parson Caldwell and other noted patriot soldiers been present to join in the gladsome welcome to a companion for whom from the first all had the sincerest ad-

miration and profoundest esteem? But all these had long since crossed the silent river to join the immortal throng which had gone before.

“General Lafayette expressed himself as delighted with everything he had seen during his two months’ sojourn, which, by the way, was well extended into the next year, enabling him to visit almost every section, and was enthusiastic in predicting a bright and wonderful future for our land.

“When he took leave of General Dayton and my grandfather, General Lafayette, as well as they, were visibly affected, and I am sure tears welled in their aged eyes, as they did in my younger and brighter ones. The distinguished trio thus parted with the consciousness that never again would they meet in this world. In fact, General Dayton died suddenly a few days afterward.

“General Lafayette’s visit formed a theme of pleasant converse for our people for long years afterward, and with me the impressions imparted by it are among the sweetest of my life.”

A SOLDIER FROM BOYHOOD.

DURING the times the souls of the first Americans were sorely tried, New Jersey had no firmer patriot, more daring or brilliant soldier, safer counselor or more eminent statesman than General Elias Dayton, who was born in Elizabeth in 1737. In his mature years he bore a marked resemblance to General Washington, with whom, during the struggle for liberty and independence, and long after, he enjoyed confidential relations, and whose confidence he possessed, both being of nearly the same age, Washington antedating him by five years.

Dayton, when a young man, was noted for his activity, strength, and intrepidity, none excelling him in athletic exercises. None could draw a finer bead over the long and heavy barrel of a Kentucky rifle, his marksmanship being unerring, a matter that proved of great value to him after he became an officer in the English provincial army, while in horsemanship he was unexcelled. On entering his teens he was regarded by his playmates as a leader, all acknowledging his superiority of strength and character.

When but 22 years of age young Dayton, who had a fondness for adventure and military life, entered the military service of the province of New Jersey and was promptly commissioned

as a lieutenant. One year later, March 29, 1760, he was promoted to a captaincy, serving at the time with regular British troops in the war against the French on the northwestern frontier. He took a prominent part in the prolonged conflict against Pontiac, the great head of the Indian race of that period and chief ally of the French in America, and had much to do in compelling that fierce and vengeful as well as able warrior, while besieging Detroit, to beat a retreat. Captain Dayton greatly distinguished himself the following year in an expedition against Pontiac, and was highly honored by his fellow-townsmen on his return home at the end of an arduous and dangerous campaign.

Captain Dayton, retiring from the service, settled down to the quiet walks of private life, but it was not long ere he, like his fellow-countrymen, began to complain of the injustice of King George's government toward the people of the colony, and he became a leader in molding public opinion, and securing the adoption of measures that finally led to the Declaration of Independence.

Immediately after the attack of the British at Lexington, Captain Dayton, to whom the patriots of Elizabeth quickly turned, organized a regiment of militia, many of its members having served with him in the Indian wars, but Congress, for some unaccountable reason, did not accept the services of the command until early in the following year. Notwithstanding this, Colonel Dayton, who had been chosen commander of the Third Regiment, continued to drill and arm his men, in order to be ready for any emergency that might arise. An opportunity soon presented itself in the unexpected arrival in Prince's Bay, off Amboy, of the British ship *Blue Mountain Valley*, which put in there owing to a storm. Colonel Dayton, hearing of this, selected one hundred of his men, and in whaleboats, hastened down the sound to effect its capture, a task that was successfully accomplished without the loss of a man.

Colonel William Alexander (better known as Lord Stirling), who resided at Basking Ridge, and was commander of the First Regiment, also proceeded overland with a small force to Amboy on the same errand. Both forces joined and at daybreak captured the vessel. Alexander, like Admiral Samson at Santiago, reported what he didn't do to Congress, saying never a word about Dayton and his stronger command, which really accomplished the task and received a vote of thanks. Lord Stirling had had no military training, but this act, in which he played second part, ultimately made him a major-general in the Con-

tinental Army, he being the only Jerseyman to enjoy that distinction.

Colonel Dayton and his regiment, after doing guard duty in New York City, marched early in 1776 to Fort Ticonderoga, and assisted in the successful defense of that important stronghold, and in 1777 he enjoyed the coveted distinction of opening the sanguinary battle of Brandywine, in which conflict Colonel Dayton had a horse shot under him, and at the battle of Germantown, a little later on, had another horse killed under him in the heat of the engagement, his coat being riddled by bullets. It was believed by Colonel Dayton's men that the enemy mistook him for the commander-in-chief whom he so greatly resembled. When his friend, Colonel Francis Barber, jokingly alluded to the loss of two horses in two battles in succession, Colonel Dayton jocosely remarked: "Yes, it is rather a costly luxury, and it eats dreadfully into my salary."

Colonel Dayton, in June, 1778, enjoyed the merited distinction of first attacking the British column on the glorious field of Monmouth, in this state, where he performed prodigies of valor, and in the summer of 1779, he and his famous command took an active part in the operations of General Sullivan's command in the Wyoming Valley. He served in Congress in 1778-9, and rejoined his command at Yorktown, taking part in the siege, and in the ceremonies attending the surrender of Cornwallis and his army, October 10, 1781. Colonel Dayton succeeded General William Maxwell in command of the Jersey brigade, and was thus one of the two brigadier generals appointed from New Jersey to the Continental Army.

Notable qualities were ever displayed by General Dayton in all the situations to which stern duty called him. He had a combination of the daring spirit of the soldier, which he was born to be, as well as business and statesmanlike qualities, which eminently fitted him for the important affairs which constantly confronted and engrossed him. He possessed executive ability of a high order, and had a comprehension of details which were of infinite service to his command as well as to his country, whose interests he ever faithfully and efficiently served. A successful soldier, a hero in many arduous and fatiguing campaigns, he was of unblemished character and cultivated intellect. His deportment, while dignified, was winning. He was one of the finest examples of the citizen-soldier in American history.

A leader by divine right, and a magnetizer of men whose winning art was unconsciously exercised, General Elias Dayton

never failed to deploy with such consummate finesse that it was always his men who led and he who followed. The care and safety of his men and the good of his country was the pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night.

General Dayton towered in strength, and in activity he was marvelous, and, compressing the arduous, well-directed toil of years into the brevity of this imperfect sketch, no man did more than he to regenerate and stimulate his fellow-citizens during the great contest in which he bore such a conspicuous part. A Solon in wisdom, irreproachable as a citizen, ideal in his home, noble-minded and princely in all his impulses, General Dayton was a man who wove the precious threads of his checkered and honored life into the tapestry of our country's history, enjoying the highest honors his people had to give, and which he magnificently bore with opulent fruitage.

His death in 1807, at the age of three-score years and ten, caused all our people to mourn at his tomb in the burying ground in the First Presbyterian Churchyard. His memory is embalmed with the amaranth and ivy of the love of patriots, while the tree-top choristers overshadowing his resting place, chant requiems and the grass continues to grow green above him.

MISS MARGARET MONCRIEFFE.

A BEAUTIFUL and charming woman, who became notorious the wide-world over after the American revolution, passed her happy school-girl days in Elizabethtown, and a chapter or two concerning her ill-spent life may not prove uninteresting.

It is of the unhappy and unfortunate Margaret Moncrieffe whose chequered history I am now induced to rehearse. It was on her account—for which, however, she was in no way responsible—that the gallant Aaron Burr was traduced, his motive aspersed, and his character forever blackened.

Margaret Moncrieffe, only daughter of Captain James Moncrieffe (at the end of the war lieutenant-colonel of engineers in the British army), when fourteen years of age, was a woman in development—witty, piquant and lovely. Previous to the outbreak of the revolution she had resided in New York City, where her father was stationed with his command.

Related to Governor Livingston's family, Margaret was invited to visit Elizabethtown and make her home at "Liberty

Hall," the present residence of the Kean family, until the "troubled times are o'er."

The occupancy of New York City by the American army, and the compulsory retirement therefrom of the British force, necessarily separated father and daughter, and for a time they were unable to communicate with each other. When the British took possession of Staten Island in July, 1776, and Margaret learned that her father, to whom she was greatly attached, was with the troops there, she yearned to join him, and wrote General Israel Putnam, commanding the American force in New York City, to that effect, begging his advice and assistance in restoring her to her father.

Aaron Burr, then a major in the Continental army, receiving his commission from the state of New Jersey, of which he was a native, and a member of General Putnam's military household, prepared the bluff old general's reply to her letter, in which the general was made to say that as a soldier he was her father's enemy, but as a man his friend, and ready to perform any worthy act for him or his. He concluded by inviting Miss Moncrieffe to leave Elizabethtown and come to New York City and make her home with his family at his headquarters, No. 1 Broadway, until he could arrange for sending her to her father on Staten Island.

General Putnam's kind letter rejoiced the young lady's heart, and bidding Governor Livingston's family farewell, she left this town for New York in a small sail-boat, escorted by one of General Putnam's aides, who was accompanied by his wife.

It was at General Putnam's headquarters that Margaret Moncrieffe first met the ever-courteous and dashing Aaron Burr, with whom, later on, she became intimate. Most writers, from that day to this, have attributed Miss Moncrieffe's subsequent career of shame and sorrow to the major, then popular with all, save Alexander Hamilton, in whom the green-eyed monster existed from the time he and Burr first met.

In her memoirs, published early in the last century, Miss Moncrieffe writes as follows of her departure from Elizabethtown and her arrival in New York. It is generally conceded that her "conqueror," whom she so passionately and eloquently extols, was Major Aaron Burr:

"* * * When I arrived in Broadway (a street so called) where General Putnam resided, I was received with great tenderness, both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day I was introduced by them to General and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their duty to show me every

mark of regard; but I was seldom allowed to be alone, although sometimes, indeed, I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on top of the house, where my chief delight was to view, with a telescope our fleet and army on Staten Island. My amusements were few; the good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiers; indolence in America being totally discouraged; and I likewise worked for General Putnam, who, though not an accomplished muscadin, like our dillatantes of St. James Street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world; his heart being composed of those noble materials which equally command respect and admiration.

“* * * One day a flag of truce arrived from Staten Island, with letters from Major Moncrieffe, demanding me, for they now considered me as a prisoner. General Washington would not acquiesce in this demand, saying that ‘I should remain a hostage for my father’s good behavior.’ I must here observe that when General Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam, as if it were by instinct, laid his hand upon his sword, and with a violent oath, swore ‘that my father’s request should be granted.’ The commander-in-chief, whose influence governed Congress, soon prevailed on them to consider me as a person whose situation required their strict attention; and that I might not escape, they ordered me to Kingsbridge, where, in justice, I must say, that I was treated with the utmost tenderness. General Mifflin there commanded. His lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman, a Quaker. And here my heart received its first impression—an impression that, amid the subsequent shocks which it has received, has never been effaced, and which rendered me very unfit to admit the embraces of an unfeeling brutish husband.

“O, may these pages one day meet the eye of him who subdued my virgin heart, whom the immutable, unerring laws of nature had pointed out for my husband, but whose sacred decree the barbarous custom of society fatally violated. To him I plighted my virgin vow, and I shall never cease to lament that obedience to a father left it incomplete. When I reflect on my past sufferings, now that, alas! my present sorrows press heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating a little on the inevitable horrors which ever attend the frustration of natural affections: I myself, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human heart knows, am a melancholy example of this truth; for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated

for the purer joys of domestic life than for the hurricane of extravagance and dissipation in which I have been wrecked.

“Why is the will of nature so often perverted? Why is social happiness forever sacrificed at the altar of prejudice? Avarice has usurped the throne of reason, and the affections of the heart are not consulted. We cannot command our desires, and when the object of our being is unattained, misery must necessarily be our doom. Let this truth, therefore, be forever remembered: when once an affection has rooted itself in a tender, constant heart, no time, no circumstance can eradicate it. Unfortunate, then, are they who are joined if their hearts are not matched!

“With this conqueror of my soul, how happy should I now have been! What storms and tempests should I have avoided (at least I am pleased to think so), if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations! and happier, O, ten thousand times happier, should I have been with him in the wildest desert of our native country, the woods affording us our only shelter, and their fruits our only repast, than under the canopy of costly state, with all the refinements and embellishments of courts, with the royal warrior who would fain have proved himself the conqueror of France.

“My conqueror was engaged in another cause; he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: he fought to liberate, not to enslave nations. He was a colonel in the American army, and high in the estimation of his country; his victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relentless thought; they alone shone as bright as the cause which achieved them! I had communicated to General Putnam the proposals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them, and I was embarrassed by the answer which the general returned; he entreated me to remember that the person in question, from his political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by observing, ‘that I surely must not unite with a man who would not hesitate to drench his sword in the blood of my nearest relation, should he be opposed to him in battle.’ Saying this, he lamented the necessity of giving advice contrary to his own sentiments, since in every other respect he considered the match as unexceptionable. Nevertheless, General Putnam, after this discovery, appeared, in all his visits to Kingsbridge, extremely reserved; nor did he ever cease to make the object of his concern to Congress; and, after various applications, he succeeded in obtaining leave for my departure; when, in order that I should go to Staten

Island with the respect due to my sex and family, the barge belonging to the Continental Congress was ordered, with twelve oars and a general officer, together with his suite, was despatched to see me safe across the bay of New York. The day was so very tempestuous that I was half drowned with the waves dashing against me. When we came within hail of the *Eagle* man-of-war, which was Lord Howe's ship, a flag of truce was sent to meet us. The officer despatched on this occasion was Lieutenant Brown. General Knox told him that he had orders to see me safe at headquarters. Lieutenant Brown replied, 'It was impossible, as no person from the enemy could approach nearer the English fleet'; but added, 'that if I would place myself under his protection, he certainly would attend me thither.' I then entered the barge, and bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned my back on Liberty.

"We first rowed alongside the *Eagle*, and Mr. Brown afterward conveyed me to headquarters. When my name was announced, the British commander-in-chief sent Colonel Sheriff (lately made a general, and who, during my father's life-time, was one of his most particular friends; although, alas! the endearing sentiment of friendship now seems extinct in his breast, as far as the unhappy daughter is concerned), with an invitation from Sir William Howe to dinner, which was necessarily accepted. When introduced, I cannot describe the emotion I felt; so sudden the transition in a few hours, that I was ready to sink into earth! Judge the distress of a girl not fourteen obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people who were at dinner with the general. Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz among them, saying, 'She is a sweet girl; she is divinely handsome'; although it was some relief to be placed at table next to the wife of Major Montresor, who had known me from infancy."

Miss Moncrieffe, in her memoirs, records the history of her unfortunate marriage with Captain John Coghlan of the 85th Regiment of Foot of the British Army, who, by the brutality of his conduct and his entrance into every fashionable vice and folly of the day, "drove her into the arms of a paramour." She and her husband sailed on the flagship of the British fleet, which left New York for England Evacuation Day, 1783.

She asserts that she led a strictly virtuous life until, after being forced into marriage with a man she loathed, she was subjected by him to harsh and cruel treatment, and it is, therefore, but just to the memory of Colonel Aaron Burr, every way better

than most of his traducers, for the reader to be informed that the foul story of her ruination by him finds no corroboration in her own printed and intensely interesting narrative.

Soon after the arrival of herself and husband in London she left the brute she was compelled to acknowledge as husband, and became the mistress of the rakish Duke of York, and other noble libertines, who were entranced with her "beauty and divine loveliness."

For a period of fifteen years Margaret Moncrieffe made no inconsiderable noise in the fashionable circles of Great Britain and France. She alternatively reveled in wealth and luxury and in squalid poverty, and, finally, when "beauty fled," found herself deserted by all, and at last died in misery and suffering in London.

ELIZABETHANS DEFEND AARON BURR.

THE patriots of Elizabethtown and vicinity seem to have been cognizant, as early as 1800, of the insidious efforts of the aristocratic federalists and tories of New York, to effect the downfall and personal ruin of the gallant Colonel Aaron Burr, for whom Alexander Hamilton, a foreigner, without natural parents, had, during his schoolboy days and throughout the American revolution, nursed a bitter and relentless hatred. This feeling on the part of patriotic Jerseymen will be seen in the following toasts drunk at public meetings held here after Colonel Burr had been inaugurated as vice-president of the United States. I copy from the *Elizabeth Journal* of March, 1801:

"A large number of republicans of this town met on the evening of March 10 to celebrate the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson as president, and Aaron Burr as vice-president, and among the toasts drunk was the following:

"Aaron Burr, Vice-President—May his enemies do penance by being obliged to swallow A Burr. (Three cheers.)"

On the same evening the republicans of Westfield met and drank the following toast to Colonel Burr:

"Aaron Burr, Vice-President and President of the Senate—May his patriotism and wisdom defeat the plans of the wicked junta in that house."

"Wheatsheaf, March 4.—Vice-President Burr—May he remain as an unbroken pillar in the cause of Freedom and prove a scourge to aristocracy wherever it may appear."

“March 17. North Farms.—The worthy Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States—May he co-operate with the sage of Monticello in making this western world free, independent and happy. (Six cheers.)”

CAPTURE OF GUN BOAT.

DURING most of the Revolutionary War the tories on Staten Island kept small armed vessels on guard along the sound from Bergen Point to Tottenville, and Americans from Elizabethtown made frequent attempts to capture them, as they were a source of much trouble and of infinite danger to our people.

One beautiful moonlight night a party of town boys rowed down to Tottenville, hoping to capture a sloop lying at anchor there, but finding its captain—James Stewart—and crew bustling about on deck they turned back and returned home, bitterly lamenting the failure of their enterprise.

For a long time in 1779 a sloop called the “Neptune” did guard service off Bergen Point, commanding the entrance to the Kills as well as Newark Bay, but one night in October, during a heavy blow, the craft got loose from its anchorage, and drifted toward this town, grounding on the bar east of the present Singer factory.

The soldiers who manned the fortifications at the eastern terminal of New Point Road, seeing the vessel fast in the mud at low tide, got into boats, and rowing out, took possession of the deserted craft. They were congratulating themselves on the capture when they saw several whale boats, filled with armed men, putting out from Port Richmond, with a view of effecting its recapture.

The Americans, unable to fire the cannon on the deck of the sloop, put up a stiff fight with their muskets, but finding themselves greatly outnumbered, and a British gunboat rapidly approaching, withdrew from the vessel, and made good their return to the shore and the protection of the fort.

Cornelius and Job Hetfield, two notorious tories, who were driven out of Elizabethtown on the breaking out of the war, were in command of the British boats.

The Neptune remained fast in the mud until the tide rose, when she floated and sailed away, not, however, without receiv-

ing some damage, and several of her defenders being killed and wounded by the Americans.

The tories and renegades on Staten Island were a disreputable lot, respecting neither friend or foe, revenge and plunder being their chief incentives.

One night a British vessel, under a flag of truce, on its way from New York to this town, was suddenly boarded by a number of armed men in disguise. They spared the lives of those on board when promised the quiet surrender of some two thousand guineas which the British paymaster-general in New York had consigned to the vessel for delivery here, the Americans having agreed to forward the gold to Pennsylvania to purchase supplies for the Hessian prisoners of war confined there.

The British attempted to fasten the crime on soldiers from Elizabethtown, but the fact was soon after established that Staten Island tories perpetrated the act.

BRITISH FRIGHTENED BY GIRL.

A TRADITION of the hasty and demoralizing retreat of Knyphausen's army from Connecticut Farms on the terrible night following the battle in June, 1780, is to the effect that a number of drunken Hessian soldiers, searching for plunder, left the disordered column and entered "Liberty Hall," the abode of Governor Livingston, and the present home of the Kean family.

In the time of the revolution, the present Morris Avenue ran but a short distance above "Liberty Hall," where it branched off in a northeasterly direction, as far as the entrance to Vauxhall Road, at what is now known as Salem. The Vauxhall Road, in its serpentine course, leading to Springfield and the mountains beyond, is about the same to-day as then, except that most of it has been telforized, making a pretty drive its whole length.

The Vauxhall Road, originally an Indian trail and subsequently a cow path, which accounts for its winding ways through and over the hills, was one of the two main thoroughfares leading from this town to Morristown previous to and during the Revolutionary War.

It was by this road that one column of the British army fled back to this town on the night of June 7, after its defeat at Connecticut Farms. The night was made boisterous by a fearful storm of blinding lightning and loud rolling thunder, and the wild

but senseless curses of the drunken British soldiers, smarting under the humiliation of bitter defeat by a handful of American farmer boys, illy clad and poorly armed.

As I have already narrated, detachments from this drunken army (now a mere rabble), entered the house of Governor Livingston for purposes of plunder, if nothing worse. They knew no men folks would be within, and capable of any crime, as they had shown themselves a few hours before when they mercilessly murdered Mrs. Caldwell in her sanctified home, they forced an entrance.

The maid servants had fastened themselves in the kitchen, an apartment at the north end of the mansion, while the two heroic daughters of the Governor securely locked the doors leading into their chamber from the broad open hallway on the second floor.

The beastly ruffians, I am glad to state, contented themselves by remaining on the ground floors, where they searched for treasure, and it was while thus engaged that Miss Kate Livingston, attired in a white robe (perhaps a night dress), appeared at the head of the stairs, holding in her hand a lighted taper, the beams from which partially illumined the hallway below.

However much the rum-besoaked ruffians were insensible to human fear, they no sooner beheld Miss Livingston's angelic form than by common accord they rushed from the house, declaring the apparition of the murdered saint (Mrs. Caldwell), had thus suddenly appeared to reprove them for their awful crime.

It was this scene that caused the hasty exit of the Hessians from a house they hated, and which they doubtless would have been glad to destroy. The only wonder is that the historic house was not given to the flames, for it was repeatedly visited by the enemy during the eight years of the American revolution.

REFUGEES MAKE BITTER FIGHT.

ONE of the last as well as one of the fiercest encounters between New Jersey militiamen and refugees in the Revolutionary War took place in Burlington County in January, 1783.

John Bacon, a native of Monmouth County, one of the most notorious refugees in South Jersey, while on one of his murderous raids, halted his gang in the vicinity of Cedar Creek bridge.

Captain Richard Shreve, commanding the Burlington County Lighthouse, learning of Bacon's whereabouts, induced Captain Edward Thomas, commanding the Mansfield militia company to join him in an attempt to capture Bacon, for whom Governor Livingston, of Elizabethtown, had offered a reward of twenty-five pounds.

Captain Thomas got his men together as quickly as possible, and both commands started for the camp of the outlaws, which was reached in the middle of the afternoon.

The refugees, who had meantime learned of the approach of the soldiers, put themselves in an excellent position of defense on the opposite side of the creek, first blockading the bridge so that the horsemen would be unable to charge over it.

Upon the near approach of the militiamen Bacon and his cutthroats opened fire, one of the first shots killing William Cooke and seriously wounding Robert Reckless, for whom Recklesstown was subsequently named.

The refugees not only possessed better arms and ammunition than the militia, but they enjoyed a strong defensive position along the southerly side of the creek, which was heavily wooded. This led the attacking party to exercise the utmost wariness. Finally the militia reached and ensconced themselves behind the north bank of the creek, which enabled them to fire with deadly effect, and as the militiamen outnumbered the refugees, the latter having lost a number of men, were on the point of giving way, when the soldiers received a volley from a party of newcomers which had come upon them unawares. This attack from a new and unexpected quarter threw the militiamen into disorder, and came near precipitating their flight.

The horsemen turned upon this new enemy, killing some and taking others prisoners. Among the refugees killed was Ichabod Johnson, a notorious murderer, for whom Governor Livingston had offered a reward, dead or alive. Bacon, although severely wounded, managed to escape, but a few weeks later he was surprised in his haunt at Egg Harbor and killed by a detachment of Captain Shreve's horsemen, commanded by Cornet Cook.

The militiamen chased Bacon and the gang until darkness rendered further pursuit hopeless, when, with their prisoners and much property which the refugees had stolen, they returned to Burlington, lodging their captives in the jail, which they surrounded with a strong guard.

Some of them were tried and executed for their foul crimes.

ARNOLD'S GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD, a splendid fighter so long as he was true to manhood and the patriot cause, was commander of the first American fleet that ever engaged Great Britain in a naval battle.

Arnold, who had been a non-commissioned officer in the British Army before the Revolution, was the best fighter in the Continental Army. It was in June, 1776, after the American force had been driven out of Canada, and General Sullivan was strengthening Fort Ticonderoga, that General Arnold begged permission of General Gates, who bitterly hated Washington, to build some boats so that he could engage the enemy when he appeared in Lake Champlain, an event naturally to be expected. Obtaining the desired permission, Arnold got a detail of men, and set to work constructing vessels, and a couple of months later he had launched his little fleet—a sloop, three schooners, and five gondolas. The sloop was armed with twelve guns, one schooner with the same number, the others eight, and the gondolas three each. The guns had formerly belonged to England, and were some of the two hundred which Colonel Ethan Allen had captured at Fort Ticonderoga in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.

When General Carleton, who had driven our army out of Canada, learned what General Arnold was up to he sent nearly one thousand men from Quebec to St. Johns, to construct a fleet that would be sufficient to destroy the American vessels. The British, with everything at hand, soon completed their craft—twenty-five in number. One of the vessels, named the “Thunderer,” flat bottomed, carried six 24-pounders and twelve six-pounders, the “Inflexible” (flagship) having eighteen 12-pounders, while each of the twenty-four gunboats were armed with a field piece, all better than anything Arnold had.

About the first of September General Arnold sailed down the lake, with positive instructions not to pass a given point, and only to act on the defensive. Faithful to his orders, Arnold cast anchor with his vessels across the lake to prevent any of the enemy's boats from passing up, or getting in his rear.

While thus anchored General Arnold discovered that he was in danger of being attacked and boarded by British and Indians who had come down from Canada and were encamped on both shores. To evade an attack of this character, he fell back

toward his base some ten miles, where his fleet was greatly augmented, his ship-builders having kept at their task all summer. His fleet, now considered quite formidable, consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, eight gondolas and twenty-one gunboats.

Arnold, profoundly ignorant of the strength and composition of the armament which he knew Carleton was preparing and unwilling to engage what he had every reason to believe a superior force, retreated still further up the lake, anchoring across the narrow channel between Valcour's Island and the western shore (New York), to await the arrival of the British fleet and there test conclusions on the water for the first time.

It was at an early hour on the morning of October 11 that the British fleet appeared off Cumberland Head, and in due time it swept around the southern point of Valcour's Island. As the enemy approached General Arnold, who was on the galley "Congress" (flagship), made a fervent speech. He said this was the first time Americans ever had a chance to fight the British on water, and if they acquitted themselves as well as they had on land he had no fears as to the result of the engagement. The boys gave him three cheers which went floating over the broad waters, finding echoes in the grand old hills beyond.

The first shot came ricochetting over the wind-perturbed waters of the beautiful and hitherto peaceful lake from the "Carleton," which at once attacked the "Royal Savage" and three galleys farthest advanced from our line. The "Royal Savage," in trying to return, went aground, and to save her from capture she was set on fire and burned, the crew, however, escaping. General Arnold, on board the "Congress," greatly irritated over the loss of the "Royal Savage," made for the "Carleton," firing the first gun with his own hands, and thus was commenced the first naval battle between Americans and Britons.

It must be remembered that our men were landsmen, knowing little or nothing about sailing or manoeuvring on the water, while the British force, twice as strong in every respect, was composed of sailors taken from ships of war at Quebec. The enemy thus possessed infinite advantage.

Throughout the entire afternoon the battle raged fiercely, and although the "Congress" was hulled a dozen times, received seven shots between wind and water, the mainmast shattered, the rigging cut to pieces, and many of the crew killed or wounded, General Arnold, without coat or hat, continued firing. He had no thought of giving up, and when not aiming and firing one

gun or the other, was busy in signaling to his other vessels, each of which was doing its best.

To make matters worse, the British landed a strong body of Indians on the adjacent islands, and when near enough, they picked off some of our men. This movement on the part of the British had been anticipated by General Arnold, and although he sent a few shots into the woods, where nothing could be seen except little puffs of smoke, he felt it was dangerous to remain in the position, and decided to get away as soon as darkness covered the waters.

When night came both parties stopped fighting and anchored within a few hundred yards of each other. The men were literally exhausted. General Arnold, satisfied that he could not cope with the British vessels, superior in every way, called his officers together for consultation, when it was determined to retire during the night to Crown Point.

The British commander, not anticipating such a move on our part, anchored his vessels in double lines from the island to the main land. This fact, known to General Arnold, was communicated to his officers, who were given specific instructions as to their future action. Fortunately the night was wrapped in Cimmerian gloom. This was the only thing that saved us. It enabled Arnold to get out of a bad trap.

At about ten o'clock our vessels quietly weighed anchor, and with a good stiff wind from the north, just what was needed, and which was Providential, we boldly sailed entirely unobserved through two of the enemy's lines, Arnold bringing up the rear in his crippled galley, which had stood the brunt of the battle. It was a bold movement, perhaps unparalleled for audacity.

When daybreak came, after a seemingly interminable night, the British must have been thrown into a state of surprise on beholding our vessels ten miles away. The exhausted Americans had all they could do to stop the leaks in some of the boats to keep them afloat, and a terrible job in trying to repair sails and rigging. The British commander, doubtless vexed at the remarkable escape, lost no time in weighing anchor and in giving pursuit. Although he had sustained losses, he felt confidence in his great superiority of men, guns and ships and did not hesitate to renew the engagement.

The veering of the wind from the north to the south about noon greatly retarded both fleets, and night again coming on, anchors were cast. The night, to Arnold's view, was apparently unending. His men were wet, hungry and absolutely ex-

hausted. Morning, however, did come, and with it the British fleet. General Arnold, finding the enemy fast overhauling him, dropped to the rear with the "Congress," "Washington" and four gondolas, hoping thus to allow his other vessels to escape. When the three largest British vessels—"Carleton," "Inflexible," and "Maria" (General Carleton being on the last named), came within distance of the American rearguard, they opened a fierce fire, to which our folks replied with all the spirit left in them. The "Washington" soon struck, her commander, General Waterbury, and his crew surrendering.

Then the three British ships united in an attack upon the "Congress." They poured a rain of iron hail upon the American boats, General Arnold, still undaunted, with a red handkerchief bound tightly about his head, running from one gun to another directing their fire. He was perfectly insensible to fear, and although splinters and shot flew about him, he escaped serious wounds.

For four long hours the British continued their attack upon the "Congress," as they knew General Arnold was on board and in supreme command. Finally other vessels took part in the merciless attack upon the "Congress," and at one time no less than seven of the biggest British ships were pouring in a terrible fire.

When Arnold at last saw further resistance was futile, determined never to surrender, he ran the "Congress" and his four gondolas ashore about ten miles from Crown Point, where he set them on fire and waited to see them consumed. He was the last man to leave the "Congress," having remained on board to superintend the removal of the dead and wounded. When the men left the vessels they took along muskets and ammunition, and it was well they were able to do so, as on the march to Crown Point they were suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by a body of Indians, with whom they had a stiff fight for an hour, finally putting them to flight.

Notwithstanding the defeat and the disastrous termination of the expedition, the efforts of the soldier-sailors were lauded throughout the country. Arnold's popularity, gained at Quebec, was immeasurably increased, and the army and people shouted his praises. After a few years, he became tired of fighting for his native land, tried to sell it for a mess of pottage and after his perfidy lived and died a man without a country.

OPERATIONS OF A NOTED SCOUT.

ONE of the most daring partisan rangers in the employ of this state during the Revolutionary War was Baker Hendricks, a native of Elizabethtown, a cousin of the Hetfield outlaws. In the early part of the war, after the British landed on Staten Island, Hendricks efficiently served Washington as a scout. His thorough knowledge of cowpaths and trails on the island, and an extended acquaintance among the people there, qualified him for the dangerous duty of a spy.

In 1780 Governor Livingston commissioned Hendricks as a captain. At this time he was twenty-four years old, and from then on till the end of the war, he conducted operations on land and on water.

He soon attracted a number of young men, and fitting out two whale-boats, which he named "Flying Squirrel" and "Charming Betsy," he became a terror to the refugees on the island.

On one occasion Hendricks, with a dozen men, crossed over to the island in the night time to recapture a lot of cattle which had been stolen from our people. Being discovered by the First Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers (refugees), Hendricks was compelled to retire, but he contested every foot of the ground from Salter's house to the water. Hendricks was slightly wounded while getting into his boat.

Captain Hendricks was a source of great annoyance to people on Staten Island and Bergen Point, whom he took great delight in attacking whenever opportunity presented itself. He made frequent trips along the sound, capturing piquets and any property that could be used by the Continental Army or the militia.

One very cold night in December, 1782, Hendricks sailed into the Kills, and captured a British sloop, armed with two small cannon. He took the crew prisoners, and would have brought the vessel to this town, but as she ran aground near Shooters's Island, the captain stripped her of arms, sails, rigging, cable, anchor and long boat, and set her on fire.

It has long been thought that the iron field piece recently mounted at Connecticut Farms (Union Village) was one of the two cannon captured on this occasion by Captain Hendricks.

Despite his many adventures and the great injury he inflicted on the enemy on the island and at Bergen Point, he was

finally suspected of illicit intercourse, and Governor Livingston felt compelled to demand the return of the state commission he had three years before issued to him.

HETFIELDS CAPTURED TWO OFFICERS.

THE humiliating defeats sustained by the British force at Connecticut Farms June 7, 1780, and again at Springfield on the twenty-third of the same month by illy-clad and poorly armed farmer boys caused Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief, to relinquish all further hope of penetrating Washington's lines among and beyond the Short Hills, and during the continuance of the war the people in this section enjoyed a feeling of comparative safety, notwithstanding the continued presence of a large force of the enemy on Staten Island.

Although no further movements on a large scale were made in this direction by the enemy, predatory raids were of frequent occurrence. These were chiefly confined to the capture of prominent citizens, to be held as hostages, and the stealing of cattle. The regular British troops took no part in these midnight forages after the battle of Springfield, the bitter and unforgiving refugees from this and other colonies alone participating with fiendish glee when successful. Chief among the gangs which visited this town repeatedly during 1780, was that led by Captain Smith Hetfield and his brother, Captain Cornelius Hetfield, who, having been driven from Elizabethtown after the outbreak of the war, took refuge on Staten Island, where they were petted and encouraged by British commanders for several years. The Hetfields attained notoriety by their activity and dare-deviltry. Insensible to fear, they had no mercy on those who fell into their hands, as was the case with Stephen Ball, a resident of Rahway, who, having permission to trade on Staten Island, was pursuing his peaceful calling, when he was rudely pounced upon and taken prisoner by Cornelius Hetfield, who without judge or jury, hung him at Bergen Point, because he was afraid to perpetrate the dastard crime on the island, the British commander there having refused to adjudge Mr. Ball guilty of being a spy, as Hetfield alleged.

The Hetfield brothers, born in a house still standing at the southerly end of Pearl street, and known to our oldest people as "Paradise Farm," had an intimate knowledge of this part of the country. They were familiar with every nook and crook, and

acquainted with nearly every family in what is now circumscribed by the bounds of Union County.

It was Saturday night, November 4, that Smith and Cornelius Hetfield and half a dozen other wild and adventurous spirits, after crossing the sound in a flat-bottomed scow, disembarked where Tremley now stands, remounted their horses and quickly reached Elizabethtown. They came with the avowed intention of capturing Colonel Matthias Ogden, of the First New Jersey Regiment, and Captain Jonathan Dayton, paymaster of the Third New Jersey Regiment, whom they had previously learned were at their homes there. The Hetfields bitterly hated these patriot officers, and had long threatened to punish them.

Ascertaining that Colonel Ogden and Captain Dayton were temporarily stopping at William Herd's home at Connecticut Farms, the Hetfield party rode rapidly there, and, surrounding the house before the inmates were aware of their presence, they burst in the doors and called upon all to surrender. Resistance under such circumstances being futile, the two American officers, keenly feeling the disgrace of having been thus caught napping, hastily made their toilet and surrendered with as much grace as possible.

The Hetfield gang, after binding and gagging the two officers, compelled Mrs. Herd to provide a repast, and while she was thus engaged, "Pomp," a colored slave, was kept busy in serving the party with apple whisky of a prime quality, and on which Mr. Herd fondly doted.

After refreshing themselves the raiders bade their host bring forth two of his best horses, and on these animals Colonel Ogden and Captain Dayton were mounted for the long and hasty ride to Staten Island, which they reached in safety.

RAHWAY IN THE REVOLUTION.

WHILE no battle of great consequence was fought in Rahway (then called Spanktown) during the eight years of the Revolutionary War, the people of that patriotic village neglected no opportunity of serving the patriot cause. The place was frequently raided by the enemy from Staten Island and Woodbridge, and the most prominent citizens carried off as hostages.

The hardest battle in Rahway took place early in January, 1777, when General William Maxwell, with his Jersey brigade,

came down from the Short Hills, and attacked a strong regiment of British regulars posted there.

After a two hours' fight, the enemy was driven out of Rahway in the direction of Woodbridge.

General Maxwell, feeling that he could not hold the place in the event of an advance of the enemy from Woodbridge, took possession of one thousand bushels of salt, a condiment sadly needed by the American troops, and had scarcely loaded it on wagons for transportation to our lines, when a large force suddenly came up from Woodbridge, necessitating the retreat of the Americans to Elizabethtown, which was successfully accomplished.

The winter of 1779-80 was one of awful severity. Snow fell in January to a depth of five or six feet, while the waters surrounding Staten Island were frozen so solid that the ice afforded better means of locomotion than the few unbeaten roadways. This ice-bridge made it easy for the British and Tories on Staten Island to cross and re-cross as inclination led them.

It was on Sunday night, January 30, that a small force of mounted refugees (traitorous Jerseymen) crossed over from Staten Island, and dashed into Rahway before their presence was discovered.

Lieutenant Wynantz and eight privates who had been entrusted by Colonel Jaques with the protection of the village, instead of attending to guard duty, were out on a sleigh-riding excursion, and when the British commander learned a fandango was in progress at Lindsley's corner, he and his party galloped to the spot, and surrounding the hostelry, summoned the revelers to surrender, which they did with as much grace as possible.

After the lieutenant and his men had been disarmed and secured, the Britishers bade the musicians strike up, and, each seizing a girl, went through a mazy waltz.

This concluded, the British officer thanked the young ladies for the pleasure afforded, and securing the American soldiers within their own handsome sleighs, the enemy drove away, leaving the disappointed Rahway lasses to get to their homes the best way they could.

Before daylight the American warriors crossed the sound on the ice at Tremley's Point, and on the following day went on to New York City, where their arrival created much amusement among the British soldiers.

HOW SOLDIER TRAPPED BANDIT.

WHILE the people of New Jersey were sorely tried during the Revolutionary War by almost constant raids of British soldiers and renegade Jerseymen who took refuge on Staten Island, shortly after the landing there of the British army in 1776, and greatly suffered by the loss of cattle and movable property, their condition was scarcely worse than that of the inhabitants in Monmouth and other counties along the coast.

The pine-tree country especially was infested in those troublous times by numerous bands of robbers, who lived in caves burrowed in the side of the sand hills, as near swamps and in such secluded spots as could be found. These caves, carefully covered with brush, were scarcely discernible, even at a short distance, while the trails leading to the retreats were disguised as much as possible by the crafty robbers, who preyed upon rich and poor alike.

The inhabitants, living in a constant state of terror, were compelled, for their own safety, to go armed, whether at work in the fields or at the house of worship.

The acts of these marauders at length became so numerous and audacious that Governor Livingston offered large rewards for their death or capture. During the last three years of the war the desperadoes were hunted and shot like wild beasts, and when peace was declared but few of the villains were alive, so thorough had been the work of extirpation.

Among the more notorious villains who gloated in crime was a fellow known as Fenton, a big strapping fellow, who in his youth, learned the trade of a blacksmith in Freehold. When the war broke out he quit honest work and organized a gang which took refuge in the sand hills, near Red Bank. From this covert he and his men sailed out at night for robbery and rapine. On one occasion Fenton robbed the shop of a tailor, carrying away much apparel. Word was sent to Fenton that unless he surrendered the stolen goods within a week, he would be shot on sight. He complied, accompanying the return of the goods with the following note:

"I have returned your damned rags. In a short time I am coming to burn your barns and homes, and roast you all alike as a pack of kittens."

It was in August, 1779, that Fenton and his gang attacked

the dwelling of Thomas Farr, near where Imlaystown now stands. Mr. Farr and wife, both aged people, and a daughter barricaded the door with logs of wood, and the gang being unable to force an entrance into the house, fired a volley of rifle bullets, one of which wounded Mr. Farr, rendering him helpless.

The gang finally gained entrance by a back door, and murdered Mrs. Farr, then finished their fiendish work by beating her husband to death as he lay upon the floor. The daughter, although badly wounded, succeeded in getting away and reaching the home of a neighbor, two miles distant. The murderers fearing pursuit, incontinently fled, and in their haste to secure safety, left the plunder behind.

Fenton, after perpetrating many enormities, and in making his name a terror to people in South Jersey, was finally killed near where Blue Belle is located.

Fenton and his confederate, Burke, beat and robbed a young miller named Van Mater of his dinner while on his way to work. Van Mater, although suffering from injuries received at the hands of Fenton and Burke, made his way to Freehold, where he reported the outrage to the commandant of a portion of Lee's Legion, then on duty in that section.

The lieutenant at once detailed a sergeant and two soldiers to accompany Van Mater, who was sure Fenton and Burke were at a groggery, near where the assault took place. A wagon was procured, on the bottom of which lay the two armed soldiers, covered with hay, while the sergeant, acting as driver, and Van Mater sat on the seat in front.

True enough, as the vehicle reached the groggery, Fenton came out, pistol in hand, and ordered them to stop, saying to Van Mater: "You damned rascal! I gave you such a lickin' I thought you would never agin show your head. Where are you goin'?"

"To the salt works," was the reply.

"Have you got any brandy?" asked Fenton.

"Yes! Will you have a drink?" asked Van Mater, handing him a bottle.

Fenton was in the act of taking a drink when the sergeant touched the foot of a soldier, who sprang up and shot the desperado through the head, scattering it over the side of the vehicle.

Burke, who was in the woods nearby, hearing the report of the soldier's gun, and supposing it to be a signal from his pal, discharged his rifle in answer.

The sergeant and his men hastened in the direction of the sound, and when Burke saw them approaching he took to his heels, making good his escape.

The soldiers, returning to the wagon, threw Fenton's carcass into the vehicle and drove with all possible speed to Freehold, where they jerked out the corpse by the feet, as if it had been a wild animal, and, throwing it upon the ground, said to the crowd which had assembled: "Here is a cordial for you Tories and wood robbers."

GUNS AND POWDER IN REVOLUTION.

IT is not generally known that the active train of field artillery possessed by the American colonies at the commencement of the Revolutionary War consisted of but four guns. A few weeks after the battle of Lexington, General Artemas Ward, in assuming command of the Revolutionists, then besieging Boston, found only one six-pounder and half a dozen three-pounders, all smooth-bores, in possession of his forces. Had not Ethan Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga, with its 200 guns, the siege of Boston and the battle of Breed's Hill (misnamed Bunker Hill) would have been a miserable fiasco and a lamentable failure. It must have been painful and humiliating to General Gage, the British commander, whenever he heard a Yankee gun in that battle, to realize that it was his "own thunder."

While other colonies may have turned out revolutionary cannon before the establishment of furnaces and foundries in New Jersey, our commonwealth early in the war chiefly supplied Washington's army with ordinance, and, I may add, powder as well. This was done at Mt. Hope and Hibernia, in Morris County, where the necessary materials were conveniently at hand.

The first cannon constructed in New Jersey were iron and of primitive pattern, owing to the difficulty of securing designs. The first castings, made in Morris County, were moulded from guns taken at Ticonderoga, and it was not until the beautiful field pieces, some of them brass, surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga, could be taken to Morris County that our people were able to secure desirable models and turn out weapons more to their liking.

One of the first guns cast at Mount Hope can now be seen

mounted on wheels near the old Presbyterian Church at Connecticut Farms. It was probably used for the first time in the battle there June 7, 1780.

Our little army was in desperate straits for artillery when Washington was driven through New Jersey late in the fall of 1776, and the capture of six splendid field guns at Trenton Christmas night gave the greatest cause for rejoicing to the patriots. But their loss, with five other guns, at Brandywine later on had a most depressing and disheartening effect on our people.

While New Jersey may be said to have led the way in the manufacture of field artillery, however crude in form and finish, it can also be stated to the credit of its enterprising and patriotic citizens that our commonwealth was the first to respond to Washington's stirring appeal for a supply of gunpowder. It was the great want of powder at Bunker Hill, more than anything else, that caused the failure of our brave little army to drive back the trained British host.

Strange as it may appear, the first supply of powder sent to Washington, at Cambridge, was forwarded him by the energetic Public Safety Committee of Elizabethtown. This was purchased by the committee in Philadelphia, a round price being demanded by the "patriots" of that town. This supply, fifty quarter kegs, was brought to Elizabethtown in wagons, and sent on by other teams, which went to Cambridge by way of Dobbs' Ferry, over the Hudson River. Washington expressed fervent thanks to the Elizabethtown people for the "timely contribution."

The Elizabethtown committee in July, 1775, to encourage the manufacture of saltpeter and gunpowder, as well as to aid the patriotic army, to whose interests it was devoted, publicly offered to pay \$1,000 for every 100 pounds of saltpeter made within the town limits. This had the effect of promptly starting the manufacture of that commodity, the old mill on South Broad Street, on the left bank of the river, just below the Court House, which John Ogden, one of the first settlers, had erected there in 1665, being used for the purpose.

In less than two months after the battle of Bunker Hill the Elizabethtown committee forwarded to Washington nearly seven tons of powder manufactured in the town, and received a graceful letter of thanks from the commander-in-chief, who expressed the opinion that the arrival of the cargo had "immeasurably revived the hopes of the army and relieved immediate press-

ing necessities." When this supply reached Washington his soldiers had but nine rounds each in their cartridge boxes.

This cargo of powder was conveyed to the army in wagons, drawn by horses and oxen, nearly two weeks being consumed in the long journey. To allay suspicion on the part of the curiously inclined, the kegs were well covered with grain and hay.

The odd-looking caravan, which reached Cambridge without mishap, was joyfully hailed by the soldiers, as well as by Washington and his officers, and during the brief sojourn of the Elizabethtown farmer boys, they were the recipients of much attention and many courtesies from the soldiers.

HEROIC ACTION OF GRANDSON.

EASTERN NEW JERSEY, from the time the British landed on the easterly shore of Staten Island to the end of the war in 1783, suffered greatly from incursions of the British troops and their willing allies, Americans who preferred the rule of King George to the enjoyment of liberty and independence. The tories, or renegades, or refugees, or loyal Americans, as they liked to call themselves, took up arms against their former neighbors, friends and kin. Some of them delighted in annoying and robbing their relatives, but in no section of the state were the atrocities so bad and numerous as in the county of Monmouth, where families were so divided that fathers and sons took different sides, and in some cases fought each other to death.

The patriots of Monmouth County, from Freehold to the coast, were in a constant state of alarm and terror, owing to the large number of refugees who lived on the proceeds of their crimes. Most of these murderers and robbers lived in caves burrowed in the sand, while others found safety in dense swamps and in the pine tree thickets.

I have already given chapters of bloody crimes committed by some of the gangs infesting that region, and will supplement them by narrating a murderous raid made by refugees and negroes from Sandy Hook in April, 1780. The banditti landed from boats at Shrewsbury, and plundered several houses.

The landing was made just after dusk, when some of the raiders, natives of Shrewsbury and thoroughly acquainted with the people and the country round about, repaired to the home of William Russell, who attempted to defend his home and a

young grandson, who happened to be with him at the time. Mr. Russell, although sixty years of age and quite infirm, opened fire on the gang, which so enraged the attacking party that it made a rush for the dwelling, and, bursting in the door, seized the old man whom they were in the act of murdering, when young Russell, who lay wounded upon the floor, raised himself up and shot William Gillian, who had his grandfather by the throat. John Farmham, like Gillian, a native of the village, then aimed his musket at young Russell, but as the weapon was discharged, Joshua Lippincott, one of the band, a relative of the boy, knocked up the barrel and thus saved his life.

The gang, after seizing all the plunder they could take with them, captured Captain Warner of the privateer brig "Elizabeth," who secured his release by giving the marauders two jugs of rum. Other citizens, however, were not so fortunate, and among those taken as prisoners were Captain James Green and Ensign John Morris, of the militia, and several citizens.

DIED FOR THE CAUSE.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA HUDDY, who, during the Revolutionary War, lived at what is now Colt's Neck, within five miles of Freehold, in Monmouth County, was a daring patriot, and gave his life for the cause of American liberty. He performed many gallant acts during the war, and punished the tories in that section at every opportunity.

During the summer of 1780 a large party of refugees landed at Black Point, between Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers, and made a desperate attack at night on his dwelling. The assailants were commanded by a negro named Tye or Titus. Captain Huddy and a servant-girl named Lucretia Emmons, age twenty years, were the only occupants of the house.

Fortunately for Captain Huddy, several muskets had been left in the house by the home-guard, generally on duty in the vicinity, but who at the moment were absent at their homes, and these the captain, with the aid of Miss Emmons, who kept the weapons loaded, made good use of. Huddy, to deceive the enemy, discharged the guns from different windows, conveying the impression that the guards were assisting him in the defense. Huddy wounded several of the gang, and at last seriously wounded Tye in the arm, from the effects of which he subsequently died. When wounded, Tye was in the act of set-

ting fire to Huddy's home. Finding the flames gaining great headway, and desirous of saving the life of the young woman who had rendered great assistance, Huddy raised a white flag, and offered to surrender, providing the enemy would extinguish the flames and save his house from destruction.

The assailants were glad to comply with the request, but on entering the habitation worked themselves into a state of exasperation on finding the garrison consisted solely of Huddy and the girl.

It was with great difficulty that Tye could restrain his gang from murdering Huddy and Miss Emmons. Hearing of the hurried approach of militiamen, Tye bade Miss Emmons leave the place, then binding Huddy and collecting his cattle and sheep, the party fled precipitately. The militiamen gave rapid pursuit, killing six of the desperadoes and wounding several others. The stolen cattle were recovered at the first creek, which Tye and his gang hastily forded.

Tye and his gang had scarcely embarked in their boats when the militiamen reached the bank and opened a destructive fire. Huddy, overjoyed at the appearance of his friends, sprang into the water and swam ashore, thus escaping imprisonment, if nothing worse.

In March, 1782, Huddy, in command of a block house at Tom's River, found himself attacked by a large force of tories from New York and Staten Island. He made a stubborn and gallant resistance, fighting until his ammunition was exhausted, when he reluctantly surrendered. Huddy was heavily ironed and imprisoned on a British guard ship at Sandy Hook, while his men were confined in the sugar house in New York City, and not exchanged until the end of the war.

While confined on the ship Captain Huddy was told that he was to be hanged for having captured Philip White, a notorious tory in Monmouth County, cut off both his arms, pulled out one of his eyes, broke his legs, damned him and then bid him run. Huddy indignantly denied the allegation, saying he was a prisoner in New York at the time, and had been for several weeks before White was maltreated. Although his statement was corroborated by several of his comrades, Huddy, four days afterward (April 12) was taken by sixteen tories (some of them former neighbors) commanded by Captain Lippincott, to the seashore at the foot of Navesink Hills, a mile north of the present Highland lighthouses, and deliberately executed. While standing upon a barrel under a gallows made of three rails

placed on the beach, with a rope about his neck, Captain Huddy asked for pen, ink and paper, and wrote his will, his handwriting being plainer than usual, so much composed was he in his last moments on earth.

To the credit of some of the executioners be it said they objected to the hanging, declaring it was their belief that Huddy was an innocent man. Captain Lippincott, on learning this fact, drew his sword and swore he would kill the first man who disobeyed his orders. The mutineers were cowed, and Captain Huddy's body soon dangled between earth and sky.

The next day the corpse was cut down, removed to Freehold, and buried with the honors of war, a large body of minutemen attending. And this finished a brave man and determined patriot.

ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE GENERALS.

FROM time immemorial attempts have been made by adventurous spirits to capture generals in time of war. The first attempt of this kind in this country was in 1777, just previous to the battle of Long Island, when, for British gold, a number of so-called Americans, including a Continental soldier named Thomas Hickey, conspired to seize and carry off General Washington, who had his headquarters in New York City. The nefarious plan failed, because a woman devoted to the cause of American liberty, overheard the conspirators and was enabled to thwart their designs. Hickey, who was on duty at Washington's headquarters, and had been very active in furthering the scheme, was tried, found guilty and hung.

The capture of General Prescott, a petty tyrant, commanding the British force on Rhode Island, a month later than the Washington incident, was one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever attempted. Prescott was one of the most tyrannical commanders that England ever sent to this country. He was of aristocratic birth and a favorite with George III. His overbearing and haughty manners, together with his lack of human sympathy, so incensed Rhode Islanders against him that Lieutenant-Colonel William Barton, a native of Providence serving in the Continental Army, decided to attempt his capture, and thus rid his friends at home of his unwelcome presence.

The British general, on reaching Rhode Island, had taken

possession of the spacious house and grounds of a Quaker named Overring, located five miles above Newport, and Colonel Barton, having learned this fact, organized a party from his regiment, and embarking in four whale boats, speedily crossed Narraganset Bay from Massachusetts, despite the presence of several British frigates and guard-boats patrolling the smooth waters. Landing without detection, Colonel Barton and his men seized and gagged the sentinels at the foot of the British general's garden, and speedily gained his quarters. The tyrant, undressed and in bed, supposing the intruders to be robbers, sprang out and grabbed his gold watch hanging on the wall, instead of a sword with which to defend himself, when the American leader coolly told him he was a prisoner. The general begged permission to put on his uniform, but the Yankee soldiers, having no time to waste and the weather being warm, bade him throw a cloak around him, saying he could make his toilet after reaching the American lines across the bay. The boldness of the act and its successful issue proved the theme of conversation in the camps of both armies for a long time afterwards. Prescott was kindly treated while in confinement, and on being exchanged in the following spring, had a better opinion of the character and ability of American soldiers. I regret to say that Prescott was delivered in exchange for Major-General Charles Lee, of the American Army, a traitor to Washington, who had allowed himself to be captured in 1776 in this State, where he was loitering instead of going to the assistance of Washington, who had repeatedly sent him orders to hasten his march. Had Lee been held by the British until the end of the war, which no true American would have ever regretted, Washington would have won a more brilliant victory at Monmouth, and Lee might have saved his reputation as an Englishman who had been honored more than he deserved by the American Congress.

When Washington ascertained that Benedict Arnold was located in New York City he asked Major Harry Lee ("Light Horse Harry"), who had one hundred and fifty New Jersey farmer boys in his command, to send him a man who was competent and willing to go to New York and attempt his capture. Major Lee quickly made the selection—that of John Champe, a Virginia boy, who had been with him since his Legion was formed. Champe, regarded as one of the best soldiers in the army, was sergeant-major of the command, and a thorough drill-master and tactician. He did not altogether like the proposition made to him by his commander, because it necessitated

“desertion,” a crime exceedingly repulsive to his patriotic instincts.

Space here will not permit me to narrate the many intensely interesting incidents connected with Champe's departure from the quiet camp at midnight, nor of his lonely ride from Tappan, nor tell of the pursuit by his comrade horsemen, who nearly captured him at what is now Communipaw, as he sprang from his wearied horse, and waded through the salt marsh to the water, where, fortunately for his undertaking, he was picked up by British galleys patrolling along the shore.

Sir Henry Clinton, before whom he was promptly taken, interrogated Champe at length, and becoming satisfied that it was a sign of the disintegration of the patriot army, advised him to call upon Arnold, now a general in the King's Army and engaged in the task of raising a command composed of loyalists and deserters.

After much persuasion on the part of Arnold, who was familiar with Champe's services, the latter acceded to the traitor's request and became a member of the Legion.

After a few days Champe succeeded in delivering two letters from Washington to correspondents in the city, who at once agreed to aid him in the abduction of Arnold. The very day Champe was to carry his plan into execution Arnold took possession of other quarters to oversee the embarkation of troops on an expedition, and that night, instead of rowing Arnold across the Hudson River as a prisoner, Champe found himself on board a British transport bound South. Landing in Virginia, he made repeated attempts to escape but did not succeed until Arnold formed a junction with Cornwallis at Petersburg, where he got away, and tramping westwardly, reached the Blue Ridge Mountains, where he remained until he learned of the approach of Lee's horsemen (his old command), which he immediately joined in South Carolina. His former comrades, surprised to again see him, gave him a hearty welcome when they learned the true story of his “desertion.”

Years afterwards, when President Adams appointed Washington to the chief command of the army, the latter sent to Colonel Lee for intelligence of Champe, having decided to appoint him a captain in the army, but the gallant soldier had long since, after removing to the wilds of Kentucky, slept the sleep that knows no waking.

During the Civil War there were several instances of like character, perhaps the most exciting being the capture of General

Stoughton by Mosby and his rangers, and the attempt of the same command to carry off Sir Percy Wyndham, colonel of the famous First New Jersey Cavalry. In the case of Stoughton, who was in bed in camp in the midst of his command, Mosby with a few men, passing themselves off as the Fifth New York Cavalry, entered the house where the general was soundly sleeping. Awakened by a noise, and hearing Mosby's name mentioned, he asked: "Have you got him?"

"He's got you," replied the imperturbable Mosby, and Stoughton, finding resistance useless, quietly accompanied the ranger away.

Historical Sketches of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

PART II.—THE CIVIL WAR.

THE GREAT UPRISING IN '61.

N EARLY half a century has passed since the shot at the starry banner on Sumter, heard 'round the world, called to the field of bitter strife the young men who saved our government from destruction and our beautiful land from chaos.

Those who were permitted to take an active part in the greatest conflict recorded in history, were bright-faced and in the hey-day of youth, when, in response to the call of the country, they left happy homes to battle for the preservation of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man.

The pen must ever glow when picturing the scenes in the early part of 1861. From the cleft and burdened head of Jove sprang forth Pallas, a perfect warrior. But from the burdened Union, rent in twain, leaped forth, from every country lane, street and avenue, not one, but thousands of our best and bravest citizens, whose hurrying tread soon shook the earth, while the air that had echoed only to the songs of birds, or the sounds of commerce, resounded with the strains of martial music and patriotic chorus, and new banners waved like leaves on the trees of our forests, and gleaming bayonets flashed from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. The volunteers who thus nobly responded came from college, office, work-shop, farm, mill and factory, as well as from the mines whose ores were being delved to forge instruments of war, determined to lend their best efforts in resisting the reckless men who were striving to subvert the Nation's liberties.

Those who actively participated in that great strife, too well remember the dark hours of that terrible and seemingly never-

ending struggle for the perpetuity of the American Union. How awful was the anxiety and anguish of that trying period! The seasons rolled on, year after year, in their varying and beautiful course. But the beauty of the spring-time was lost in the reflection that many of our best and bravest comrades were melting away even as the snows of winter. The charm of summer faded with the thought that loved ones were dropping under the heat of battle. The loveliness of autumn cheered our weary hearts only for a moment, while winter came to disturb blissful sleep, bringing hunger, cold, prison, wounds and death.

The sun, since Time began, has looked upon no nobler deeds than those we witnessed between 1861 and 1865, and good old Mother Earth has bred no nobler men than those who fell beside us in the cause of Liberty. They died gloriously, leaving their heroic deeds, their principles, and their worthy example as a heritage to their country and to posterity. By that curious moral consanguinity which binds together men who have stood shoulder to shoulder under fire, we are their next of kin, and so become trustees of this rich heritage.

We live in times abounding with evil portents. The public virtue shows conspicuous evidence of decay; the dykes which protect society and the State against the turbid tides of corruption and extravagance seem to be giving way; our public and private life is disclosing spectacles of rottenness at which we may well stand aghast. But if we are drifting from the moorings of virtue and duty toward perilous maelstroms, let us remember that it is because the ship itself is unseaworthy.

The life of this nation—the quality of our law and our government, are just what the people make them—nothing more—nothing less. They are the source of all power; with them rests absolutely the determination of the national character and influence. If the people lose faith in themselves, or in the principles of liberty, justice, integrity and fair play; if they neglect the performance of individual obligations and duties; if they permit the spring to be poisoned, either through neglect or indifference, they cannot complain if the perverted and deadly torrent sweeps them headlong into ruin. You cannot stay the Mississippi where it sweeps with majestic flow to its massage with the gulf, but far away among the firm hills, where it has its source, you can gather all its waters into your palms and divert them as you will.

If, then, we would restore the tone of the public morals;

if we would make our public and private life pure, upright and potent in all wholesome influences; if we would make our flag honorable, because it represents a people strong in all the elements that help constitute a perfect manhood—we must carry with us everywhere as individuals that reverence for principle and for essential ideas of polity, that allegiance to the right in all its forms which animated and controlled us when danger pressed, and our nation, stripped bare to the eye of God, lay smitten in the dust, supplicating that favor which alone is perfect life.

If we continue to maintain freedom for every citizen of this great Republic, and transmit the institutions we fought for, and my brave comrades died to save, in all their vigor and purity, to those who come after us, we shall have done all that is required, and so proven true to the trust which we accepted by their death, Then, when the coming years have passed us by, so swiftly and silently that they have had to scatter snow upon heads that are now whitened, and plow our faces with yet deeper furrows to let us know that they were once with us in peril, it may be permitted us to see through the twilight what others may not see, the mighty spirits of dead comrades rising above their ashes, where they fell, standing, like tall, heroic sentinels, to guard our land from ill.

Let us hope that we shall have no more to do with war; but by the hour of our grief, by the memory of our dead, by the never-ending sorrow of the living, for the honor of our country and our dear flag, and for the sake of American manhood, let us strive to keep this land the heritage of those who love Liberty and free institutions.

Let me add that all remaining energies, all our talents, should be used to perpetuate this, the happiest model of a government which enlightened man, in the fullest fruition of his most cultivated powers ever erected to the genius of civilization. Let us continue it—the blessed asylum to which the victims of oppression, as they look up from beneath the grinding despotism of the old world, may turn their eyes with a new hope, as the one bright clime where Freedom rears her crest in full and free defiance, while each clustering star shall remain in full, clear and cloudless majesty, brilliant and beautiful as when first they beamed their morning splendor to illuminate the world with a day-dream from on high.

FAST AND LOOSE IN DIXIE; OR GENERAL DRAKE'S LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."



IN that April morn in 1861, when the dread tocsin sounded in response to the first proclamation of President Lincoln, calling for 75,000 volunteers, with 3,000 patriotic New Jerseymen, in the flush of young manhood, I raised the first company in my native state, and hastened to the defense of the Nation's Capital, then in supreme danger, and for four long years, without losing a day's duty, or missing a march or battle, served my country in a cheerful manner to the best of my ability.

I will not tax the reader's patience by attempting to describe the numerous battles in which my regiment, the Ninth New Jersey, engaged, nor the long and fatiguing marches we made during that long period of time, but give a chapter or two from my experiences in various prison-pens, and a brief account of a tramp I made, accompanied by three companions, through three states of the Southern Confederacy, from near Charleston, South Carolina, to the Union lines at Knoxville, Tennessee, a distance of nearly 1,000 miles, requiring seven weeks in the accomplishment of the self-imposed task.

Captured with most of a company I had commanded for more than a year, in the terrible conflict at Drewry's Bluff, which I was first to assail, at an early hour on the morning of May 16, 1864, by a brigade of Alabamians, led by General Archie Gracie, whom I had known in my boyhood, I was, with the portion of my command, which had been unable to escape, promptly escorted over the gory field, to the wharf under the frowning battlements of impregnable Fort Darling, which grimly overlooked the majestic James River, at a height of nearly two hundred feet.

Two hours afterwards myself and sorrowing companions disembarked from a gunboat at Rockett's Wharf in Richmond, where a mob had gathered to witness our arrival. The tumultuous crowd of stay-at-homes, who had been in fear all the week, had evidently gained courage on hearing no further sounds of

the battle which had been in progress since daybreak seven miles below the Confederate Capital, as we were greeted with hoots, jeers and cat-calls.

A short walk brought us to a large brick building, in rear of which tranquilly flowed the James River and the ever placid Kanawha Canal. Over a low door in the northeastern corner of this carefully guarded structure I read the ominous sign: "Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers," and my heart became sorely disquieted, as I knew that thousands of noble and patriotic Union soldiers who had entered the yawning portal had left hope behind when the iron-clad door swung to with an alarming clang at their heels.

I will not dwell on the wretched condition of our prisoners during their captivity. Their sad fate is the theme of story and of song, and none but the callous-hearted refuse to drop a tear to their memory.

After registering in this uninviting hostelry, "Dick" Turner, the heartless keeper, unlike any hotel clerk I had ever before met, relieved us of whatever valuables we had not been stripped of on the battle-field, greenbacks and jewelry being especially preferred. Turner, however, sought to relieve our minds by giving assurance that the articles thus taken would be returned on our departure. But our keeper had a bad memory, and we lost our deposits.

Besides retaining our treasure, Turner showed utter unfitness to entertain gentlemen, and one of his characteristics was to serve a very poor bill of fare. It was the same menu day after day, when he didn't forget his guests entirely, which he frequently did. I might add that none of Turner's boarders were afflicted with gout.

At an early hour one morning in June, when the sweet music of General Grant's guns was thundering through the Wilderness, and we were confidently expecting to see our cavalry dashing up and surrounding our prison-house, we were rudely awakened by Turner and his unceremonious guards, hustled into the street, and hurried across the Mayo Bridge to Manchester, where we embarked on a train of filthy cattle cars.

One thousand of our enlisted men, mere wrecks of themselves, scarcely able to stand, much less walk, joined us here. They came from Belle Isle, a low-lying sand bar in the middle of the James River, where they had nearly perished from cold and hunger. Then we started on a long and fatiguing ride towards the Gulf—the officers for Macon, Georgia, the enlisted

men for Andersonville. Five-sixths of the latter never left that hell-spot.

Soon after my incarceration at Macon, plans to escape were formed, the consideration of which relieved us from ennui, if nothing further was gained. At Macon and Savannah tunneling projects requiring indomitable resolution and painful labor were cheerfully entered upon, and tireless efforts put forth to achieve success. Our labors proved futile. Mountains of difficulty were overcome by men whose souls aspired to breathe the air of freedom; but treachery generally accomplished the ruin of promising projects, and adverse fate paralyzed the strong arms which were ever ready to execute noble purposes. If our keepers failed in their vigilance to detect our enterprising excavations, some detestible comrade (?) with a greed for Confederate favors would convey to them information of our operations. More than once during that long and never-to-be-forgotten summer did I work through seemingly interminable night in digging tunnels, and skulk to the space allotted me in the pen just as daybreak came peeping in, with my hands bleeding and my strength exhausted, only to find in the end that some contemptible poltroon had treacherously betrayed our plans.

At Macon eighteen hundred commissioned officers celebrated the Fourth of July as they had never done before. While the Confederate guards were engaged in the usual morning count to ascertain whether all were present my gallant comrade, Captain Harry H. Todd, of the Eighth New Jersey, took from his pocket-book a miniature silk American flag given him by a young lady of Jersey City, and holding it above his head, waved it at the Confederates. The excitement following beggars description. The Confederate officers made attempts to capture the tiny flag, but they could not force themselves to where the Captain stood. Then army songs were sung as never before, and speeches followed. All in all, it was the most exciting Fourth I ever experienced.

When the yellow-fever reached its worst stage in September, we were transported from Savannah to Charleston—myself and others being thrown into the jail-yard.

In the jail-yard I was afforded delectable accommodations at the foot of the scaffold, with a spot of earth three feet by six, and here I was compelled to remain during the long and dreary days and nights, with no covering save the star-spangled firmament. The black hole of Calcutta, or the sugar-house in New York during the occupancy of that city by the British in the

War of the Revolution, could not have been more uninviting places than the jail-yard at the time I occupied an infinitesimal space within its high and gloomy brick walls. The almost constantly bursting shells from the "Swamp Angel," which sent its screaming compliments to us, had some terrors, but they sunk into insignificance when the dangers from "Yellow-Jack" were considered. The Charleston jail-yard was a noisome spot—a fetid place—a circumscribed world.

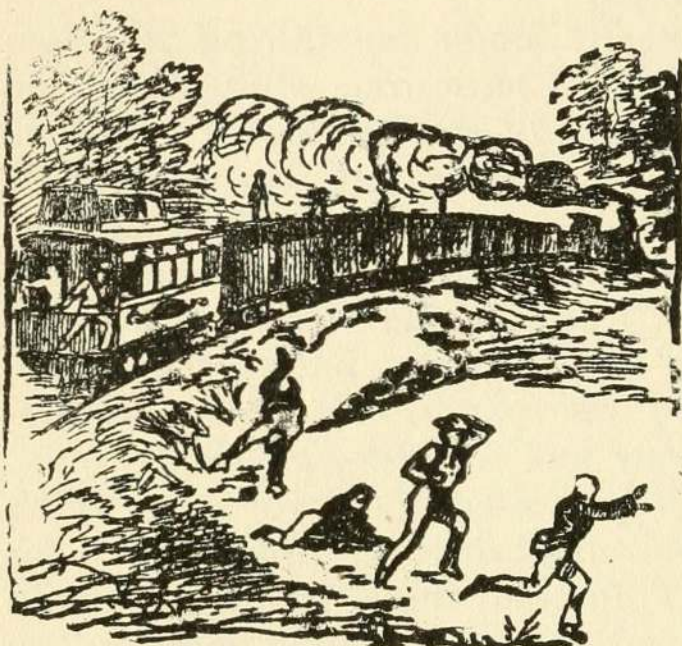
My thoughts weighed heavily upon me during my captivity, but never so painfully as at Charleston, where I had no diversion, even tunneling being out of the question. I had no correspondence with my family or friends, and was profoundly ignorant of events transpiring in the outer world. A newspaper or a book would have been a friend to consult, or an adversary to combat; but I was shut out from all that was light and joy and brightness, and forced to live with my bitterest enemy—Thought. And how oppressive was that feeling which continually spoke to me of my desperate and forlorn condition.

Early in October rumors prevailed that we were to be removed to another point, and believing an opportunity for escape would present itself I invited three friends—Captain Harry H. Todd, 8th New Jersey; Captain Alfred Grant, 19th Wisconsin, and Captain J. E. Lewis, 11th Connecticut—to join me in an attempt to regain the freedom we ardently coveted, and for which we had repeatedly toiled. Providentially, we found a portion of an old map of South Carolina, and after carefully studying it, quickly decided upon a plan of action.

Next morning, October sixth, six hundred of our number were marshalled and marched to the railroad station, where we took passage on dilapidated cars attached to a rickety, wheezing, wood-burning locomotive. As our long train passed slowly along the outskirts of the pestilential city, we saw a camp on the old race-course, filled with the most wretched looking beings it ever fell to my lot to look upon. They were Union soldiers, prisoners of war.

The condition of these once bright-faced and stalwart young men was pitiable in the extreme. Although we were greatly distressed, many of us in rags, covered with filth and active and ever-present vermin, and half starved, others unable to stand or walk on account of scurvy, yet our hearts went out to those brave men, thus huddled together, in the open air, with nothing save the ground for a bed and the blue-vaulted canopy for a covering.

Myself and three companions having matured plans for flight, all that remained was to put them into execution. During the day I had taken the precaution to remove the percussion caps from the muskets of the seven armed Confederate guards who bore us company in the box-car. I did this to prevent the guards from firing in the excitement attending our leap from the train.



The shades of night were enveloping the earth as our train reached the long wooden structure spanning the Congaree River, a short distance above its confluence with the swift-flowing Watteree and it seemed as if it would never reach the opposite bank—so great was our anxiety to make a bold stroke for Freedom and “God’s country,” a term by which all prisoners designated the North. It would

be useless to affirm that my mind at this critical moment was calm and serene, or that I had no misgivings as to what the result of our frightful leap might be. But the intense excitement into which our minds had been thrown—the resolve to seek home and friends and liberty overcame the sense of peril, and the instant Captain Todd gave the signal we each sprang from the swiftly-moving car, and, for the time at least, were free.

We had no leisure after reaching terra firma to reflect upon the terrors of our new situation. Fortune so far had favored us—this was sufficient. But those rifle flashes (we could not hear the reports, so distant was the train) warned us that if we would have perfect freedom much remained to be done and done quickly.

It was while contemplating the necessity of entering a dark and forbidding-looking cypress swamp to escape our enemies that we heard the rush and roar of an approaching storm. The trees set up a mournful howling, while the winds shrieked as if under the influence of a demon. They were merely the precursors of the fearful night through which we were compelled

to pass. As we dashed into the swamp, veiled with Cimmerian darkness, we encountered danger from falling branches and uprooted trees. While the tornado was a huge terror, it was nothing compared to the dread we had for the fierce dogs now on our trail, and those whose excited voices we could hear on the edge of the swamp—men who were seeking our recapture.

It was only after gaining the covert of the swamp which lined the right bank of the Watteree River that I reflected upon the manifold dangers I had just escaped, upon the many chances of fortune which had turned out favorably for me, and upon the liberty I had panted for and was beginning to enjoy.

The swamp we had hastily entered was not such a resort as gentlemen of leisure on a pleasure excursion would have selected; on the contrary, it was a very disagreeable refuge, as we could find no ground on which to tread—no place to sit or recline to rest our weary bodies—the water and mud being quite deep—to say nothing about venomous reptiles we encountered on every hand.

But the fierce baying of dreaded blood-hounds and the hoarse voices of our excited human pursuers, which we heard all through the long night, admonished us to submit to every discomfort rather than endanger our highly-prized freedom.

Convinced that the water through which we waded had destroyed the trail, and that so long as we remained in our present position the dogs would be unable to reach our hiding-place, we studiously avoided all conversation during the night and following day, remaining perfectly quiet.

When the long tiresome day had drawn to a close a bright new moon rose to cheer us in our loneliness, and feeling our pursuers had departed from our immediate vicinity, we cautiously made our way to the edge of the swamp, which we found to be bordered by a plantation. We held our breath as we listened for human sounds, and finding everything as still as a village graveyard, emerged from cover, and, skirting the river's bank, promptly pushed forward in our flight.

Before leaving Charleston we had taken the precaution to place pieces of raw onions in our boots, having been advised so to do by a Tennessee captain, who assured us it would effectually destroy the scent of our footsteps, and thus deprive the dogs of the agencies which nature had afforded them in hunting human beings. The moon, of tender age, was a great accommodation to us in our pilgrimage, enabling us to make rapid headway, and to steer clear of anything resembling a habitation. But the

silvery rays disappeared before midnight, leaving the countless stars to guide and cheer us on our dangerous journey.

Towards daybreak, being weary, we halted for a needed rest, and shortly after resuming our tramp reached a broad highway where we found a mile-stone, marked "27 to C." Having no desire to visit Columbia, whither our comrades had gone the day before, we hastily struck off towards the river, and had proceeded but a short distance when a pack of ferocious dogs came bounding after us. A long run enabled us to evade the savage brutes, but while congratulating ourselves upon our narrow escape, we suddenly ran almost directly upon three men standing near a saw-mill.

Darting into an adjacent swamp, we managed to elude our pursuers, despite the difficulties we encountered—chief of which was a swiftly-running stream of water. This we were enabled to cross on a big tree that time had prostrated, and into the depths of a dense jungle we plunged. Serpents of various kinds finally compelled us to seek safety on the trunk of a huge monarch, whose usefulness old age and infirmity had destroyed. We remained on that tree trunk all day, and had great trouble in finding our way out of the swamp after the sun went down. That evening we had a splendid repast on sweet potatoes, a few of which we found in a patch near by.

Before the lapse of a week, however, we met with a terrible misfortune in the loss of our cooking utensils, knives, forks, spoons, towel, several boxes of matches, etc. The rations with which we had provided ourselves before starting having been eaten, we sought sustenance in corn-fields, swamps and woods, and early one morning were enjoying a feast near a sweet potato patch we had visited when a party of horsemen came galloping furiously towards us. We had not anticipated danger in so lonely and secluded a spot, and perhaps were a little careless in our movements. But self-preservation being nature's first law, and having no weapons of defense, we sprang intuitively to our feet and darted in an opposite direction, leaving most of our necessities behind—articles that were indispensable to our needs. We had some consolation for their loss in our continued safety, but were greatly inconvenienced thereafter for the want of a knife and a utensil in which to cook whatever we found to cook.

While dangers of greater or less magnitude constantly surrounded us from start to finish, they were as nothing compared to the question of subsistence, which soon began to grow unpleasantly urgent, and at length became so desperate that it

looked as if we should be driven to seek food at the houses of the planters, a proceeding we had solemnly sworn not to do under any circumstances, as we knew we should receive from them neither food nor mercy.

For several days we wandered along the outskirts of fields, diligently seeking corn, occasionally finding a stray ear, which spurned by a ravenous appetite, we managed to masticate, the process ruining our teeth. In camp and on marches we had many a time anathematized government hard-tack, and declaimed against contractors' beef, but now, crouching in dismal swamps through the long days, we would have relished the substantial fare, which, in hours of plenty, we had so execrated.

But with all our troubles—and they were manifold—we continued to press on through the dreary days and tedious nights, oftentimes hiding, determined to again reach home, however great the risk.

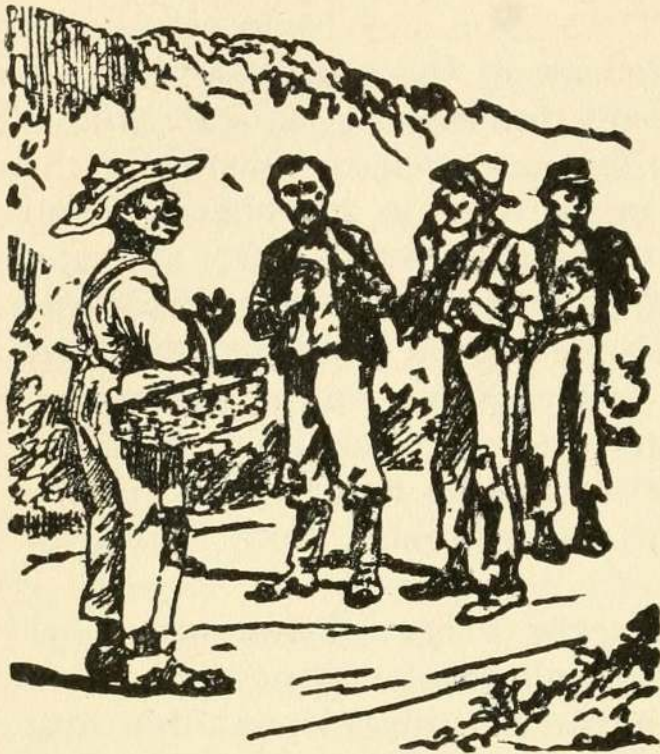
Often and again, when upon the verge of starvation, we were strongly inclined to visit the cabins of negroes, in whom we then had almost absolute faith, but despite this, as often beat back the tempter (our stomachs), and refused to jeopardize our situation until certain we could find some one in whom to repose trust, and with it our lives.

We did not make a serious attempt to seek help from the slaves until we reached a point two hundred and fifty miles from Charleston, where, one afternoon, we found a number at work in a field. We experienced no difficulty in satisfying the darkies that we were Yankee officers escaping from bondage, and as soon as darkness fell they hastened to our hiding-place, and either brought us edibles or piloted us to their lowly cabins, displaying the utmost delight at our presence. After this experiment we did not hesitate in seeking them out.

There was something almost royal in the cheerfully-rendered services of these poor creatures, who seemed to look upon us as in some way sufferers for their sake, and they fairly loaded us with kindnesses—oftentimes insisting upon our accepting the last pound of their meal. They also gave us information as to the whereabouts of Confederate soldiers, and the best route to the mountains, for which we were aiming. When we parted they invariably bestowed heartfelt blessings.

One beautiful moonlight night, when on the verge of starvation, being too weak to continue our journey, we determined to risk a visit to some negro shanties, to obtain, if possible, palatable food, of which we stood in great need, having for a day or

two past subsisted on swamp berries of insipid taste. While sitting near a broad, smooth roadway, debating as to the best



and safest course to pursue, we saw an object slowly approaching. When directly opposite, we rose from our hiding-place in the bushes and confronted the visitor, who proved to be a very aged negro. On his left arm was suspended a large basket, which, on examination, we found contained an immense "pone," as all Southerners denominate loaves of bread. The old man was naturally surprised when we relieved him of that bread. and tearing it in

pieces, began to devour it in a ravenous manner. When informed that we were Yankee army officers escaping from Charleston, the aged midnight stroller indulged in saltation exercises that would have been creditable to our modern athletes, giving vent to the great joy he felt by religious exclamations, which constantly escaped him. Before we bade him farewell he supplied us with a quantity of cornmeal and some salt, of which we had long stood in sad need, having had no salsamentarious food since leaving the prison-yard. Myself and companions regarded the appearance of the white-haired old man as a Providential dispensation.

We had another remarkable adventure at a late hour one night near Dallas, North Carolina. Breathless from a long chase by some horsemen, we sat down in a dense woods to regain strength, and while thus engaged heard a man and woman approaching, both singing from the depths of their lungs. Taking it for granted they were negroes, we concluded to invite their assistance, and when the couple reached us we stopped them. The female, with a yell of terror, ran off like a frightened deer, while the man, in a voice that betrayed no nervousness, asked who we were and what we wanted. His voice satisfied us that he was a white man, and the click of a pistol gave evidence of his ability to defend himself.

Necessarily we resorted to conventional strategy, putting

and answering questions with the utmost wariness, all the time wishing we had let him alone. It required but a brief time, however, to discover the status of the stranger, and probably he had never been embraced before with the vehement warmth we displayed when we learned that he was a Loyalist, a firm friend of the American Union. He insisted upon our visiting his home, two miles away, which we did by following a path in the woods, thus avoiding mounted patrols which continually scoured the country.

His amiable wife, who had awaited his return, speedily prepared an excellent supper—the first square meal we had had in six months—to which you may well imagine we each did the fullest justice, the smiles and kindly words of our hostess seasoning the rich repast. That night, sitting before a cheerful blaze of that noble North Carolinian's great hearth, he told us the story of the loyalty of the people in the western section of the state, proving to us that Freedom still had brave defenders among the hardy foresters of the "Old North State."

When the rising sun, dazzling and radiant, shot suddenly golden beams of light, we were several miles beyond Dallas—our brave and genial host, C. C. Withers, an ex-member of the legislature, having accompanied us some distance, and after directing us to other Unionists, he disappeared in the deep shadows of the woods which surrounded us.

We resumed our pilgrimage with lighter hearts and nimbler feet, notwithstanding our boots were fast giving out, owing to the hard usage to which they had been subjected. Long before we reached the roaring Catawba River, at the foot of the mountains, I was compelled to walk bare-footed, and much as I then suffered, it was no comparison to what I underwent after reaching the over-towering and cloud-reaching hills.

At sunrise one lovely morning, while making our way through a pine woods, endeavoring to give a wide berth to the town of Morganton, a rendezvous for Confederate conscripts, we were almost paralyzed to discover, but a few yards away, and directly in our course, a noble-looking Confederate officer in full uniform, mounted upon a fine horse. In his saddle-holsters were heavy revolvers, and at his side, a glittering sabre. A retrograde movement on our part would have been useless, and we instinctively halted as the handsome cavalier confronted us. Pity was depicted in his every look. He asked no questions, but directed us to the best point for crossing the river, and after handing us a large-sized plug of tobacco, he sank spurs into the magnificent

animal he gracefully bestrode, and in a moment had disappeared from our view. That officer evidently recognized us as escaping Union prisoners, and hadn't the heart to bar our way to liberty.

We hastened on, and late in the afternoon stood upon a high bluff overlooking the rushing waters of the mighty river, which, with the means at hand, required two days' time to cross.

Discovering apple trees in a field far below, we descended and picked what fruit we could find, and while thus engaged, saw several men on the opposite side of the river, hastening to the bank, where we had observed a small boat moored. We hurriedly left that vicinity, but with the aid of dogs our presence was discovered at midnight, and we again took to our heels and ran till daybreak.

The country about there seems to have been fully aroused, as early that morning and throughout the day we saw parties of armed men and dogs in various directions, acting in an excited manner. Towards the close of the day, however, we managed to again reach the river unobserved, by crawling through high dry weeds extending from the woods to the water, and were made inexpressibly happy soon after by discovering a large flat-boat, fastened to a tree, lying a few yards up stream. It required much skill to guide and propel the unwieldy craft across the swift-running current, but we successfully accomplished the task, and shortly after had the satisfaction of witnessing its destruction among the rocks a few hundred yards below. The Catawba was the most serious obstacle in the water line we had to contend with, and we were devoutly thankful in being so successful in accomplishing its passage.

We had scarcely turned our backs upon the river ere the sky became overcast with dense black clouds, and early in the evening a heavy rain-storm came up adding greatly to our discomforts. Seeing a light in a small cabin in the wilderness we sought refuge from the elements. The occupant of the hut, a white woman, surrounded by half-a-dozen small children, said she had no accommodations, nor any food. The poor, friendless creature, however, had one solace—the snuff she continually rubbed on her teeth with a well-worn stick.

As we left the desolate habitation the storm increased in violence; the thunder broke along the luminous sky, and the lightning seemed to rent it in twain. It was mighty and beautiful; a strange, rushing wind came with it, bending the trees as though they were saplings. We were mute and frightened before the terrific grandeur of the warring elements.

In our slow and painful progress we stumbled over fallen trees, ran against obstructions, and pitched into water-filled excavations. The woods being illumined by flashes of lightning, we at length discovered a number of small log houses. It seemed like a village of the dead, so solemn was the silence which pervaded the place. A reconnoissance satisfied us that it was an old camp-meeting ground, and we immediately entered a cabin, built a fire and held service by drying our apparel. Shortly afterwards an old sow and a litter of pigs ran by, and half an hour after three of the piggies were broiling over a blaze in the chimney. Although we had no knife to sever the parts or salt to season the meat, we enjoyed a hearty meal, climbed into the bunks and slept serenely till late next morning.

We now entered upon that vast elevated region which forms the Southern division of the Appalachian mountain system, constituting the culminating point in the Atlantic barrier of the American continent. We were at the gate of the land through which runs the chain of the Roan, Bald, Mitchell and Great Smoky Mountains, separating Western North Carolina from Eastern Tennessee. But we little dreamed of the dangers we should still meet with, or of the great distance to be traversed, or of the increased hunger and terrible privations we should yet suffer.

Our route lay through the mountain forest, and, consequently, we caught, from time to time, exquisite views of the lofty summits. The precipitous hills rendered traveling difficult and fatiguing. Still, we went on, climbing up and up—ever climbing—the prospect growing more and more dreary step by step. Great mists moved lightly overhead, and now and then some monarch of the great ranges in our front had his lofty brow wrapped in the delicate embrace of white clouds, which trembled into fantastic shapes of smoke-wreaths and castles and towers, and sometimes took the contour of the mountains themselves. There was no road or beaten path to follow. But how delicious the sunlight on the tree-stems through the glades of that wild forest! How delicate the green mosses clothing the trunks of the fallen monarchs! How crystal and sweet the water which we found and drank from the foamy brooks!

After flanking the town of Lenoir, county seat of Caldwell, we accidentally and providentially fell in with a member of the numerous Estes family, a stalwart Unionist, who escorted us to a commodious cave between two great hills, where we found

a number of deserters from the Confederate army, together with several refugees. These men welcomed us with open arms, for there was a sort of kinship between us which made us at once the strongest friends. It was in this section that we became associated with many of these brave and hardy mountaineers, and had from their lips the story of their present life, which was full of peril and sublime heroism.

These men were associated with another class called "lyers-out," who lived in caves and other retreats, and who had resisted or evaded the conscription all the years of the war—a period to them and their families of vicissitude and suffering. In all my wanderings I never saw more determined men; and, mingling among them, I thought of the brave defenders of the Tyrol, of the hardy Waldenses, fighting and dying among their native hills for dear liberty's sake. Most of the noble fellows whom we thus met on the mountains of Western North Carolina were, before the war, in comfortable circumstances, owning pleasant and profitable farms, but now all were reduced to want, most of them illy clad and penniless. I saw men in this region who, compelled to abandon everything because of their devotion to the government and the Union of their forefathers, had not dared to cross their own door-sills, although almost daily they had seen their homes from their hiding-places in the dense forests and among the mountains they loved so well.

While thus exiled in enforced idleness, their brave, true-hearted and devoted wives performed every drudgery, working the little farms, and often at the dead hour of night, at the hazard of their lives, carrying food and other necessaries to the refugees, in whose well-being they were so warmly interested. A volume would be needed, were I to rehearse the tales of suffering and the narratives of irregular warfare practiced on these people.

The women whom I met upon the mountains of Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee, while constantly surrounded by terrible dangers, and often caused to suffer, were as heroic as any whose deeds are recorded in our country's annals. In every age and clime woman has proved herself the good angel sent by Heaven to alleviate human misery. In the depths of the African jungles Mungo Park would have perished but for the sympathy and generous assistance of the dusky maidens who ministered to his necessities.

We had but little difficulty in persuading a hundred and more loyal North Carolinians to accompany us on our journey to the Union lines, wherever they might be, reaching which we

promised to use our influence in procuring them arms, ammunition, clothing, etc., and with but little hesitation they bade their wives and little ones farewell, and started.

Their wives would pray for them, they said, and if they were fortunate enough to procure the needed articles, they would return and be able to protect their homes, and put an end to the atrocities which had been prevalent in that section for several years. How the weather-beaten faces of these men glowed under the inspiration of that thought! How fondly the little hands of their children clung around the necks of these self-sacrificing mountaineers in the solemn and, perchance, lasting parting, and how anxious were their noble wives that they might be successful in obtaining the ardently-desired supplies.

A fatiguing march of two days brought us to the summit of Grandfather Mountain, which holds its head more than 6,000 feet above the sea. Here we found the family of a Baptist clergyman named Prickett. These good people, despite their wretchedness, extended a kindly welcome, bidding us make ourselves as comfortable as the limited capacity of the rudely-constructed log cabin allowed. Most of our party, however, continued on to what was called the "Rock-House," simply a huge boulder, under which Mr. Prickett and his two sons had often found refuge when sought for by Confederates. Mrs. Prickett regretted she had nothing of the meat kind with which to regale us, but shortly afterwards "Sim" Philyaw, a noted Union scout, arrived with a young black bear he had killed near the old saw-mill below. This was a grateful surprise to all. Myself and three companions ate heartily of Bruin's savory parts, the first bear meat I had ever tasted, and made our way to the place of refuge, where we passed a terrible night, owing to a severe snow-storm, which set in early in the evening.

When day at length broke the ground was covered with fleecy flakes to the depth of several inches, and my heart almost failed me as I remembered that I was without covering for my feet, my boots having long since become useless; that I had no hat; that my thin blouse was in tatters; that my red flannel shirt, which I had worn more than six months without a change, was threadbare, and that my trousers reached but to my knees. I feared I must now certainly perish, so intense was the cold which had set in in earnest, so biting was the blast which swept the mountain.

The prospect before us was not pleasant to contemplate. In an inhospitable waste, thousands of feet above the sea's level,

with a tempest raging, hungry and almost naked, with three-score men, comparative strangers, at one time enemies, whose condition was but little better than my own, hundreds of miles still to be traversed, giddy heights to be ascended, dangerous rivers to be crossed, and the ever present fear of recapture, before we could reach the haven of our heart's fondest desires, rendered our situation anything but inviting.

Our guides were not in the most amiable mood when day broke, and my worst fears were realized when they informed us that it would be impossible to proceed until the storm abated—until no trail would be left of our march. We appealed to them to make another start, and were profuse in our promises of good things we would buy for them on reaching our lines, but for several hours they were obdurate, and refused to move. Meantime, they kept a huge fire blazing under the edge of the rock. This was the only cheerful thing on that mountain.

After the noon hour, however, they were persuaded to resume the journey, which increased my sufferings more than tongue or pen can tell. My companions pitied me and had great solicitude, but they could do nothing to ameliorate my condition. Just before night we were joined by Major E. A. Davis, of the Third North Carolina Mounted Infantry (Union) Regiment, who was on the mountain looking for recruits. With his Henry rifle, a six-shooter, and a heavy navy revolver, he was a valuable acquisition to our party, as he supplied us with bear, wild hogs and, occasionally, a turkey.

It was while making our weary way across this trackless waste that a desperate engagement occurred between a company of Confederates, under Captain Hartley, and a small band of Unionists, commanded by his brother, Lieutenant James Hartley, of the Third North Carolina Mounted Infantry (Union) Regiment. The fight lasted over an hour, several men on each side being killed and wounded. A day or two after I met Lieutenant Hartley and several of his men who had taken part in the fight.

We diverged somewhat from our true course to view "Little Lost Cove," a great natural curiosity. The cavern, they told us, was three thousand feet deep, and a silence, not of gloom, but of reverence, seemed to fall upon us as we overlooked it. Rolling large boulders into the cavity, to listen to the awful reverberations which they made as they tumbled down its sides and dashed to the bottom, gave me much pleasure, despite my desire to proceed. Here were virgin rocks upon which no pestiferous

quack had painted his shameless sign, precipices which had not been invaded by the grand tour, whose solitary magnificence thrills and impresses you, as if in some barren land you came upon the brilliant lustre of a priceless diamond.

We reached Crab Orchard, Tennessee, November 6th, and owing to the cold and the slippery state of the walking, were compelled to make a stop. A Mr. Buck generously gave us a cow, which, being slaughtered, afforded us a change of food, which was highly relished. Most of our party quartered in a cave between two mountains, myself and companions stopping at the comfortable home of Mr. Francis Marion Hampton, formerly a member of the Tennessee legislature, and a cousin of General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. He came down from his covert on the mountain at midnight, and had a long talk with us. He had inhabited a cave for more than a year.

Next day we again started, and feeling greatly refreshed, marched swiftly, notwithstanding the drawbacks of a heavy rain and the rough condition of the roads. Time was when all this section of country was romantic ground. "The great Indian war trail, along which so many scenes of violence and murder were enacted, ran near this point," said Major Davis. "From the time of the settlement along the beautiful Chucky River, more than a hundred years ago, until early in the present century," continued the Major, "the settler took his life in his hands daily, and the war-cry of the Indian was a familiar sound to his ever-listening ears."

We had now reached the chain of the Great Smoky Mountain Range—the very spot of all others we had been particularly cautioned against visiting just before leaving Charleston, owing to the presence there of Indians, acting in the interest of the Confederacy. The hills everywhere rose to a height of several thousand feet, and seen from a distance they seemed bathed in a mellow haze, like that distinguishing the atmosphere of Indian summer. We passed through a gap which had a great elevation; beneath us were vast canyons, from which came up the angry roar of creeks, greatly swollen by the heavy rains. We looked down upon the tops of mighty forests, never tiring of their grandeur.

The pathways grew rockier as we clambered along, but the air was pure and refreshing, and had I been comfortably clad and in good condition for sight-seeing, I should have reveled in the beauty of the ever-changing scenes. As far as the eye could reach, on every hand, stood long lines of towering crags,

from which there seemed no outlet. Once I turned on the crest of a prodigious mountain, and, looking Carolineward, I saw our old friends of the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Ranges, scattered for miles among the dark and forbidding-looking forests. Before and behind us were deep ravines, and beyond all, uncounted peaks, which the sky seemed tenderly to bend over and kiss with affection.

It was while crossing the placid Indian Creek, or river, that we had a startling surprise, and a tragedy was averted with difficulty. The mountains through which this crystal stream made its way, were mirrored in its rain-rippled breast. Upon this beautiful country through which we were now fleeing for life and liberty, the Indian had lavished that wealth of affection he always feels for nature and never for man. He gave to the multitudinous hills and streams the soft poetic names of his expansive language—names which the white man has in many cases thrown away, substituting the barbarous common-places of the rude days of early settlement.

Indian Creek heads in the neighboring Smoky Mountains, and swelling into volume free from countless springs of coldest, purest, most transparent water, which send little torrents down all the ravines, it goes foaming and dashing over myriad rocks, sometimes leaping from dizzy heights into narrow and wild-looking canyons, until it comes to, and is lost in the noble and majestic French Broad River, which we successfully crossed a few days afterwards.

It was midnight when we reached a fordable point, and much difficulty was experienced in crossing. Here a mule and horse, captured a few days before by our party, proved of great usefulness, as we used the animals as ferry-boats. Each carried two persons across the flood at a time; then by means of a long rope, the animals were guided back for other passengers. Most of our party had thus been ferried to the left bank, when the North Carolinians and Tennesseans became embroiled in a fierce fight, bad blood between them for the past day or two having been engendered.

For a time it was a serious affair, and several were badly cut in the encounter. We had much trouble in stopping the fight and reconciling the combatants. A few days afterward they engaged in another combat, but without serious results.

The ascent of Higgins' Ridge was both tedious and painful to me, requiring five hours in its difficult accomplishment. The gigantic hill, over which we made our laborious way, was clad

in the sombre garb of the balsam—the sad and haughty monarch of those great heights. The odorous boughs of these mighty trees brushed against the clouds, while in the deep thickets, where the sunbeams can hardly penetrate, safe refuges for the mountain lion, wolf and bear are afforded.

It was from the summit of this hill that I for the first time gazed upon and across the lovely Cumberland Valley. Far below we distinctly saw the town of Greenville, the old home of Andrew Johnson, who, the previous week, had been elected Vice-President of the United States on the ticket with our sainted Lincoln. I also saw Jonesboro' away to the right, while other villages dotted the beautiful plains below.

Bull Gap, too, where a portion of the Union army was said to be encamped, and our present objective point, was within sight, but a long distance away, across the broad valley in our immediate front. With wistful eyes I looked to the bold promontory, and what longings I had to be at its base. Another day, our guides promised, would bring us to it, and in this joyous expectation I nerved myself for the final tramp.

Hastening along in gleeful mood we were suddenly thrown into a state of terror and demoralization by the sudden and totally unexpected appearance of a number of horsemen, riding furiously upon an adjoining and parallel ridge, with a view of intercepting our descent into the valley. By dint of great effort and a long and fatiguing run we succeeded in reaching the desired point, and, although a number of shots were discharged, none of our party were injured.

A weary climb and we stood upon the crest of Big Butt Mountain, from which we had a grand view of the gorgeous valley. In a few hours my torn and constantly bleeding feet would receive care and attention; in a few hours I would again be under the folds of the flag I had followed in the field since April, 1861; in a few hours my fears and trials and fatigues would be ended, and joy and peace reign in my mind.

Down the steep side of the great hill we went at accelerated pace, when all of a sudden the gravest fears took possession of our souls. A thundering reverberation which came up from the hitherto quiet valley shook the grand old hills about us, causing an instantaneous halt. What could have caused the noise? The answer came the next instant in the unmistakable report of artillery and musketry; and gazing across the plains before us the smoke arising from a battle then and there in progress was plainly visible. Our hearts sank within us, and

sadness and fear was depicted on every face. With an army across our path, and desperate bush-whackers hovering about us, how should we escape capture—perhaps death?

As the evening shades fell there was a lull—a sudden termination of the conflict. What would the morrow bring forth?

A young woman, living at the base of the great mountain, solicitous for our welfare and deeply commiserating our wretchedness and forlorn condition, volunteering to make a reconnoissance, mounted her "filly," a young horse, and with a bag of corn before her improvised saddle, a primitive concern without stirrups, rode away on the pretence of visiting a neighboring mill to have the corn ground. She returned in safety at dusk, with the discomfiting intelligence that General Gillem, the Union commander at Blue Lick Springs, had been disastrously defeated, and was precipitately falling back on the strong defences at Knoxville.

Desperately in want of food, Captains Todd and Grant, who had started with Captain Lewis and myself from Charleston, six weeks previously, went off in search of something that would afford nourishment to our weakened stomachs and give strength to our tottering frames. It was during their absence that a young mountaineer, who manifested deep concern in me, pleaded to guide me to his cave, a refuge some miles away, where safety would be assured and many comforts found. He was eloquent in depicting the manifold dangers surrounding me, and declared our party could not hope to reach our lines at Knoxville, now that a large and active force of a vigilant and desperate enemy intervened. Finally accepting his view of the situation, I reluctantly consented to accept his advice and proffered hospitality, providing my three companions in captivity could accompany us. This, he declared to be impossible, owing to the incapacity of his accommodations, sufficient, he said, for only two, and while further laboring to induce me to accept his generous invitation, we were startled by the sound of heavy hoof-beats, the firing of small arms, and the demoniac yells of a body of horsemen, rapidly advancing up the deep and wild ravine in which we thought we had immunity from danger. The bush-whackers, whom we dreaded, had discovered our hiding-place.

Thus aroused from a train of sad reflections, I sprang from the trunk of a prostrate monarch of the forest on which I had been reclining, and without taking a ceremonious leave of my friend, dashed directly up the steep mountain side, lacerating

my bare feet and legs as I ran in my headlong course, among the rocks and brush which lined my rough and darkened pathway. My boots had long since pegged out, and the semblance of a uniform which I had worn over six months, without removing, was much torn and in a sadly dilapidated condition. My legs, from knees down, were entirely exposed.

My rapid flight up the great hill was greatly accelerated by a shower of bullets which pelted the hillside. To increase my discomforts an easterly wind that pierced to the marrow, and which had prevailed for a day or two, brought a gale and a heavy rain, intermingled with hail, thoroughly saturating what little apparel remained upon my attenuated frame, down which ran copious streams of icy water. The hail-stones beat upon my unprotected head, arms and feet, while the cold was so intense that I had but little use of my hands, my feet seeming like balls, so benumbed had they become. Two weeks previously they had been frozen while crossing Grandfather Mountain, in wading through six inches of snow.

Finally attaining the summit of the mountain, only accomplished by laborious and painful effort, I fell exhausted and unconscious—nature had run its course. How long I remained in this state, I have no means of knowing, but when I at length awoke and realized that I must perish unless I could get my blood in circulation, I set to work by indulging in such exercise as I was capable of. I stamped my feet upon the cold, wet ground, and made an effort to run, stopping occasionally to rub my limbs against logs which everywhere strewed the hillside.

The night was the longest, dreariest and most terrible of any I had ever experienced, and heartily glad was I when the dawn of morning approached, although it brought little cheer. True, I could view the surrounding country for a long distance, and in other conditions might have appreciated the grotesque ridges, rocks, escarpments, undulating hillocks and meandering rivers, now flooded, but I was not on an excursion of pleasure bent, and the sights presented had but little charm for me.

The thought I had adopted from the first that I would not perish in the wilderness, but would again reach my home, often revived my sinking spirits, when, from faintness and exhaustion, I felt but little inclination for life. I must confess, however, that after making my way along the dizzy mountain-top through a field of tangled trunks which seemed interminable, at one of my compulsory stops I found myself seriously considering whether, after all, it was not preferable to die there

than renew the almost necessary superhuman effort to proceed.

Alone in that vast and inhospitable wilderness I sometimes felt that all attempt to escape was but a bitter prolongation of the agony of dissolution, but a seeming whisper in the air, "while there is life there is hope," dispelled the delusion, and I clambered on.

I gradually arrived at the growing consciousness that I was starving, yet I did not crave food until I suddenly ran across a persimmon tree, still partially bearing some of the purple-covered fruit, of which I was exceeding fond when a boy. I ate ravenously of the berries, and for a time my appetite was fully appeased. A long period had gone since I had feasted so luxuriously on this fruit.

There were thoughts and feelings and mental anguishes without number that crowded through my bewildered mind that I cannot describe, but bitter as had been my experiences in various Confederate prison-pens and on my toilsome tramp, it was not unrelieved by some of the most precious moments I had ever known.

I did not suffer for want of water, as I had some days before, because of the copious rain-fall, but I became very cold as the storm continued to rage with increased violence. There was no protection to be found, save in the poor shelter of dripping trees, and this was poor indeed. My armless blouse exposed my arms, and as I gazed upon them the flesh and blood had apparently vanished. The skin clung to the bones like wet parchment, which it resembled. A child's hand could have clasped them from wrist to shoulder. I might add by way of parenthesis, that a few days afterwards, on reaching home, I could not turn the scales at ninety pounds.

Apparently out of immediate danger, although I could hear heavy firing in the distance, convincing me a battle was in progress, I sat down to extricate a piece of stick which had been forced into the fleshy part of my heel, and while engaged in the painful operation, and contemplating my condition and the manifold dangers surrounding me, a terrible fear took possession of my soul.

It is scarcely possible to conceive what difficulties I had to surmount. Compelled to struggle with the most urgent necessities, pierced by the cold, constantly tormented by hunger, a prey to misgivings as to the success of my long tramp, uncertain at the rising of the sun, whether I should see its setting rays, and doubtful at night whether I should witness the morn-

ing's dawn, every thought seemed concentrated in the ardent desire to live.

Alone in that awful solitude, among great overtowering hills, which touched the clouds; in wretchedness and misery; without food, almost destitute of appetite, and bare-footed, my heart fast throbbing in the exciting run for life had now almost ceased to pulsate.

I had no article of value about me—no money, no knife or other weapon, no blanket, no utensil in which to cook, nothing to cook; neither did I know in which direction to turn, which course to pursue.

What had been the fate of my companions I knew not, nor had I any means of ascertaining. Daylight came at last, bringing some relief to my anxious mind. I was on the brink of despair when sounds of an approaching party were borne to my listening ears. Secreting myself I soon became convinced that they were friends, and when near enough I recognized Captain Lewis and a score of the refugees who had followed us from North Carolina.

I cannot express the gratitude I felt as I bounded like a schoolboy down the mountain's side to find the firm comrade with whom I had set out on the fateful pilgrimage. I was affectionately greeted, having been given up for lost. We hastened away, keeping along under the heavy shadows of the everlasting hills, into which we could retreat did such a step become necessary, but although we constantly heard desultory firing in the direction of the railroad, and occasionally saw affrighted farmers along Pigeon and French Broad Rivers fleeing from the invading army, we managed to escape observation, and march between twenty and thirty miles a day.

In less than a week we were safe within the Union lines at Knoxville, whose citizens we found in a high state of excitement, consequent upon the approach of Breckinridge's half-starved army.

Shall I conclude my narrative by telling you with what animation Lewis and myself rehearsed to Generals Gillem, Carter and Ammen, and a listening company of brave officers who so kindly welcomed us to that heroic town the story of our sufferings and escapes; how they cheered us by complimentary remarks upon our achievements—how thoughts of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving with the dear ones at home that night made our dreams luminous as with the smiles of angels?

No. You can imagine all this, and if you have ever been

in such perils as we had escaped, you will understand what I mean when I say that life seemed to us, in those first hours of deliverance, like a resurrection, in which we stood with crowns upon our heads, and shining pathways, leading heavenward, stretching away in reaches of splendor before our weary feet.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT REVIEW.

THE American people had no conception of the magnitude of the Union armies until "the cruel war was over," and the remnants of Grant's and Sherman's warriors—genuine veterans—passed in glorious review over the wide avenues of the National Capital forty-two years ago, the dignitaries of our land, rescued and forever safe from secession, and thousands of patriotic citizens witnessing the greatest and noblest pageant ever seen in the United States, if not in the world, and surpassing in enthusiasm and patriotic fervor any "triumph" in Rome's palmiest days—a spectacle that can never again be anticipated here. Of those who took part in the grand review, but few remain.

The glitter of a sea of steel bayonets, the constant flashing of bright sabres, the dazzling light from brass dogs of war, whose fierce barkings had been heard with terror by the enemy and with delight by the Unionists in hundreds of sanguinary engagements, and the waving of bullet-ridden and battle-torn colors, brilliantly floating in the soft breezes those lovely days in May, 1865, were most inspiring.

Was it any wonder that the greatest throng ever up to that time attracted to Washington should sit or stand for many hours, transfixed as it were, by the panoramic sight of moving masses of blue, in all the panoply of war, passing along with rhythmic motion?

Such marching, such music, such behavior on the part of those stern-featured men, had never before been seen, nor will the sublime spectacle ever again be approximated.

Boys who had followed the lead of the heroic Hooker, and toiled with him in climbing the rocky steeps at Lookout Mountain till our starry banners kissed the clouds; those who whirled down the beautiful and romantic Shenandoah Valley, under the plucky and intrepid Sheridan; those who followed the ever-true Burnside into the malarial swamps of Roanoke Island, and up Marye's blazing heights; those who followed Sherman from

Atlanta to the sea; those who swept grandly with Grant through the Wilderness, and faced death with unblanched faces at Cold Harbor, and those who pressed with exultant feet in pursuit of Lee's decimated and shattered columns after Richmond's fall—these men, bronzed and stern-visaged, marched those two never-to-be-forgotten days as mortals had never marched before, nor since, nor ever will again.

Within the short space of nine months after this, nearly one million American volunteers, the best soldiers the world ever beheld, melted away into private life—honorably discharged from the service of a Nation they had unflinchingly and faithfully served through four long and bitter years, and returned to their homes to become better citizens—this mighty task being accomplished so easily and quietly that the country scarcely realized the fact. This mighty host was absorbed with scarcely a ripple in the commercial or business world.

To-day the few remaining survivors of the greatest conflict recorded in history are surrounded by none of the pomp or circumstance of war. No shattered cannon disputes the supremacy of the flag under which they marched. No rattle of musketry or clang of sabre speaks of deadly conflict, no blast of bugle or throb of drum summons them to ensanguined fields. There is no rumble of artillery hurrying to defend an endangered battle line—no shell screaming in the air; no ghastly faces turned rearward on stretcher or litter; no gleaming surgeon's knife, no hospital floating its peculiar and sacred flag and beckoning wounded and dying to its friendly shelter.

Peace, sweet peace, made possible by the sacrifices of the stalwart men of 1861-1865, now smiles on all the land. From towns and cities shattered by shot and shell time has rubbed every scar. Into homes desolated, content long ago came, and at broken firesides, once shrouded in gloom, the angel of peace has furled her wing. Industry, commerce and all the arts of peace flourish as never before. Resentments, long and bitterly cherished, are hushed, and the embers of old exasperations and hates have died out upon the old heart.

Fires are now burning dimly at the infrequent gatherings of those who fought the battles in the war for the Union, and as they look into each other's faces, once grimed and blackened with the smoke of battle; as they receive the eager grasp of hands that more than four decades ago pledged that eternal brotherhood which true soldiers best can feel; as they recall the glorious deeds, the thrilling events, and the bitter hours they all have

seen, may the ties then formed, and renewed from time to time, bind them afresh into that glorious brotherhood born of a common danger, a common hardship and a common patriotism.

Who among them will ever forget the friendship of those cruel and never-ending days? Who among them would blot from memory a single one of those hours in which hardship and glory, and suffering and joy pressed close upon each other's heels day by day, and year after year?

SECOND COLD HARBOR.

WHILE the minds of patriotic citizens are more or less centered on the services and sacrifices of the soldiers who fought for and preserved the Union in the bitter contest of 1861-1865, is it not well for participants in that prolonged and terrible struggle to rehearse scenes in which they took part, as a means of impressing upon the present money-getting generation the nature of the contest in which more than half a million lives and two billions in treasure were given to perpetuate the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man, as well as to inculcate lessons of patriotism and wisdom for those to come after?

Nearly half a century ago many young men who were serving in the Union Army participated in one of the most fiercely contested battles of the war at Cold Harbor, Virginia—an engagement that raged with great fury for several days, in which scenes were witnessed that have no parallel in American history, and where brave and determined men grappled at each other's throats in a fierce and desperate struggle for possession of a coveted field.

I will not weary the reader by attempting to tell of the hasty and toilsome march of the Ninth New Jersey Regiment from day-break on the morning of June 3, 1864, under a scorching sun, to reinforce the weakened and imperiled line of the Army of the Potomac at that point, nor dwell on the gallant assault it made on the enemy's works, from which it was repeatedly repelled. That day Jerseymen dropped under the withering fire as grass before a scythe. It caused a halt—it was more than human nature could withstand. But with no thought of giving way, the men, with one accord, instantly and without instruction or working tools, commenced the arduous task of constructing what might serve as a cover and from which they could with some degree of confidence and safety return the shots of the desperate and vigi-

lant enemy, advantageously posted. Bayonets, knives, forks, cups, tin plates and bare hands were the only utensils available for the work in hand.

When the Confederate beheld the pile of earth thus suddenly thrown up in their front, and but a few yards away, they made repeated charges, but were as often driven back under a rain-storm of shell, canister and grape, causing terrible execution. When night came, long and earnestly wished for by both armies, and darkness enshrouded the gloomy woods, there was a practical suspension of the murderous contest, and men from both works attempted the rescue of the wounded, lying between. This task was both difficult and dangerous.

Two days after this, during which time several charges and counter-charges were made, a fearful, fever-breeding, nauseous stench filled the stagnant air from the almost numberless and corrupt bodies of the slain lying exposed between the outer works of the contending forces, separated as they were only by a few yards. Among the swollen and blackened corpses, a hideous spectacle, lay many wounded, unable to move hand or foot, whose mournful and pathetic cries as they lay on the parched earth under a consuming sun, suffering every torment from wounds, hunger and thirst, caused bitter pangs in the hearts of the living, who were powerless to aid them. It was a sickening, revolting sight to be compelled to endure the foul-smelling bodies, bloated to the dimensions of a flour barrel, but far sadder to listen to the constant and piteous appeals of the wounded and the dying, totally unable to relieve their wants and necessities, or in any way escape the contagion surrounding them.

No pen or brush can adequately portray the agonizing scenes the men of both armies were compelled for days to witness at Cold Harbor in June, 1864. The ground swarmed with great black beetles and huge ants, which held high carnival on the putrid bodies of men, who a short time before the embodiment of health and manly beauty, had been engaged in a desperate contest for supremacy. Strange to narrate, a number of the wounded who had fallen helplessly between the works girdled by death, survived until a truce was gained, but they were human wrecks, mere shadows of themselves and scarcely recognizable, so prolonged and terrible had been their privations and so intense their sufferings.

Can you, reader, imagine the agonizing torments endured by these unfortunate and helpless men who thus suffered through those long, scorching days and dreary, never-ending nights? Pic-

ture them, if you can, as they lie stretched in every conceivable position in that pestilential swamp, writhing in agony from ghastly wounds, without water to quench their consuming thirst, or food to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Hear their plaintive, heart-rending appeals, their deep and mournful groans, their prayers for mercy, relief or death, as the field about and above them is torn by hissing shot, while nerve-racking grape, canister and the ever-present bullet, constantly flying about them, added to their fears and bodily distresses.

Five terrible days passed ere relief came to the sufferers in the shape of an armistice, finally granted by the Confederate commander, during which both forces were allowed to recover the wounded and bury the dead.

But what a task! Long trenches were quickly excavated and into their depths the decomposed and unrecognizable corpses of men who a few hours previously had been so full of animation and daring were hurriedly, though tenderly and devoutly lowered—the brief time allotted for the human purpose not permitting ministerial ceremony of any nature, even had any of the so-called “fighting” chaplains the temerity to venture to the place of rude but necessary interment. It was nauseating to those who were detailed to handle the putrefying, disfigured corpses, while those to whom the duty of removing the wounded had been delegated performed their task with loving hands and bleeding hearts. In many instances maggots and other vermin swarmed among the wounds of those who had been maimed, presenting a revolting sight—one that no man, made however callous-hearted by war, would ever wish to behold.

Here let me draw a veil and present a scene painted in golden tints by a friend who recently visited the once flame-lined and gory field of Cold Harbor, where so many gallant sons of our little commonwealth gave their lives that our Government might not fade away, and where in now awful solitude he found a large cannon partially imbedded in the ground, the brazen muzzle affording a secure place for the building of nests by birds. There no more the wanton ruffle of the drums, no more the ecstasy of warlike bugles and no more the stirring challenge of the inspiring fife; there no more that spot, once thick with blood, coagulate with dead, forever gone the locking clash of arms, the shouts, the grimy wind chasing the battle flags; no more the sundering shock of flame-ringed, ireful men. Out through these trees the conquered and the conquerors long have passed; mute is the high command, and mute, long mute, the answering thrill of cheer

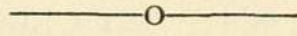
from out the trickling rill of bayonets; the charger is enveloped in the dust, and rust has claimed both foemen's steel and brass; long-faded, too, the deep, imperious tremor of huge guns, the stuttering musket volleys, the soiled smoke and all the rapid rifle ripple in this swamp.

"In the fluted throat of a cannon sweet birds have builded, and with their silken web of song, thread ever the crimson seam of hates annulled and reunited arms. Full many a time and oft, falcated moons here have risen, have bloomed to passion's prime, have waned and slept, have seen no semblance of that horrid scene, when war roared weltering in her angered hour—nor is there any token left, naught anywhere, naught save the fast thinning hosts that proudly mourn in annual grief and joy, naught but these graves, star-scattered on their grass-grown mounds, this annual dip of bright and soft memorial flowers, this memory of great deeds—this memory hovering close and warm, swallow-like, as when the storm is spent, and when across the kindling sky is flung the jeweled bridge of Peace. The circling hills alone bend in their powdering rims, let glide the misty fields in limpid flow to gather in about, like flocks and herds that come faltering and trooping adown to sunset streams. The sun along his golden balustrade descends; to the pale cheek of night the day allies her roseal lips, and upon the ear falls the least faint flutter of receding music. Cold Harbor laughs freshly and lovingly to-day, consecrated, as it is, to memorable pangs and to exalted sacrifices, cradling the storied tomb, the urn, the graven monuments and her dead."

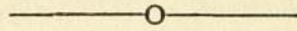
INCIDENTS IN CIVIL WAR.

THE present strenuous generation, engrossed, as it is, in unusual commercial activities, has but a feeble conception of the magnitude of the Civil War, relentlessly waged for four years. What would to-day be thought if the old Army of the Potomac, for example, against which the Confederates launched their best and strongest forces, could be resuscitated and again formed into column, as in 1864, when General Grant directed it? In its most compact marching order that magnificent army would extend from Jersey City to Baltimore, a distance of some two hundred miles. Have you, reader, any conception of what that army cost in thought—not money—to construct it; how much energy and determination; how much pru-

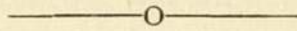
dence and forethought; how much anticipation of future wants, necessities and contingencies, or how much thought it would require from one single mind to guide its movements—where to move? when? how? or what should be done if success attended the plans of the commander? or what he should do if the enemy made an uncertain move; or how he should recover from any adverse, unforeseen circumstances?



Visitors to Washington, in these piping times of peace and money-getting, may scarcely believe that the most extensive bakery in the world was established in the extensive vaults of the present magnificent capitol in the early part of the Civil War, from the ovens of which 60,000 loaves of pure and wholesome fresh white bread were turned out daily and supplied to the soldiers encamped in and about the national capital. The great bakery was conducted so quietly that visitors to the halls of legislation would not be cognizant of the unceasing industry carried on beneath the great marble structure if attention was not called to the fact.



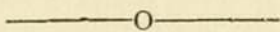
The Army of the Potomac, under the easy-going McClellan, who never had any disposition to fight the enemy, owing to his underrating the strength and ability of his own force, and over-estimating the numbers of the Confederates confronting him, really never fulfilled its mission until General Grant, whose ways General Lee did not understand, left his ever-victorious Western army and assumed control of it. Grant, with an eye single to the interests of the country, and a grim determination which ever characterized him, moved forward on that line, where, he said, if he had to fight all summer, he would remain. He kept his word and victory crowned his efforts. For the first time that splendid army, which for years had repeatedly hurled itself against Confederate earthworks only to be repulsed, had a competent master. With Grant everything was stern reality and the business at hand.



It was after the battle of Kinston, N. C., in December, 1862, and the occupancy of that town by the Ninth New Jersey, which blazed the way, when Morrison's Battery ran up and took position to shell the Confederates, precipitately retreating towards Goldsboro, that Dr. Salter, who with Surgeon Gillette, of the Ninth,

was very busily engaged in attending to the wounded, noticing the proximity of the battery to the improvised hospital, remarked: "We had better get out of this before Morrison draws the enemy's fire!" "Guess there is no danger here so long as the Ninth is in front of us," responded Surgeon Gillette, who was preparing to amputate the leg of William Brumstadder, of Company G, of Elizabeth (still living). Bang! Boom! W-h-r-r-s-s-t-t! And pieces of shell rattled about the hospital, creating consternation among the helpless men within. One of the stretcher-carriers—a member of Company G of Elizabeth—who had just brought in a bucket of water, grabbed his haversack and started out of the building, saying to the surgeon in language more forcible than polite: "I am going to the rear. You are a h—l of a doctor to put the hospital in front of a battle!" And out he went on a dead run.

One day, as Company K was on a march, an incident occurred that caused much merriment among the boys of that command. "Tom" McCormick, of Elizabeth, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the homeliest men in the Ninth, as well as being one of the most daring, having the ill-luck to stumble, gave expression to his injured feelings in language that his lieutenant could find no authority for in the tactics. "You are fined, McCormick," said the lieutenant, who never could condone any infraction of army rules. "Tom" greatly respected his officer, but being greatly provoked at the rebuke, uttered another unparliamentary expression. "I shall impose another fine," said the lieutenant. "All right, lieutenant," responded McCormick, taking a wad of bills from his pocket and handing him a one-dollar bill; "while at it, I may as well take a dollar's worth of army rige-lashun!" And he did.



Who shall describe, with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in language that shall compress a volume into a sentence, a sentence into a word, the agony of mind and body which is the hourly boon of the many thousands in the hospitals during the great war? Aged men and tender boys suffered alike. There is no discrimination in battle. One youth, the very picture of manhood's budding beauty, has lost a leg, and limps upon a crutch. Another, with bandaged breast and brow, remembers the fatal bravery which inspired him on the battle-field, and weeps involuntarily as he never wept before at the sweet thought of home and mother. The writer, in passing through a hospital after the battle

of Newbern, witnessed a touching incident—one that drew tears to his eyes and thrilled his form with a pang. Several charitable ladies were passing along a ward, dispensing ice-cream to the invalids. At the farther end lay a boy, his face pale, his eyelids drooping.

“The poor little fellow is asleep; we must not disturb him,” said one of the ladies.

“No, ma’am, I am not asleep,” he softly answered.

“My little fellow,” continued the lady, “are you fond of ice cream?”

“Yes, ma’am; I dearly love it,” he replied with a silvery voice, as his face brightened up.

“Well, help yourself to this,” saying which the angel visitor placed a saucer and spoon on the little table at his bedside.

The lad burst into tears, and the ladies became very much affected at his heartrending sobs.

“Why do you cry?” asked one of them.

“Oh, madam, if you will pull down the quilt a little you will see.”

She did so, and found that he had no arms.

Poor boy! The sympathy of silence and tears was all that could be bestowed upon his wounded spirit. The remembrance of sister and brother, of father and mother, of childish frolics and playmates loved of yore, was awakened to soothe the fancy of the brave little sufferer, and to wreath his young brow with the still tender beauty of resignation to the will of God.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

PHILADELPHIA rejoices in the citizenship of a gentleman and soldier who greatly distinguished himself in many of the battles of the war for the Union. The subject of this brief sketch has his home at 2001 Diamond Street, but his walk in life is so quiet and unostentatious that but comparatively few of the present generation, immersed as they are in strenuous commercialism, with a faint memory of the greatest conflict recorded in history, are cognizant of the brilliant services rendered by him on numerous occasions during the long and bitter struggle.

The writer has no intention in this sketch of rehearsing the valuable services performed by Brigadier-General James Stewart, Jr., through the bloody conflict of 1861-1865, but simply to relate a thrilling episode at the battle of Newbern, N. C., March 14,

1862, when two New Jerseymen, one attired in heaven's azure blue, the other wearing the gray of early morning, fought a duel to the death.

General Stewart, a captain in the famous Ninth New Jersey Volunteers, at the age of eighteen years, had won a soldier's reputation for brilliant conduct at the battle and capture of Roanoke Island a month previous, the first engagement in which New Jersey troops participated, and his men, young farmer boys from Warren County, reposing the utmost confidence in his leadership, had the greatest admiration for his skill and daring. They had seen his bright blade gleaming at the fore-front in the deadly swamp at Roanoke, and his Spartan-like example at Newbern, really the second Union victory of the war, incited them to deeds of heroism.

After the Ninth—a regiment of riflemen composed of twelve hundred superb young men from office, workshop and farm—had swung into its long double line of battle, covering a space of twelve hundred feet, directly fronting elaborate earthworks, mounting five guns, and defended by a strong force of Confederates, including Colonel Zebulon Vance's 26th North Carolina mountaineers, a command that sustained during the war a heavier loss in killed than any other in either army, Captain Stewart and his company (H) found itself deployed on the extreme left of the Union line, facing a grim Confederate redoubt, mounting two shining field pieces.

Although the writer has frequently met General Stewart during all these intervening years, now nearly half a century, he has never heard his gallant comrade and commander allude to the particular circumstance that impels this sketch. The innate modesty which has ever characterized General Stewart, as well as the sad reflection of his encounter in deadly battle with a former friend and townsman, have been sufficient to keep his lips sealed in regard to the desperate affray, brought on through no fault of his own.

Tall and of commanding mien, his stalwart form loomed along his line as he passed and repassed giving directions to his men, making him a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, occupying advantageous positions of comparative safety. His face, chiseled like that of Achilles, brightened at times by the gallant conduct of the brave farmer boys who delighted in following his lead, was again overshadowed as he saw his boyhood companions dropping at his feet in the heat of battle, melting away, as it were, like mist before the rising sun.

Captain Stewart, finally finding himself as especially marked for complimentary attention on the part of the Confederate marksmen, a well-directed bullet having passed through his high-crowned slouch hat, carrying away one of the gilt ornaments, together with a lock of his raven-colored hirsute appendage, on which he greatly prided himself, took a rifle from the death-grasp of one of the men lying at his feet, who no longer had use for the weapon, and securing some cartridges, made his way to a spot well adapted for the desperate purpose he had in view. Using his field-glasses in surveying the enemy's works, hoping thereby to locate the man who had ruined his new \$18 hat, the captain at length discovered the object of his annoyance crouching behind one of the field guns, distinctly to be seen through the embrasure. Watching a favorable opportunity, the intrepid Union officer, after carefully adjusting the sight on his rifle, and taking deliberate aim, let drive at his antagonist, who, at the moment, rifle in hand, appeared at the opening. Although an expert marksman, Captain Stewart, greatly to his mortification and disappointment, found his shot ineffective, as the next instant a curl of white smoke and the whiz of a bullet in close proximity to his left ear fully satisfied him.

Convinced he had a foeman worthy of his steel to deal with, and that heroic measures or a clever ruse must be adopted to circumvent his wily antagonist, Captain Stewart, recalling some of Davy Crockett's devices in his warfare with Indians, finally hit upon a plan that he hoped would prove successful in putting *hors du combat* the enterprising Confederate who had bored a big hole through his hat, and attempted to rob him of life and further usefulness to his country. Placing his hat on the muzzle of his loaded rifle he elevated the weapon a foot or two above where he was lying on the ground, and the next instant, deceived by the decoy, the exultant Confederate blazed away. In doing so, he exposed, as Captain Stewart had supposed he would, the upper portion of his body, and ere he could lower his still smoking rifle or withdraw from the open port-hole, an unerring ball from the patient Union captain's gun went crashing through the confident Confederate's head, thus effectually closing one of the most interesting incidents of the battle.

Captain Stewart, satisfied with the result of the encounter, and feeling he had no more to apprehend from that particular Confederate, rejoined his men, a few yards away, and after bidding them closely watch the two guns pointing dangerously in their direction, gave no further thought to the stirring incident in which he had been one of the principal actors.

An hour or so after this, however, when Captain Stewart, at the head of his command, charged the hill occupied by the enemy, and, sword in hand, leaped into the Confederate works, bristling with men and bayonets, which he quickly brushed aside, he was surprised to find that the man with whom he had had the deadly encounter, was no less a personage than the commander of the battery—Captain William C. Martin, whom he had long known at his boyhood home, as a resident of Washington, Warren County, New Jersey.

Saddened for a moment at this recognition, Captain Stewart, animated by the cheers of his men, as well as by the loud huzzas of the gallant Fifty-first Pennsylvania Regiment, under the noble and intrepid Hartranft, which closely followed the Ninth New Jersey into the works at this point, reformed his company and instantly started in pursuit of the hastily retreating foe towards the city of Newbern, two miles away, and on the morrow retraced his steps to the blood-stained field, where he gave decent sepulture to the brave but misguided Jerseyman, who, unlike the Copperheads at home, had the courage of his convictions and bravery enough to fight for a cause he had been taught to believe was right.

I might add that had not Captain Stewart stopped to view the body of the Confederate he could readily have secured a battle-flag within his reach, belonging to the "Beaufort Plow-boys," which one of his sergeants found in the grasp of the dead standard-bearer—the first Confederate ensign captured in battle by New Jersey troops, and which, after careful preservation by the state authorities, the Legislature, at my request, three years ago, ordered to be returned by the survivors of the Ninth Regiment to the patriotic governor—Glenn—of the Old North State, which was accordingly so done during the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Ninth's monument in the National Cemetery at Newbern.

General Stewart was the last colonel of the Ninth, and in the last campaign of the war commanded a division in the Twenty-third Corps, blazing the way from Newbern to Goldsboro, and for distinguished gallantry, as well as in his capture of that city, was promoted to brigadier-general. He is the only New Jersey officer of that rank now surviving.

For some years General Stewart was chief of police of Philadelphia, and I am glad to know that to-day, with no shadow of the old peril on his still handsome face, he is occupying a high position on an official board in the City of Brotherly Love, and enjoying the respect of his fellow-citizens.

BRAVE SOLDIER WHOM LINCOLN KISSED.

COLONEL CHARLES H. HOUGHTON, past commander of the Department of New Jersey, G. A. R., enjoys the singular distinction of having, when a full grown man, been affectionately kissed by President Lincoln. Colonel Houghton, at an early age, raised and organized Company L. Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery.

When General Grant, in the early spring of 1864, started overland for Richmond, and went thundering through the Wilderness to besiege the Confederate capital, he took with him the Fourteenth Regiment and other commands of heavy artillery that had had pleasant occupation for a long period in guarding the fortifications about Washington.

It is not my purpose to rehearse the valuable services rendered by Captain Houghton and his command in the arduous and deadly campaign, which lasted all through 1864, only ending April 9, 1865, by the triumph of the glorious Army of the Potomac, at Appomattox, and the surrender of General Lee and the immortal remnant of his gallant Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant, but to recite the circumstances under which the "Greatest American" bent over a lowly cot in a field hospital, filled with dead and dying braves, and impressed his eloquent lips on the cheek of the wan and pale-faced and apparently dying soldier.

For the great skill and bravery displayed by Captain Houghton in a desperate charge he made at the time of the Mine Explosion, in front of Petersburg, commonly known as the "Battle of the Crater," he was assigned by General Grant to the command of Fort Haskell, a very important and exposed position, having under his charge in the works three hundred and fifty men, including Captain Werner's Third New Jersey Light Battery, and other artillery organizations.

It was by Captain Houghton's heroic defense of Fort Haskell, early on the morning of March 25, 1865, when he administered a stunning defeat to General John B. Gordon's fierce attempt to break through General Grant's lines, that he received three ghastly wounds, one of which was produced by a shell exploding at his feet, carrying away his right leg, torn off above the knee.

Although I have frequently met Colonel Houghton at the annual reunions of the Medal of Honor Legion (of which we

are both members), I have never heard my gallant friend allude to the particular circumstance that impels this sketch.

In the unexpected and terrific onslaught which General Gordon made before daylight that ever memorable March morning, a fortnight before Appomattox became a familiar name the wide world over, Captain Houghton's bright blade, gleaming amid red glare and early morning light, and his Spartan-like example incited his men to deeds of as great heroism as were ever displayed on fields of carnage. His tall, lithe and manly form loomed everywhere along the serried Union line, illumined by the red glare of guns, both great and small, which melted the charging lines as mist before the rising sun. His face, brightened at times by the gallant conduct of his braves, many of whom had been his boyhood companions, and again overshadowed with anxiety and the fearful responsibility resting upon his young shoulders, lest Gordon's inspired followers might yet succeed in forcing their way through his weak line, thus jeopardizing the safety of the army, and again pained on seeing his devoted followers fall by his side like leaves in autumn.

Major William S. Greenough, of the Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, who was sorely wounded in front of Petersburg April 2, 1865, and carried to the hospital at City Point, nine miles in the rear, recently narrated the following intensely interesting story, being a witness of the pretty incident in the official life of our sainted President. After describing the rude frame hospital building in which he and nearly one hundred officers lay bleeding on cots, he said:

"In the first of a long row of buildings, known as the 'officers' ward,' there were on the afternoon of April 2, 1865, sixty officers of the Ninth Corps, all of whom had been wounded in the Fort Stedman fight of March 25, or in the operations on the Petersburg lines of April 1 and 2. As one entered the building from the main avenue, there lay in the first cot of the right-hand row a young officer in whom all the other occupants of the building (who were not too much engrossed with their own troubles) were deeply interested, Captain Charles H. Houghton, of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery.

"Captain Houghton had borne a highly distinguished part in the daybreak fight at Fort Stedman, and later in the morning, in the defense of Fort Haskell, received three severe wounds. Two of these wounds had been received very early in the action, but the captain had resolutely refused to leave his

command until Gordon's Confederates had all been killed, captured or driven back, Fort Stedman re-taken, and our lines re-established. His splendid bravery had been highly commended by his superior officers, and for it he was promoted by the President to the rank of brevet-major.

"When placed in the next cot to Major Houghton's, late in the afternoon of April 2, I was familiar with the story of his bravery, as were most of the men of our division, and so long as life lasts shall I be thankful for the privilege of a fortnight's study of his patience, modesty, cheerfulness and heroism. Major Houghton's age was probably about 22 or 23 years. About six feet in height and slender, with classic features, very black hair and full black eyes, he was a noble-looking soldier. He had suffered amputation of the right leg above the knee, and in consequence was extremely pale; his life, indeed, was thought to hang by a thread, and the very first inquiry in the morning and throughout the day from the occupants of the cots was 'How is Houghton? Will he pull through?'

"It happened that my injury necessitated lying on my left side, and so, separated as our cots were, by little more than an arm's length, I was privileged to watch, to study, to pity and to love this man. On the night of April 6 there came a serious crisis in Houghton's case, through a secondary hemorrhage of an artery of the amputated limb. Surgeons and nurses worked until daylight to assuage the flowing lifeblood. All in the ward were deeply interested, and there was many a sigh of relief from his companions when in the early morning word went down the line of cots that the artery had been 'taken up,' and there was yet ground for hope.

"About 9 o'clock of the following morning the door which I lay facing opened, and from the surgeon in charge of the corps hospital, Dr. McDonald, came the command 'Attention! The President of the United States.' To myself, and probably to most of us, this was unexpected, for we had not known that President Lincoln had been visiting the army.

"Raising my eyes to the doorway, I had my first sight of the President, and it was not an impressive one. His clothes were travel-stained, ill-fitting, and very dusty; his hat was an immensely exaggerated type of the 'stovepipe' variety; his neckwear was awry, and his face showed pressing need of the services of a barber. In short, his whole appearance seemed to justify the caricaturists of those days in their worst cartoons.

"Unescorted, except by the surgeon, the President, bowing

his tall form to enter the low doorway, stepped in, turned a step or two to the right, and, tenderly placing his hand on Houghton's forehead, stood for an instant looking into his face; then, bending down to the low cot, as mother would to her child, he kissed Houghton's white cheek.

"In voice so tender and so low that only my near proximity enabled me to hear, he began to talk to him, telling him how he had heard from Dr. McDonald all the story of his bravery in battle, his heroic fight for life, and quiet cheerfulness in hospital, and of the sad happening of the night.

"Poor Houghton could only reply with faint smiles and whispers that were too low to reach my ears, but Mr. Lincoln heard, and a smile came to his grave face. Turning to the surgeon, the President asked to be shown the major's wounds, especially the amputated limb. Dr. McDonald tried to dissuade him by saying the sight, especially after what had just taken place, would be too shocking. But the President insisted, turned down the light covering and took a hasty look. Straightening up with a deep groan of pain and throwing up both his long arms, he cried out, 'Oh, this awful, awful war!' Then bending again to Houghton, with tears cutting wide furrows down his dust-stained cheeks, and with great sobs shaking him, he exclaimed: 'Poor boy! Poor boy! You must live! You must!' This time the major's whispered answer, 'I intend to, sir,' was just audible. With a tender parting handshake and a 'God bless you, my boy,' the President moved to the next cot in line, and to the next, and so on down the right and back on the left side of the ward, with a warm handclasp and a simple, kind, fatherly word for each one. Then he passed out of the same door he had entered perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before.

"But for us it was a different place. We had seen there the soul of our great chief."

USES HIS FIST IN CAPTURING FLAG.

THIS book would be incomplete without a narration of a gallant action greatly distinguishing Captain Patrick DeLacy of Scranton, Pa., a sergeant of the One Hundred and Forty-third Pennsylvania Infantry, in the battles in the Wilderness in the spring of 1864. Sergeant DeLacy had shown the stuff of which he is made at the battle of Gettysburg, where, dur-

ing the three days' fighting, his regiment took a prominent and active part, and was greatly decimated in numbers. The thrilling episode I will attempt to describe took place on the afternoon of the second day of the desperate and prolonged battle in the Wilderness, where Wadsworth's Division of Hancock's Corps won immortal renown by repelling fierce charges of Longstreet's Corps, and occupying its works, which had been gallantly defended and tenaciously held.

It was after a brief respite that the survivors of the One Hundred and Forty-third Regiment, who had occupied the time at their disposal in cleaning their rifles and replenishing cartridge-boxes with ammunition taken from the bodies of the dead which surrounded them, were ordered by the "Superb" Hancock to advance and reinforce the depleted Union line at the Cross-Roads, then in imminent danger of being overpowered. The One Hundred and Forty-third, led by Company A, Sergeant DeLacy in command, the commissioned officers having been rendered *hors du combat*, dashed forward on the double-quick across an open space towards the woods on the left of the plank road, Longstreet's advancing veterans on the Brock Road being less than one hundred rods distant.

Under a terribly galling and destructive fire, a fierce storm of iron and leaden hail, the impulsive and gallant Pennsylvanians, who were dropping at every step, pushed on towards the objective point under the inspiring example and skillful leadership of Sergeant DeLacy, who never quailed at any danger, nor sought refuge in the red heat of battle. When the works had been occupied, and the blue and gray lines grimly confronted each other at a few rods' distance, a Confederate color-bearer, doubtless expecting his comrades would follow his heroic lead, leaped over the works, and waved his tattered flag of rebellion in token of defiance to the Unionists. The brave Southron's act, worthy of all praise, was enthusiastically cheered by the Confederates, who, however, seeing the utter futility of following his example, remained behind their breastwork of heavy logs.

This act of defi on the part of the bold Confederate standard-bearer had the same effect on Sergeant DeLacy that a red fabric would produce if flaunted before a bovine, and so highly enraged the Union sergeant that he instinctively sprang over the earthwork behind which his command had taken refuge, and sprinting along that narrow valley between the two lines of deadly fire, with cannon thundering to his left and to his front, amid a shower of leaden missiles, ran "into the jaws of Death,

into the mouth of hell," to punish an insolent foeman, and wrest from him a piece of woof representing a cause abhorrent to every fibre of his nature.

To the intense surprise of thousands of brave men who witnessed this unparalleled act of daring, DeLacy quickly reached the vaunting and unsuspecting Southerner, and dexterously dealing him a blow with his right fist under the jaw that would have reflected credit on the "champion pugilist of the world," the standard-bearer and his "Bonnie Flag" went down, and before the discomfited Southron regained consciousness or his comrades could intervene, DeLacy, who had seized the priceless trophy, was speeding on his return to his command, running the fiery gauntlet in safety, amid the hearty huzzas of the Union troops, to the infinite surprise and chagrin of the Confederates, who were doubtless struck with admiration at the successful performance of an act that elicited the warmest commendation on the part of DeLacy's companions, and secured for him the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest decoration for military merit ever conferred by the United States Government to its defenders.

THE GREAT RAILROAD RAID.

FEW people to-day recall the most thrilling and dramatic adventure of the Civil War, in which some twenty patriotic and self-sacrificing young Ohio soldiers engaged in the early part of 1862, when they penetrated the enemy's country several hundred miles to deal a severe blow to the Southern Confederacy. Had this remarkable enterprise, attended as it was by deadly perils, resulted in success, the disastrous battle of Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing) would not have been fought.

As it was never difficult to obtain fearless volunteers in the Union army for any undertaking, however perilous, General O. M. Mitchell, commanding the Union forces near Shelbyville, Tenn., sent orders to the colonels of the three Ohio regiments of Sill's brigade, to select a man from each company for "special and hazardous service." This done, the men chosen were secretly provided with the plain garb of every-day life, a large revolver, plenty of ammunition, and a liberal supply of Confederate notes.

The men were then quietly told to make their way to a com-

mon point in Shelbyville to meet J. J. Andrews, a noted Union scout, under whose orders they would act. On reaching the rendezvous the volunteers were bidden by their leader, a perfect stranger to the entire party, to form squads, travel east into the Cumberland mountains, then southerly to the Tennessee River, and from thence to Chattanooga, at that time a small village occupied by a strong force of Confederates, where a train would be taken for Marietta, Georgia. Despite manifold dangers and many misgivings on the part of the bold adventurers, the entire party succeeded in reaching the railroad station at Chattanooga on time, and at the hour designated all embarked for Marietta, arriving there at midnight and registering at the Tremont House, where beds were occupied for the last time in many weary and painful months.

Andrews, leader of the expedition, who scarcely closed his eyes during the night, roused his followers before daybreak, and gathering them in his room, gave the following instructions:

“When the train we are about to take stops at ‘Big Shanty,’ (now Kenesaw) for breakfast keep your places till I tell you to go. Get seats near each other in the same car and say nothing about the matter on the way up. If anything unexpected occurs look to me for the word. You and you (designating the men) will go with me on the engine; all the rest will go to the left of the train forward of where it is uncoupled, and climb on the cars in the best places you can when the order is given. If anybody interferes, shoot him, but don’t fire until it is necessary.”

Andrews, during the conference, took the precaution to keep his bedroom door locked. At length, when the train came slowly up to the station, the adventurers saw that three closed box-cars were attached immediately behind the engine, with several passenger cars in the rear. Andrews and his men purchased tickets to various points along the line of the road to prevent suspicion, as it was quite unusual for so many persons to board a train at Marietta at one time.

It was a thrilling moment when the conductor, William A. Fuller, comparatively a young man, and brave and active, as was soon after ascertained, called: “Big Shanty! Twenty minutes for breakfast!” This station had been selected for the seizure of the train because it was a stopping place for breakfast and without a telegraph office, although it was an important military post, occupied by no less than four Confederate regiments, numbering one thousand men each.

The train had scarcely stopped ere the hungry engineer, fire-

man, conductor and most of the passengers, hastened to the long, low shed which gave the station its name, on the side opposite the encampment, for breakfast. Andrews, accompanied by Engineer Knight, without turning his eyes to his anxious men, rose from his seat and went out of the car with the crowd that was pouring out to get something to eat. When they reached the locomotive and saw at a glance that it had been deserted, the two men retraced their steps to the rear of the third box-car, from the coupling of which the engineer deftly and quickly withdrew the iron pin, laying it carefully on the draw-bar.

It was at this highly-exciting moment, and only then, that the imperturbable Andrews mounted the platform of the car in which his followers were still seated, and opening the door, said in his ordinary tones: "Come, boys; it is now time to go." Can you, reader, imagine the state of mind among those brave and desperate men at this supreme moment of action? They realized the imminent dangers by which they were surrounded, the swiftly-passing moments seeming like hours. They knew the desperate work they had set out to accomplish, for which they had performed a long and fatiguing journey through the heart of the Southern Confederacy, the second act of which they were just entering upon, and that but a few seconds remained in which to accomplish a necessary part of their mission, or be slaughtered on the spot by ready soldiers. Each man keenly realized that he who failed to get within the car selected would be lost.

The instant Andrews saw his men upon the ground he quietly ordered them to get into the hindmost box-car, the door of which he had previously audaciously opened, so thoughtful was he of every necessary movement. His followers needed no urging, and although the floor of the car was breast high, and armed Confederate soldiers were doing duty within a few paces of the train, they all clambered in without molestation on the part of the soldiers, who watched their action without interest.

When Andrews saw the last man safely aboard the car, he glided swiftly forward, and Engineer Knight seeing him rapidly approaching, sprang on the engine, cut the bell-rope, and seizing the throttle-bar, stood leaning forward with tense muscles and both eyes fastened on the anxious but determined face of his leader. As the latter bounded upon the locomotive he gave a significant nod to the waiting engineer, who, quick as a flash, opened the valve that unchained the steam giant they had captured.

But, horror of horrors! For a single instant, a seeming

eternity to Andrews, the engine failed to move forward, the engineer in his wild excitement having too suddenly thrown on the full power, thus causing the wheels to slip on the rails and swiftly revolve. The engineer, however, speedily overcame the inertia, and before the staring soldiers had time to raise their muskets or raise an alarm, which they did not think it their duty to do, the rapidly revolving wheels "bit" the iron tracks and the train shot forward as if fired from a catapult.

The bold raiders, in an ecstasy of delight over their truly wonderful triumph—a moment of rapture that never returned to any of them—and with greater confidence than ever in their skillful leader, were at last on the most perilous part of their journey, with absolute faith in the successful accomplishment of their self-imposed task. The door of the box-car, in which were huddled nineteen men, instantly closed when they took possession, was never opened when nearing or passing a station.

I cannot attempt to picture, much less describe, within the limits of the space allowed me, the course of the runaway train, as it dashed along upon the well-worn light iron rails, around short curves and over covered frail wooden bridges spanning streams, nor tell of the quick pursuit and hot chase by the conductor who had been deprived of his train. Suffice it to say, the latter, securing another train which came unexpectedly into his hands, made immediate pursuit, resulting in the running down of the runaway, after a most exciting chase of many miles, almost to Chattanooga itself.

Rev. William Pittenger, a private in the Second Ohio Regiment, a member of the expedition, and after the war a Methodist clergyman stationed for some years in South Jersey, in his book, "Daring and Suffering," in describing the pursuit and movement of the runaway train, wrote:

"There was an exultant sense of superiority while moving along in the midst of our enemies in this manner, such as a man in a balloon might feel while drifting over hostile camps, or over the raging waves of the ocean. As long as all is well with his balloon the man need not care what takes place in the world below; and as long as our engine retained its power, and the track was clear before us, we were in a similar state of security. But a knife-blade thrust in the silk globe overhead, or the slightest tear in the delicate fabric will, in a second, take away the security of the man in the clouds. So the loosening of a bolt or the breaking of a wheel would leave us powerless in the midst of our deadly enemies. It was such possibilities, always so near,

that imparted thrilling interest to our passage through towns and fields and woods in the heart of the enemy's country."

While, from a combination of unlooked-for causes, not the least of which was a raging rain-storm, insuring the safety of bridges which the raiders intended to destroy by fire, the daring project failed of consummation, it was not wholly without beneficial results to our army in the southwest, owing to a diversion of the enemy's forces, then on the way to attack Grant at Shiloh. The raid, too, was worth a great deal, if it only dispelled the delusion entertained by many both north and south before the war, that "one Southern man was worth five 'Yankees!'" Andrews' bold and dashing raid shook this feeling, and caused Southerners thereafter to respect the possibilities of Northern valor.

When within nine miles of Chattanooga, the objective point of the raiders, the stolen engine, out of water and fuel, and otherwise disabled, with persistent, relentless pursuers close at hand, came to a full and final stop. It was alone in its glory, the box-cars having, one by one, been detached along the road, with the view of checking the progress of the pursuing train.

The moment of the terrible parting had arrived. The brave and gallant men who had perilled everything to serve the cause to which they were ardently devoted, and who had been in exulting raptures during the day over the success attending their efforts, had at last come to the parting of the ways. With many armed pursuers close at hand, one by one descended to the step of the still moving locomotive, swung off, and sought safety in hurried flight into the adjoining woods. The greatest railroad raid and chase ever conceived and carried out, was ended!

The entire party was soon after captured among the mountains in East Tennessee, and immediately confined in dungeons at Knoxville and Chattanooga. On the eighth of June, Andrews, the leader, was hung on Peachtree avenue, Atlanta (now a fashionable thoroughfare), the heavy chains with which he had been manacled, clanking harshly as he walked upright to the rude gallows. A vast crowd of spectators witnessed the execution, a bungling affair, the cotton rope attached to his neck stretching so much that after the drop the shackled feet rested upon the ground. When sufficient earth had been shoveled away, the soul of the brave and uncomplaining scout was liberated.

A few days afterwards occurred on the same spot, the execution of seven gallant Ohio soldiers, whose only crime was faithful service to their country. They died together, or rather

would have done so had not the ropes to which two of their number had been fastened, broken when they dropped. While five corpses dangled in the sultry air of that hot June day, the two heroic men thus precipitated to the ground, after recovering from a state of insensibility, begged for water, and when their burning thirst had been somewhat quenched, they implored for an hour's time in which to pray and make peace with their Creator. The Confederates, not wishing to prolong the agony of the spectacle, at once procured new ropes, and after adjusting the broken platform, again led the two men up the steps. Once more these brave Union soldiers faced the great expectant throng, many of whom, including Confederate soldiers, were in tears at the sad sight, and in a few minutes all was over. As no coffins had been provided, the moment life was extinct the seven bodies were cut down and closely deposited in a shallow trench previously excavated nearby.

The other members of the unfortunate expedition were confined in various prisons until late in the summer of 1863, when the United States obtained their release. They visited the White House at Washington by invitation and talked with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, and to each was given a Congressional Medal of Honor.

"GUS" HOPKINS' BATTLE FOR WATER.

FORTY-FOUR years may not be considered much of a span in the life of a Nation, and yet they are quite long enough to change the face of the world. While the Veteran Zouaves of Elizabeth were at Gettysburg last October, viewing the historic field whose precious soil was reddened by the blood of some members of the command in the long ago—a field made glorious by American valor, a field haunted by the souls of their departed comrades, hallowed by living memories, and made sacred as the spot whereon was imperishably written in words of living light another chapter in the gospel of freedom—Augustus Hopkins, a member of the command, whose soul still burns with patriotism and a love for our flag, entertained his fellow Zouave pilgrims by relating numerous incidents of the great three days' conflict, in which he took an humble though active part.

After the Zouaves had descended Cemetery Hill, and the automobiles in which they were making a tour of the field had stopped at what is known as "Spangler's Spring," which flows

as freely to-day as in those terribly hot days in July, 1863, when the life of the Nation was supremely at stake, and two hundred thousand men at that point were locked in deadly embrace, "Gus" sprang from the vehicle, and, after quenching his thirst from a gourd filled with the crystal fluid, told the following story:

"Boys," said he to the Zouaves, "to the last breath of my life I shall never cease to remember an adventure I had at this spring at midnight July 2, 1863. Our corps—the Twelfth—as you know, occupied the extreme right of our army during the last two days of the battle, and it was along Rock Creek here, after repulsing two fierce attacks of Ewell's Corps, that we had a lively and interesting time with the 'Johnnies' in preventing them from outflanking our corps, thus saving our army from defeat, if not capture.

"It was as hot as Hades, if that place is as warm as some men represent it, in these woods that second of July night. Not a breath of air was stirring—all was as still as death. With others, I was suffering intensely for the want of water; so much so, in fact, that my tongue at times cleaved to the roof of my mouth. I couldn't have expectorated had I tried, so terrible and burning was my thirst, so parched was my throat, and I determined to procure water, however dangerous and difficult the undertaking. Collecting half a dozen empty canteens belonging to the dead and dying about me, I started down the steep hill toward this spring, which I had located during the afternoon, and which I had since covetously regarded. For hours it had been my heart's desire to reach the spring.

"Within the deep shadows of the woods surrounding me everything was as dark as Erebus, and the silence of death reigned. Not a star was visible through the dense foliage above me, as I cautiously pursued my way, intently listening for any sound that might betoken the whereabouts of any wideawake 'Johnny,' and I finally succeeding in reaching the object of my fondest desire—this blessed spring of water—without discovery or molestation on the part of the exhausted and heavy-sleeping Confederates whom I knew must be in close proximity.

"After filling my canteens and myself by copious draughts of the cool and refreshing God-given beverage until I thought my skin would explode, remembering very well what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina on a certain memorable occasion, and well satisfied with the success that had attended my efforts, I started on my return to our lines, and when about half way up the long and tiresome hill, was sud-

denly set upon by a powerfully-built man, who sprang from behind a tree, and seized me with a vise-like grip at my throat, hissing, 'You're my prisoner!'

"In the life and death struggle which instantly followed, I dropped my rifle and grappled with the fellow, whom I quickly threw to the ground, and as he retained his hold I went down with him. I was no slouch in those days in a rough and tumble scratch, and after a desperate struggle in which I nearly squeezed the life out of him, I finally put him to sleep by hitting him on the head with a canteen—then deeming discretion the better part of valor, I took to my heels and was soon among my friends in the Twentieth, who rejoiced to get the water I had procured.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Wooster, a few days after learning of the matter, instead of court-martialing me for leaving camp without permission, made me a sergeant. The next afternoon Pickett made his superb charge across those deadly fields in the valley against our living wall of blue on Cemetery Hill, but all I saw or heard of it were the comparatively harmless shot and shell which came bounding over the hill from the right of Seminary Ridge, where Longstreet's Corps was posted, and on the Fourth we commenced our long chase of Lee to the left bank of the Potomac River, which General Meade gave him ample time to cross with what remained of his gallant but defeated army."

After Sergeant Hopkins had finished his interesting story, the Zouaves refreshed themselves from the famous and ever-living spring, and were rapidly whirled to their hotel in the quaint old town, reaching the hostelry just as the shades of an October night were veiling the grand old hills about the historic place.

May not the Zouaves, while bivouacing on the sunlit and ever-glorious field of Gettysburg last fall, have seen phantom charges, with long lines melding away even as the snows of winter under the genial sunshine of springtime—ghosts in blue and gray grappling at the spring and on the grassy hillsides?

May not the bivouac of the Zouaves have been attended by the spirits of their former companions in arms, who sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and who there won both peace and glory for themselves and our blessed land? May it not be possible that our dead heroes reassemble at Gettysburg and live over again those three momentous July days, when they helped to decide the fate of a continent, and hewed out through the red soil of human flesh a path that is to be followed by all mankind?

It seemed so to the Zouaves last October.

SOLDIER SAVES SHIP'S CREW.

AMONG the very gallant men who faithfully and efficiently served our country during the four years of the Civil War, was Corporal Samuel J. Dilks, who long since passed from earth to that eternal home from whence none in all the ages past and gone have ever yet returned.

The corporal, who belonged to my company, distinguished himself above his fellows on numerous occasions, but more especially did he show the stuff of which he was made when he saved an entire ship's crew from being entombed in the Atlantic Ocean during a fierce storm, in which many vessels went to Davy Jones' locker.

Dilks, born in Cape May, within sight of the everlasting waters which constantly wash the low pebbly strand near his humble habitation, whose peaceful and ever-rolling surf often lulled him to sleep, as well as awakened within him a spirit of unrest and ambition, joined Company K, Ninth New Jersey Volunteers, in October, 1861, and after passing unscathed through more than one hundred engagements, returned home at the close of the conflict to shortly after surrender his spirit to its Maker, and was tenderly laid away with those of his kin who had gone before.

Corporal Dilks, having followed a seafaring life from boyhood, was detailed at Fortress Monroe for special service on the steam transport "Pocahontas," one of the numerous craft composing the armada which rendezvoused there in January, 1862, under command of the patriotic and noble-hearted General Ambrose E. Burnside.

The "Pocahontas," a worn-out screw propeller, heavily laden with artillery horses and military supplies, had been chartered by the Government under representations of her loyal and patriotic (?) owners, blessed or cursed with elastic consciences, that the vessel came up to all the requirements of the service, and in due time the rotten old hulk, for such it proved to be, steamed out of Hampton Roads on her final voyage, as my story will show.

While lumbering down the treacherous coast the "Pocahontas" was struck by a fierce gale of wind and snow, before which it was driven with irresistible force. The night came on with Cimmerian darkness, rendering it impossible for those on board the ill-fated craft to see anything with distinctness, and despite

the combined efforts of the brave soldiers and sailors, the steamer, laboring hard, could not be kept head to the angry seas. The increasing winds blew with hurricane force, and the white waves ran mountain high, oftentimes almost burying the vessel beneath tons of water covering the deck, causing all to fear that each succeeding moment must be the last.

At times the "Pocahontas" lay almost becalmed between over-towering waves—at one moment in the deep trough of the sea, at the next far up on the dissolving crest of a mighty and treacherous billow. Competent men at the wheel, to which they were lashed, labored to keep the vessel's bow seaward, hoping it would be able to ride out the storm in safety. The hatches had long since been battened down and everything made as secure as possible. The officers, feeling the terrible responsibility resting upon them, paced the slippery deck anxiously discussing the probability of saving the ship. The men, realizing the awful dangers surrounding them, were quiet and obedient, acting throughout the long and terrible night in a manner worthy of the highest commendation.

When morning at last broke, the sight presented to the view of the distressed mariners was awe-inspiring. To their horror they beheld the low-ribbed shore but a short distance away, and to it the fated craft was swiftly sweeping on the merciless flood. The last hope fled when a huge, resistless wave fell like an avalanche upon the steamer's deck, tearing therefrom the stout oaken planks as if they had been paper. A flood of water at once found its way below, extinguishing the furnace fires.

It was in this dire extremity, as a dernier resort, that the heavy port anchor was let go with a run, in obedience to the orders of the brave-hearted captain, and as the heavy chain passed through the hawser-hole the friction was so great that a stream of fire followed in its wake. Would the anchor hold? was the anxious query of every man on board. Would it keep the now helpless steamer from the drear and uninviting shore? These were the all-absorbing questions of the imperiled crew.

The fatal moment, however, was not long in coming, as, with a frightful thump the "Pocahontas" struck broadside on, immense seas, quickly succeeding each other, sweeping completely over her. Each incoming gigantic wave played with the vessel as with a toy, raising the doomed craft to its summit, then hurling it like a chip, to the ocean's bottom, its timbers snapping and cracking with alarming distinctness, apparently ending all hope for a rescue.

While the anxiously looked-for day had come, it afforded but little encouragement to the fatigued and distressed crew, whose only instinct was self-preservation, as it soon became apparent that the vessel must be quickly abandoned. But how could this be done? The two small boats that had hung on the davits when the vessel left Fortress Monroe, were found, upon examination, to be useless, having been stove in by rough usage of the waves. Indeed, were the boats in proper condition and successfully launched, they could not live an instant in the almost cloud-reaching billows which constantly engulfed the vessel.

The crew, now without hope of reaching shore in safety, were suddenly brought to a realizing sense of the peril surrounding them, when Corporal Dilks, who had spent the night below deck caring for the affrighted and suffering horses, appeared in their midst, and, taking a view of the situation, proposed to swim ashore with a line. Those about him stood aghast at the proposition. "'Tis the only road to safety," replied Dilks to the expostulations of his companions. "No more talk, boys," he continued, "bring me a long light line, and I'll try it. I have been in scrapes like this before."

Although naturally surprised at the bold proposition, the sailors and soldiers, from what they had seen of Dilks, believed him capable of accomplishing almost anything, and some of them were put to shame when they saw this Jersey volunteer soldier divest himself of coat and shoes, fasten one end of the line around his waist, and, mounting the gunwale, await a favorable moment for making his desperate plunge into the wild and cold waters. Dilks, standing there with his long mustache floating in the wind, was a subject for a painter. "Keep your eyes on me," he said to his terror-stricken comrades, as he sprang in among the violent and angry breakers, and almost before he could again be seen the brave corporal was standing upon the misty strand, exposed to a pitiless wind, blowing strongly from the northeast, causing the hearts of the crew to beat more wildly than before, as the hour and mode of deliverance seemed at hand.

A larger-sized rope was then attached to the end of the line remaining on shipboard, and this Dilks hauled to the low, sandy and storm-swept beach. Then, with a mighty effort, a hawser was similarly drawn from the stranded ship to the shore, through the herculean efforts of the corporal. This he was able to fasten securely to an old spar he providentially discovered some little distance away, and which he managed to sink in the wet sand by excavating with his hands. When the shore end had thus been

secured, the sailors tightened the hawser on the vessel's deck, and one by one they deserted the doomed craft by means of the improvised rope bridge, all reaching terra firma in safety, although the difficult passage was far from being pleasant. Each man was subjected to fearful perils, fierce billows at times passing completely over and momentarily hiding the aerial passengers from sight. The utmost caution was observed in traversing the narrow and uncertain structure, which, moved by the breakers, vibrated with terrible unsteadiness.

Although the sailors and soldiers had thus safely reached the bleak and barren beach, they had not been able, in their enforced and hasty flight, to save any of their effects, and all they possessed, as they stood wet and shivering from the icy blasts, was upon their persons. The gale continuing with unabated violence, the situation of these men was anything but inviting. Not a sign of civilization was anywhere visible, and not a man in the sad-hearted group had any means about him by which a fire could be kindled, a necessity that was pressing upon them.

As the party, suffering intensely from the cold, was about starting from the scene of mishap and misery, an agonizing human cry was borne to it on the wings of the howling winds. The men closely scan the shore, but not a living object save some of Mother Cary's chickens, can be seen. While still pausing and wondering what the sound means, a wild, agonizing cry again pierces their ears, and looking seaward, to the still pounding vessel, all beheld in horror, the old colored female cook, standing at the ship's side, frantically waving a white apron, and shrieking with all the strength of her powerful lungs. She had been overlooked in the general flight, the men having all they could do to attend to themselves. The crew saw the futility of the woman's attempting to save herself by means of the rope-bridge, and felt that any effort they would be able to make to rescue her would be impotent.

Meantime the ship, rapidly going to pieces, continued to dash upon the angry billows, portions of it being swept to the shore. At one moment the craft would be on beam ends, but would speedily right itself. Again it was believed to have disappeared, carrying the aged cook to a watery grave, but upon its reappearance and a renewal of appeals for help, Corporal Dilks, whose heart had never quailed with fear, stood fast in his tracks, and declared he would never leave the spot until the "old gal," as he familiarly called her, was ashore in safety, or he had found his fate in the angry seas. The corporal's companions,

water-soaked, hungry and distressed, and anxious to find a haven of comfort, made every effort to dissuade him from attempting a return to the foundered vessel, declaring it was little better than self-destruction. Even were he able to reach the vessel, they argued, he would not be able to bear the woman through the waves, owing to her great weight, something more than 200 pounds.

But Corporal Dilks, to his everlasting honor be it said, paid no heed to the objections interposed by his comrades; on the contrary, the more they remonstrated against his proposed act, the more determined was his resolve to do or die, and walking deliberately out into the cold and raging surf, he seized the still swinging hawser with his left hand, then swam vigorously with his powerful right. His movements were closely watched by those on shore, and when finally they saw him reach the vessel and leap agilely over its side, and received a signal from him as he gained the slippery deck, they acknowledged the greeting, and responded with three of the heartiest cheers ever heard on that inhospitable beach.

The cook, who in her frenzy had been calling wildly for assistance, while heartily glad to see Corporal Dilks standing at her side, firmly declined to take advantage of the instruction and advice tendered by the brave soldier, insisting that the corporal, who, by the way, was of spare build, would be unable to carry her ashore, which he told her, he had come to do. Dilks, of course, thought the obdurate woman ungrateful and unappreciative, considering the sacrifice he had made in her behalf, and unwilling or not, he determined, as he had incurred personal risk in her behalf, that she should go ashore with him—one way or another.

Procuring a piece of light rope unperceived by the cook, Dilks, watching his opportunity, quickly seized her in his iron grasp, and deftly enveloping her arms, bound her to his back, and despite her quite formidable resistance, succeeded in getting her to the ship's battered side, from which he plunged into the seething waters, and almost before those on shore realized the act, they saw the corporal, with his half-unconscious burden, struggling in the angry surf, not many yards away. With a cheer, the crew rushed into the foaming billows, and seizing the almost exhausted but lion-hearted corporal, assisted him to a place of safety. The cook no sooner found herself upon terra firma than she gave vent to the great joy she felt by jumping about on the sodden and storm-swept beach, in her rhapsody

exclaiming, "Glory, glory, Hallelujah, praise the Lawd," to the no small delight of her gallant preserver and his smiling companions.

Then commenced a long, disagreeable and fatiguing tramp down the inhospitable stretch of sand to Hatteras inlet, where such vessels belonging to Burnside's fleet as had not been lost in the hurricane, had already arrived.

UNPARALLELED FEAT OF TUNNELING.

THE death recently at Washington of Colonel Thomas Elwood Rose of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, who greatly distinguished himself in the Civil War by the performance of an unparalleled feat, brings to my mind an incident that made him famous and attracted great attention throughout the country at the time—about which much has since been said and written. It was in February, 1864, shortly before General Charles A. Heckman and myself, captured in battle at Drewry's Bluff, just below the Confederate capital, were committed to the tender mercies of "Dick" Turner, the inhospitable and surly keeper of Libby Prison, in Richmond, that the country was startled by the daring escape from that closely-guarded institution of Colonel Rose, projector of the enterprise, and more than one hundred of his fellow-captives.

There has ever been a great fascination in the escape of prisoners, and considerable romantic literature furnished, from De Saintine's "Piccola" to Baron Trenck's memoirs, as well as from Dumas's "Monte Christo" to the story of Colonel Rose, whose escape from Libby prison is considered as remarkable as any ever performed.

Colonel's Rose's death, a few days ago, is a forcible reminder of what large human passions are concerned in the simple escape from durance vile, the insatiable love of freedom and liberty of action, the inherent dislike of mean and depressing conditions, the spirit of action and the hope of results which are involved to make men undergo dangers more terrible than those encountered on the battle-field, and engage in toil of the widest and most painful nature, that they may again breathe the free air of Heaven.

Can the reader imagine the manifold dangers, difficulties and mountain of labor that beset Colonel Rose and his fifteen

co-laborers as they burrowed night and day for more than two weeks under the gloomy and forbidding-looking structure, in which more than one thousand men of intrepid minds were so crowded that they were compelled to sleep spoon-fashion, head to head, and feet to feet? Having had a somewhat similar experience in tunnel operations in various prisons a little later in the same year, I can readily picture Colonel Rose and his devoted followers working with fever-like haste under the most unfavorable circumstances, amid foul and oppressive odors, in danger of suffocation, with hands bleeding and strength exhausted.

Beneath the massive brick and heavily-timbered building, whose great iron-barred cellars were often flooded by the waters of the Kanawha Canal, ever flowing on the south side, Colonel Rose and his fellow-workers began to dig for the liberty they had panted during long and dreary months. Operations were commenced in the easternmost apartment of the cellar, which soon became known as "Rat's hell," owing to the multitude of wharf rodents of immense size that had long held high revel and complete sway therein.

Before engaging in his perilous undertaking, however, Colonel Rose, in an eloquent and impassioned speech, with his miserable and dejected fellow-sufferers gathered closely about him, begged all to be true and steadfast in keeping the faith, as on the successful accomplishment of the scheme secrecy was absolutely necessary. He concluded his stirring appeal by administering a solemn obligation to all to guard well the greatest secret that could be imparted to men in their condition, whose lives, I might add, hung by a thread. All solemnly swore to be faithful to the trust so generously reposed in them.

With every plan thoroughly matured, Colonel Rose and the fifteen noble fellows he had selected for the dangerous and fatiguing duty, after procuring a stout rope to be used as a means of descending and ascending from their apartment on the first floor to the uninviting cellar below, with the aid of an old and rusty chisel surreptitiously furnished by an old darky employed in the hospital, knocked a hole in the open fire-place, removing the bricks one by one with scrupulous care. When the work of the day or night had ended, the bricks were replaced and dexterously covered with chimney soot, the better to hide all trace of having been tampered with. Colonel Rose had rightly guessed that the Confederates who made daily "rounds" of inspection would never look at the breast of the chimney, in plain view,

and they never did, although they sometimes stopped before the fire-place to toast their feet.

Colonel Rose, who had for a long time previously studied the prison and its surroundings from an iron-barred window in the east room (which I shortly afterwards occupied for a fortnight), planned to dig a tunnel from the building to a vacant wooden shed on the left bank of the canal, which although but seventy-five feet distant, yet required the performance of herculean and distressingly painful labor in the accomplishment of the self-imposed task.

Colonel Rose, first to disappear through the limited space in the chimney, by means of the improvised ladder of rope, had no sooner landed in the cellar, veiled in Stygian darkness, than he was fiercely assailed by the army of ravenous rats of immense proportions that had held undisputed possession of the death-looking place. The colonel had considerable difficulty in defending himself from the obstinate attacks of the rodents, who sprang upon his person, frequently tearing flesh from his unprotected neck and face, until those who followed succeeded in reaching his side, and taking part in the desperate struggle, aided him in driving the voracious animals away.

It was almost a superhuman task to force a passage through the heavy foundation wall with the chisel, the only means for the purpose to be had for love or money, but this task having at length been accomplished, much remained to be done if the liberty these brave men passionately sought was to be secured.

Fortunately, it was seldom, if ever, that any of the prison-guards had occasion to visit or explore the hidden depths of the dark and hideous cellar in which the colonel and his fellows were delving to secure freedom and liberty, hence the immunity felt by the diggers. The mountain of earth, removed by degrees in making this underground passage to the outer and brighter world—to liberty or death—was scattered among the filth and debris in the cellar.

The tunnel having at last been finished, Rose and his fifteen close friends, early in the evening of February 9, 1864, lowered themselves into the cellar for the last time, and passing through the narrow, damp and airless aperture, emerged from the circumscribed exit under the rickety shed on the canal bank, where, bidding each other farewell, the party separated, each following the bent of his own inclination, as had previously been agreed upon. When Aurora began to gild the following morn with bright and beautiful rays of promise, Colonel Rose was far

down the York River Railroad, congratulating himself upon the fulfillment of his cherished plans. Barred from crossing the Chickahominy bridge, at all times strongly guarded, he plunged into adjacent swamps, dodged the enemy's pickets, and after many lesser adventures, fell into the hands of three Confederate soldiers, wearing blue uniforms, whom he mistook for friends. During the afternoon, when within sight of Richmond, he managed to give the slip to his captors, but before the sun went down behind the great pine woods through which he was laboriously making his way, he was again captured, this time by a squad of cavalry that came suddenly upon him. Two hours after Colonel Rose was returned to Libby, where he remained in close confinement until July 8, when he was specially exchanged.

DESPERATE BATTLE WITH AN OPHIDIAN.

I DO not propose to write anything about the terrible sufferings endured by my comrades while confined at Andersonville, as the story is too well known to require repetition, but simply to narrate a snake story that had a fatal termination in the foul pen, ending in a bloody tragedy.

Christian Huber, of Elizabeth, was among the unfortunate members of Company G captured at Drewry's Bluff, and was a passenger on the illy-provided train which conveyed six hundred unfortunates from Richmond to Georgia.

Huber, after reaching the pen at Andersonville, made a burrow to protect himself from sunshine and storm, and congratulated himself upon possessing what he considered a comfortable habitation. Despite his constant lack of food, from which all of his more than 30,000 wretched comrades suffered alike, Huber managed to keep in comparatively cheerful spirits.

It was in the early part of August that Huber experienced great difficulty in obtaining sleep, so much so that on awaking, he told those about him that somebody or something annoyed him nightly. The fact was, Huber really suspected some of his companions with playing tricks upon him.

It was just after daybreak on the morning of August 5 that Huber suddenly awoke in great distress of mind and body to find himself within the tightly embracing folds of an immense ophidian, which had, without awaking him, encircled his body, pinioning one arm, with painful force—so great, in fact, that he

breathed only by the greatest effort. Hubert's first impulse was that some frenzied comrade, driven insane, as many of them were, by the horrors of their situation, had environed his throat with strong hands. A vise could hardly have been more effective. Upon opening his eyes Huber saw the head of a large snake poised in great agitation directly over his face, swaying to and fro in angry mood, making hideous grimaces, its long spear-shaped tongue working with lightning-like rapidity, and its glassy, basilisk eyes shining like orbs of fire.

Huber, instantly realizing his perilous situation, used his free hand in seizing his snakeship by the neck, and by an almost superhuman effort, succeeded in gaining his feet, when a desperate battle for the mastery took place. The snake, finding itself in Huber's vise-like grip, struggled fiercely, now and then in its writhings and painful contortions, putting one or more coils about his body. The struggle and Huber's calls for help instantly brought nearby comrades to his assistance, but before they could do anything to aid him, Huber and the ophidian, in their battle for supremacy, trespassed within the dreaded space known as the "dead line," whereupon a drowsy sentinel on guard on the stockade overlooking that part of the pen, with visions of an emeute before his half-opened eyes, lowered his ever-ready rifle, took quick but deliberate aim, and fired—strange as it may appear, the bullet severing the head of the serpent and passing through the heart of the prisoner, robbed him of life. Huber never again breathed.

The incident created intense excitement for a time, but was quickly forgotten, the starving men, apparently deserted by our government, having more important matters to distract their attention.

STRANGE WOUNDS ON BATTLE FIELD.

AMONG the Union volunteers who distinguished themselves in the Civil War was Edward La Fuley, living in Elizabeth, with no shadow of peril on his face, however disfigured it may have been by a remorseless bullet which crashed through his jaw, tearing away several teeth and the major portion of his tongue.

La Fuley, when the tocsin of war sounded that April morn in 1861, was a resident of New York State. Ardently desiring to serve his country in its great hour of need, although but a

mere boy, he enlisted in the Eleventh New York Battery of Artillery, which soon after became noted for its efficiency.

A mere stripling, his intelligence, attention to duty, faithfulness and extraordinary efficiency quickly won for him a place in the esteem of his officers and comrades, and he was selected as a gunner, for which important duty he soon gave remarkable evidence of capacity. La Fuley's brazen dog of war soon became a great pet with him as well as a terror to the enemy whenever its deep-toned voice sounded. La Fuley speedily became an expert shot, and on several occasions, notably at Gettysburg, did particularly fine and skilful work. From the start he greatly distinguished himself by superior marksmanship, and when any difficult shots were required, was invariably selected for the task.

The Eleventh Battery took a prominent part in the three days' fight at Gettysburg, in which the subject of my sketch received a ghastly wound from a Confederate sharpshooter in the "Devil's Den" that kept him in the hospital for long and dreary months, until tired of the doctors and medicines, and still weakened by his sufferings, he obtained consent to rejoin his command, and made his weary way back to the Army of the Potomac, which he reached in time to engage with it in the disastrous Mine Run affair, where he received a singular wound—one that came near ending his life, and deprived him of the power of articulation for several months thereafter.

La Fuley, heartily glad to be again with his comrades, and rejoicing in his restoration to the command of his gun, was in the act of drawing a fine bead on a group of horsemen, one thousand yards away, when a big, rough, leaden bullet, fired by a Confederate marksman, crashed through his beardless face, passing into one cheek and out the other, carrying away several teeth and a large portion of his tongue.

While feeling a sharp pain in his face, La Fuley experienced no other sensation, and did not fully realize the extent of his injury until a powder-begrimmed gunner at his side called attention to it, by pointing to a stream of blood pouring down his neck upon his overcoat. Opening his mouth to reply to his companion, he found himself unable to speak, and while making a laborious attempt to do so, wondering what it all meant, he emitted a number of teeth, as well as a considerable part of his tongue, which the missile had severed.

When La Fuley, now greatly troubled in mind, gazed upon the ground at his feet, and discovered his loss, he picked up the "unruly member" and carefully guarding it, ran to a field

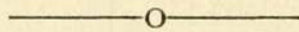
hospital in the rear, where he surprised the surgeons by his singular exhibit, and an earnest request to put it back in his mouth where it rightly belonged. Some of the surgeons quit the bloody but humane task in which they were busily engaged, on learning La Fuley's remarkable request, and made an examination of the severed and apparently still quivering piece of his tongue, together with the part remaining in his mouth. They declared it quite impossible to perform the operation—to attach the parts.

Perhaps I should explain that La Fuley, totally without power of articulation, conveyed his wishes to the surgeons by signs, a system upon which he had to rely for long months afterward. For a time the doctors were unable to fathom his desire, and it was only when he seized a needle and thread, which one of the doctors held in his fingers, and pretended to run the steel through the dismembered part, that they comprehended his idea, and before the sun went down they had successfully accomplished the difficult and hitherto unheard of task.

La Fuley, in modestly telling of the great difficulties the surgeons had in splicing the piece that had been ruthlessly torn from his mouth, said he didn't mind the operation as much as the inconveniences he afterward suffered, in not being able to speak or hold conversation with those beside him.

"You know," said he, "that I am not much of a talker at any time, but it wouldn't do for me to get excited in conversation, as my tongue, while apparently all right, is apt to lose control of itself and flop backward, as if trying to get down my throat, in which event I am speechless until I can bring the uncontrollable part back with my finger to its proper position, which I am frequently compelled to do."

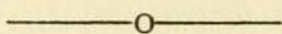
"Oh, yes," continued the gallant veteran, who still bears his sufferings and years quite well, "after my tongue healed I rejoined my battery, and remained in the service until my term of three years expired, when I returned home, the government refusing to accept my services for another period owing to my disabling wounds."



While on the subject of remarkable wounds received in battle it may not be uninteresting for me to relate that very few people ever learned just how the gallant and ever-to-be-lamented Philip Kearny received his death wound at Chantilly. It was some time after the body of the chieftain had been brought into our lines, under a flag of truce, escorted by a picked body of

Confederate cavalry, before our surgeons were able to ascertain where the deadly missile entered his body, a thorough and patient examination being necessary to unravel the mystery.

It has always been known that General Kearny, on riding into the midst of a number of Confederate soldiers on picket, just at dusk, and seeing his imminent danger, suddenly wheeled his horse and, bending low over the faithful animal's neck, dashed away, followed by a shower of bullets, the most cruel one entering the rectum, passing the length of the body, leaving but a slight abrasion on the exterior, only distinguishable by the most rigid examination of the part.



Captain Joseph Henry, of the Ninth New Jersey, was instantly killed at Roanoke Island, and yet no mark was discovered upon his uniform or person. The cannon ball which robbed him of life and a promising career of usefulness had previously severed both legs of Corporal John Lorence and one leg of Jonathan Burel, of Company K, and instantly killed Isaac V. D. Blackwell, of Company F, as well as knocking a rifle out of my hand and upsetting me in the water in which we were fighting at the moment.

HOW SAWYER AND FLYNN ESCAPED GALLOWS.

WHILE many thousands of Union soldiers (?) deserted their colors during the Civil War, and while several were sentenced to be shot for deserting their commands at critical moments, it remained for one of the "bravest of the brave," belonging to the superb First New Jersey Cavalry, to be sentenced to execution on a rude gallows for no other crime than doing his whole duty as a soldier and being an earnest and faithful defender of his flag.

Among the most exciting, thrilling and pathetic incidents in the great war was the case of Captain Henry Washington Sawyer, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, a resident of Cape May County. Captain Sawyer, grievously wounded in the terrific hand-to-hand fight on the beautiful plain at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was removed as a prisoner to the notorious Libby prison, in Richmond. On the morning of July 6, a short month after his incarceration, and

before he had fully recovered from a desperate wound in his head, Captain Sawyer and all officers of the same rank confined with him, were suddenly and peremptorily summoned to appear before the infamous "Dick" Turner, a Northern renegade who had been entrusted with the keepership of the prison. With his usual self-importance and great swagger, Turner said he had received an order from the Confederate war department to select by lot two captains to be executed immediately in retaliation for the hanging of two Confederate captains, captured within the Union lines while acting in the capacity of spies.

The captains being formed about the keeper of the prison, a slip of brown paper with the name of each written upon it and carefully folded was deposited in a dirty soap box. This part of the sad ceremony having been accomplished, Turner informed the captains that as they might consider the task of drawing the "prizes" a delicate matter, they might select whom they pleased to make the drawings—the first two names taken from the box to decide who should be executed.

Captain Sawyer, ever cool and calm, suggested, in obedience to this delicate feeling on the part of the prisonkeeper, that one of the chaplains perform the task, whereupon three clergymen, confined on an upper floor, were hastily summoned. Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Sixth Maryland (Union) Regiment, accepted the sad duty, and, amid death-like silence, the drawing for two gallant human lives commenced. The first name withdrawn from the fateful box was that of Captain Sawyer—the second, that of his friend, Captain John W. Flynn, of the Fifty-first Indiana Infantry.

The Richmond Despatch, in its account of the affair, said: "When the names were read out, Sawyer heard it with no apparent emotion, remarking that as someone had to be chosen, it might as well be himself, as he could stand it as well as any other. Flynn was very white and greatly depressed."

After hastily penning an eloquent letter to his wife, begging her to visit him, and giving minute directions how to proceed, Captain Sawyer, accompanied by Flynn, was escorted to a vermin and rat-infested dungeon far under ground, closely guarded. They had occupied the fetid place, however, but a few minutes when "Dick" Turner, apparently with fiendish delight, appeared before the dungeon door, bearing a lighted lantern, and harshly announced to the two captains that they had but two hours to live—that they would be in another world ere the clock tolled the hour of twelve.

True enough! They were shortly after manacled, placed in an old and rickety tobacco cart, to which was attached two oxen, and, strongly guarded, started down Mayo Street, toward a spot selected for the execution on the outskirts of the city.

On the way the prisoners attracted the attention of a Roman Catholic bishop passing along the street, who inquired the nature of the sad procession. When Captain Flynn, a devout Catholic, told the good bishop of the fate awaiting himself and companion and declared he had no heart to "die without the rites of his church," the latter fervently exclaimed: "This will never do," and imploring the Confederate officer in charge of the detail to move slowly, declared he would hasten to see President Davis, who, he was sure, would grant a respite. The clergyman mounted a superb horse and was away as if on the wings of the wind. Meantime the procession reached a slight eminence upon which was a single stalwart tree.

With but ten minutes intervening between the unhappy prisoners and an ignominious death, with stout hempen cords about their necks, and the cart in which they were standing upright ready to move from under their feet, hurling them into eternity, they suddenly beheld coming from the city, in which direction they had steadily kept their eyes, a courier enveloped in clouds of flying dust, and a horse covered with foam. The priest had secured a reprieve for ten days.

Upon receipt of Captain Sawyer's tender and fateful letter, Mrs. Sawyer, like a brave and true-hearted wife, hastened to lay the momentous matter before influential friends at her home, who advised her to lose no time in going to Washington, where they would aid her in appealing to President Lincoln. With several prominent men Mrs. Sawyer reached the National Capital late the following day, and proceeding to the White House, was admitted to an audience with the great man whose big heart ever went out to the sorrowing and the distressed.

Upon reading Captain Sawyer's noble letter, the President, deeply affected, with great tears swimming in his sympathetic eyes, assured Mrs. Sawyer he would do all in his power to save her husband and his companion, and concluded the interview by bidding her call on the morrow to hear what his action in the premises might be. She left the executive chamber with a sorrowing heart, but greatly lightened of its burden by the result of her interview with the great and good man.

President Lincoln's letter to Colonel W. H. Ludlow, agent for the exchange of prisoners, saved the captain's lives. He

threatened retaliation, naming General W. H. F. Lee, and another officer to be selected. The hanging never took place.

Captain Sawyer, with whom I became well acquainted after the war, and with whom I have swapped stories of life in various Southern prison pens, lived but a few years after his return from the army, carrying with him to the tomb the seeds of insidious disease contracted in the service of his country, which he long, faithfully and ardently served.

BURNING OF GOLDSBORO BRIDGE.

THE feats of valor performed by soldiers whose names are unknown to fame find no place in the bulletin that recites briefly the triumphs of the victor or fall of the vanquished chieftain. History, which is mainly a record of the achievements of men of illustrious birth or whose positions gave them rare opportunities to attain distinction, is not always just in its award. True, its pages are illumined by narratives of splendid deeds wrought by individuals that occupied humble spheres, but comparatively few of the brave acts and generous words of noble souls find a place, save in the memory of those who delight to treasure up glorious recollections. Every age produces heroes far more worthy of our regard than the titled personages whose services and crimes are cited by the historian. The War for the Union was fruitful in incidents entitled to our warmest admiration.

I can cite many incidents of unparalleled bravery of enlisted men during the contest of 1861-1865, but will content myself with narrating a story of the burning of the covered wooden railroad bridge spanning the Neuse River at Goldsboro, N. C., in December, 1862, by Privates Elias C. Winans and William Lemons, of the Ninth New Jersey, which elicited admiration from 30,000 men who witnessed the perilous act.

The expedition, in command of Major General John G. Foster (a captain of artillery in Fort Sumter when that historic pile was attacked in April, 1861), comprised some 30,000 men of the three arms of the service. This force, after a succession of battles at Southwest Creek, Kinston and Whitehall (where a Confederate iron-clad gunboat was totally consumed by fire), came within sight of the Neuse River at noon. The old wooden structure spanning that stream was defended by a corps just arrived from Lee's army, which had a day or two previously

defeated General Burnside at Fredericksburg, including an iron-clad platform car (monitor) mounting several guns. The latter was used in running up and down the railroad.

General Heckman, satisfied that the bridge could not be captured or crossed, called for volunteers from the Ninth to burn it. So many offered themselves that it became necessary to make a selection, and in another minute the colonel supplied Winans and Lemons with fuses, and bade them "God speed" on their perilous mission. Captain James Stewart, Jr., subsequently colonel of the Ninth and a brigadier general, was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers. I saw my two brave comrades depart, but had no expectation of seeing them return, neither having apparently one chance in a thousand from immunity from death. Running hastily, they succeeded in gaining the cover of the railroad bank, along which they hastened in a stooping attitude toward the bridge, a quarter of a mile away on our front. The Confederates apparently did not see them until they had almost reached the haven of their desires, when it seemed as if all the fires of hell had been launched against them. A railroad monitor, stationed near the bridge on the opposite side of the river, had in the meantime opened a terrible fire, its missiles ploughing and tearing up the ground over which the two men were now necessarily slowly wending their difficult and dangerous way. The Confederate infantrymen on the left bank of the river poured volley after volley at Green and Winans, completely ignoring the presence of our skirmishers, who now kept up an unremitting fire to divert their attention. It appeared, at times, as if neither Winans or Lemons would be able to reach the bridge, so terrible was the fusillade. On, on, they ran, amid a shower of lead and iron hail, often being enveloped in smoke and dust. Ten thousand men, foe and friends alike, saw the two brave and determined men in their every movement, and when, at last, they finally succeeded in gaining the much-coveted bridge, the Union army sent up a cheer which did more to madden the Confederates and rouse our spirits than anything I had ever witnessed in the army. It now looked very much as if the enemy would accomplish the object for which the Union commander was laboring; i. e., the destruction of the bridge, for the Confederate batteries completely riddled the structure, hoping, by this means, to deter the two Yankees from firing it "under their very nose."

When Winans and Lemon entered the bridge they became lost to our sight, and when, after anxious waiting, we failed to

see any evidence of their success, we gave them up for lost—none of us believing it possible for either of them to escape the dangers which surrounded them. I shall never forget my feelings on this occasion. Every eye was intently fixed on the southern end of the bridge. Had the two men, heretofore so miraculously preserved, been killed after reaching the object of so much solicitude? What is that? Who is that emerging from the bridge? A clear glass shows that Winans is returning, having failed to accomplish the object for which so much blood had been shed. But no. He halts, waves his old blue cap toward us, then slides down the railroad embankment, crawls through a fence, enters the wood which borders the river's right bank, gathers a quantity of leaves and dry chips and slowly but cautiously returns to the bridge—the enemy increasing their fire meantime. Placing the newly gathered "fuel where it would do the most good"—the fuses having proven worthless—(as he afterward reported) he struck a match, ignited the same, and the bridge was on fire. A minute afterward a dense column of black smoke poured out of the structure, then tongues of red flame shot out into the air ascending heavenward, and the work of two humble members of the Union army was accomplished.

Perhaps I should add that by this time several companies of the Ninth Regiment had been able to make their way to within a few yards of the bridge, where much execution was done, although the command suffered greatly from the enemy's withering fire. Hastening from the burning bridge, the two heroes speedily rejoined their comrades, being warmly welcomed with cheers—their heroism being the theme around many camp-fires in after years.

THE FLYING HORSEMAN.

A RECENT cloudburst in Kentucky, by which a small town was effaced and most of its inhabitants swept into eternity by a merciless flood, forcibly reminds me of a somewhat similar occurrence in front of Petersburg during the summer of 1864, when a citizen of Elizabeth at the present time, but then serving his country in the army, distinguished himself by an act of great daring, enabling him to save hundreds of fellow-mortals from watery graves. The act performed by my comrade in arms on this occasion should be perpetuated in bronze—should be remembered by all the generations to come.

as one of the most unselfish and heroic of the great war, and be an object lesson to all who admire gallantry and intrepidity.

It was on the afternoon of August 15, 1864, that the Eighteenth Army Corps, occupying a long line of earthworks in close proximity to the enemy, fronting Petersburg, with one flank resting on the Appomattox River, was thrown into a state of intense excitement, as well as terror, by a cloudburst, which almost instantly submerged the camps and poured down a wide and deep ravine in the rear with all the force and power of an enraged and ungovernable river.

It had been intensely hot for several days, causing great discomfort to the men, but there was nothing at midday to indicate that there would be any change in the almost stifling atmosphere. Suddenly, about 2 o'clock, a great, black, ominous-looking cloud appeared directly over Petersburg and traveled toward our line, close to the earth, with lightning-like speed. All in that section heard its awful rush and roar. The accompanying winds set up a mournful, howling shrieking as if under the influence of a powerful demon. The air was instantly filled with clouds of blinding dust and flying tents of canvas torn away from meagre fastenings. Consternation was depicted on the faces of all, owing to the horrors of the tornado.

In a moment after it appeared as if the gates above had been opened, so great was the volume of water that fell deluging the earth, swamping everything. The men from the North declared they had not before seen anything like it, and with blanched faces all sought safety in the open and on the highest ground to be conveniently reached.

The trenches and other excavations occupied by the men for safety from the enemy's missiles were so quickly inundated that many had all they could do to effect their escape, leaving haversacks, blankets, etc., behind in their wild flight. While it was dangerous on the plain, or more level part of the ground, it was at the rear, in the deep and wide ravine, where a number of regiments were encamped, that the most damage was incurred by the Union forces. Regiments, whose shelter tents were pitched upon either hillside, had an exciting time in saving their accoutrements from being washed into the bottom, down which a fearful torrent of foaming water was rushing with irresistible force to swell the usually placid Appomattox a mile or so below.

Sutlers and wagoners, together with a negro regiment or two, occupying the low land, were in desperate straits, having all they could do to escape the rushing flood without seeking to

save property. In their wild and tumultuous flight up the hillside they carried nothing with them, owing to besetting dangers. A hundred and more men, unable to evade the flood, were carried away by the torrent and drowned. Many of the bodies were never recovered. Several hundred horses, tethered in the ravine, that could not break from their fastenings, met a similar fate.

Portable houses, used by sutlers and various departments of the army, wagons, tents, furniture, barrels of whisky and meats, boxes of crackers, etc., went whirling along in the resistless flood. The new-made river was two hundred feet wide and nine or ten feet deep.

Charles H. Miller, at that time a member of the 139th New York Volunteers, but on detached service as chief head clerk of the commissary department of the Third Brigade, Third Division, 18th Army Corps, had a remarkably narrow escape from perishing in this flood. He was riding down the ravine on a spirited horse, on his way to headquarters, when he heard alarming cries and fierce shouts, and, turning, saw soldiers wildly fleeing. His first impression was that the army was retreating, but hearing no firing and seeing no movement on the part of the enemy, he halted to investigate. He stopped but an instant, however, as he beheld, perhaps half a mile away, a huge wall of water, rushing like an avalanche toward him. The breath nearly left his body when he realized the imminence of his danger, as well as that of hundreds in the ravine below him. Sinking his spurs deep into the flanks of the noble animal he bestrode, and tearing away like the wind, he yelled with all the strength of his lungs as he went dashing down that narrow-rimmed valley of the shadow of death, by this means winning the admiration of thousands and saving numerous lives. Men, resting from fatigue under shelter tents, seeing the "flying horseman," as he was called, dashing along at a furious speed, with sparks flying from the ironclad hoofs of the horse, peered out from their canvas habitations with frightened faces, as they heard the fearful and alarming cries; but above all the gallant horseman's voice shrilled in that lowland, as with spurs dripping red, foam and blood blowing from the horse's nostrils, and hatless and white, he cried as he rode on his humane errand:

"Fly! fly! Run for life! Run! run! run!"

And still on and on the apparently wild voice of my brave comrade rang down that death-coursing little valley, piercing every tent and nook with its awful message, as on he dashed with great speed along a headlong course, until the fiercely pur-

suing waters seemed about to enfold him and his faithful charger and entomb both in the vortex, when, finding his self-imposed task finished, having nearly reached the end of the camp, he deftly guided his jaded, panting animal from impending death up the steep hillside to the summit of safety.

The heroism displayed by Mr. Miller was the theme round many a campfire and bivouac.

HOW SCOTT WON FIRST MEDAL.

AMONG the multitude of gallant men who sprang to arms in 1861, at the call of the nation's Chief Magistrate, when the starry flag that had waved over Sumter's heroic garrison was stricken down, was Julian Scott, a native of Vermont, but for many years after the war a resident of Plainfield, N. J., who at the age of 15 years left school to join his country's defenders. Enlisting in the Third Vermont infantry as a drummer, his fragile form being considered too delicate to bear the burden of a heavy rifle and accompanying accoutrements, and to withstand the fatigues incident to the life of an armed soldier, Julian Scott found himself, with his regiment, encamped in the swamps on the Virginia peninsula early in the spring of 1862.

It was on the morning of April 16 that the afterward famous Vermont brigade—Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments—composed of sterling Green Mountain boys, whose fathers had fought and suffered in establishing the flag, was ordered to make an attack on a strong fortification masked in a forest near Lee's Mills, or Burnt Chimneys, on the right bank of Warwick River, a beautiful and meandering stream of no mean width or force.

When the command reached the bank of the river, under cover of an effective fire from one of our light batteries, four companies of the Third Regiment, to one of which young Scott was attached as a musician, promptly dashed into the flood, and despite a desperate resistance on the part of the thoroughly aroused enemy, hidden among trees and a thick underbrush on the opposite side, effected a crossing, not, however, without sustaining considerable loss and getting a thorough wetting. The water was breast high, and ruined, as was discovered when too late, the paper cartridges carried in leather boxes.

The companies which thus gained the point aimed at, to clear a way for the brigade that had been ordered to closely fol-

low, but which for some unexplained reason failed to do so, pluckily and impetuously assailed the Confederate position, driving the enemy from the works at the point of the bayonet, and pursued the fleeing Confederates some distance, until finding themselves unsupported and with worthless ammunition, owing to the soaking it had undergone during the crossing, and a large force of the enemy advancing upon them, the decimated force was obliged to retire. The only defense it could make in this extremity was with the bayonet, and when this fact was learned by the closely pursuing Confederates, they poured destructive volleys into the disordered ranks.

Imagine the horror of the little Vermont band on reaching the ford to find, instead of the placid stream they had waded an hour previously, a mighty and resistless flood of rushing waters, into which it was foolhardy to enter.

While the four companies, apparently left to their fate, had accomplished more than the task assigned to them, the Confederates had meantime opened the floodgates at the mills, a short distance above, thus allowing the confined waters to escape, enveloping the invaders in a dangerous trap, death or prison pen seemingly the only alternatives. Escape was impossible. A terrible situation confronted them.

Driven to absolute desperation by their inability to defend themselves for want of ammunition, and seeing no hopes of rescue, the gallant Vermonters turned to each other in dismay. Not a ray of encouragement appeared to cheer the unfortunate soldiers who thus found themselves in a perilous situation from which extrication seemed impossible. Meanwhile, in the midst of the wild excitement, many of the men leaped from the high bank into the foaming and rushing waters, hoping thereby to gain safety on the other shore, which, however, many were destined never to reach. Others sought shelter from the storm of bullets pouring upon them under the bank upon which they stood, a poor protection, as they subsequently found it. This rendered the confusion more terrible.

But it is in the midst of the most appalling dangers, however, that the character of the American soldier reveals itself, and never did one show himself greater in heroism than Drummer Julian Scott in the deplorable misfortunes which beset his command on this fatal day. What devotion and presence of mind in the midst of the imminent and manifold dangers was manifested by this intrepid youth as he boldly and fearlessly plunged into the seething flood amid a shower of leaden missiles

and struck through the disturbed current for the opposite bank, stopping when midway to rescue a wounded comrade who was shot through the neck while swimming at his side! This gallant and unselfish act, witnessed by those on either shore, elicited the heartiest cheers.

Carrying the suffering soldier to a place of comparative safety, Julian Scott, insensible of the dangers surrounding him, again made his way to the river's edge and, with no thought of the peril attending the movement, rescued another and another of his drowning fellows until those thus saved by his efforts numbered eleven.

Then, at last, faint and nearly exhausted and suffering intensely from a ghastly wound on his head, my friend and companion, against the remonstrances of those standing about him, who felt he had already done enough and was unfit to further jeopardize his life, again sprang into the raging torrent to rescue a young man bearing his name, who, desperately wounded, had finally relinquished his struggles.

This young man, not long before, had been saved from an awful and ignominious death by the personal intervention of President Lincoln. Shortly after enlisting, this Scott, in no way related to Julian, found asleep on post in camp, had been tried, convicted and sentenced to death, and a little later the Army of the Potomac was drawn up on the plain near Centerville to witness the execution of the beardless youth. The last scene in that day's exciting drama was the hurried approach of a coach and four, escorted by a small force of cavalry, enveloped in clouds of blinding dust, and the halting of the party on the ground as the command "Ready!" given by the lieutenant in charge of the firing squad, echoed over the silent field. From the dust-covered vehicle instantly emerged the tall form of Abraham Lincoln, who promptly ordered the bandage to be removed from the prisoner's eyes, the thongs which bound his hands and legs to be severed, and the young man to be liberated and restored to duty. This scene, especially as the prisoner rose from the rude wooden coffin upon which he had been sitting, complacently waiting his transfer to another and brighter world, profoundly affected the armed host collected to witness it as an object lesson. Despite the efforts of the officers, the pent-up feelings of that mighty throng gave way, and tumultuous cheers broke upon the stillness, echoing from corps to corps, making an occasion never to be forgotten by the witnesses.

This Scott, thus preserved from a disgraceful death, has

been immortalized by Janvier in his eloquent and pathetic poem, "The Sleeping Sentinel," which every young, as well as old American, should read and study. Terribly wounded, he was rescued from a watery grave by Julian Scott, amid the plaudits of the Vermont brigade, and tenderly placed on the bank among his comrades, but only to breathe his last a few moments after, not, however, without blessing the noble and self-sacrificing drummer boy, whose hand, as life ebbed away, he grasped with gratitude, his final words being "God bless the President!" who had mercifully preserved him from a dishonorable death and his aged parents from everlasting dishonor.

For the bravery displayed by Julian Scott at the catastrophe on Warwick River that April day in 1862, he was presented by Congress with the first medal of honor struck in the Civil War, a distinction he richly merited.

After life's fitful fever, Julian Scott sleeps tranquilly. The turf in the beautiful cemetery at Plainfield glimmers with a lovely emerald and its violets hold amid their bloom a holy incense in the mound covering his mortality. A more abiding honor than that of storied urn consecrates it.

EXCITING INCIDENT AT GETTYSBURG.

THE recent nauseating pose of a so-called "society woman"—one of New York's "smart set"—at an entertainment, with a hideous snake encircled about her body, neck and arms, sending cold chills along the spinal cords of the spectators, recalls to my mind a thrilling adventure Sergeant William Eckerson, for many years the efficient overseer of the poor in this city, had on the second night of the battle of Gettysburg with a deadly ophidian of the largest size on its native heath.

Sergeant Eckerson, than whom the Army of the Potomac, to which he belonged for nearly four years, never had a braver representative, was a member of the Fourth Excelsior (73d New York) Regiment. Although but a mere lad, a delicate stripling, he enlisted in that command and participated with it in all the battles in which it engaged.

I shall not here tell of the forced and fatiguing march, through clouds of stifling dust, his command made from Taneytown, in Maryland, all that terribly hot first day of July, 1863, and far into the sultry night, only halting as it rushed into the front line of the almost exhausted and disheartened Unionists on

the left of Cemetery Hill, to confront Longstreet's magnificent veterans, old-time antagonists of the Army of Northern Virginia, but merely relate an extraordinary incident that has ever been considered of thrilling interest to those familiar with the strange circumstance.

It was on the afternoon of the second day that the five regiments of the Excelsior Brigade lost 778 officers and men in killed and wounded, nearly one-half it numbered on reaching the field. As the shades of night were falling, when it was hoped there would be a cessation of the bloody work in which 200,000 of the bravest men on earth had been remorselessly engaged throughout the previous forty-eight hours, Longstreet made a desperate charge to gain possession of the hill firmly held by our thin line of blue, and succeeded in forcing it back some distance, capturing three field pieces, which had greatly annoyed the Confederates. This so enraged Colonel Brewster, commanding the brigade, that he called for volunteers to advance and retake the trophies. Sergeant Eckerson was one of these volunteers. The guns were quickly recaptured, and with them the tattered colors and a major and some fifty men of the Eighth Florida Regiment. In the fierce hand-to-hand struggle which my comrade had in attempting to wrest the Florida flag from its plucky bearer, he was knocked down with the butt-end of a rifle, shot in two places in the lower part of his body, and left for dead beside one of the big boulders deposited on the ridge in the long ago by glaciers which came down from the frozen north, only to find lodgment and disintegration in that sunny vale, familiarly known as the "Devil's Den."

Helpless and racked by incessant and excruciating pains, weakened by the loss of blood from ghastly wounds, half-famished and nearly crazed for the want of water, nothing could equal the anguish that absorbed the distressed mind of my comrade as he lay prostrate upon his back on the hard and stony ground all through that seemingly interminable night, with nerves paralyzed, unable to move hand or foot, listening, as he was compelled to do, to the dreadful groans and agonizing cries of the wounded surrounding him. Overpowered with intense pains, as well as a sense of terror, he flattered himself that sleep, if it could be obtained, would release him from the frightful recollections which crowded upon him, and all the horrors of the day again passed in review before his disordered mind. His wearied senses at last sank into repose, but often in the stillness of the night he was ruthlessly startled by the report of cannon,

which, passing across the fields and over the multitudinous hills, sounded in a peculiarly mournful and horrible manner. These unexpected sounds, repeated by the echoes of the valley, which till then had only resounded with the husbandman's call and the warbling of birds, were lengthened into dismal reverberations, and often when his harassed nerves were sinking into calm and refreshing repose, so sorely needed by him, he was roused, fearful that the bewildered line of gray, but a few rods away, was again about to advance against the shattered line of blue.

It was only when the burning rays of that July sun were disseminated over and among the grand old hills on the morning of that eventful day in which Pickett's immortals made a desperate but vain attempt to break through three Union lines of battle, that Sergeant Eckerson, greatly weakened by the ebbing of his life's blood, which all through the long night had poured from awful wounds, chilled to the very marrow by exposure to the night air, with no covering save the blue canopy above, and who had foully dreamed of never again seeing the light of another day, resuscitated by the pitiless heat, opened his weary eyes, only to be stricken almost senseless with horror, on beholding coiled upon his breast (much less capacious than at a later period of his life, when it measured something less than one hundred inches), a rattlesnake of the largest and most formidable species, whose hideous and fearful head, with open, gaping mouth, exposing threatening fangs, from which darted, with lightning rapidity, a long, forked tongue, emitting a vile, sickening odor, and two basilisk eyes, which he momentarily thought were a reflection from his own eye-balls, gleaming terribly before him. As he thus lay prostrate and helpless, he feared the pulsations of his heart, to him sounding like trip-hammers, produced by the rapid coursing of his blood, would incite the reptile to deliver the fatal blow, which he knew it was ever ready to do. A spring of cold sweat trickled down his face and covered his body. Profound horror and the fantasies of his awakening, combined with the peculiar situation in which he found himself, froze his heart, turning it into marble. He did not dare permit himself to make the slightest movement of hand or body. He dreamed of home, and the minutest incidents of his life passed in instantaneous review before his agonized mind. Frightful despair overwhelmed his very soul, and all courage fled.

In this supreme moment of intense and bitter agony, the imperilled soldier instinctively closed his eyes, utterly abandoning all hope of rescue, and mentally appealed to his Creator, to

whom alone, like all those in awful peril, he besought preservation. Who can picture his despair at this horrible discovery? Who can tell of his sense of feeling, in thus finding himself in the coils of a monster ophidian, whom the slightest movement on his part would incite to fatal action? How long my comrade thus lay I may not tell. However disposed or able, he abstained from making the slightest movement, fully aware of danger in exciting the reptile. His weakened condition no way qualified him for any kind of a contest with the monster, which could not fail to be unequal and fatal to him in its termination.

In those moments of awful agony, during which he lived a thousand years, Sergeant Eckerson, to whom all hope for rescue seemed gone, and whose nerves were strung to the utmost tension, was startled by the discharge of a rifle, a few feet away, and the sudden and altogether unlooked-for appearance of a soldier, who, happening along in that valley of the shadow of death, fortunately saw the snake coiled upon what he supposed to be the body of a dead soldier. This inference was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

The shot that thus preserved the life of Sergeant Eckerson for further usefulness to his country had been unerring—the big Minnie bullet had completely severed the head of the reptile. While the soldier, thus providentially sent to save the life of my comrade, was admiring and removing the still wriggling snake from the prostrate form of the sergeant, to whom he had given no heed, believing him to be dead, he was greatly surprised to hear him speak. Kneeling beside the sergeant, whose weak voice sounded as if from a tomb, the new-comer speedily satisfied himself that life was not extinct, and calling some soldiers who were in the vicinity gathering the dead and wounded, my comrade was placed on a stretcher, and tenderly carried to a field hospital, from which, after his wounds had been dressed, he was with others conveyed in an improvised ambulance, a farmer's wagon, to the general hospital at Baltimore, where he hovered between life and death for many long months, and at length recovering, was offered his discharge from the service, but with a grim determination to remain until the last shot was fired, he refused to return home, and was attached to the Veteran Reserve Corps, in which he did duty till late in 1865.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE AT ANDERSONVILLE.

COMPARATIVELY few veterans of the Civil War who were interested witnesses of the strangest moral, if not strictly legal execution of six of the foulest and vilest men confined within the circumscribed limits of that "hell" in Georgia, known since 1864 as Confederate "Camp Sumter," at Andersonville, concerning which, while much has been said by the unfortunate occupants of that fetid pen, but little has ever found its way into print, are living to-day.

It must not be supposed for an instant that all who wore the blue during the Civil War were either brave, noble or honest, or that all those captured in battle and otherwise, many purposely, possessed chivalric spirit, or were guided by that sympathy which the common bonds of distress and misery would naturally excite under such untoward circumstances. On the contrary, the pen at Andersonville, during June, 1864, when more than 30,000 human beings, Union prisoners of war, were huddled together within the enclosure like swine, contained many desperate characters—no less than a horde of robbers and murderers, perfectly indifferent to any code of morals or chivalry, who delighted nightly under the cover of darkness, in the fullest enjoyment of plundering and cruelly murdering unsuspecting "comrades."

While excess of misery and wretchedness debases human nature, it could be no excuse for the brutes, who, lost to every sense of honor, duty and manhood, were stained with the most revolting crimes, committed upon defenceless and unsuspecting comrades (!), and it was only when forbearance ceased to be a virtue and despair had taken possession of the souls of the bravest hearted, who only thought to save their wretched existence, owing to the constantly increasing number of heinous crimes committed by the more sordid and unreasoning prisoners, by friends to whom honor and duty had ever been unknown, that heroic measures of defence first suggested themselves, and an appeal to the Confederate prison-keeper determined upon.

This cankerous state of affairs finally ended in the formation of what became known as a "Vigilance Committee," very much on the western style of many years ago. This self-constituted organization, composed of honest men, determined to take the law into its own hands for the law's sake, and mete out swift and terrible justice to the guilty ones, in the event of a declination

of the prison commandant to interpose in behalf of law and order and the security of those committed to his care.

When the chairman of the delegation, a sergeant, early in June, formally and eloquently reported a long list of heinous crimes committed by the "bounty jumpers" and "coffee-coolers" of the Union army, whom fate had thus imprisoned, General Winder, the commandant, who never commiserated with the unfortunates, nor sought to relieve their sufferings or ameliorate their wretched and forlorn condition, gave full authority to arrest and try the murderers by court-martial, and if found guilty, hang them. This proceeding was immediately taken, and on the Fourth of July six of the ringleaders were executed on a rude scaffold within the prison enclosure, all the prisoners able to raise their eyes in the direction, and several thousand Confederate soldiers, guarding the pen, witnessing the singular as well as awful spectacle. While the immense assemblage, with deathlike stillness, was solemnly impressed by the scene of repulsive horror, and Catholic priests, noted for their goodnesses to the prisoners whom they daily visited, uttered words of Christian consolation to the six wretched culprits, standing, as it were, on the brink of eternity, with stout hempen ropes dangling about their necks, the fiends who had long terrorized the camp, indulged in hilarity, bitterly cursed their fellows, and uttered maledictions against a government they had often sworn to defend, after receiving large sums of money in the shape of "bounty" from patriotic citizens who preferred remaining at home to jeopardizing their precious forms on the battle-field, and who were entirely willing that any one else should take the chances, no matter how disreputable in character or cowardly in spirit.

These wretches had steeled their hearts against every virtue, committed every crime in the calendar, and now, in their last moments in a world that had been entirely too good for them, they reviled everybody and everything about them. After they had been launched into an unknown world and their inanimate bodies had become stiff and cold, the camp of misery seemed relieved of an appalling incubus, and was all the brighter and happier despite surrounding gloom and wretchedness, for the vindication of law and justice, and the expiation of foul wrongs committed on the innocent and unwary by the execution of the lawless. The retribution which thus overtook these criminals ended the murderous raids that had been so dreadful and frequent.

And now the "Georgia Daughters of the Southern Confederacy," apparently having no worthier object of esteem, are

about to erect in a prominent spot at Andersonville a shaft to the memory of the infamous Henry Wirz, a native of Switzerland, keeper of the pen, who for his inhuman cruelties to the helpless unfortunates committed to his tender mercies, was tried by the United States Government, found guilty, and hung, in expiation of his numerous offences against common decency and the rules of civilized warfare. It is lamentable that Georgia women can find none among those who bravely served that commonwealth on fields of battle more worthy of such a tribute. *Ne vile fano.*

SAD FATE OF JERSEY SOLDIERS.

MANY soldiers were unhappy witnesses of one of the most appalling and mournful spectacles of the Civil War when thirty-three officers and enlisted men belonging to Companies A, B, C and L, of the Twenty-seventh New Jersey Volunteers, out of a total of fifty on board a flat-boat, while crossing the Cumberland River, in Kentucky, May 6, 1863, were drowned in the unruly flood by the upsetting of the unwieldy craft, in which they were transporting themselves across the swift-flowing stream.

Sergeant Isaac S. Connett, who belonged to Company F of the Twenty-seventh, and was a spectator of the awful catastrophe, in narrating the story of the sad affair to the Veteran Zouaves the other evening, said:

“Our regiment, with three others and a battery of light artillery, after a raid in the latter part of April, 1863, and a pretty stiff fight at Monticello, Kentucky, on our return, reached Stigold’s Ferry, on the Cumberland River, where we expected to find small boats in which to cross the river, but instead discovered two large, open flat-boats, whose only means of propulsion were by means of heavy rope cables, attached to trees and stretched from shore to shore, worked hand over hand by human power.

“The Second Tennessee and 104th Ohio Regiments, a portion of the battery and eight companies of the Twenty-seventh, had successfully effected a crossing in the two boats, when the remainder of the artillery embarked in the larger flat, and three companies of our regiment, in the smaller boat, started to cross. All were in joyous spirits, as the term for which we had enlisted was on the eve of expiration, and our hearts rejoiced at the early

prospect of reaching home. We had been kept busy since joining Burnside's Ninth Corps, just previous to his attack on Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and after chasing Longstreet from Suffolk, accompanied Burnside to Kentucky, to clear that country of infesting bands of guerrillas.

"Most of those who had already crossed the river and lined the high bank to witness the movements of the two boats were giving exuberance to their feelings by indulging in patriotic songs, little dreaming of the terrible calamity that was so soon to overtake the voyagers, throw the entire command into a state of the wildest excitement, and fill all hearts with the deepest sorrow.

"Perhaps I ought to explain that the flatboats were pulled across the stream, which had a current of six miles an hour, by four men, standing in the bow of each craft, who in its manipulation passed one hand over another on the rope. They had been cautioned not to loosen the grasp of one hand until the other had firmly grasped the cable.

"When the flat containing the fifty men of our regiment had reached the middle of the river, the men who manned the cable suddenly and unaccountably released their hold, and the lumbering craft swinging instantly around, with its broadside to the rapid current, drifted swiftly down the stream toward the larger and lower boat in which the artillery had taken passage.

"When those of us on shore realized the situation of our comrades in the ungovernable boat as extremely perilous, all gaiety was instinctively hushed, and brave men held their breath lest the dangers of the imperilled be increased. Had the men in charge of the rope maintained their composure and raised the lower rope over their heads, enabling the craft to drift underneath, danger might have been averted, but many of the men became instantly excited, and as the flat neared the lower rope, they leaped up and attempted to seize it, hoping thereby to stay the progress of their craft.

"This sudden movement caused the boat to careen, fill with water and precipitate the passengers into the flood. It was a moment fraught with the utmost peril, and the scene that followed beggars description. I never before, nor since, saw such an exciting, painful and heart-rending spectacle, nor heard wilder, more agonizing cries, nor may I ever again have my soul wrenched by the sight of such a horror. The wild shrieks on land, as well as in the engulfing waters, which at this instant arose, still ring in my ears. Strong, brave-hearted men, inured

to dangers, wrung their hands in passionate grief as they stood helplessly by and saw their comrades, one after another, disappear under the cruel waters, utterly unable to render the slightest assistance.

"The men, struggling in the stream, heavily laden with accoutrements, overcoats and blankets, were unable to swim, even though they understood the natatory art, while their perils were increased by many in their wild efforts to escape a watery grave, instinctively grasping their comrades for support, thus carrying down supporters and supported.

"Those of us on shore who were compelled to behold the sad and sickening scene, were utterly powerless to render aid to our drowning companions. No means were at hand to reach any who were struggling fiercely in the waters, which finally entombed thirty-three out of the fifty gallant fellows who had embarked. Nineteen of those who thus miserably perished, belonging to Company L, were from Morris County. Among those who that day in that manner laid their lives upon their country's altar, were Captain John T. Alexander of Company B, and his first sergeant, Albert D. Wiggons, of Morris County.

"It was only after the waters had closed over the mortality of my comrades and resumed their wonted calmness, that with sorrowful and meditative hearts, late that beautiful afternoon in May, we took up our line of march for camp at Somerset. Some few of the bodies were subsequently recovered, but most of them never found an earthly resting place, their bodies finally being buried in the depths of unknown seas.

"My brave companions thus died, not as they could have wished, in the red heat of battle, but none the less they sacrificed themselves for the Nation's cause and left a martyr's heritage to all who love our starry banner and cherish the priceless institutions bequeathed by our forefathers, and preserved by the valor of the volunteer army of 1861-1865.

"To-day, boys, the sun shines clear in the woods, hills and rivers of old Kentucky, where I, with a thousand other Jersey-men, during the war, passed pleasant as well as saddened days, and the beautiful blue-grass region, through which the Zouaves toured in 1890, en route to New Orleans, now a scene of peace and plenty, is as lovely as ever, few, if any, of the industrious and quiet denizens of the charming valley having recollection of the appalling horror myself and thousands of comrades witnessed there in those troublous times nearly half a century ago."

GALLANT UNION SCOUT.

CAPTAIN EDWARD S. E. NEWBURY, residing in Elizabeth, although born in North Carolina, served in the Third New Jersey Volunteers during the Civil War, and distinguished himself on many occasions. Appointed a scout by General Philip Kearny, Newbury had his first thrilling adventure on the night of November 4, 1861, when, accompanied by Corporal Thomas P. Edwards, of his company, he left the monotonous camp of the Jersey brigade near Alexandria, and keeping well within the deep shadows of the woods, reached the house of D. Fitzhugh, a wealthy planter, who, with his numerous family, a day or two previously, had deserted the homestead in the hope of seeking safety elsewhere. Learning from an aged negress who was nursing her son, in the last stages of consumption, in a nearby cabin, that Mas'r Fitzhugh and some gentlemen would arrive shortly, the two scouts, in great glee at the information, secreted themselves in the garden, behind a heavy row of boxwood, taking with them from the mansion a feather bed, some handsome woollen blankets, a small tin cup and a few trinkets as souvenirs. Wrapping themselves with the heavy and comfortable bed clothes, the intrepid scouts slept serenely until midnight, when their quick ears detected the sound of heavy hoof beats over the frozen road leading from the highway to the house, before which five men dismounted. Leaving one of their number to care for the animals, the others entered the mansion and kindled a fire in the large open fireplace, the reflection of the blaze illumining the large apartment in which they gathered.

Newbury and Edwards, feeling they could gain more information and be in a better position for defense by occupying the kitchen, constructed of logs, cautiously made their way thither, but the movement was evidently noticed by the man who had been left to care for the horses. Edwards, revolver in hand, stationed himself at the front door of the kitchen, Newbury taking post at the rear door. By a somewhat dim reflection of the light from the house, Edwards, a moment after, saw a man approaching his post, and quietly gave a signal of danger to Newbury. In another moment the fellow appeared at the door and peered anxiously within. Edwards could have dropped him in his tracks, but as the object of the scouts was to procure intelligence that would be of value to General Kearny, he refrained,

great as was the temptation, from taking the desperate initiative and robbing the inquisitive southerner of life. But Edwards, the next instant, paid dearly for his forbearance, as the man who thus boldly confronted him discharged his weapon point blank at his breast and fled, sounding an alarm, which brought his four companions from the house on a run. The ball from the Confederate's pistol entered Edwards' arm above the elbow, coming out six inches above, and then, strange as it may seem, again entered his body by way of the back, and found a lodgment against the spinal column, thus causing a double wound, and of the most serious and painful nature, as it afterwards developed to the grief of both scouts.

Although desperately injured, Edwards, believing his capture imminent, rushed from the kitchen and disappeared in the Stygian darkness, leaving Newbury to whatever fate might be in store for him. The alarm thus created, as I have stated, brought the four men from the mansion, and as they successively emerged therefrom, Newbury opened fire from carbine and revolver, winging one of the fugitives, who insisted that the house was filled with Yankees. Mounting in great haste, the five men galloped rapidly away.

Fearing the Confederates would speedily return with increased numbers, Newbury evacuated the kitchen, and made his way to the gate opening into the highway, where he took position and lay in wait for the return of the discomfited party, should it have the temerity to again venture on the premises, determined to have another shot or two. While thus situated and almost paralyzed with the cold and a disagreeable rain, just set in, Newbury heard a sound as if some one was attempting to climb a fence, a few yards away. His first impulse was that the noise was made by the man he had wounded, so he lowered his rifle and advanced in that direction. Hearing a deep groan, and now suspicing that it might be Edwards, Newbury called his name, and found indeed that it was none other.

It was only at this point that Newbury's real and manifold troubles commenced. He was eight or ten miles from the Union lines, surrounded by active enemies, with a helpless, perhaps dying comrade, depending upon him, and in absolute darkness, with a driving storm of rain, and a biting wind from the north. His brave heart almost failed at the prospect before him—the situation being anything but inviting. By dint of almost superhuman effort, Newbury finally succeeded in getting Edwards over the fence, which he had vainly endeavored to climb,

and partially by carrying, lugging and dragging the inanimate and blood-covered form of his companion, managed to gain the depths of a corn-field, where he left him to seek water which Edwards constantly craved to quench his insatiable and consuming thirst, so great was the fever with which he was afflicted. Unfortunately, Newbury had left his canteen in the garden where he had slept, and was therefore without any vessel in which to carry water from Accotinck Creek, a quarter of a mile away, save the small tin cup which Edwards had picked up in Fitzhugh's house and put in his haversack to keep as a souvenir of his visit.

When, at length, daybreak came, Newbury, fairly exhausted by anxiety and his numerous trips through the corn-field to procure water for his stricken companion, almost despaired of continuing the journey unless he left Edwards behind, but after a brief rest while Edwards dosed, and ascertaining his location, he resumed his laborious and painful journey in the direction of camp, miles and miles away, with imminent and deadly perils intervening.

Edwards, whose legs had become paralyzed, rendering him absolutely helpless, continued to suffer intense agony. His shattered and constantly bleeding arm, over which he had no control, hung limp over Newbury's shoulder, which greatly added to his task in supporting his burden over the rough and uneven ground. At times Newbury was strongly tempted to abandon his rifle and cartridges, but feeling that two lives might depend on that protection, he as often relinquished the idea, and great and inconvenient as was his double burden, struggled on and on, determined, if necessary, to die in defence of his suffering companion, who, most of the time, was unconscious of the herculean efforts of the brave and gallant Union Carolinian to save his life, even at the risk of his own. No greater sacrifice can a man make than to offer his life for a helpless comrade or for his country.

When Newbury, through a cold rain-storm and angry winds from the frozen north, finally reached Accotinck Creek, too deep to ford, he saw no way of crossing the stream, and his strength and heroic courage almost deserted him as he sadly contemplated the obstruction yawning before him. He knew of a bridge, several miles away, strongly guarded, and he also knew of an apology for a bridge improvised by nature in the shape of a monarch of the Virginia forest, prostrated by time and age. Concluding that this alone would enable him to cross the flow-

ing stream, Newbury again shouldered his burden and laboriously made his way thereto. The passage was made in safety, and Newbury was congratulating himself upon its accomplishment, when, in descending the trunk, somewhat elevated from the wet ground, he missed his precarious footing, and fell in the mud, carrying Edwards with him. A fearful and heart-rending cry of pain from the sufferer awoke echoes in the deep surrounding woods, which resounded with alarming distinctness far and wide. To stifle Edwards' terrible moans of agony, Newbury was compelled to gag him for a time.

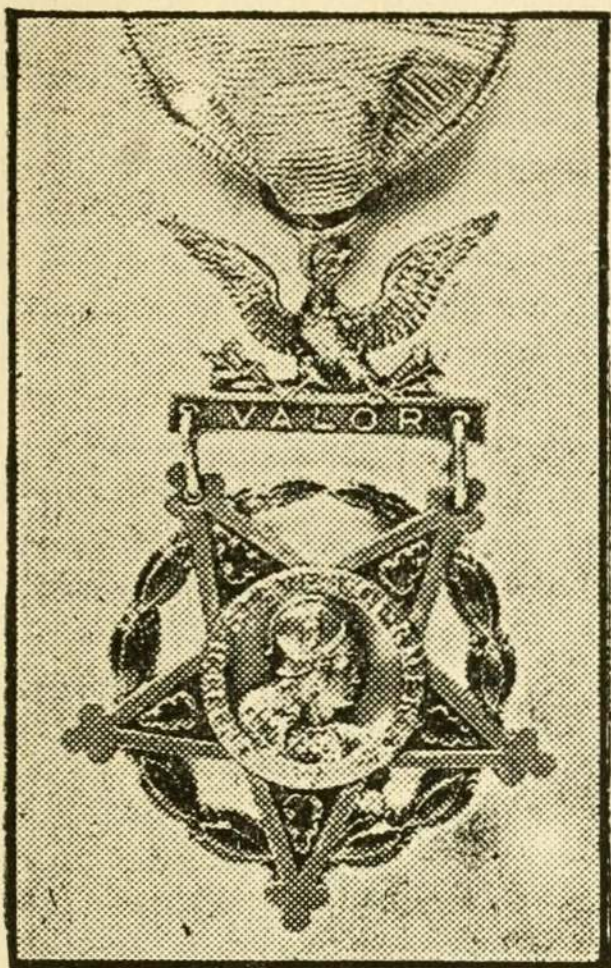
All through that long and fearful day, with a fierce cold wind piercing the marrow of his bones, with his apparel thoroughly saturated with the constantly descending rain, the gallant Newbury toiled on and on towards the haven of rest and security. Weak, worn and faint from the great efforts he had put forth for more than sixteen hours, our hero, at seven o'clock in the evening of that dark and dreary November day, wearily reached a Union piquet post, falling prostrate through exhaustion, with his still unconscious burden, as Union soldiers hastened to his assistance, ministered to his necessities, and conveyed him and his suffering comrade to the hospital.

A month later Newbury cleverly captured a private named Johnson, belonging to the Lincoln Cavalry of New York, while attempting to enter the Confederate lines as a deserter. Johnson was shortly after executed for his crime in the presence of the Union army near Alexandria.

NEW JERSEY'S MEDAL WINNERS.

MORE than one million men have sought for, and less than two thousand men have secured, the most coveted prize offered by this country to the soldier and sailor—the Congressional Medal of Honor. But twenty-seven of this number belonged to New Jersey commands—ten having membership in the First New Jersey cavalry, which appears to have been particularly fortunate in this respect. Not even a President of the United States, as Commander in Chief, nor the Admiral of the Navy can win it, however brave they might be.

The Medal of Honor is the highest decoration for personal valor awarded to soldiers and sailors of the United States. It is



to Americans what the Iron Cross of Germany, the Victoria Cross of England, or the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France are to those countries (but much harder to win), the reward of the highest and most self-sacrificing heroism. Every wearer of it is supposed to be a hero whose personal deeds in battle, by sea or land, have been so conspicuous as to merit the approval of the War Department and of the President of the United States, upon those who staked their all for the salvation of the country, but it is known medals have been issued to some who never had a sound claim for the prize. This is shown, for instance, in the award of medals to four

members of the Twenty-seventh New Jersey Infantry—a nine months' regiment—for simply "offering their services to the Government after the expiration of their term of service." If they were entitled to the honor, certainly hundreds of thousands of other men who re-enlisted after much longer and trying terms of service were justly entitled to the distinction.

The greatest honor which the Government can bestow upon its soldiers and sailors and which carries no pension or other emolument with it, was conferred for conspicuous gallantry during the Civil War by an act of Congress, passed March 3, 1863. Recommendation for this decoration is referred to a special board of regular army officers at Washington, appointed by the Secretary of War, and approved by the President, for the purpose of examining the official reports. These are judged by a standard of extraordinary merit, and incontestable proof of the nature of the service rendered is exacted. The medal is not granted on the application of the person interested, nor upon the recommendation and testimony of his comrades. To obtain the medal a man must have a splendid record as well as a particular incident of conspicuous bravery.

As far back as 1782 General Washington established the honorary badge of military merit as a reward for men who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. Since then the reward system has assumed different forms. The brevet system, which was the most popular form, was started in 1776, and yet at the commencement of the War of 1812 not a single army officer held a brevet. The system, however, was wonderfully developed in the Mexican War, and during and after the Civil War brevets were handed out promiscuously. They could be had for the asking.

Thousands who fell in the Civil War gloriously earned the Medal of Honor, but Congress, cruel though it may seem, recognizes only the heroes who lived. In New Jersey time has thinned the ranks of the veterans of the Civil War, and now those who, by deeds of valor and merit, received the Medal of Honor for services rendered the United States, are few and far between. So far as I am able to ascertain, but four Jerseymen holders of the medal are now living.

The following is a complete list of New Jersey soldiers who received the medal, with official record attached:

Sergeant John P. Beech, Company B, Fourth New Jersey Infantry, Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Voluntarily worked gun of battery that had been deserted.

Lieutenant William Brant, Company B, First New Jersey Veteran Battalion, Petersburg, April 3, 1865. Found flag of Forty-sixth North Carolina Regiment on picket line.

Sergeant Samuel T. Clancy, Company C, First New Jersey Cavalry, Vaughn Road, Va., October 1, 1864. Shot and killed Confederate General Dunovant during a charge, thus confusing enemy and greatly aiding in repulse.

Private Richard Conner, Company F, Sixth New Jersey Infantry, Bull Run, Va., August 30, 1862. The flag of the Sixth Regiment having been abandoned during a retreat, Conner voluntarily returned with a single companion under a heavy fire and secured and brought off the colors, his comrade being killed.

Sergeant Major Amos J. Cummings, Twenty-sixth New Jersey Infantry, Salem Heights, Va., May 4, 1863. Rendered great assistance in the heat of the action in rescuing a part of one of the field batteries from an extremely dangerous and exposed position.

Captain J. Madison Drake, Ninth New Jersey Infantry. Gallant and distinguished services in the field, 1861-1865. First to enter Confederate works at the battle of Newbern, N. C.,

March 14, 1862. Commanded advance of Army of the James in its attack on Drewry's Bluff, Va., May, 1861.

First Sergeant Edmund English, Company C, Second New Jersey Infantry, Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. During a rout, and while under orders to retreat, seized the colors, rallied the men and drove the enemy back.

Private Frank Fesq, Company A, Fortieth New Jersey Infantry, Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. Captured flag of Eighteenth North Carolina Infantry.

Corporal William B. Hooper, Company L, First New Jersey Cavalry, Chamberlain's Creek, Va., March 31, 1865. With the assistance of comrade, headed off the advance of the enemy, shooting two of his color-bearers; also posted himself between the enemy and the led horses of his own command, thus saving the herd from capture.

Private Charles F. Hopkins, Company I, First New Jersey Infantry, Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862. Voluntarily carried a wounded comrade (the late Quartermaster-General R. A. Donnelly) under a heavy fire to a place of safety; though twice wounded in the act, he continued in action until again severely wounded.

Private Lewis Locke, Company A, First New Jersey Cavalry, Paine's Cross Roads, Va., April 5, 1865. Captured Confederate flag.

Drummer William Megee, Company G, Thirty-third New Jersey Infantry, Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 5, 1864. Among first to capture two guns.

Sergeant William Porter, Company H, First New Jersey Cavalry, Nashville, Tenn., December 15-16, 1864. Among the first to check the enemy's countercharge.

Sergeant John C. Sagelhurst, Company C, First New Jersey Cavalry, Hatcher's Run, Va., February 6, 1865. Under a heavy fire from the enemy carried off the field a commissioned officer who was severely wounded, and also led a charge on enemy's rifle pits. (This medal was issued January 31, 1906.)

Colonel William J. Sewell, Fifth New Jersey Infantry, Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Assuming command of brigade, he rallied around his colors a mass of men from other regiments and fought these troops with great brilliancy through several hours of desperate conflict, remaining in command though wounded and inspiring them by his presence and the gallantry of his personal example.

Sergeant David Southard, Company C, First New Jersey

Cavalry, Sailors' Creek, Va., April 6, 1865. Capture of flag, and first man over in enemy's works.

First Sergeant George W. Stewart, Company E, First New Jersey Cavalry, Paine's Cross Roads, April 5, 1865. Capture of flag.

Private Christian Sterile, Company L, First New Jersey Cavalry, Paine's Cross Roads, Va., April 5, 1865. Capture of flag.

Captain Forester L. Taylor, Company H, Twenty-third New Jersey Infantry, Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. At great risk, voluntarily saved the lives of, and brought from battle-field, two wounded comrades.

Sergeant Charles Titus, Company H, First New Jersey Cavalry, Sailors' Creek, Va., April 6, 1865. Was among the first to check the enemy's countercharge.

Lieutenant John J. Toffey, Company G, Thirty-third New Jersey Infantry. Although excused from duty on account of sickness, he went to the front in command of a storming party and with conspicuous gallantry participated in the assault on Missionary Ridge.

Sergeant Aaron B. Tomkins, Company G, First New Jersey Cavalry, Sailors' Creek, Va., April 6, 1865. Charged into enemy's ranks and captured flag, having horse shot under him, and his cheeks and shoulder cut with a sabre.

Sergeant Charles E. Wilson, Company A, First New Jersey Cavalry, Sailors' Creek, Va., April 6, 1865. Charged the enemy's works, colors in hand, and had two horses shot under him.

Sergeant John Wilson, Company L, First New Jersey Cavalry, Chamberlain's Creek, Va., March 31, 1865. With the assistance of one comrade headed off the advance of the enemy, shooting two of his color-bearers, and kept between the enemy and the led horses of his company, thus saving the herd from capture.

TRICKED BY SHARPSHOOTER.

OF the many brave and noble-hearted young men in the army during the Civil War none were more daring or faithful in the execution of dangerous duty than Dennis McDonald, of Company K, Third New Jersey Volunteers, still living at his home in Elizabeth. McDonald was but 18 years of age when he responded to the call of his adopted country for volunteers to defend the flag he loved. He participated with

his command in nearly all the battles in which the Army of the Potomac engaged, and was noted for expertness with a rifle.

It was while pursuing General Lee's decimated, defeated and demoralized army, after the sanguinary three days' battle at Gettysburg that McDonald's company found itself on the advancing skirmish line, close upon the heel of the swiftly retreating Confederates, who were taking desperate chances in reaching the Potomac River. So severe and hot was one fight which the Confederates put up at one particular spot, that the lieutenant, to save Company K from capture, ordered a retreat. The retrograde movement was executed by all save McDonald, who, securing the friendly protection of a large tree conveniently at hand, remained and continued firing on his own account, as opportunity presented itself.

After a while McDonald, peering from his covert, and seeing the Confederates disappearing from his front, stepped out into the open, and was surprised when he heard the report of a rifle and felt a big Minnie bullet tearing through his old blue cap, which was carried from his head. A moment sufficed to regain the covering he had the moment before left. He knew a Confederate sharpshooter was similarly situated a hundred or so yards in his front, and realized that one or the other must suffer because of the peculiar situation in which they thus unexpectedly found themselves.

McDonald, holding his very breath, waited some time to hear from the Confederate, who continued to hug his tree as closely as possible, and finally finding it useless to prolong the agony he was suffering, resorted to the ruse of placing his cap on the muzzle of his rifle, and slowly extending the weapon, exposed the headgear. The stratagem succeeded, as the next instant a well-aimed bullet went crashing through the cap, and McDonald fell to the ground in plain view of his enemy, who instantly darted from his hiding place and advanced on a run toward the prostrate and supposedly dead wounded soldier.

McDonald, all alert, waited till the self-confident Confederate reached within a few feet of where he lay, then he sprang to his feet and leveling his rifle at the onrushing Confederate, bade him halt, throw down his unloaded weapon and surrender.

Surprised at McDonald's return to life as well as his demand, the plucky Confederate turned upon his heel and dashed away in the direction in which he had just come.

"Halt!" shouted McDonald, giving instant chase, "or I'll blow your head off."

To this peremptory summons the Confederate paid no heed, but continued his flight, the Union soldier close in his rear.

McDonald, now some distance in advance of the Union troops, fearful of running into a bunch of Confederates, and having no desire to be killed or taken to Richmond, determined to bring matters to a conclusion. He shouted loud enough to awaken the "seven sleepers," but the fleeing Confederate continued on. Nothing but a bullet would stop his flight, and this the now hard-breathing Union soldier was compelled to send.

"Halt! or I'll shoot. Last call," said McDonald, and suiting the action to the word, he discharged his trusty rifle, bringing down his quarry with a bullet through one of his legs. In another moment McDonald was at the side of the prostrate Southron.

"Curse you," he bitterly ejaculated. "I hope I'll live to get even with you for this."

It was thousands of instances of like character that showed the stuff of which Northern and Southern soldiers in the great Civil War were made.

THE "TECUMSEH'S" MOURNFUL FATE.

UNDERNEATH the ever-flowing waters of Mobile Bay, near the ruins of Fort Morgan, which the Confederates deemed impregnable, forever lies buried the United States Monitor Tecumseh, a powerful craft with its living cargo of one hundred brave souls, having been sent to its final resting-place early on the morning of August 5, 1864, by a Confederate torpedo. Within the iron walls of the unfortunate Tecumseh, the only vessel in the great sea fight there to meet with disaster, still repose the bones of one hundred of the bravest young men who ever served our country—one of whom, when the Civil War burst forth, was a resident of Elizabeth.

It was six o'clock in the morning of that glorious and eventful day, in which American valor shone with conspicuous brilliancy, when the Union fleet, in command of Admiral David G. Farragut (an ensign in the navy at the age of eleven years), who first saw the light of day in a humble cabin among the mountains of East Tennessee, the greatest seaman of his day, after locking his vessels together, two by two, steamed from the open sea into the bay, strongly guarded by forts on land and powerful ships ready to dispute entrance. The Brooklyn led the column, fol-

lowed by Farragut's flagship, the immortal Hartford, and in single file ahead of this procession of death and destruction went four iron-clad monitors, escorted by the fated Tecumseh.

The Tecumseh fired the first two shots in opening what proved to be one of the fiercest naval engagements recorded in history, lasting, as it did, from seven o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the afternoon, and ending in the complete triumph of the Union fleet. The intrepid Farragut, lashed to the rigging, close under the maintop, the better to watch the progress of the battle, and give more intelligent orders, seeing the Brooklyn wavering in its advance after the Tecumseh went to the bottom, signaled to his commander, "What's the trouble?" On receiving the answer, "Torpedoes ahead!" the admiral replied, "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead! Four bells!"

Somewhat provoked at the slight stoppage of the Brooklyn, the admiral at once ordered the Hartford to forge ahead, and in a moment that noble ship passed the Brooklyn, an awful silence pervading her crew as she went, full speed, straight for the line of torpedoes, and in safety crossed what was considered the fatal line.

A recent guest of Sergeant William Zimmerman of Elizabeth, who was a gunner on the Hartford, in telling the Zouaves about the fight, said that one of the strangest fatalities he saw during the whole course of the war was when a powder boy named Clark, hailing from some part of New Jersey, lost both legs by a round shot from the Confederate ram Tennessee, which tore through both sides of the Hartford. "As Clark fell," continued the old sailor, "he involuntarily threw up both hands, when a second but smaller missile took off both arms above the elbow. He lived but a few minutes.

"Yes, I saw the Monitor Tecumseh go down. She was struck forward and directly underneath by a powerful mine. I was looking out of a port-hole at the moment, trying to see all I could, which, I must say, was very little, owing to the small opening, and it just chanced that as I looked out at one time between the shots, I saw the Tecumseh raised from the water, and the next instant plunge bow foremost, with her colors flying, to the bottom of the deep channel.

"My heart almost failed me at this awful sight, which I was attempting to describe to those about me, when an officer bade me be quiet. He probably didn't want the men to get rattled over the circumstance. There was a moment or two about that time when we all shook in our shoes, as we knew there would be

a slim chance for us to escape in case our ship should be struck in a vital part, or sunk by one of the several Confederate vessels which made repeated attempts to ram us.

"I saw Admiral Farragut ascend the rigging of the Hartford to a height of some sixty feet in order to know more about what was going on, and heard Captain Drayton, who feared the admiral might fall, order 'Dick' Knowles to accompany the old fellow and lash him to the rope ladder up which he made his way with extreme agility.

"It had been the admiral's intention to occupy the top, to which a rubber hose, with tin mouth-piece at each end, was hung on the mast from the top to the deck, so that he could the more readily communicate with our pilot, but it being found expedient to mount a gun up there, the admiral took position in the rigging underneath, and was strapped to it with a gasket. Tire-some as it must have been, the admiral remained in that position for several hours. None of us thought anything about the lashing incident at the time, or dreamed that it was just the thing that would catch the public fancy and make the admiral more famous than any other incident of his long career. At Santiago, a few years ago, a fleet captain, fifty miles away from the point of danger, was made a rear-admiral, but things are far different in these days."

Of the sad fate of the brave defenders of our flag, thus cruelly engulfed beneath the waters of Mobile Bay that day, under a terrible fire or iron hail rained from land and sea, and who have since slept tranquilly in their iron tomb, I doubt not, all met the last grim messenger with eye and heart uplifted, it may be, but dauntless and unquailing, having commended themselves to the mercy of Heaven, their last moments doubtless being spent in invoking blessings on the heads of loved ones at home, who grew faint while keeping weary vigils for the loved and lost.

THE NOTED WAR EAGLE.

THE present busy generation knows but little, if anything, concerning "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, a bird that may be said to be immortal, because of its association through the long and bitter war for the Union, with the western army, whose members idolized it while alive and mourned for it when dead.

"Old Abe" died at Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, in

1881, at the age of twenty years. While in attendance at the National Republican Convention at Chicago in June, 1868, when General Grant was first nominated for the presidency, amid the greatest enthusiasm ever shown at such a gathering, I very well remember the tumultuous scenes and uproarious applause enacted by the immense assemblage in the most commodious theatre in Chicago, when "Old Abe," perched upon the staff on which he had accompanied the Eighth Regiment in all its campaigns, was borne in upon the stage after General Grant's nomination had been made by acclamation.

Born in the wilds of Wisconsin just previous to the outbreak of the war, the chequered life of "Old Abe" was an ovation from beginning to end. General Grant himself might have envied the popularity of this noble bird, and long in vain for the cheers and applause which everywhere, and upon all occasions, greeted him. "Old Abe," always borne aloft beside the silken colors of his regiment, and consequently a conspicuous mark in the thirty-six battles through which he passed, although frequently struck by bullets, escaped serious injury. In the battle's red heat his piercing screams nerved the men of his regiment to deeds of daring, and never a bird that wore plumage had experiences or fame like "Old Abe." No other command ever had or used such a mascot—one so capable of exciting imagination and inciting soldiery to the work before them—so glorious an emblem.

The golden eagle was the military emblem of the Roman republic, the attachment of its troops to the standard being inspired by the united influence of religion and honor. It glittered in the front of the legion, and was ever the object of fondest devotion; nor was it esteemed less impious than ignominious, to abandon that sacred ensign in the hour of danger. The golden eagle, too, was the treasured ensign of Napoleon and his choicest followers, but the American eagle was and is the symbol of the greatest and freest republic ever formed—our own beloved America.

"Old Abe," too, was a faithful and intelligent sentinel, as on repeated occasions he sounded notes of warning of the hitherto unsuspected advance of the enemy. He seemed gifted with human instinct, and it was because of acts of this character that "Old Abe" was regarded by the soldiers with feelings akin to superstitious reverence.

Often and again did "Old Abe" play tricks on his caretaker by escaping, and soaring high towards the heavens, to be out of

the enemy's range, enjoy an ethereal excursion, and tiring of the mid-air flight, return to his place in the marching column. At the battle of Jackson, in rear of Vicksburg, during the siege of that stronghold, a terrible storm of lightning and thunder added clamor to the wild roar of the contest, but this merely added to the joys of "Old Abe," upon whose pinions the lightning played, as spreading his majestic wings he whistled in a manner peculiar to himself and screamed like the true bird of Jove that he was.

"Old Abe" delighted particularly in the booming of artillery, never manifesting fear in presence of the big guns that constantly pounded away at Vicksburg. On the contrary, at every discharge he would spread his wings and utter cloud-reaching screams as if animated by all the enthusiasm of war, and the exciting scenes about him. His conduct at such times was highly inspiring.

At the final assault on Vicksburg "Old Abe" firmly gripped his perch, as he was borne along and aloft, craned his beautiful and graceful neck to watch the movements of the troops, his eyes blazing and seeming in a frenzy of rage. While the colors of the Eighth Regiment, ever at his side, were riddled, "Old Abe," although hit several times, escaped injury.

Upon the return home of the Eighth Regiment, and its muster-out of the service, "Old Abe" was presented to the state, the governor accepting the old warrior in an eloquent speech, promising that the commonwealth should care for him till the end, which was religiously done—the bird having a comfortable home in the basement of the capital, where, until his death, he was an object of especial interest to all visitors.

Smoke at a fire in an adjoining apartment caused the death of "Old Abe" by asphyxiation, and he was made a subject of the taxidermist's art, and to-day his stuffed effigy, gracefully placed upon his old perch, attracts all visitors to the state house at Madison.

REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS COMPARED.

IN times of war the American nation has always relied upon the people for volunteers to defend its institutions, and the people of the United States owe their present marvelous prosperity, their peace at home and world-wide influence to the single fact that the Union was preserved by the self-sacrifices, patriotism, valor, and fortitude of the volunteers. In respect to

the interests of the entire human race, the preservation of the Union was the most important political event in the tide of time, and the victory achieved by American volunteers, after a desperate struggle for four years, kept in the political firmament of the world, as a beacon light, the republican principle of self-government. The repose, progress and prosperity, to say nothing about the very existence of the United States as a nation, was involved in that sanguinary struggle.

The regular army of the United States has ever been a negligible quantity. When the war of 1812 began we had but 6,686 officers and men, all told, in the regular establishment. In 1814 the number was temporarily increased to 38,186. During the war the country raised 31,210 officers and 440,412 enlisted men, making a total of 471,622.

When war was declared against Mexico the regular army numbered 637 officers and 5,925 enlisted men—a total of 6,562. By July, 1814, we had 1,016 officers and 35,009 enlisted men—a total of 42,587. A volunteer force of 3,131 officers and 70,129 enlisted men, a total of 73,260, was raised for that war.

When the Civil War came the regular army consisted of but 15,215 officers and men, scattered throughout our broad land. In June, 1862, the regular army numbered 1,720 officers and 23,761 enlisted men—total, 25,480. In June, 1863, there were 1,844 officers and 22,915 men—total, 24,759. In June, 1864, there were 1,813 officers and 19,791 men—total, 21,604. In April, 1865, when General Lee surrendered his Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant at Appomattox, the regular army consisted of 1,606 officers and 20,705 men, a total of 22,311 of all arms.

The volunteer enlistments of all lengths of service during the four years of the Civil War numbered 2,763,670. These reduced to a three years' standard of enlistment numbered 2,324,516.

The regular army lost but 122 officers and 1,519 enlisted men killed in action, and 452 officers and 6,663 enlisted men wounded. Of the volunteers, 4,142 officers and 62,916 enlisted men were killed in action, and 2,223 officers and 40,787 enlisted men died of wounds, making a total of 110,065 officers and enlisted men who lost their lives in action. This shows with terrible distinctness the difference in casualties between the regulars and volunteers. This does not include the 248,000 volunteers who died of diseases and casualties incident to the service, and hundreds of thousands of volunteers who were wounded and recovered.

While all regular army officers, many of whom secured snug berths in Washington and other cities while the fighting was going on, on retirement received three-fourths' pay for life, not a volunteer officer, save a few of high rank who had political influence in congress, ever received that recognition.

Will any one say this is just?

NEW JERSEY'S FORCE IN THE FIELD.

IN its efforts to sustain the Government and aid in the preservation of the American Union in the fratricidal conflict of 1861-1865, New Jersey, true to its traditions, gave freely of its treasure, and its best blood crimsoned nearly every battlefield of the republic.

The defiant shouts of New Jersey soldiers were first heard in the swamps of Roanoke Island, and these were echoed on the heights of Fredericksburg, in the Shenandoah valley, at Gettysburg, in the impenetrable thickets of the Wilderness, on the banks of the majestic James River, at Missionary Ridge, among the clouds at Lookout Mountain and other sanguinary fields.

I have compiled the following from the official records of the rebellion, as published by the state of New Jersey, and the facts given may not be wholly uninteresting to readers of the present day.

New Jersey is credited with having furnished about 80,000 men for the army and navy during the Civil War, but probably one-fourth of this aggregate enlisted two or three times. Thousands, however, who "jumped the bounty" at every opportunity and never gave a "quid pro quo" for the money expended upon them, enlisted more frequently.

First Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 996. Gained—Officers, 61; enlisted men, 302. Died—Officers, 10; enlisted men, 224. Deserted—124.

Second Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 1,006. Gained—Officers, 79; enlisted men, 1,075. Died—Officers, 9; enlisted men, 151. Deserted—204.

Third Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 1,013. Gained—Officers, 76; enlisted men, 148. Died—Officers, 10; enlisted men, 203. Deserted—111.

Fourth Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 871. Gained—Officers, 99; enlisted men, 1,028. Died—Officers, 7; enlisted men, 250. Deserted—371.

Fifth Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 823. Gained—Officers, 66; enlisted men, 845. Died—Officers, 13; enlisted men, 201. Deserted—251.

Sixth Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 860. Gained—Officers, 50; enlisted men, 537. Died—Officers, 4; enlisted men, 176. Deserted—209.

Seventh Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 882. Gained—Officers, 108; enlisted men, 1,078. Died—Officers, 13; enlisted men, 247. Deserted, 656.

Eighth Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 851. Gained—Officers, 87; enlisted men, 1,819. Died—Officers, 10; enlisted men, 274. Deserted—416.

Ninth Regiment—Officers, 42; enlisted men, 1,115. Gained—Officers, 85; enlisted men, 1,459. Died—Officers, 11; enlisted men, 243. Deserted—167.

Tenth Regiment—Officers, 35; enlisted men, 883. Gained—Officers, 69. Died—Officers, 5; enlisted men, 269. Deserted—748.

Eleventh Regiment—Officers, 39; enlisted men, 940. Gained—Officers, 57; enlisted men, 804. Died—Officers, 11; enlisted men, 222. Deserted—451.

Twelfth Regiment—Officers, 39; enlisted men, 953. Gained—Officers, 37; enlisted men, 850. Died—Officers, 9; enlisted men, 252. Deserted—216.

Thirteenth Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 899. Gained—Officers, 57; enlisted men, 444. Died—Officers, 3; enlisted men, 103. Deserted—178.

Fourteenth Regiment—Officers, 39; enlisted men, 968. Gained—Officers, 47; enlisted men, 330. Died—Officers, 8; enlisted men, 240. Deserted—97.

Fifteenth Regiment—Officers, 38; enlisted men, 909. Gained—Officers, 72; enlisted men, 852. Died—Officers, 9; enlisted men, 352. Deserted—108.

Sixteenth Regiment (First Cavalry)—Officers, 44; enlisted men, 998. Gained—Officers, 150; enlisted men, 2,125. Died—Officers, 16; enlisted men, 282. Deserted—452.

(The First New Jersey Cavalry was the Sixteenth Regiment, and the four regiments of militia, "First Defenders," which answered President Lincoln's first call, in April, 1861, were numbered Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Regiments, respectively.)

The Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-

eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Regiments were called out for nine months in 1862.

Twenty-first Regiment: Died—Officers, 2; enlisted men, 49. Deserted—44.

Twenty-second Regiment: Died—Officers, 1; enlisted men, 37. Deserted—12.

Twenty-third Regiment: Died—Officers, 5; enlisted men, 79. Deserted—10.

Twenty-fourth Regiment: Died—Officers, 3; enlisted men, 89. Deserted—8.

Twenty-fifth Regiment: Died—Officers, 1; enlisted men, 56. Deserted—18.

Twenty-sixth Regiment: Died—Officers, 1; enlisted men, 35. Deserted—26.

Twenty-seventh Regiment: Died—Officers, 1; enlisted men, 85. Deserted—44.

Twenty-eighth Regiment: Died—Officers, 2; enlisted men, 79. Deserted—15.

Twenty-ninth Regiment: Died—Officers, 0; enlisted men, 4. Deserted—17.

Thirtieth Regiment: Died—Officers, 2; enlisted men, 62. Deserted—14.

Thirty-first Regiment: Died—Officers, 0; enlisted men, 39. Deserted—2.

Thirty-second Regiment (Second Cavalry)—Officers, 44; enlisted men, 1,105. Gained—Officers, 36; enlisted men, 1,715. Died—Officers, 3; enlisted men, 231. Deserted—724.

Thirty-third Regiment—Officers, 39; enlisted men, 902. Gained—Officers, 36; enlisted men, 1,207. Died—Officers, 6; enlisted men, 141. Deserted—502.

Thirty-fourth Regiment—Officers, 35; enlisted men, 830. Gained—Officers, 27; enlisted men, 1,401. Died—Officers, 3; enlisted men, 152. Deserted—728.

Thirty-fifth Regiment—Officers, 37; enlisted men, 865. Gained—Officers, 37; enlisted men, 967. Died—Officers, 3; enlisted men, 144. Deserted—430.

Thirty-sixth Regiment (Third Cavalry)—Officers, 47; enlisted men, 1,131. Gained—Officers, 59; enlisted men, 997. Died—Officers, 5; enlisted men, 140. Deserted—439.

Thirty-seventh Regiment (100 days)—Officers, 35; enlisted men, 743. Gained—Officers, 2; enlisted men, 1. Died—Officers, 1; enlisted men, 18. Deserted—36.

Thirty-eighth Regiment (one year)—Officers, 58; enlisted

men, 944. Gained—Officers, 7; enlisted men, 59. Died—Officers, 0; enlisted men, 11. Deserted—59.

Thirty-ninth Regiment (one year)—Officers, 39; enlisted men, 977. Gained—Enlisted men, 112. Died—Officers, 3; enlisted men, 36. Deserted—53.

Fortieth Regiment (one year)—Officers, 37; enlisted men, 984. Gained—Officers, 9; enlisted men—379. Died—Officers, 0; enlisted men, 19. Deserted—399.

The four regiments of New Jersey Militia (really volunteers) was the first brigade to reach the National Capital under President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 men. The brigade, in command of Major General Theodore Runyon, after crossing the Long Bridge over the Potomac, on May 24, 1861, led the advance of the grand army in the direction of Alexandria, and for two months performed the hardest kind of service in guarding outposts and in constructing Fort Runyon, the most extensive earthwork put up for the defense of Washington on the right bank of the river. The men of the brigade, although performing "extra duty" most of the time of their enlistment, never received any pay for their herculean labor, save the munificent salary of \$11 per month. Most of the men, on their return home after the battle of Bull Run, enlisted in three-year regiments.

The Ninth was the first New Jersey Regiment to engage in battle with the enemy, participating, as it did, with great brilliancy at Roanoke Island, on February 8; Newbern, on March 14, and the siege and capture of Fort Macon, in April, 1862. This was anterior to any general engagement of the Army of the Potomac, to which all the eight regiments that preceded the Ninth to the field belonged. It was the only New Jersey Regiment to lose two colonels, Allen and Zabriskie. The Ninth served a longer period than any other New Jersey Regiment—nearly four years.

The Fifteenth Regiment, one of the immortal commands of the Republic, was the only New Jersey command that lost more than 300 men, the First New Jersey Cavalry being a close second.

From the forty regiments New Jersey sent into the field there were 7,637 desertions, exclusive of 1,041 "not accounted for." The Tenth Regiment led this list, with a total of 748, the Thirty-fourth being second, with 728.

New Jersey, during the Civil War, lost on fields of battle 218 commissioned officers and 6,082 enlisted men, nearly as many, in the aggregate, as the state furnished the Continental army during the Revolutionary War.

DARING FEATS OF UNION SCOUTS.

THERE were thousands of instances during the Civil War where both officers and enlisted men vied in tendering their services for perilous enterprises in aid of their country's cause. When volunteers were called for to render services of a peculiarly dangerous character outside the line of regular duty, enlisted men were invariably selected for the task, not that they were any better qualified, perhaps, for the dangerous undertaking, but rather because commissioned officers, sometimes but one with a company, could ill be spared from their command.

I have in mind two instances of enlisted men being called upon to volunteer upon a mission of imminent danger—no less an undertaking than to enter the enemy's lines to obtain information greatly desired by the commanding general. If captured they knew the penalty would be a disgraceful death by a short piece of hemp.

It was while the Ninth New Jersey Regiment, which had been particularly active in the spring campaign of 1864, but terribly decimated in numbers in the series of battles in front of Drewry's Bluff, seven miles below Richmond, that General Butler, commanding the Army of the James, asked for four enlisted men from that command to enter the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg, and act as scouts, or more properly speaking, as "spies," on the enemy's movements.

Notwithstanding the desperate and dangerous character of the service to be performed, a score of bright, brave, young fellows promptly stepped forward with the same disposition and devotion to country as actuated the gallant Captain Nathan Hale, of blessed Revolutionary memory, to do the general's bidding, or die, if need be, in the attempt. As but four men were required, the following were selected:

Privates Marshall Howell and Daniel Johnson, of Company H, and Privates James Van Buskirk and Robert H. White, of Company B.

It was early in the evening of May 22 that these four hardy, brave and venturesome young men quietly made their way out of the Union works to enter, as it were, the open jaws of death. Howell and Johnson traveled in one direction—Van Buskirk and White in another. The two former had proceeded but a short distance, however, when they suddenly ran afoul of a strong Confederate picket, and were fired upon, a volley of bul-

lets whistling about them, fairly taking away their breath. Johnson received a slight wound in one of his feet, Howell escaping with the loss of his canteen, which was riddled and emptied of its contents, causing him great suffering from thirst before he succeeded in regaining the Union lines, which he did some thirty hours afterward. Johnson, finding himself no longer able to pursue his researches owing to his wound, crept into the trunk of a hollow tree, fortunately near at hand, and, watching a favorable opportunity, succeeded in making his way back to camp, reaching it just as day was breaking.

Howell, however, had better luck, and being anxious to secure the reward the liberal-minded general was in the habit of bestowing upon those who rendered especially valuable services, hid in a heavy thicket until things became quiet, when he cautiously continued on the course he had mapped out. This, of course, was attended by the most imminent danger, as he was likely to meet an armed Confederate at almost every step. Finally gaining a position affording him excellent facilities for observing the enemy, he climbed a stout tree adorned with luxuriant foliage, and there ensconced himself.

During the long day that followed, Howell, from his covert, saw a large force of men busily engaged in repairing the railroad, recently torn up by our troops, and witnessed the moving forces beyond Walthall, as well as the erection of new earthworks. Making notes and rough sketches of what he saw and heard, Howell, suffering intensely from thirst, owing to the loss of water from his perforated canteen, when the shades of evening fell, descended from his perch, his limbs being so stiffened that he could hardly stand upon his feet, and started on his return for camp, which he safely reached without further adventure worthy of note, as the scorching sun came peeping over the bluffs along the James River.

Howell promptly reported to General Butler, who warmly greeted him, and commended his action by presenting him with \$500 in beautiful, crisp greenbacks, as a partial return for the important service rendered. General Butler, always good to those who were faithful, further rewarded Howell with a furlough for a week, and promised to attend his wedding and dance at it.

Howell is still living at his home in Pen Argyl, Pa.

James Van Buskirk, for many years, and at present, a resident of Bayonne, recently furnished me with the following interesting narrative of the adventure he and White had on this occasion:

“White and I, who left the Union outpost together quite early in the evening, heard nothing of the enemy until we had traveled some considerable distance, when we became cognizant of the near presence of Confederate pickets along the line of the railroad near Port Walthall, with which ground I was quite familiar, our regiment having fought there on the 6th and 7th of May. The discovery of the enemy’s pickets, who proved to be cavalrymen, necessarily made us wary of our movements. White and I crawled along upon the ground, foot by foot, and succeeded, after considerable delay, in passing the first line. Then we turned our course to the right, keeping about midway between this line and a second one a few hundred yards in rear. We traveled in this way, slowly and cautiously, for some three miles, before we were able to pass around the left flank of the position, to get in the rear of the Confederate battle line, stretched out for a long distance. In the course of our difficult peregrinations we ran suddenly upon General Beauregard’s headquarters, near which we lingered for some time, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up that might prove of value to General Butler.

“We had been ordered to return to camp before daylight, and, finding that nothing more was likely to be gained by remaining where we were, we set out upon our return, making a circuit farther to the rear, in the direction of Petersburg, whose lights we could plainly distinguish. We gained the right bank of the Appomattox before daylight, and secreted ourselves in the woods to await the darkness of the following night, when we hoped to cross and make our report. We were congratulating ourselves upon the good fortune attending our adventure, when we were startled by the approach and entrance of a strong regiment of North Carolina cavalry into the woods in which we had sought refuge. When the command halted and the men dismounted, our hopes were blasted, as we saw no way of evading them. As the men quickly overran the woods, they espied us, when we sprang up and sought safety in headlong flight. The Confederates fired upon us and started in pursuit, speedily overtaking us. We surrendered as gracefully as possible.

“‘What are you uns doin’ heah?’ asked a young officer, who had by this time reached us. ‘We were out foraging and became separated from our command,’ I replied. ‘I guess you lie!’ hissed the officer. ‘Come, boys, let’s hang the —— Yankees.’ Our situation now looked serious—not at all rosy—as in a twinkling two or three cavalrymen came running up with ropes,

taken from their saddles. Quite a crowd had gathered by this time, and 'Bob' and I began to feel nervous, especially as the gang led us under a tree they considered well adapted to the purpose they had in view, and put ropes about our necks.

"'Hold on there!' shouted a man on the outskirts of the crowd, and the next moment the colonel of the regiment—I think his name was Kennedy—stood at our side. He ordered the ropes taken from our necks, and questioned us sharply, but I guess he didn't believe what we told him, as he placed us in charge of four of his men, armed with sabre and carbine. Soon after the surgeon of the regiment engaged us in conversation, and ordered his servant to serve us with a repast, for which hospitable act we thanked him. He inquired concerning some friends in New Jersey whom 'Bob' happened to know, and said he regretted it was not within his power to restore us our liberty. About noon a three-hundred pound shell from one of our gun-boats, exploding over our heads, so demoralized the cavalymen that they had no appetite for dinner, ready to be served. On the contrary, they obeyed with alacrity the call of 'Boots and Saddles,' and hastily fell back a mile or so, when our guard escorted us over to Beauregard's headquarters, where we were thoroughly searched, and, I might add, robbed, as they relieved us of watches, caps, boots and haversacks. General Beauregard came out of his tent and looked us over, questioning us sharply. He was surrounded by his staff. He talked nice and sweet to us at first, but, failing to get the information he earnestly sought, he gave vent to his disappointment and anger by using a good many cuss words, in French and English, at the same time. 'Bob' had to laugh on hearing the general talk so fast, which increased his rage. 'You were foraging, ah! ah! Vell, you can forage in Petersburg!' whither we were at once sent. But the general forgot to restore our boots and other things he had allowed his guards to strip us of. We had to walk in our stockings. After being confined in Petersburg seven days we were sent to Andersonville, whose horrors we endured for many long and dreary months."

"TOM" McCORMICK'S CLEVER CAPTURE.

THOMAS McCORMICK, a private in my company, still living, had many exciting experiences during his four years' service. "Tom," as he was and is still familiarly called, never shirked any kind of duty; in fact, his love of adventure often impelled him to volunteer for the most dangerous work. "Tom" wasn't by any means the handsomest man in the regiment, General "Ben" Butler, our department commander, being a beauty in comparison, but he always contrived to have his clothing, accoutrements and rifle as clean and as bright as they could be made. For this he was more frequently rewarded with passes than any other man in our command.

The night of July 8, 1864, was serene, and along the long line of earthworks in front of Petersburg scarcely a sound disturbed the stillness, although 200,000 of the bravest men in the world lay crouching behind the banks of dirt. This was owing to a truce that had been declared in the afternoon by the men who did the fighting, of which they were heartily tired. Whether it was sanctioned by those higher up was not known. Suffice it to say the murderous work was stopped in the afternoon when a Christian-spirited "Johnny" raised a portion of his once white shirt over the Confederate works, in front of the Second Corps, and, finding it respected, sprang upon the embankment and shouted to us: "We uns won't fire, if you uns won't!" Then he bobbed down into his hole. Word was quickly passed along the line to the three corps—Second, Fifth and Eighteenth—and for the time being peace reigned.

There was no doubt about the honesty of purpose on the part of the Confederates, as the moment firing stopped they stacked their rifles, removed their equipments and stretched their weary frames upon the ground to obtain sleep, of which all stood much in need. There was now absolute, even painful quiet, and some were silly enough to imagine the millenium had arrived; that the time had come when the lion and the lamb could lie together in loving embrace.

A single shot, however, and how changed the scene! All was animation and intense excitement. In a moment the unerring rifles were again leveled, the two opposing hosts—a moment ago so peaceful and happy—now glaring in fierceness upon each other. But, hold! What is that? A white flag borne along upon the enemy's breastworks, followed by the challenge:

"Was anyone hurt by that shot?"

"No!" replied a score of Union soldiers; "the bullet struck this rail."

"Throw that rail this way!" shouted the gallant Confederate, "and I'll make the —— fool who fired the shot carry it till dark. You Yanks kept the bargain that was made, and we shall do the same thing."

Uttering these brave words he emerged from his works, approached our line, picked up the rail, and, returning with it to his own line, compelled the unfortunate fellow to shoulder it and march along on the breastworks till dark, he being the cynosure of all eyes.

It was after the shades of night had fallen on this memorable day that "Tom" McCormick, with two companions, was ordered to go out of our works to a point about midway between the two lines. Reaching the coveted spot, which they did by crawling upon the ground to escape the attention of the enemy, the three men halted, examined the surroundings as well as they were able by the pale and uncertain light of the stars, and secreted themselves behind a huge stump, whose conformation was admirably adapted for the purpose they had in view. It gave them comparative security and afforded the three courageous Union soldiers opportunities for listening to the "Johnnies," as well as to make timely discovery of any movement on the part of the Confederates.

McCormick and his companions frequently came near betraying themselves, owing to a disposition to laugh at the witticisms of the unsuspecting Confederates. But midnight came at length, and with it all sounds ceased—the stillness that followed being painful. This caused McCormick to increase his vigilance, which was at length rewarded by the discovery of certain signs which pointed to some movement on the part of the enemy. With his foresight, sharpened by years of war and constant active service, he enjoined his companions not to move nor fire a rifle without his command. The sky, thickly studded with bright and beaming stars, rendered objects more or less distinct, according to distance.

Hark! Discovering three figures emerging silently and cautiously from a Confederate embrasure, McCormick's heart pulsates quickly as he sees them stealthily advancing toward his covert. Keeping his two blue criss-cross eyes intently fastened upon the party, slowly yet not the less surely approaching, "Tom" and his tried companions clasped their trusty rifles

more firmly, if possible, determined to thwart the designs of the trio, or die in the attempt. As "Tom," actuated by motives of self-preservation, thinking the party had advanced quite far enough, was about to halt the Confederates, and demand their surrender, they stopped of their own accord, and talked in low monotonous tones so long that the three Union pickets began to imagine that the stump behind which they were crouching was their objective point. "Tom" was at a loss for a plan of procedure. It would have been easy for him and his comrades to drop the unsuspecting Confederates in their tracks, but a disposition which ever characterized McCormick to show fair play, saved their lives.

The anxiety of the Union soldiers is only relieved when one of the Southerners is seen to move off to the right—his two companions remaining where they had halted. Bidding his "bunkies" to remain and watch the two Confederates, "Tom," with the eye of an eagle, and the step of the feline creation, followed the one who was making his way to the works of the Union army, keeping as close as was consistent with the plan he had in view.

He was familiar with every inch of the ground, which was of immeasurable advantage to him. The "Johnny Reb," with the utmost wariness, halted frequently to satisfy himself that his path was clear, as well as to more clearly scan our works, which he did with a large glass. This action convinced McCormick that the game he was trailing was of no mean quality. Perhaps it was Longstreet; maybe it was General Lee himself. Whoever he should prove to be it was worth risking much to capture or—kill, and one or the other of these alternatives "Tom" was now fully determined upon.

Without really knowing it, McCormick at length found himself almost beside the object of his solicitude and attention, and on seeing the Confederate gazing upon him with basilisk eyes (so they appeared to my friend), he felt that the tug-of-war was at hand.

"Didn't I tell you not to follow me?" asked the Confederate. "Go back to your post and wait as I ordered." These orders convinced McCormick that he had been mistaken for one of the Confederates who had come out of the works. The brave Yankee picket regarded this revelation as a timely interposition of Providence, and governed himself accordingly, but he paid no heed to the command given him. This disobedience enraged the Confederate, who came near betraying himself as he fairly

hissed with his closed teeth: "You —— hound! Go back, or I'll put a bullet through your thick skull."

McCormick, with imperturbability, and supreme indifference to the formidable injunction, merely took an erect attitude and placing the muzzle of his faithful Springfield rifle within a yard of the Southerner's body, ordered him to face about and march straight for the Union works. The Confederate's revolver dropped from his nervous hand, his face turning pale as death. A green and ashy hue, something beyond the tint of death itself, seemed to spread over his apparently handsome features. His eyes opened wide, and his jaw dropped, and for a moment "Tom" thought he must have fallen to the ground, so terrible was his agony of mind.

Seeing his utter helplessness, he accepted "Tom's" invitation, and preceded him into our works, soon after being introduced to Colonel James Stewart, Jr., of the Ninth.

Next morning "Tom" took his prisoner over to General Butler's headquarters. He proved to be a major of engineers on General Lee's staff. McCormick was warmly praised by the general for his clever bit of work, and rewarded with a ten-dollar greenback and a furlough for a week. The story of the capture went quickly through our corps, "Tom" being regarded by all as a brave and worthy soldier of the Union, in defense of which he gave four of the best years of his life.

WAR RELICS GIVEN TO UNION COUNTY.

UPON the completion of Union County's half-million dollar court house in 1906, the board of chosen freeholders expressed a desire to possess and care for the many Civil War relics gathered by the Elizabeth Veteran Zouaves during the conflict. The Zouaves, desiring their preservation, together with a beautiful silken banner given them in San Francisco, gladly complied with the courteous request, and the articles were deposited within handsome oak cases in the rotunda of the magnificent building. In April, 1906, General Drake, in presenting four flags to the county, said to the freeholders, assembled in the court room:

Mr. Director and Gentlemen of the Board of Chosen
Freeholders:

To-day, on the eve of the forty-sixth anniversary of the bursting forth of a fierce internecine war that lasted four terrible

years, I have great satisfaction in delivering into your keeping for preservation by Union County, whose official representatives you are, these sheaves of the triumph of the Union cause.

These flags, now mere fragments, torn and battle-stained, speak more eloquently than any words I am able to command.

When these precious relics were presented to me in the long ago, while then somewhat torn and tattered, they were more perfect in shape and brighter in color, but their display in the streets of nearly every prominent American city, whither they have been proudly borne by the Veteran Zouaves of this city, in whose custody I had temporarily placed them, and the desire of many persons to secure pieces of the sacred woof, has reduced their once splendid proportions to their present fragmentary condition.

The shred of once white bunting, upon which is woven "Kearny's Patch," as it was called (afterwards adopted as the badge of the Sixth Army Corps), the first distinguishing emblem ever designed or recognized by the gallant men of the Army of the Potomac, described by an eminent writer as an organization "inflexible of purpose, insensible to suffering, inured to fatigue, and reckless of danger," was ever where the intrepid General Philip Kearny's plume beckoned the way from Williamsburg to Chantilly, where the precious life's blood of that hero of two wars crimsoned the ground within the lines of a courageous and generous-hearted enemy.

These remnants of the colors of the Fourth United States Infantry waved in the forefront at Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorville, Gettysburg, and were with Grant when he swept through the Wilderness.

The silken banner, a beautiful work of Oriental art, costing more than one thousand dollars, was presented to the Veteran Zouaves of this city by the George H. Thomas Veteran Guard of San Francisco, California, while guests of that famous command in 1886.

These relics of the greatest fratricidal conflict the world has ever known, beside which all other contests were pigmies in comparison, which I to-day deliver into your custody, lent the luster of their stars to the gloom of despair, as well as to joy in the hour of victory, grandly borne as they were by brave hands forward through smoke and carnage, planting them at last, after four long and terrible years, on the edge of the spring line at Appomattox.

Four years of the lives of our country's defenders are

wrought into their faded woof. These flags are the bond between the great army of the dead and the army of the living; and they are precious to you, as to us, because they thus remind us and reunite us with the named and unnamed heroes who fell fighting under them for the humane principle of all right government that the will of the majority shall be supreme.

Before the Civil War, through which these shreds were carried aloft to victory through bellowing cannon fire, few of our people really realized the significance of our country's standard. Yet every soldier who volunteered to uphold and defend it knew full well its meaning. There was to them in the flag something more eloquent than the orator's tongue, more beautiful than the painter's brush. Some present here this afternoon can recall the time when the flag of this now bright and prosperous land was not spoken of with the reverence which is now accorded to it. But by and by that flag did come to mean something, and if to-day another struggle should come in which its honor was threatened, hundreds of thousands of patriotic citizens would rally to its support just as they did forty-six years ago, when, assailed at Sumter, after passing through a fearful baptism of fire for thirty-six hours, it went down in glory, its captors reverently saluting it.

Our glorious banner signifies that there were thousands of fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, who were willing to sacrifice everything that the heart holds dear to them for that one symbol. Not only does it represent the sentiment of patriotism, but it signifies liberty, equality and freedom to all. And if the time should ever come when new enemies shall spring up and try to overthrow it, then there will be people who will stand in the breach ready to follow it and fight for it just as they did in the awful days of 1861-1865.

I recall instances of unparalleled bravery exhibited in the war for the Union, where no less than five men in one regiment, who loved our flag above all things else, sacrificed their lives, one after another, in defending our beautiful and priceless standard from the foe. It was instances of this character that added luster to the American soldier, and established for him a reputation for courage and intrepidity never attained by any other. It was because of this inborn heroism that our unsullied flag now floats upon honestly-gained but useless and costly possessions in a far-off land, however much we may lament the fact, and it is because of this that America's glorious sun of peace is now in the zenith, high up under the dome of the Union, pre-

served by the sacrifices of its gallant defenders, its refulgent rays illuminating a happy and prosperous land, with but one flag, from whose ethereal blue no star was lost in Disunion's eternal night of political darkness.

These bullet-scarred and stained shreds of silk and bunting in themselves are of little intrinsic worth. They are now so frail that if unfolded the gentlest breeze would scatter their fragments. What gives them a priceless value is because of the sacrifices and associations that cluster around them. But chiefly are they precious to you and to all of us because they are the emblems of nationality—the symbols of governmental power. Mute though they be, they appeal to us in language more forcible than human utterance.

Each rent and shred of these banners has a voice which to-day says to us, and to all men, although it cost privation and suffering, exposure and even death itself, come what may, this government must be maintained in its integrity, whether its assailants come from without or within, though millions of lives and billions of treasure be the sacrifice, the Union shall be preserved.

An ancient history relates that the Romans erected monuments upon hills to celebrate the deeds of their heroes, and that the parents of Roman youth, in bidding them study the inscriptions carved in enduring marble, told that they, too, would have monuments erected to their memory, and the records of their lives carved upon them if they emulated the virtues and practices of those who have gone before.

And so, Mr. Director and gentlemen, I trust will these tattered flags, now nearly half a century old, be an inspiration to those who come after us—an incentive for all to love our country, and manfully defend its beneficent institutions.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

ON a farm near Castile San Juan, Italy, early in the year 1835, Camilla Bragga, for many years a highly respected citizen of Elizabeth, first saw the light of day. For more than thirty years he has been a faithful and popular member of the Veteran Zouaves, and the other evening at a gathering of the command, he was induced to tell some of his experiences in the Italian (or Sardinian) and American volunteer armies.

With a spirit for adventure rather than any desire to take part in the Crimean war against the Russians, at the age of twenty years he enlisted in the tenth company, Third Regiment, Italian Legion, under the gallant General Della Marmora, and took part in all the operations of that command about Sebastopol.

"It was on a beautiful Sunday in 1855, after a terrific bombardment of three days and nights," said Sergeant Bragga, "that we discovered Sebastopol to be on fire, and the Russians in full retreat. The tremendous explosions which shook the earth were like so many earthquakes. Wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town, point after point becoming alight, making a wierd spectacle; the flames shone out of the windows of the houses; rows of mansions caught and were rapidly consumed, and ere daybreak next morning the town of Sebastopol, the fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so long and often turned wistful and longing eyes, was in a consuming blaze from the glittering sea to the dockyard. During the night Fort Alexander blew up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel. Numerous explosions followed in quick succession at sunrise, including that of the Redan, under whose debris was buried many of both armies.

"When Fort Alexander and the grand magazine blew up the rush of black smoke, of gray and white vapor, of masses of stone, beams, timber, masonry, into the air was appalling, beside which, I might say, the mine explosion in front of Petersburg in the summer of 1864, which many of us saw, was insignificant. Following came an awful roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown high in the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky, the effect of the innumerable flashes of fire twirling high up in the column of dark smoke over the long-doomed town, and then changing as rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds.

"All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were carrying off materials from the town, or bearing men to the south side to complete the work of destruction and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. The Russians had the same determination to destroy Sebastopol as their fathers had when they applied the torch to Moscow, which ruined Napoleon and ultimately destroyed his great army.

"As soon as it became light we began to steal from our

trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the roaring flames, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or the shots which now and then came from their cannon, to prevent straggling and prevent us from extinguishing the flames. But little things like that didn't disturb us or stop our advance, as on we went—French and Italians, red breeches and blue breeches, fez and kepi, side by side—until finally reaching the houses, we entered to secure plunder—the Russian relics we were fortunate enough to obtain finding a ready and profitable market in camp.

“The scenes I beheld after entering the Malakoff were awful, beyond my powers to describe, and my heart sank as I gazed upon the devastation and resulting carnage. I shall never recall the memory of Malakoff with any but feelings of loathing and horror; for round about me lay thousands of dead Russians. Many of the wounded lay there, and their low, dull moans of mortal agony struck with terrible distinctness upon my young years; or, worse still, the hoarse, gurgling cry and vehement struggles of those who were convulsed before death relieved them of suffering. With the fall of the Malakoff fell Sebastopol. In a bomb proof I saw a music book with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and a vase of flowers outside the entrance.”

After relighting a cigar, Sergeant Bragga told of his coming to this country, of his settlement in Elizabeth immediately after his discharge from the Italian army, of his enlistment in the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, and of his three years' service in the Union army. At the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., August 16, 1864, Sergeant Bragga fell desperately wounded, shot through the side and arm, and, unable to escape, became a prisoner of war, and was conveyed to Libby Prison in Richmond.

As he was being borne in a semi-conscious state into the dingy-looking building he overheard a Confederate soldier, standing guard at the door of the hospital, remark in the Italian language: “Here's another —— Yankee for us to plant!” Bragga, weak from the loss of blood, suffering intense pains, and half asleep, opened his weary eyes on hearing the rude words, and retorted hotly in the same language: “You'll be planted first if you go to the front, where you ought to be, you coward!”

During the evening, the Italian Confederate, having been relieved from duty, with a view of learning more about his plucky fellow-countryman, entered the hospital and making his way to the spot where Bragga was lying uncomfortably on the floor, he

kneeled down and peering intently into his face, suddenly overcome by emotion, became violently agitated. Seizing Bragga's hand he pathetically exclaimed: "Bragga, my dear Camilla, don't you remember me—Guiseppe Montazzi—your bunkie in the Sardinian Legion? Speak, I adjure you, and forgive me for not recognizing you as you were brought in here!"

The agitated Italian Confederate, on finding himself recognized by his former companion-in-arms, gave vent to the great joy he felt, copious tears coursing down his cheeks, attesting relief of mind for the insult he had given a helpless and suffering prisoner of war.

The friendship that had existed between these two soldiers, now bitterly arrayed against each other, since early boyhood, thus bloomed anew in a vile prison far from the land of their nativity. No surveyed chart, no national boundary line, no rugged mountain, no wide sea put a limit to the growth of friendship. Wherever it is watered by the dews of affection and kindness, there you may be sure to find it. Its all-powerful influence hovers o'er contending armies and unites the deadliest foes in the closest bonds of sympathy. Friendship and comradeship can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, a never-ending season of felicity and joy to its happy possessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope to all around, as it did in the case of my imprisoned comrade.

And thus, in the United States, during a fearful internecine war, these two Italian soldiers, serving under different flags, and who, side by side, had stormed Russian embattlements, after years of separation, found themselves reunited under strange and painful circumstances.

I will leave the reader to imagine, if possible, the joy these two warriors experienced on this occasion, and will bring my story to a close by stating that the Italian-Confederate did much to alleviate his former comrade's condition, relieving his distresses by many kind acts, and finally induced the Confederate surgeon in charge of the hospital to secure a speedy special exchange for his comrade of old.

JERSEY BATTERY PREVENTED RIOT.

DURING the war for the Union the young men of the North, serving in the army and navy, had two determined foes—one constantly in their front, the brave Southern soldier—the other nestled at home among their friends, ever ready to use the assassin's knife in the dark. The latter, too cowardly to prove their convictions on the battle-field, remained at home or jumped over into Canada to escape military service. They were of the snake species, and commonly called "Copperheads." Often and again have I heard my comrades express the fervent wish that they might be ordered North to wipe out the nest of venomous creatures who annoyed our friends by giving utterance to Southern sentiments.

During the great struggle for the preservation of the Union many incidents relating to army life never "got into the papers," and that part of our country's history is only treasured by the boys who took an active part in the contest. As it is not generally known that the Fourth New Jersey Battery of Light Artillery, commanded at the time by Lieutenant James B. Morris, a Trenton compositor, and one of the most promising and brilliant young soldiers in the army, was detached from the Army of the James early in November, 1864, and despatched on a steamer to New York City, to be in readiness to assist in quelling any disorder that the adherents of the South and their political ally, George B. McClellan, Democratic candidate for President against Abraham Lincoln, might cause on election day, in order to show their sympathy for the Southern cause, I will relate the circumstance, as told by one of the boys, and show that to this gallant body of men much credit is due for the services rendered by the artillerymen on that occasion.

"It was about 10 o'clock on the night of November 2, 1864, while occupying a dangerous position near Fort Harrison, that Lieutenant Morris roused us from the first sleep we had had in several nights, and ordered us to pack up quickly, and be very quiet about it. In less than two hours afterward we were on the move in Egyptian darkness, no lights being allowed, and not a star shining owing to a heavy rainstorm which prevailed.

"Daylight found us about a mile from Bermuda Hundred—our clothing saturated and our stomachs empty. Just how we managed to reach that point was a mystery to all except the gallant Morris, who rode at our head. In the Stygian darkness

we were compelled to make our way through many rough places, and through timber sections where the axles of our guns and caissons blazed the trees on either side. The elements—rain and wind—facilitated our march; that is, prevented the enemy from hearing the movement, which, under other conditions of atmosphere, might have been revealed to them, and made things more unpleasant for us.

“Exposed to all the fury of the storm we were compelled to remain in the woods until 12 o'clock the following night, when we marched to the dock at Bermuda Hundred and soon stowed ourselves and traps on a transport, falling asleep at once. We had a pleasant sail, but no knowledge of our destination until we passed through the Narrows, and entered New York Bay, soon after tying up at the Atlantic docks at Brooklyn. We wondered what it all meant, and then we learned that we were likely to have a chance at the same fellows who rioted in New York City the previous year—those same fellows whom Governor Horatio Seymour called his ‘friends.’

“During the night of November 7 our battery was put on board the ferryboat Peconic, and bright and early the next morning we were ready to land anywhere in the city of New York and open fire in just one minute, which we would very much have liked to do had there been any disorder among those Democratic patriots. We remained on the Peconic for ninety-six hours, with no chance to show Horatio's ‘friends’ what Jersey artillerists could do in the way of handling the iron dogs of war.

“Bluff old General ‘Ben’ Butler was with us, too, and 15,000 brave boys in blue to back him. He wouldn't have hesitated an instant about sweeping New York's streets if occasion had arisen. Our presence saved the town from terrible punishment. The would-be rioters knew we were there for business, and that we would have performed in a manner creditable to our command.”

YOUNG LIEUTENANT SAVED THE ARMY.

THE state of New Jersey was never represented on the battlefields of the American republic more worthily, or by a more intelligent, skilful or brilliant soldier than Major Rufus King.

It was during the inglorious retreat of the Army of the Potomac from in front of Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the James River, in 1862, that Major King, then a first lieu-

tenant in the Fourth United States Artillery, had an opportunity to show the stuff of which heroes are made.

It was solely through Lieutenant King's well-directed and herculean efforts that the Army of the Potomac, sorely pressed by a jubilant and aggressive enemy, was saved from the gravest disaster, if not capture, and for his brilliant services on this occasion, meriting the highest commendation of his superior officers, I subsequently had the pleasure and honor of securing for him a Congressional Medal of Honor, through the courtesy of my old companion-in-arms, the late United States Senator William J. Sewell, who was familiar with Lieutenant King's military history.

The retreat of the Army of the Potomac from the very door of the Confederate capital, to which it had been successfully led by Hooker, Kearny and Hancock, only to be turned back by McClellan, always in a place of safety in the rear, was covered by Batteries A and C, Fourth United States Artillery, commanded by Captain George Hazard, a gallant veteran of the Mexican War, and Richardson's division of Sumner's Corps. This small force was closely and fiercely pursued from Savage Station to White Oak Swamp, where it narrowly escaped capture by Stonewall Jackson's famous and ever-dreaded command. The fighting between these points had been constant, terrible, and with unexampled implacability.

When the division and batteries reached the river running through the swamp early on the morning of June 30, it was discovered with dismay that the bridge over which the commands expected to pass had been burned during the night by our own army after gaining the other side, the commander of the last corps crossing the structure being under the impression that his was the last force in the disordered column.

General Richardson, on finally effecting a crossing of his command to the opposite side of the stream, a task of great difficulty, owing to the deadly fire of the exultant Confederates, who had been confident of capturing the force, ordered Captain Hazard's two batteries, consisting of eight guns and about 175 men, to take position on the brow of a hill overlooking the swamp, and to prevent the enemy from crossing. Ten minutes after this the noble Hazard, mortally wounded, after telling Lieutenant King to take command of the artillery, and "fight forever," was carried from the field.

Lieutenant King, appointed to the regular artillery from civil life shortly after the outbreak of the war, had thoroughly mastered his new profession, and was abundantly qualified for

the responsible duties thus suddenly thrown upon him, and he more than fulfilled the expectations of his men, all of whom had, long since, learned to love him for his noble qualities of heart and mind.

Lieutenant King had scarcely assumed command when he found himself ruthlessly and violently assailed by some thirty pieces of artillery which Stonewall Jackson had concentrated in an advantageous position, and from which he felt sure he would be able to dislodge the small band of Unionists, and enable him to build a bridge, effect a crossing, render more complete the defeat of McClellan's illy-managed forces, and secure immense stores on the opposite bank, which he believed had been abandoned by the Union army in its flight.

The unremitting fire from the Confederate batteries was frightful, but King's guns were so accurate in their range and so destructive in their operation that it soon became impossible for the enemy's engineers and bridge builders to further pursue their dangerous calling, which they reluctantly abandoned. The fire from Jackson's artillery at one time was so heavy and destructive that King's cannoneers and drivers were shot down, and horses killed in such numbers that some of the non-commissioned officers, fearing to lose one of their pet pieces, took it upon themselves to withdraw it. Lieutenant King, although very busy in looking after his guns, men and horses, happening to see the men going to the rear with the piece, madly galloped in pursuit, and in a towering rage, compelled the men to return the gun to the firing line, which they immediately did. Had they hesitated an instant, King would have emptied his big seven-shooter into as many breasts.

Throughout that terribly hot and live-long day, and far into the sultry night, Lieutenant King and his brave fellows, keenly feeling their awful responsibility, a matter wherein the safety of the Army of the Potomac, perhaps of the Nation itself, was at stake, although greatly fatigued by exhausting labors, continued to work their death-dealing instruments, pouring destruction into the ranks of the foe, thus keeping it well at bay.

It was only when darkness robed the earth that they were enabled to rest from their awful work. They were worn out with fatigue; they were hungry, and greatly felt the want of sleep. While some were enamored of glory, and so flushed with the hope of continued success, they were absolutely incapable of repose. As they passed the wakeful hours, and the silence and darkness of midnight stole upon them, they gave themselves up

to profound meditation. They reflected on the intense excitements and manifold dangers through which they had passed, and mused on the result achieved in checking the onward course of the invincible Stonewall Jackson, who had caused fearful havoc in the Union ranks. They compared the stillness of the night with the tumult of the previous days and what might follow on the morrow. They fancied that Death was still hovering over their decimated command, but the cimmerian hue prevented them from distinguishing who would be the unhappy victims. They then thought of their parents and other loved ones at home, and the uncertainty whether they would ever see these beloved ones again plunged the brave artillerymen and their heroic, intrepid commander into the deepest melancholy.

Frequently in the silence of that long and never-to-be-forgotten night, Lieutenant King and his men were startled by the report of cannon, which, passing over the thick surrounding forests, sounded in a peculiarly mournful and horrible manner. The unexpected sound, repeated by the echoes of the valley, was lengthened into dismal reverberations, and often, when the harassed powers of my gallant friend and his men were sinking into calm and refreshing repose, suddenly roused them, causing them to hastily and fearfully run to the guns, with no other thought than that "Old Jack," who, when not praying, was always fighting, was making another attempt to cross the stream.

In the midst of all these dangers and excitements Lieutenant King, in battle ubiquitous, preserved a calm and unruffled countenance. Keenly sensible of the great responsibility placed upon his young but broad shoulders, he was always where danger was thickest, but cheerful in disposition, he retained his presence of mind though surrounded by the most urgent dangers, offering in his own handsome and soldierly person the most perfect model of military discipline.

But suddenly, in the early hours of the morning, Lieutenant King, who had passed the long and dreary hours of the night in ministering to his wounded, and in burying his dead braves, received orders to retire and follow in the footsteps of the army, which, by this time, had reached a place of comparative safety. His signal to limber up was instantly obeyed, his men eagerly rushing to their different sections. All passed in order noiselessly to the rear, the equally jaded and exhausted Confederates, now wrapped in sleep, being none the wiser for the clever movement for several hours afterward. Major King had performed his task. He had saved the Army of the Potomac.

But there will be no more pomp and circumstance of war for Major King. Never again will loud-mouthed cannon confront or speak to him—no blast of bugle or drum-beat summon him to ensanguined fields. No more will he hear the screaming shell—no more feel the surgeon's knife. Enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen the memory of Major King will ever be cherished, and around the festive boards of his companions-in-arms will be recalled his excellencies, with sighs that he has crossed the Silent River.

FEARFUL SCENES AT HATTERAS.

WHILE aware that soldiers are ill qualified to narrate stories of the seas, a province more properly belonging to those who have a fondness for going down in ships that pass in the day as well as by night, I hesitate in attempting to tell of exciting experiences myself and 1,200 comrades had on shipboard during a fierce gale at Hatteras, the most treacherous and dangerous part of our coast, in January, 1862.

The Ninth New Jersey Regiment formed a part of the Burnside expedition—seven companies embarking on the ship *Ann E. Thompson*, and five on the brig *Dragoon*. Our fleet, the largest up to this time that had ever been assembled in American waters, after leaving Fortress Monroe, had a rough time in going down the coast in the face of a stout gale and adverse winds. We had a disagreeable time all the afternoon, and during the night, the storm raging with increasing violence, the cold winds howling fiercely as they hurled the tempestuous waters mountain high, tossing our vessels in a manner adapted to excite the fears of the most intrepid. Many of the men, by the violent motion of the ships, were thrown out of their bunks, some sustaining bodily injury. Sleep was impossible, but the men of the Ninth survived the manifold horrors of the night, hailing with joy the dawn of another day.

Shortly after noon we saw a long, low, narrow strip of white sand over our starboard bow, and an hour or two after anchored a mile or so this side of the inlet to Pamlico Sound. The two vessels bearing the Ninth Regiment anchored near each other, both displaying signals of distress by floating flags with the Union down. Near us was a large side-wheel steamer immersed in the constantly rolling breakers, fast going to pieces. The angry waves dashed completely over it with terrific force. While

we knew it had been wrecked, we were in ignorance of the fate of those who, a few hours previous, had guided the stately vessel within sight of its destination, only to witness its destruction on a bleak and inhospitable coast.

On the following day, the winds having moderated, and the sea somewhat calmed, Colonel Allen, Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman, Surgeon Weller and Adjutant Zabriskie proceeded in a small boat from the ship *Ann E. Thompson* to General Burnside's headquarter boat in the harbor, to report the arrival of the command, and to ask assistance in getting our two vessels into the haven of security. Concluding their business, the colonel and his staff started upon the return trip, being speedily and skilfully rowed by a vigorous crew, commanded by the second mate.

All went as desired until the heavy breakers were reached at the outlet to the inlet, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, a huge wave rose out of the sea, bursting over the bow, sweeping to the stern, unshipping the oars, and nearly swamping the staunch little craft. Despite the unlooked-for mishap, officers and crew retained presence of mind, maintaining the uprightness of the boat, nearly half filled with water. But while congratulating themselves on their good luck, a second and larger breaker overwhelmed them, instantly swamping the heavily-laden boat, and precipitating the occupants into the foaming sea. An agonizing scene followed.

Colonel Heckman and Adjutant Zabriskie, powerful and expert swimmers, with a reckless disregard for their own preservation, nobly went to the assistance of Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller, who were battling in the angry surf, but owing to the exceeding roughness of the waters and their own exhaustion were compelled to leave them to their fate. The white foam surged about them, while the spray often engulfed them, the thunder of the dashing surge constantly sounding to them like the awful knell that the enraged ocean was singing for the victims it was seeking to entomb. Colonel Allen, although weighing nearly three hundred pounds, with much of life's span already behind him, was a good swimmer, but being encumbered with a heavy rubber coat over a tight-fitting uniform, soon became exhausted by the great efforts he made to save himself, and finding it hopeless to further contend with the wild and overpowering waves, being completely exhausted with his prolonged efforts, and nature fast sinking in the useless conflict, said to the ever-intrepid Heckman and gallant Zabriskie, "I can not stand

this much longer—take care of yourselves; may heaven bless you both!” abandoned himself to a cruel fate and was seen no more by his still struggling companions, who, although ready to meet death, felt it hard to die without a determined struggle.

Meantime the sailors had made strenuous efforts to right the up-turned boat, but this they failed to accomplish, the heavy swells bobbing it about like a cork. Colonel Heckman and the adjutant, by dint of great exertion, finally succeeded in reaching the over-turned boat, which was fast drifting to sea on an outgoing tide, and managing to raise a piece of apparel tied to an oar they had succeeded in securing, soon after attracted attention from the crew of the steamer Patuxent, which went promptly to their rescue. Thus were saved these two from entombment at the ocean's bottom. They were preserved for years of gallant service to the country for which they were willing, and in which they did suffer much e'er the great war ended—the former enduring months of captivity at my side in various prison pens, the latter giving his noble and promising young life while fiercely battling to enter Richmond, seven miles below that stronghold, in May, 1864.

The bodies of Colonel Allen, Surgeon Weller, and the mate of the ship (who was also drowned), fortunately were recovered late in the afternoon, and next day, enwrapped in canvas, completely covered with tar and sand, temporarily interred on Hatteras' cheerless bank, where the wild waves chanted solemn requiems, Company B being entrusted with paying the last sad rites to the memory of departed worth.

Two weeks later the remains of our officers were exhumed and placed on the steamer Suwanee in charge of the Ninth's chaplain, who was detailed to accompany the bodies to New Jersey. Had not the regiment been on the eve of battle, in which every man would be needed, it is probable a suitable detachment would have been sent along. A few days afterward the remains of Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller, encased in handsome caskets, reached Trenton, and were escorted to the State House. State Street, through which the mournful cortege—a regiment of militia—passed with measured tread and saddening strains, was lined with people. The caskets, draped with American flags, were carried into the Senate Chamber, where they were viewed by thousands of sorrowing citizens.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

FOR many years past, among survivors of the Civil War, the question as to who was the youngest soldier in the Union Army has been mooted, but it seems no more clearly settled than before. I have always believed, however, that "Gus" Schurman, who blacked boots at three cents a shine in the City Hall Park, New York, just before the war broke out, was the youngest member of the great Union Army.

In June, 1861, burning with a desire to serve his country, although but ten years old, he enlisted in the Fortieth New York (Mozart) Regiment as a drummer, in which line of music he was considered a prodigy. His father, a German, was a bugler in this command, and through his influence "Gus" was mustered into the service.

At Harrison's Landing, after the disastrous campaign in the early summer of 1862, General McClellan, who had a greater partiality for "reviews" than fighting the enemy, set a day for an elaborate ceremony, and General Philip Kearny called for a drummer boy to serve as his orderly. Young Schurman was fortunate in securing the coveted detail, and never regretted the honor conferred upon him. When the general (Kearny) presented him with a silver-plated bugle, and bade him mount a large white mare, known as "Babe," over whose broad back he could scarcely stretch his short legs, the breath nearly left his body. His previous horse-exercise had been limited to riding a sutler's horse to water. During the manœuvres, General Kearny, a superb horseman, and always seated as firmly as a centaur, followed by his staff, galloped over a rough field broken by a formidable ravine. The general, mounted as usual on his powerful gray charger "Moscow," after taking this with a mighty bound, looked around with a merry twinkle to see if his aides could do likewise, but dismayed at the jump which "Moscow" had made, they hunted for an easier and safer crossing. The little drummer alone followed the intrepid general. "Babe," a stable mate of Kearny's horse, which he bestrode, was coming like a whirlwind, and his diminutive rider might as well have attempted to stop a railroad train as to check the headlong course of the excited animal. On, on came the great white charger, ears back, red nostrils all wide, and eyes like coals of fire, to the edge of the precipice, when, rising on her powerful haunches, as if shot from a catapult, she

leaped high into the air as though to leave the earth forever, and safely landed on the other side, her light burden pale and almost senseless with the sensation.

The chivalric Kearny, delighted with the clever act of his subordinate, commended him, and declared he must consider himself as his permanent orderly. From that hour until the lamented but glorious death of the general at Chantilly, young Schurman was ever at his side. Often in battle General Kearny used the back of his little bugler as a writing desk, and if at any time he trembled at the surrounding dangers, the general was sure to roundly curse him.

One day the president, Mrs. Lincoln and "Tad," their youngest son, then ten years old, visited the army at Belle Plains, and when "Tad" saw the little bugler he found his "affinity." "As I look back," said Mr. Schurman to the writer a few years ago, "I can see that I must have been an object of envy to 'Tad,' as by that time I had become quite a horseman, could blow a bugle, beat a drum, and swagger about like the bigger ones. The men, with whom I was somewhat of a favorite, had presented me with a mustang that had formerly been ridden by General Mosby, the guerrilla chieftain, and on him I cavorted about the field until 'Tad' could stand it no longer, and persuaded a cavalryman to lend him his horse to ride. Finally, the president and Mrs. Lincoln being ready to return to Washington, called 'Tad,' and bade him take leave of me.

"'Mother,' says 'Tad,' 'I won't go home unless 'Gus' (as he already called me) can go along.'

"'Oh, no,' interposed the president; 'that won't do. This lad is a soldier, and must remain here and attend to his duties.'

"'I don't care, pop,' responded 'Tad'; 'I want him to go home with me and teach me to ride and blow the bugle.'

"This appeal, and the tears which suffused his eyes, was too much for the tender heart of our president, who ever loved 'Tad' as the apple of his eye, and to relieve the great and good man from embarrassment General Kearny said: 'Mr. President, if you desire, the bugler may accompany you. I will give him a furlough.'

"'Tad, greatly overjoyed, thanked the general, while I returned to my tent and secured my knapsack. I rode to Washington in the president's carriage, and that night slept serenely in the guests' chamber at the White House. 'Tad' slept in a crib alongside his parents' bed. The contrast of my new quarters with my humble and sometimes uncomfortable lodgings of

the past year was so overwhelming that even now the thought of the beautiful chamber I occupied awes me.

“‘Tad’ was a generous-hearted, sweet-tempered lad, with an adventurous and inventive turn of mind. I well remember one Sunday afternoon when the rain kept us in doors, that ‘Tad’s’ budding genius took a particularly distinctive turn, when, with his little hatchet—perhaps the same one used by young George Washington—he hacked at various pieces of furniture, and finally sawed away the banisters of the main stairway. When this was reported to the president, he called ‘Tad’ and myself into his room and entertained us with a story about the Black Hawk war, and showed us the sword he carried in that campaign as captain of a company of volunteers. He did not allude to our vandalism.

“‘Tad’ and I owned Washington for several weeks, doing pretty much as we pleased. We frequently attended theatres, having carte blanche, and many a time he and I sat in the theatre box in which the president in 1865 lost his life.

“One night at Grove’s Theatre there was a play called the ‘Marble Heart,’ in which a dark, handsome man, with brilliant eyes, took the leading part. Spellbound with the acting, ‘Tad’ and I looked up his name on the program. ‘I’d like to meet that actor,’ said ‘Tad.’ ‘He makes you thrill.’ So, after the second act, we went back of the stage, and were taken to the dressing-room of J. Wilkes Booth.

“‘This is President Lincoln’s son,’ said the stage manager, and the actor gave us each a hand with a captivating smile. He continued his make-up, asking us how we liked the play, and we telling him the parts we most admired. On leaving he handed us each a rose from a bunch that had been presented him over the footlights.”

My comrade’s life at the White House ended as abruptly as it began. With the aid of Mrs. Lincoln the two boys arranged an entertainment for the benefit of the hospitals, the price of admission being fixed at ten cents. The audience was chiefly composed of soldiers. Early in the evening, just after the president had entered the hall, a mud-stained courier arrived from the front, telling of General Lee’s invasion of Pennsylvania, and in a moment all was confusion. Next day Schurman received an order to return to his command, and he hurried to Gettysburg, reaching it with the Third Corps.

For many years after the war, Mr. Schurman was an officer of customs in New York. He frequently visited me at my home. A decade ago he crossed the Silent River.

HOW TRENTON HEARD OF SUMTER'S FALL.

TRENTON enjoys the proud distinction of having raised and equipped the first three companies of volunteers in the War for the Union—Companies A, C and D, Third Regiment—and New Jersey has the honor of having sent the first brigade—four full regiments—to the national capital.

General Beauregard, commanding Confederate forces in Charleston Harbor, at 4.30 a. m., Friday, April 12, 1861 (47 years ago) opened his bombardment of Fort Sumter from Morris Island, and next day at 1.10 p. m., Major Robert Anderson, commanding at the fort (a resident of Trenton in 1860), signified his readiness to surrender by raising a white flag on the broken staff from which the Stars and Stripes had floated mid the storm of shell with which it had for more than thirty hours been assailed. The formal surrender took place at nine o'clock on the following morning—Sunday—and a few minutes later the direful news reached New Jersey's capital city.

Few Trentonians, however religiously inclined, attended divine service on that beautiful morning, owing to the intense excitement which pervaded the community. Warren Street, from State Street nearly to Front Street, was packed by a frenzied multitude, anxious to hear the latest from the seat of war, as given out by Mr. Wright, the only telegraph operator in town. Never since Washington victoriously entered the city on that ever-memorable Christmas night in 1776, had its people been so profoundly stirred.

At noon that day members of the America Hose Company announced their willingness to form a nucleus for a company, and before the sun went down behind the hills on the western side of the Delaware, I had leased a vacant store on the south side of State Street, and opened the same that evening as a recruiting station for volunteers, intelligence having reached Trenton that President Lincoln would on the morrow call for 75,000 men to defend the national capital.

Next day, Monday, April 15, my company (C, Wilkinson Guards), without doubt the first volunteers to enroll in the state, if not in the country, was fully recruited—77 members in all. The quartermaster general (Perrine) at once purchased a quantity of gray cloth, and distributed the material among the patriotic women of the city to be made into so-called uniforms.

I recall that an old lady, living on Warren Street, near the Belvidere Railroad bridge, had the making of my jacket, and that I impatiently waited in her house several hours to see her finish it, so anxious was I to don soldier's apparel, and I remember how vain I felt as I walked down Warren street to the recruiting station, wearing the little gray blouse. It was probably the first uniform made and worn in Trenton's streets after the issuance of the president's proclamation. Whether I removed the jacket on retiring that night I have no recollection, but I vividly recall sleeping in it from that time on for three long months.

Eight days afterwards we were mustered into Uncle Sam's military service by Lieutenant A. T. A. Torbert, U. S. A. (afterwards a famous general), and at noon on the fourth of May left for Washington on steam propellers, going by way of inland waters owing to the impossibility of traveling by rail, the "Plug Uglies" of Baltimore having control of the Monumental City, and interdicting communication with the national capital.

The three Trenton companies, without overcoats, despite the chilly weather, embarked on the first propeller in line. It occupied the lock at State Street, where an immense crowd had assembled to witness the embarkation and departure. The scene pictured there that day and its memories will abide so long as life lasts. Very few, however, of those who witnessed the leave-taking are now living. The roar of cannon, the waving of flags, the fluent cheers did not move us as did the parting kiss, the hot tear, the tender farewell, the admonition to remember the holy cause in which we had embarked, and the lavish distribution of beautiful flowers in every form of graceful bouquet, brought by father, mother, sister and sweetheart.

The Trenton Gazette, next day, in describing the departure of the Third Regiment, said:

"As the Trenton companies sailed away ladies waved their handkerchiefs, cheer after cheer was given and returned, and the drums beat. The mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, friends and even sweethearts of many of the soldiers were there to bid them adieu, it may be for the last time. Mothers whose sons were going to the wars; wives who parted with loving husbands, bitterly wept, and in that large crowd there was not a man who did not feel his heart beat in sympathy with the solemn and affecting scene.

"The soldiers, although sad and sorrowful, as men would be in taking leave of relatives and friends, appeared nevertheless, firm and determined; and we have no doubt that when they meet the Southern traitors in the shock of battle, they will render a good account of themselves. After many anxious days of suspense, part of our gallant soldiery have gone forth to battle for the right, and hundreds more are ready to leave our city, and thousands to leave our state, to follow them. May God go with them! May victory perch upon their standards! May rebellion be crushed, and the Union be maintained, and the Jersey Blues come home covered with glory!"

The voyage to Annapolis was attended by many discomforts, a fierce northeasterly storm prevailing. On the way down the Delaware River, the propeller "Farmer," on which the Trenton companies had taken passage, was blown upon a bar, but not the kind most of the boys would liked to have visited at that particular time, causing considerable excitement. The old hulk was finally gotten off, but only with great difficulty, and we were heartily grateful when we landed at Annapolis, although we did so in the midst of a pelting hail-storm. We were very hungry, an incompetent and ignorant quartermaster having failed to provide sufficient rations for the trip.

The arrival of the Jersey brigade at the National capital sent a thrill of great joy through the great heart of our noble and patriotic president, and gave him the first assurance that the capital was safe by our presence. We took possession of unoccupied buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue, holding evening parades on that broad but then alternately dusty and muddy thoroughfare, until we received tents and went under canvass on Meridian Hill, a couple of miles outside the city, where we had our first drills.

At midnight, May 24, under a full moon, our brigade marched silently down Fourteenth Street to the Long Bridge spanning the Potomac River, passing en route long lines of waiting troops. No sounds, save the measured tread of the marching columns, the hoof-beats of horses, and the rumbling of artillery wheels, disturbed the serenity of the beautiful night, the people of Washington being in blissful ignorance of the movement.

The Jersey Brigade was preceded across the river by District of Columbia volunteers, and two New York Regiments.

Turning to the left, after marching a few hundred yards, we found ourselves on the main road leading to Alexandria, while the column which led us across the bridge secured Arlington Heights, and with it the home of General Robert E. Lee, now overlooking the National Cemetery. We had probably reached half the distance to Alexandria, when we learned that Ellsworth's Zouaves and a Michigan regiment had landed in the ancient city, and that the gallant Ellsworth had been killed by Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House.

When day came our brigade was set to work throwing up entrenchments (subsequently well known as Fort Runyon). We were kept at this laborious work, besides doing picket duty, for several weeks, receiving no extra compensation, save in the issue each day of whiskey, in which a generous quantity of quinine had been mixed, thus doubtless saving many from chills and fever.

While not active participants in battle in this the first campaign of the war, we cheerfully performed manifold duties for meagre pay—\$11 a month—and without hope of reward for sacrifices made, other than enjoying the satisfaction that we were engaged in a righteous cause, and doing all in our power to uphold a government established by our forefathers.

Who can cease remembering the privations to which the men of the Jersey (three months') brigade were subjected in the earlier part of the campaign? Whether this state of affairs was due to incompetent and inexperienced men in charge of the commissariat, or the inability of the government to provide the necessary supplies, none have ever been able to satisfactorily explain, but we do know that for weeks after our arrival in Washington, like a half-famished crew of a dismantled ship which has been buffeted by storms, we availed ourselves of every opportunity to eke our scanty supplies by catching fish in the Potomac River, flowing tranquilly beside our camps. The capture of a catfish, with which the placid waters abounded, was regarded with livelier joy than California miner ever manifested when his diligent search and severe toil were rewarded with the discovery of a nugget of fabulous value.

As a result of the heroic sacrifices made by the three months' men, who left home and all that was dear at a moment's notice, without previous preparation, and without the stimulus of any bounty (such a thing not being dreamed of at that time), the national capital was saved.

To-day peace smiles on all our land. Over all the fields torn by battle kindly nature has strewn a robe of emerald, flecked here and there with buttercup and daisy.

From towns and cities shattered by shot and shell, gentle time has rubbed every scar. Into homes desolated, content long ago came, and at broken firesides, long shrouded in gloom, the Angel of Peace has furled her wing. Industry, commerce, and all the arts flourish as never before. Resentments long and bitterly cherished are hushed; the embers of old exasperations and hate have died out upon the hearth.

While thanking God that He has thus delivered us out of all our troubles, let us not forget the heroic dead who died that the nation might live, and let patriotic people continue to fling sprigs of rosemary on every loyal soldier's grave, keeping it forever green in grateful memory.

REUNION OF EIGHTH NEW JERSEY.

FOR many years past General Drake has been an honored guest at the annual reunions of the Eighth New Jersey Regiment. At the reunion in 1907, he said:

"Mr. President:—In attempting a response to your courteous request and introduction, I again realize the swiftness of the flight of time, as apparently it were but yesterday—on a similar occasion—when you extended the same compliment to me.

"I always experience great delight in attending the annual reunions of the survivors of the Eighth New Jersey Volunteers, in which organization I long ago found my "affinity, as you know, with one of your most gallant members, with whom I had peculiar and thrilling experiences in the darkest days of the long and bitter struggle of 1861-1865, and it gives me no less pleasure in being present to-night at your symposium. The genuine comradeship ever shown me by Captain Harry H. Todd, of your regiment, my companion in captivity in various Confederate prison-houses, as well as in the longest and most perilous journey made by escaping prisoners of war, has been to me a priceless recollection through all the intervening forty-three years, a longer period of life than is allotted the most of mankind, and I may add that as time passes, imposing languor and age, our affection, brought into being under dangerous, painful and distressing circumstances, increases day by day. 'Tis this unalterable love that binds me closely to you, his comrades, and gives

me intense pleasure in greeting year after year as time rolls on.

“This evening, as we come to this delightful and hallowed hour, you men of the Eighth recall the many battles in which you were permitted to take an active part in defence of the flag you cherished. None forget those terrible days of 1861-1865, when passion embittered the hearts of the people throughout this land, but to-night we sit here with gratitude to God because of a united country—because of one flag, which your devotion and sacrifices did so much to preserve.

“The time will never come when your patriotism shall be forgotten, for your love of country and the principles underlying that awful struggle did more to inspire and bless this land with a true idea of the dedication of heart and life to our country’s future and destiny than all things else.

“The history of the nations of the earth, as they have striven for a higher civilization, is replete with tales of brilliant daring, of mighty valor, and of victories won through the baptism of blood and fire, but nowhere and by no people have those qualities shown to greater advantage than in our own dear land.

“One hundred and thirty-two years ago our forefathers severed the shackles that bound them hand and foot to England, whose king and nobles laughed scornfully when they heard the bell of Liberty in Philadelphia proclaim the establishment of a Republic, whose flag was soon to float on merchant vessels in every port of the world and become a symbol of power and protection to the lowliest person who could claim the proud title of American citizen.

“Strong and great America stands to-day because of the patriotism and heroic sacrifices of the volunteers of 1861-1865. Our country no longer has the dew of youth upon its brow; it is a giant, sturdy and strong. It has faced the chilling blasts of adversity and successfully climbed the proud heights of fame; it is rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, and strong in citizen soldiery, who need but the sound of fife and drum, as in 1861, to call them from the farm, desk and factory, to defend the honor of the flag, for which you men of the Eighth did so much and suffered so greatly.

“And if I correctly understand the portent of the present time, I may say the day is not far distant when our youth will be called upon to rally in defence of the flag we carried to glory. For months past mutterings of war have been heard on the Pacific coast, and a single breath may fan a great flame and let loose the dogs of war. It is well, therefore, that America to-day has

a navy second to none in the world—ships and men capable of successfully engaging any foe that may appear on the seas. Let us be thankful, too, that at the head of our nation stands a man, who, seeing the great dangers threatening our possessions, has wisely taken timely measures to thwart Asiatic pretensions—at least for the time being.

“May the young men of to-day, as well as those to follow, continue to draw inspiration and lessons of patriotism and devotion from the noble example, you, my comrades, set when, without a moment’s warning or preparation for the sacrifice, you left all that was near and dear to hazard everything in defence of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man.

“And now, my comrades, when our Union exists in absolute integrity and our Republic is in complete and triumphant development, may the young men of this God-given land, whether their fathers or grand-sires wore the color that suggests the gray of the morning sky or the beautiful blue of the full noon, feel proud of our blended battle-fields, radiant with the common glories of our companions-in-arms, and bind themselves together with the same sacred bonds of friendship and brotherly love that so happily and firmly exists between the comrades of the Eighth New Jersey.”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CIVIL WAR.

SOME may wonder why those who served long years in the Union and Confederate armies during the Civil War delight at this late day in recalling recollections of the campaigns in which they took part, but when one has participated in toilsome marches, faced dangers on field and flood, been weakened by the loss of life’s blood and suffered the horrors of starvation in prison pens, it cannot be considered strange that he should remember the fatigue, hunger, thirst and agony of mind which made impressions that will last as long as life itself, or tell of exciting scenes he witnessed or of the sufferings he and his comrades underwent.

When war’s dread alarm sounded in Charleston Harbor in April, 1861, the people of the north and south, devoted for many years to industry, knew so little about warfare that none in this broad land had the faintest conception the struggle would be Titanic in character, and continue with unabated fierceness for four long years.

The first campaign, ending with the miserably-managed battle of Bull Run, has long been regarded as but little better than a costly picnic or pleasure excursion. The men who first responded to the call of the respective Governments, left home carrying luggage enough to burden a small mule, the superfluous articles pressed upon them by fond parents, affectionate brothers and sisters, sweethearts and friends, including almost everything from a Bible to a dirk-knife.

It was very hard at first for the volunteer soldier to acquire the habit of military discipline, so necessary to a proper performance of duty. Particularly hard, almost debasing, the thought, was it for a young man, perhaps the son of a rich, indulgent father, to take arbitrary orders from the newly-fledged officer, who had but lately been in his father's employ. It required months for the American volunteer to overcome this feeling of superiority.

Americans living to-day have but little conception of the fatigues and dangers incurred by the gallant defenders of the Union in 1861-1865. In the long marches the volunteer, sometimes a bare stripling of 16 and under, was compelled to be his own master of transportation, keeping pace with older and sturdier ones during the long hours of the day, and often far into the night, with his great burden—enough to stagger a mule—of an eleven-pound rifle, canteen of water, forty or sixty rounds of ball cartridges, three or more days' cold rations, to say nothing about heavy leather belts supporting cartridge box, cap pouch and bayonet scabbard, together with overcoat, rubber and woolen blankets, shelter tent, and often a change of underwear.

This burden was uncomplainingly borne by boys who never heeded weather conditions. They tramped along the weary way in clouds of stifling dust, under a burning sun, and frequently in storm and mud half ankle deep.

If depressed in spirit, or feeling as if they could no longer place one foot before the other, so great was their exhaustion and desire for rest and sleep, the sound of a cannon shot or the sudden rattle of a volley of musketry, instantly revived their hopes for battle and victory, and in a moment, relieved from ennui, fatigue was forgotten under the stimulus of battle formation and the excitement attending the opening of a contest.

While the American volunteer soldier had tribulations, he had also well-springs of pleasure—moments of joy and gladness. In camp, when not on duty, he indulged in various exercises,

and improved his mind by reading, writing and innocent amusements to relieve him from ennui. Some vocalists in our great army would have graced any public entertainment at home. Among the most noted singers I ever heard in the service were the famous Lombard brothers, of Illinois. Adjutant Lombard, prince of good fellows, while a prisoner of war, did much to enliven the spirits of his forlorn and unhappy companions in misery, and I doubt not his melodies and rich, musical voice saved many from despair and relinquishing hope of exchange.

Of one solace the American Volunteers could not be deprived. Amid all the excitements of camp, march, bivouac and battle, thoughts of loved ones at home restrained them from yielding to temptation, and inspired them with fortitude to endure privations as good soldiers. Letters from dearest kindred, descriptive of scenes at their old homesteads, and making inquiry concerning their welfare, when received, greatly delighted and comforted them. The father who left an affectionate family to take up arms in their defense was constantly reminded that he was the object of tenderest sympathy, and his heart dilated with pleasure and his sinewy arms acquired additional vigor when he received this proof that his toils and sacrifices were appreciated by those dearer to him than his own existence.

There was always something picturesque and sublime in a night bivouac of any army. The long lines of fires flickering and glowing in the darkness; the groups of weary soldiers, their free and easy attitudes, their arms at their sides, ready to be caught up at any instant; the simple fare, exhausted men cooking their own supper; the long-stretching shadows and the background of Cimmerian blackness. Can you, reader, imagine all this? Then the vast multitude slumbers as one man—only the sentinels keeping watch and ward. The trees shelter some, and some lie in blankets under stars illumining the ethereal blue. And thousands of that tired and sleeping host are dreaming—some of home, some of partings that were painful, or of future meetings that shall be full of joy—till suddenly the trumpets sound, and all that host rises from the earth, and the stern realities of the toilsome march, the fight, the terrible roar and whistle of death take the place of dreams.

THE FIRST STARS AND STRIPES.

DID the Psalmist of old prophesy the eventual coming of the stars and stripes when he wrote the fourth verse of the sixtieth psalm, which reads: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth?"

Is it not true that our starry banner has ever been raised "because of the truth?"

Mankind has ever loved symbols and emblems, for they speak a higher, finer language than the human tongue can frame.

The higher a nation stands the more of a halo will there be about its flag. The patriotism of its people is measured by their devotion to their national emblem.

The white plume of the Knight of Navarre inspired his followers to deeds of desperate valor; the sacred raven of the Danes led them to merciless defeat; the passion red cross of the Crusaders was an inspiration as they advanced chanting prayers across trackless and burning wastes to battle with the Saracen; Roman soldiers defended their eagles as their most precious inheritance; while it was under the banner of St. George (not an Englishman) that Briton purchased Hessians to fight against American liberty.

The war for American independence had progressed more than two years ere any step leading to the adoption of a National flag was taken by Congress. Up to that time the colonies had had no less than sixty-four different flags on land and sea.

Who designed our starry banner may never be known, but it is commonly believed that Washington's coat-of-arms suggested the design.

It goes without saying that women of English ancestry made the first American flag, using English bunting and English thread, and, furthermore, that they presented the emblem to an English-bred Scotchman, shortly after the action of Congress in ordering the manufacture of a flag with thirteen stripes, alternating red and white, the union of states to be thirteen white stars on a blue field, representing the new constellation.

John Paul Jones was first to fling the political firmament from his vessel, the "Ranger," then lying in New Jersey waters, a flag that has since astonished the world with its beauty, and delighted lovers of liberty with its symbolism.

Jones's flag, made in Philadelphia by two sisters—Mary and Jane Austin—after going the wide-world o'er, finally fell into the possession of James B. Stafford, a lieutenant on the "Ranger" and "Bon Homme Richard," an uncle of Miss Sally Stafford, of Trenton, N. J., with whom the writer was well acquainted. Miss Stafford religiously cared for the sacred relic until her death.

I had the honor of displaying this flag in a political procession in Trenton in 1854, and find it pleasant to recall the applause accorded the emblem as it was proudly borne aloft from the bow of a large boat in which myself and other boy members of the "Stockton Sailor Club" rode through streets lined with patriotic

THE BATTLE.

THE grouping of falling men and horses; the many heaped up masses of dead moved strangely by the living maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth; the stretchers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or enlisted man, who has now the startling feeling forced upon him, "it has come to this, and yet there may be hope of life;" his excited overworn spirit, half fainting as it is, yet dreaming a mixed feverish dream of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart as it seemed to commit that heart to a moment's oblivion of all else.

Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed, seen with a dimmed eye; hope of life growing stronger, but with it now a dread of some operation to be undergone; the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish, impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his assistants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings of utter weakness causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded, yet speaking to cheer;

the operation borne bravely, and felt the less as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of the strife yet raging. All this has a life and motion and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL JAMES MADISON DRAKE.

WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER IN 1875.

THE subject of this sketch was born near Washington Rock, Somerset County, New Jersey, March 25, 1837, and very early gave indication of the enterprising spirit which has incited him to noble efforts during a busy life.

As soon as he began to toddle, our hero accompanied his parents on holy days to the neighboring church; but instead of employing sacred hours in listening reverently to expositions of Scripture, and joining in the ascriptions of praise, it was his custom to wander from the maternal knee into the adjacent aisles, cultivating the acquaintance of sociable worshipers, and, occasionally, climb the pulpit steps to gaze upon a congregation of familiar faces.

It was natural that a child manifesting such amiable traits should early desire to see something of the bright world into which he had been introduced. Accordingly, when he attained the age of two years, he contrived to climb into a wagon and conceal his tiny form behind the articles with which it was partly laden. Directly his father attached the horses, and, walking beside them, proceeded on his way over the mountain, little suspecting that the wee one, who was his mother's constant companion, was being jolted over the rugged road. Home was left far behind before the truant was discovered, and great was his joy when the astonished father consented that he might accompany him to his journey's end. On the young traveler's return to his anxious mother he related marvelous stories of hair-breadth escapes from imminent dangers; and described in glowing sentences the wonderful objects that had delighted his vision.

When Drake was about six years old, his father established a printing office in Elizabeth, and introduced him to a busy scene. Here the lad acquired much useful knowledge, and became a proficient in the "Art preservative of all Arts." At the

age of twelve years, he was a rapid and correct compositor. When about fifteen, he held a situation on a Trenton morning newspaper, and was noted for skill and diligence. The year following (1854) he began the publication of the "Mercer Standard," a literary paper of acknowledged excellence. Later, he started a daily newspaper, entitled the "Evening Express," which was continued by an association of journeymen printers under the title of the "True Democrat."

For some time the energetic youth was a reporter on "The State Gazette," and his talents and industry won for him the esteem of Trenton's most eminent citizens. In 1860 he was induced to again engage in the newspaper business, and issued a campaign sheet entitled "The Wide-Awake," which did good service in the Republican cause, adding largely to Lincoln's vote in Mercer County.

At the age of 23 years, Drake was elected an Alderman of Trenton, the Republicans giving him a handsome majority; and, at the expiration of his term, he was re-elected. In a community noted for its choice of good men for positions of trust, the election of the young publisher was justly regarded by his friends as an honorable recognition of his virtues and services.

In 1859, Drake organized the "America Hose Company of Trenton," then, as now, one of the most efficient associations for the extinguishing of fires within our knowledge. He was four times elected an Engineer of the Trenton Fire Department, and widely known as an efficient officer.

When news of the fall of Sumter reached Trenton on a bright Sunday morning, its citizens quickly engaged in consultation how best to aid in averting perils that threatened the nation's life. In this emergency many energetic firemen and others urged Drake to organize, drill and lead them to the defence of the national capital. He left press and type forthwith, and devoted all his energies to drilling those who were eager to serve an imperilled country. A vacant store on State street was secured, the Stars and Stripes were displayed, and fife and drum made things lively where Silence had long brooded. Here was organized the first company of "Minute Men" in our patriotic commonwealth. This command, attached to the Third Regiment, was one of the first military organizations in Washington—going by way of the Chesapeake, via Annapolis.

With characteristic modesty, Drake refused to take command of the company which he speedily organized, believing that a man of military knowledge should be appointed. He accepted

the post of Ensign of the regiment, and during the campaign gallantly carried the colors, being the first to unfurl our flag (at the head of the army of invasion), on Virginia soil, the Third New Jersey regiment being the third to cross the Long Bridge the night the lamented Ellsworth was killed.

At the expiration of their term of service, shortly after the battle of Bull Run, Drake and his comrades returned to their homes. But the patriotism of the Trenton boys would not allow them to be idle when bleeding countrymen called for aid to resist the foe on ensanguined fields, and Drake hastened to join the Ninth New Jersey Regiment, deservedly celebrated as sharpshooters.

Whilst serving as first sergeant of Company K, and receiving only a sergeant's pay, Drake for a long time was in command. His knowledge of military matters enabled him to be decidedly useful, while his acknowledged bravery inspired his comrades with courage. He participated in every engagement in which this famous regiment took part, displaying great gallantry and skill in leading his company.

In the terrible battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864, in which but four out of nineteen officers attached to his regiment escaped unhurt, Drake was taken prisoner and speedily introduced to the "Libby," where he had little to do except fast and reflect on the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. In common with hundreds of heroic men, he endured hunger with fortitude, slept the sleep of the just on the soft side of a plank, and laughed to scorn the efforts of brutal jailors to disturb his tranquility. True, thoughts of anxious kindred would intrude into his dreams, and were ever present in his waking hours. He was eager to regain his freedom that he might hear tidings of the dear ones at home, and again engage in his country's service.

After enduring sore discomfort for a few weeks in Libby prison, Drake accompanied some hundreds of his fellow captives to Danville, that, in the language of a Confederate officer, he might have an opportunity of observing the picturesque scenery of that portion of the country and partake of the elegant hospitalities dispensed at the military prison at that salubrious spot.

Fearing, however, that the captives were enjoying too much happiness here, and desirous also that they should visit other interesting points in the sunny South, they were removed to Augusta, to Macon, to Savannah, to Charleston. On their arrival at Charleston things were decidedly lively in the beleaguered city. With a patience that never wearied, and a skill that excited

marvel, Foster rained shot and shell on the foe within reach of his batteries. While the heavens were lurid with fires of hell, the yellow fever seized on the vitals of many whom bomb and ball failed to injure. In this delectable spot, hundreds of men, whose only crime was that they loved their country, were sent to languish. Thanks to the protection of a gracious Providence, Drake suffered no harm in this hideous prison-house.

Having passed a portion of the dog-days in the Charleston jail-yard, exposed to imminent peril, Drake was admitted for a brief season to the Marine Hospital. But the Confederate authorities, deciding to remove six hundred Union officers from the "accursed city of the sea" to Columbia, Drake was among the number ordered on the pleasant excursion.

In the various military prisons in which he had endured misery in varied forms, he was indefatigable in planning means of escape. Taking his life in his hands, he was ever ready to engage in desperate undertakings to regain liberty. Powerless, however, to successfully engage their jailors in a hand to hand struggle, the captive officers sought to baffle their vigilance. What they could not hope to effect by force they resolved to accomplish by stratagem. To this end they organized a corps of sappers and miners, and attempted to dig their way to a change of scene. Tunnels requiring immense labor were excavated by men whose energies were taxed to the limits of human endurance. But when their freedom seemed well nigh assured, trifling accidents or accursed treachery baffled every effort. Watched with sleepless vigilance, the prospect of escaping from an intolerable captivity seemed hopeless to the great majority of Drake's associates. But he never despaired.

After he had been a few months in Dixie, it occurring to him that his manner of life was becoming a little monotonous, he resolved to change it at the first convenient opportunity.

He did not wait long. On the journey to the capital of the Palmetto State Drake and three of his companions agreed to **regain** their freedom even at the peril of life. At a favorable point he led the way in a leap for liberty, his comrades jumping from the rapidly moving car directly after. The guards were astounded by the extraordinary feat, that, for a minute, they forgot to fire a parting salute with the rifles which were their inseparable companions. As soon, however, as their excitement allowed, they fired upon the fugitives, and let "slip the dogs of war" in the form of bloodhounds, swift of foot, keen of scent, and as ferocious and untiring as any animal on God's footstool.

Though the officers happily escaped injury in their terrible leap, and were graciously preserved from flying bullets and the awful fangs of the bloodhounds, they soon found themselves environed with formidable difficulties. Hunger, thirst, homesickness were among the minor ills of their pilgrimage. They were several hundred miles from a place of refuge, in the midst of implacable enemies, without guide or compass. Extensive swamps noted for deadly miasma, and thorns almost keen as razors, wide and deep streams, and mountains whose summits kissed the clouds, lay directly in their path. As they emerged from swollen streams their shivering bodies often attested the coldness of the water. Mountain ravines were threaded by Drake's naked feet, while snow and ice in profusion made his progress inexpressibly painful. His condition here was truly pitiable, the situation one of manifold horrors.

The sufferings of the travelers, under the most favorable circumstances calculated to cause strong men to despond, were greatly aggravated by the intense cold they encountered before they reached the Union lines. At this critical period of his history Drake's wardrobe consisted of a blouse, pants and red shirt, worn thin and ragged during a period of six months' constant service. While rambling over sunny plains his garments were neither ornamental or comfortable, being travel-stained and dilapidated. On the bleak mountains they failed to protect his form from an atmosphere that pinched like a vice. He had long been shoeless, and so badly were his feet frozen in climbing one of the highest peaks of the continent that it was feared amputation would be necessary.

The limits allowed for this sketch will not permit us to record many interesting incidents attending Capt. Drake's remarkable escape. We can only add that, after being exposed to serious hardships during a period of forty-nine days, he reached Knoxville, Tenn., November 16, 1864, and was soon surrounded by friends who ministered to his necessities while they listened eagerly to his exciting narrative.

The *New York Tribune*, in publishing the adventures here concisely stated, said: "This escape is considered the most daring and wonderful that has been effected since the commencement of the rebellion."

A brief period was allowed Drake to recover from the exhaustion caused by the miseries of his captivity, when he returned to his regiment, was promoted, doing faithful service until the surrender of the rebel armies.

On the recommendation of General Grant, the Secretary of War presented Drake with a Congressional medal of honor, which is more highly prized than any other of the cherished badges and decorations in his possession.

On being mustered out of service Drake settled in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where, in 1868, he started "The Daily Monitor," which soon attained a large circulation and profitable advertising patronage.

For five years he commanded the Third Regiment, N. G., an organization in whose prosperity the patriotic people of New Jersey took warm interest, and which has been honored with ovations in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Trenton, Cape May, and other cities.

For "long and meritorious service" Colonel Drake was brevetted Brigadier-General by a special act of the legislature, and the honor thus conferred on this gallant soldier greatly gratified his large circle of friends.

As a disciplinarian and drill-master, General Drake possesses qualities of a high order. He was ever held in deserved respect by his men, and the excellent reputation of the Third Regiment is in a large measure due to his eminent fitness to command. Few other officers have done as much as him to place the National Guard of New Jersey in its present creditable condition.

General Drake early learned to sympathize with all who suffer adversity, and his captivity was so intolerable that he thoroughly hates oppressors. He honors his fellows for their sterling qualities, believing that worth makes the man. Few have more warm friends. He has the rare faculty of winning the good opinion of all with whom he associates. As the publisher of a live newspaper, he exerts a wide influence, and ever seeks to do good as he has opportunity.

JAMES S. DRAKE.

HOW BRAVE MEN DIED.

A VOLUME would scarce suffice for the narration of the many noble deeds performed by the officers and men of the Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers, in their desperate and sanguinary struggle with Longstreet's almost invincible corps of well-trying veterans at Gettysburg on the second of July, 1863, and so I will content myself by telling briefly of the strange fatality that overtook many of its gallant officers.

After a long, rapid and fatiguing march over Maryland's dusty roads all the livelong day of July 1, 1863, the Eleventh New Jersey, on the evening of that day, found itself confronting Longstreet's jubilant and serried line occupying the extreme right of the Confederates on Seminary Ridge.

Although worn-out with fatigue, and greatly feeling the want of sleep, there were many among them so anxious to punish the foe for his insolence in invading northern soil, and so flushed with the hope of success that they were incapable of repose. As they passed the wakeful hours, and the silence and darkness of midnight stole upon them, they gave themselves up to profound meditation. They reflected on the manifold dangers through which they had passed for more than a year, and mused on the result of a battle in progress for more than twenty-four hours—a battle that was to decide the destiny of the country—the fate of a government they had been taught to believe was the best form ever devised by man. They compared the stillness of the night with the awful roar of conflict they had listened to for many hours while hastening to the scene, and of the tumult which they knew would come on the morrow, but none could foretell who would be the happy or unhappy victims. They thought, too, of their parents, their flag, their country, and the uncertainty whether they should ever again see these beloved objects, plunged all into the deepest melancholy. But suddenly, while the everlasting hills about them, and the beautiful dale below them, were enshrouded in an impenetrable fog, the bugles, clear and distinct, sounded to the deadly fray, the officers, fully alert, crying: "Fall in, boys, fall in," the worn and jaded men rushing to their different stations, and all, in order for the battle, awaited the signal for action. All in that gallant host were animated by a love of country, and the necessity of conquering or dying for the flag

they loved. To the sentiment of self-preservation were added ideas of duty and of valor.

Such were the feelings of men of the Eleventh and their comrades of the Third corps, when a radiant sun, bursting from the thick fog, rapidly dispelled, shone on many of them for the last time.

The position occupied by the Eleventh, with that of the rest of the corps, was highly desirable to General Lee, and he ordered Longstreet to attack the Third corps with all possible vigor. Under cover of his splendid and admirably-served batteries lined along the wooded ridge, General Barksdale and his fierce Mississippians made a determined advance. On, on, came the Mississippians, covered by a strong line of sharpshooters, until they reached and occupied the little farm, near which the Eleventh, with bated breath, awaited them. Up to this moment the Jerseymen had withheld their fire, but as the elated enemy pressed forward upon the wasted line of blue they opened a terrific fire, momentarily checking the advance of the confident and exultant Confederates, who were assured of success.

It was at this supremely critical moment that the gallant and heroic Colonel Robert McAllister, commanding the Eleventh, while encouraging his brave fellows to stand firm in repelling the haughty invader, was disabled by two severe wounds—a Minie bullet in his left leg and a fragment of a shell in his right foot. "Don't give way, my boys," he said, as he was borne on a stretcher from the field.

Major Philip J. Kearny had no sooner assumed command of the regiment, after the withdrawal of Colonel McAllister, than he fell dead, another victim on his country's bleeding altar. To the valor of a soldier he united the politeness of the gentleman, and, like his great prototype, General Philip Kearny, the hero of Chantilly, he was richly endowed with the qualities and all the virtues that should characterize the American volunteer soldier.

Witnessing the death of the only field officer present, Captain Luther Martin, a young printer from Plainfield, took command, and while stimulating the men by his great courage and enthusiasm, he, too, fell upon the altar of liberty, his precious blood enriching the soil he so gallantly defended. Captain Martin's undaunted bravery on many ensanguined fields had long inspired the men of the Eleventh with a melancholy presentiment that such a warrior must necessarily perish on the field of battle. It was fulfilled at Gettysburg.

Captain Dorastus B. Logan, next in seniority, on witnessing the death of his loved companion, sprang forward and worthily took his place, but had hardly done so ere he was ruthlessly robbed of a bright and promising life, falling beside the colors he had so intrepidly followed.

Captain Andrew H. Ackerman then assumed command, and was instantly killed. Apparently, Death stood there to claim every shining mark.

Captain William H. Lloyd, on being notified by Adjutant John Schoonover, stepped forward to direct the regiment, and while doing so, fell desperately wounded, and was removed to the field hospital.

Adjutant Schoonover (still living), the surviving ranking officer present, took command, and although quickly disabled by two wounds, remained with the regiment, and shortly after under orders, led it from the gory field.

FAMOUS CIVIL WAR ORGANIZATION.

IN January, 1867, seventy-five genuine Elizabeth veterans of the Civil War, some of whom had stood by my side in the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers for four years, organized themselves into a body known from that time to this as the Veteran Zouaves, and unanimously elected me as commandant. The Zouaves, by superior drill and deportment, sprung into prominence at once, and during all these intervening forty years have been especial public favorites, not only in Elizabeth and throughout New Jersey, but in nearly every prominent American city, in all of which they have been welcome guests and the recipients of brilliant receptions.

The Zouaves have had as guests President U. S. Grant and Generals Sherman, Sheridan, John C. Black, John B. Gordon, Governor of Georgia, and others, besides many prominent military organizations, including the Tibbitts' Corps of Troy, the Jackson Corps of Albany, and Confederate Camp of New York city.

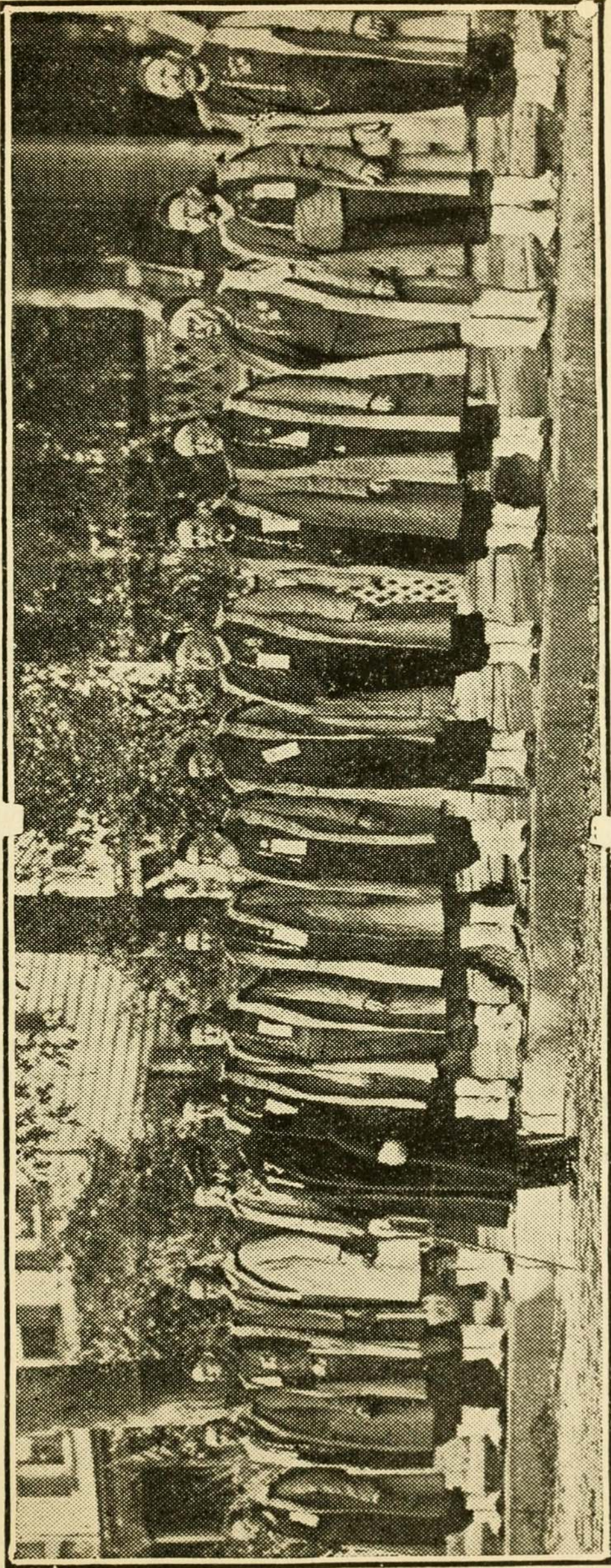
In 1879 the Zouaves visited Albany, N. Y., and acted as escort to the National encampment of the G. A. R., performing the same service in San Francisco in August, 1886.

In July, 1885, the Zouaves visited Albany for the second time, and Troy and Saratoga, the pleasure of their brilliant tour being in a measure marred by the sickness and death of General

VETERAN ZOUAVES, ELIZABETH, N. J.

BT. BRIG. GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE, COMMANDING

This picture was taken in front of the commandant's home, October 7th, 1907, previous to departure of the Zouaves on their week's tour to Gettysburg, Washington, Alexandria, Mount Vernon and surrounding battlefields.



From left to right—Bugler George Hector, Sr., First Sergeant Charles W. Waterbury, Sergeant Herman Miska, Augustus Hopkins, Captain William T. Ackerson, Samuel Coddington, Sergeant Isaac Nicholas, Sergeant Paul P. Noyes, Sergeant Isaac S. Connett, William F. Turner, Sergeant Robert G. Gerth, William Spicer, Sergeant John Mundrane, Captain Robert Crosbie, Silas D. Drake, Sergeant William Zimmerman. General Drake in foreground in dark coat.

Grant, which occurred the day after they reached Saratoga, while en route to visit him at Mt. McGregor.

In 1886, the Zouaves, forty strong, with sixty honorary members (including eleven ladies), crossed the American Continent to San Francisco in a special train of parlor cars, and were absent from home one month. Neither before nor since has any military command ever made this tour for pleasure.

In 1890 the Zouaves made a tour of the Southern States, with New Orleans as the objective point. In the Crescent City the Zouaves were guests of the famous Washington Artillery for three days. Seventeen days were consumed on this trip.

The Zouaves have made more pleasure excursions and visited more cities and states than any other military command in the country.

Three members of the Zouaves—General Drake, Major Rufus King, U. S. Army, and Col. Julian Scott, the famous battle-scene painter—received Medals of Honor from Congress.

The last pilgrimage made by the Zouaves was in October, 1907, when they bivouacked at Gettysburg, Harper's Ferry, Washington, Alexandria, Mount Vernon, and Arlington. They were absent from home one week, and on their return received a magnificent ovation from their fellow-citizens. (The accompanying picture of seventeen survivors was taken in front of the commandant's home previous to departure.)

The Zouaves have visited New York City, Philadelphia and Washington many times, and Albany, Troy, Saratoga, New Haven, St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Oakland, Alameda, San Francisco, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods, Chicago, Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Birmingham, New Orleans, Mobile, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Richmond, Trenton, Princeton, Freehold, Camden, Newark, Jersey City, Orange, and many other New Jersey towns.



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