MY FRIEND FANNY.

A Leaf from the Note-Book of a War Correspondent.

[*From the Baltimore American.*]

My heroine's name is Fanny. Fanny was a horse; or, to be strictly accurate, Fanny was a mare. It was a case of love at first sight—at least on my part. It was at Harper's Ferry, that historic spot consecrated forever by John Brown, whose puny but heroic revolt in behalf of four millions of human beings began and ended here, and who calmly met his fate within cannon shot of the little "fort," now a pig-stye, from which, for a brief space, he defied the power of a great Nation—it was in this little town, nestling by the Shenandoah and clinging along the verge of the ragged hillsides, overshadowed by the lordly heights of Loudoun and Maryland, and nightly lulled to sleep by the music of the waters of the Potomac and Shenandoah, which here commingle and go rolling down to make broader the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, that in the memorable fall of 1864 I first met Fanny. The Harper's Ferry of 1864 was not the Harper's Ferry of 1883 by a large majority. The clatter of horses' hoofs, the jingling of spurs and clinking of sabres, the gleam of cold steel, the rumbling of army wagons, the braying of mules, the neighing of steeds, the glitter of uniforms, the incoming and outgoing of troops, the thunder of railroad trains, and the sounds of war-like music gave an air of animation to the little nook in 1864, which, it is unnecessary to say, it does not now exhibit. I had been there two years before when McClellan's battered army had forded the Potomac after measuring strength with Lee's gallant army at Antietam, and stretched itself out to rest along the Heights of Bolivar. It was but a few days after the time made memorable by Friend Whittier, when Lee

> "marched down,
> Horse and foot, into Fredericktown."

I was with the boys, was one of them in fact, when, on the 26th of October, 1862, the glorious old Army of the Potomac crossed the Shenandoah and wound up the mountain road which leads to Loudoun Heights and the peaceful hills and dales of Loudoun county, one of the garden spots of the world. I have a vivid recollection of the march up the mountain, for two reasons. I have done some pretty good marching in my time, but this march along the mountain side that October afternoon was one of the toughest I ever made, and a jolly pot-bellied German commissary named Dinglestadt was responsible for it. On the moving of our department he gave the "boys" at the headquarters of our brigade—and, by the way, the Fifth Maryland regiment, commanded by the gallant Colonel Wm. Louis Schley, of this city, on whose staff I had the honor of serving, formed a portion of it—a kind of impromptu reception, or send off, as it were. The unwritten list of fluids included absinthe, lager beer, and commissary whisky. The officers of the staff were all young men who had a pretty fair knowledge of the effects of the two latter beverages, and had frequently wrestled with them, with varying results, but were as ignorant as Maoris in regard to the peculiar properties of the first-named abomination, and treated it with the same contempt they did the "commissary." It is needless to say that the intermingling of beer, whisky, and absinthe produced a state of mental and physical wretchedness painful to remember, even after the lapse of twenty years. Hence, the march up Loudoun Heights was exceedingly toilsome, as well as memorable. I have had my opinion of Commissary Dinglestadt ever since. Another reason why I remember this march was the gayety and devil-may-care demeanor of the soldiery, as they trudged up the mountain side, waking the echoes with their songs. "John Brown's Body," I remember, was the favorite air, and the refrain was varied to suit the fancy of the leading singers. For instance, once it would be sung as follows:

> We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
> We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
> We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
> As we go marching along.

The next version was likely to run:

> We'll hang John Brown on a sour apple tree,
> We'll hang John Brown on a sour apple tree,
> We'll hang John Brown on a sour apple tree,
> As we go marching along.

The third time it would be varied as follows:

> We'll hang Horace Greeley on a sour apple tree,
> We'll hang Horace Greeley on a sour apple tree,
> We'll hang Horace Greeley on a sour apple tree,
> As we go marching along.

But if I don't have a care I'll follow the grand old army down through the Loudoun Valley to Warrenton, where the soldiers took a tearful farewell of "Little Mac," their beloved commander. Having got the army "over the mountain wall," I will return to the Ferry.

Fanny was a Mambrino. I don't know much about Mambrinos. In fact, my ideas concerning this particular breed of horses were probably derived from close and repeated studies of Mambrino horses as represented on posters under country horse sheds. If the impression evolved was correct, Fanny was a Mambrino. She had the wide, beautifully-curved neck common to that strain, was dark chestnut in color, stood sixteen hands high, if an inch, was gracefully proportioned—in fact, was a kind of equine Lily Langtry. Fanny was essentially a war horse. She had trotted, galloped, and ambled up and down the Shenandoah Valley for two years, and knew every bridle-path—and, more than that, she knew a gray-coated rebel the moment she clapped her eyes on him, and, in her own horse fashion, was sure to give her rider warning. She had smelt powder many a time and oft, and with the sound of a zipping minie ball or a bursting shell she was not entirely unfamiliar.

Did any of my readers ever go gunning for Indians in the far West? No? Well, it's a fact well known to army men that a horse will detect the near proximity of a redskin sooner than his rider, the erect ears, the dilated eyes, and the rapidly expanding and closing nostrils betraying the same terror which he exhibits in the presence of wild beasts. The senses of smell and sight, of course, account for this.

The Valley in the fall of 1864 was a veritable dark and bloody ground. It was a game of battledore and shuttlecock. It was first up the Valley and then down again, but fortunately for the Union arms the Confederates under General Jubal A. Early didn't have General Banks or General Sigel to deal with, but that peerless soldier who is soon to have supreme command of the armies of the United States—General Philip H. Sheridan. Sheridan had heard of the little trick the Confeds had of flanking the Union forces by way of Front Royal, and then, while the blue coats were scurrying down the Valley towards Harper's Ferry, of cutting them in two and gobbling them up at leisure, and never got caught in the trap once. Later on, when he sent Early whirling up the Valley with Custer's troopers thundering at his heels, the country became fully satisfied that General Grant knew his man when he sent him to take command of the Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley.

It is useless at this late date to revamp the question who began it, Custer or Mosby, but early in the fall of '64 the horrors of regular and honorable warfare were enhanced by retaliatory measures which involved the deliberate butchery of prisoners of war in many cases. Custer was young, brave and fiery, and every outrage committed by the bushwhackers of Mosby was promptly avenged. "I will give you a safeguard, as you request," the writer once heard the young General say to a farmer residing near Berryville, who doubtless remained at the house during the day chewing niggerhead and cussing the Yankees, and bushwhacked Union soldiers o' nights, "but if he is disturbed or harmed by Mosby to-night I will burn your house down and hang you." "But, my dear sir," began the farmer, "I may not be able to protect him, and"—— "You have my terms, sir," was the General's sharp reply, "and you can have a safeguard on no other." The farmer got the safeguard, and in the morning the flames leaping from his dwelling and barns told the whole story. Custer was always quite as good as his word. The hanging of seven Union prisoners by Mosby along the public road near Berryville was one of the many murderous and disgraceful acts of retaliation practiced at the time of which I write. I revert to these facts to show that the war in the Valley was far from being boys' play, and that it was decidedly unpleasant for any Union soldier to fall into the bloody hands of bushwhacker Mosby.

It frequently happened that when the army was at Winchester or Cedar Creek our rear lines down to Harper's Ferry were wholly unguarded, and a ride to the front from the Ferry was an exceedingly hazardous undertaking. It was, therefore, essential that the person making the journey should at least have a horse so nimble with his legs that in case of accident he could maintain a safe distance between his rider and Mosby's irregulars.

As I have said, Fanny knew a reb on sight. She had had several little adventures of an exciting character, and her experience had taught that every time a body of graycoats hove in sight there was going to be a row. You had only to whisper "Reb!" to her to cause her shapely ears to incline upward and forward and her eyes to sweep both sides of the road, and if you were ever placed under circumstances where a hasty departure was imperative you had only to say "Go!" and from a quick trot to a gallop and from a gallop to a run Fanny was soon out of rifle range. If perchance a bullet whizzed by it simply accelerated her speed. Did she know the spiteful "zip" of a rifle ball? Just as well as her rider. She ought to have known, for she bore several honorable scars, and carried at least one rebel bullet in her shining flank.

But excuse the garrulity of an old soldier. I laid out to tell a little adventure in which Fanny bore an honorable and gallant part.

The army was lying along Cedar Creek, in the vicinity of Middletown, the terminal point of that famous ride embalmed in verse when gallant little Phil Sheridan was twenty miles away, and the devil was to pay generally up at the front. A party of four war correspondents, among whom was the writer, were quartered at the house of a Mr. Sperry, a miller, half a mile west of Middletown, when one night, about 11 o'clock, word came that the army had been ordered to fall back on Winchester. Early was at his old game of trying to gain our rear by way of the road leading through the mountains at our left, and thence across the Shenandoah. Several thousand did cross, only to find Custer in their front, who hurled them back, capturing four or five hundred prisoners. All night long the march continued. Our party reached Winchester in advance of the head of our column, and we prepared to make ourselves comfortable and await developments. Among us was an estimable young fellow named Hammond, who was one of the correspondents of the New York *Tribune*. Hammond's mind was turned in the direction of the ministry, and he was at the time a student of theology. I believe he is at present engaged in thumping the dust out of a pulpit cushion somewhere in New York. He was poor, and not at all averse to turning an honest penny. He had a broker in New York, as many other army men had, and kept him posted as to the movements of Sheridan's army, or at least of such movements as would tend to affect the price of gold. Well, here was the army falling back on Harper's Ferry. There was no disguising the fact. It was a retreat, and as such would send the price of gold up a notch or two. There was no telegraph line from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, and Hammond was exceedingly anxious to post his New York broker as to the retrograde movement. The nearest telegraph office was at Harper's Ferry, about thirty miles down the valley. As hazardous as was the experiment, he determined to go to Harper's Ferry. But there was one obstacle in the way. His horse had galled his foot under the fetlock with a picket-rope, and had gone very lame. It was plain to see that he could not make the trip with such a nag. He appealed to me to loan him Fanny. He argued: "You will probably remain here some time, and will have but little use for a horse. I will be back to-morrow or next day at furthest. If I get through I can make some money. Don't refuse me, for God's sake." It went against the grain to part with my beautiful pet, even for a day, but I said "Yes." Before doing so, however, I pointed out the perils of his undertaking. I told him he was going on a lonely ride of forty miles; that the road was evidently unguarded by Union troops, and that the country over which he proposed to travel was infested with rebel guerrillas. I further said to him: "You know the bloody work that has been going on in the Valley for weeks, and that if you are captured you are a dead man. Your connection with the New York *Tribune* will be enough to hang you; so take a fool's advice and stay where you are." Remonstrance was useless. He said he had just learned that Lieutenant Meigs, a son of Major-General M. C. Meigs, U. S. A., had gone out bound for the Ferry, with an escort of ten or a dozen men an hour before, and he thought by rapid riding he might overtake the party. It was fortunate for him that he didn't. I gave him explicit directions as to the management of Fanny, and told him if he got in a hole, so to speak, to give her the rein and let her run. I further told him that if he could dodge the bullets she would take him out of harm's way, and that I felt sure there wasn't a horse in bushwhacker Mosby's command that could overtake her.

Fifteen minutes later Hammond, looking a trifle pale about the gills, galloped out of Winchester over the turnpike leading to Berryville. I haven't seen him since.

As before stated, he hoped to overtake Lieutenant Meigs' party by dint of hard riding. How it was I don't know, but the sequel shows that when near Charlestown he was twenty minutes or half an hour ahead of Lieutenant Meigs. The latter may have been halting at Berryville when Hammond passed through the western end of the town on his way to the Ferry. But that's a matter of no special moment.

Hammond's ride until he reached a piece of woods near Charlestown was uneventful. He saw nothing more formidable than women and children, and was doubtless wrestling mentally with some abstruse theological question, when at the point named three mounted men, clad in Confederate grey, dashed out of the woods and, with carbines on a cock, quietly said: "Halt, or you are a dead man!" Under the circumstances, and they were somewhat trying, the young man forgot my instructions about the mare. But, as he afterwards wrote me, "with the muzzles of three carbines within ten feet of my heart, I wasn't taking any chances." The mare, as I can readily understand, was quite as much frightened as her rider at this unexpected turn in affairs, and sprang forward. Hammond reined her in with difficulty. "What's the matter, gentlemen?" he inquired of the three cut-throats, who sat in their saddles with their guns at a ready. "Come with us," was the reply.

One of the bushwhackers led the way into the woods, Hammond following, with the other two men in the rear.

"Here's a go," soliloquized Hammond; "I wish I had taken good advice and remained in Winchester. If I ever get out of this scrape alive, I'll never go back to the army again."

He was taken perhaps a quarter of a mile back in the woods, where he was ushered into the presence of twenty-two of Mosby's men, most of whom were sitting in their saddles.

"Who have we here?" queried the leader, a lieutenant.

"I don't know," replied one of Hammond's captors. "He evidently belongs with the Yanks, and I thought I would bring him up here."

"Who are you?" inquired the lieutenant of Hammond.

"My name is Hammond, and I am a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*."

"You travel with Sheridan's army, then?"

"I do."

"How large is Sheridan's army?"

"I don't know exactly, and if I did I could not honorably give you the information," replied Hammond.

"I don't want any of your nonsense," replied the lieutenant, who was evidently as ignorant as he was brutal. "Pass over that watch and chain."

Hammond quietly handed him his gold watch and chain, worth at that time at least $250.

"Give me all the money you've got," was the next demand, and Hammond passed over his pocketbook, containing about $50 in greenbacks.

"Jerry," said the lieutenant, "go through him," which "Jerry" proceeded to do, taking everything of value he possessed. The lieutenant then directed Hammond to take off his coat and give it to a bushwhacker whom he designated. He also donated Hammond's hat to one of his command.

By this time the officer was going through Hammond's haversack, which contained, among other things, a package of envelopes, on which was printed in large letters the words "The Tribune, New York." The sight of the name "Tribune" seemed to enrage the lieutenant, who inquired, without looking up—

"So, you came down here to write abolition lies for Horace Greeley, did you?"

Hammond meekly replied: "I came down here to write the truth as near as I know how. I am not a soldier, but a civilian, and do not see why I should be longer detained."

Suddenly the lieutenant struck several pages of shorthand notes. Here was a poser for him. He had evidently never seen stenographic hieroglyphics, and hadn't the dimmest notion of their use.

"What is this?" said he, holding up a page of the notes.

"Those are shorthand notes," replied Hammond.

"And what the hell and damnation are shorthand notes?" roared the brute.

Hammond quietly explained, but it didn't seem to satisfy him.

Meanwhile, one of the men who had been fumbling at a picket-rope attached to his saddle, inquired: "What are you going to do with him, lieutenant?"

"Hang him, G—d d—n him," was the reply.

The glad fingers of the cutthroat swiftly unloosed the rope from behind his saddle and placed it across the pommel.

I leave the reader to imagine the feelings of the young war correspondent and the student of divinity. "There is no hope of mercy from these murderous scoundrels," he thought; "I will watch my chance and make a break for liberty, if I get shot for it. I would rather be shot than strangled like a dog, anyway."

Fortunately for Hammond, he did not attempt at that time to carry his design into execution. To have attempted to carry it out would undoubtedly have resulted in his instant death.

The lieutenant was still examining the stenographic notes when a scout rode up from the turnpike and reported that a squad of mounted Union men was coming down the road.

The lieutenant threw down the papers and inquired quickly: "How many are in the squad?"

"Not over six or eight," was the reply.

The lieutenant gave orders for a charge, and calling to two of his gang said: "Give that d—d Yank a sabre and take him into the charge with you. I will hold you responsible for him. If he escapes you die—do you mind that?"

Hammond mechanically took the sabre, about whose use he knew probably quite as much as a cow does of the Darwinian theory, and rode with the band down to the edge of the woods. Lieutenant Meigs' little group—for it was Lieutenant Meigs' party on their way to Harper's Ferry—rapidly approached, unconscious of the terrible fate in store for them.

Suddenly the cry of "Charge!" rang out from the dark woods, followed by the rebel yell from twenty-two throats, and the bushwhackers precipitated themselves upon Lieutenant Meigs' doomed band. There was no demand for surrender. It was kill, and no quarter. This is the bushwhacking style of warfare. Surprised and outnumbered, death and captivity was the fate of the Union party. The brave young life of Lieutenant Meigs went out in the combat, and several others were killed.

But to return to Fanny and her luckless rider. When the order to charge was given, Hammond grasped his sabre and rode between his two captors into the thickest of the fray. In the very midst of it, and while the attention of his guards was diverted, he dropped his sabre, wheeled about, shouted "Go!" and away he went, followed by a couple of bullets from the carbines of his guards, who were in close pursuit, firing as rapidly as they could load. Knowing that Fanny could take a fence as gracefully as a stag-hound, and thinking his chances of escape would be increased by leaving the highway, he rode at a fence over which Fanny vaulted lightly.

In his wild flight for liberty, Hammond took no note of the conformation of the ground over which he was flying, and a few seconds after leaving the fence found himself astride of a floundering horse. He had unconsciously ridden over an almost perpendicular declivity eight or ten feet high, and Fanny had fallen. He was a good rider and stuck to the saddle like a little man. Fortunately, the mare had not seriously injured herself, and sooner than it takes to write it, she was on her feet and off again like the wind. His taking the fence saved his life. When his pursuers came to it their sorry nags refused to take it, but seeing his horse fall, they made certain of his recapture and yelled as they upraised their carbines: "Surrender, you d—d Yankee — — — —!"

"Go to h—l," shouted Hammond, forgetting for the moment his theology, as his steed regained her feet and dashed away. But his pursuers were not to be so easily balked. Their horses refusing to take the fence, they had to make a considerable detour to find a gap in it by which they could enter the field, and by that time the young war correspondent was a good quarter of a mile away and rapidly increasing the distance between himself and his pursuers. The chase was continued, however, down the Valley several miles this side of Charlestown, when the bushwhackers gave it up, evidently fearing that if they continued much further towards Harper's Ferry they might run into a detachment of blue coats.

Exactly how Hammond got into Harper's Ferry as the shades of night were closing over the mountain tops he didn't know himself. He got there, however, hatless and coatless, but with a whole skin, and the next train for New York numbered him among its passengers. I heard from him in a few days. Portions of his letter I remember. After detailing his miraculous escape, he said:

"Horace Greeley hasn't got money enough to induce me to return to the Shenandoah Valley. I left Fanny in care of Mr. ——, at the corner of Shenandoah street and the street that goes up the hill to Bolivar Heights. I don't know the name of the street, and, what is more, I don't want to know it. The Shenandoah Valley, as lovely as it is in a physical sense, hedged in by a frame of cerulean mountains, is a very devil's den. I believe I am not an arrant coward. I could shoulder a musket and march with the boys 'give and take,' but I have no present intention of being bushwhacked again. I propose to remain here and resume my theological studies. I have always believed in a hell, and if I never had done so I would now be convinced that such a thing exists if only to roast the murderous wretches in whose unwelcome society I spent a half hour of terror. Why do *you* remain? You have carried a musket and a sword, you have done some service for your country. Why not return to New York? Another word as to your pet, Fanny. She bore me bravely up. To her I owe my life, and to you I owe my heartfelt thanks."

Let us shift the scenes. The retreat continued to a point between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. Did my readers ever see a cat toy with a mouse? Who has not seen it? Phil Sheridan had evidently seen it and enjoyed it. Jubal A. Early pursued, hoping to drive Sheridan into Harper's Ferry, one of the most indefensible holes within the lines of either army. As before stated, Sheridan stopped short between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, and throwing up temporary works, bade Early come on. Early was too shrewd and skillful a soldier to accept the challange. He felt all along our lines, and he felt something every time.

But I am digressing again and forgetting my heroine. I found Fanny at the Ferry. She knew me when she saw me, and whinnied with delight, but when I took her head in my arms and caressed it, there was a reproachful look in her eyes which I interpreted to mean, "Why did you loan me to that young man?" A large piece of her hoof had been broken off when she fell with Hammond, and she was temporarily unfit for use.

My post was with the Army of the Potomac. I merely went to the Shenandoah to see some fun. I hadn't seen any. It is true, I saw trifling skirmishes, among them the battle of White Post and other little attacks, where four or five hundred men were killed and wounded, but that was too tame. I had been on the gory fields of Antietam and Gettysburg; had seen human blood flow like water at Fredericksburg, in The Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor and in front of Petersburg, where thousands of brave men laid down their lives on their country's altar; but this game of battledore and shuttlecock disgusted me, and I concluded to hie me down to City Point, where I hoped for better things. I made a mistake. Had I waited but a few weeks I would have been the spectator of scenes which have since passed into history among the more important events of our late family trouble. But I didn't wait.

I left Fanny at the Ferry in good hands. She gave me her paw when I left, and I patted her beautiful neck as I bade her good-by. I never saw her more. Her keeper wrote me that on going to water and feed her one morning she was gone. Had I heard that she had been shot and killed in battle I would not have grieved overmuch; her fate would have been honorable. But I feared that my noble Fanny, through the duplicity of her keeper, had been converted into a plow horse—sold for a song to some Maryland or Virginia farmer to be put to ignoble uses, and when superannuated to be knocked on the head and become food for crows and buzzards. In 1864 Fanny was about six years old. A little more than eighteen years have elapsed, which would make her, if living, twenty-four at the present writing. This is about the average limit of horse life, and I therefore presume that Fanny has passed on to "the undiscovered country"—has gone to horse heaven, in fact.

I visited Harper's Ferry two years ago. It was of a Saturday, when the boys come in from the Valley with shot guns on their shoulders to replenish their stock of fish-hooks and tobacco, and to splice the main-brace at the Mountain View Hotel. Among the arrivals during the afternoon was a tall, lank Virginian, who bestrode a horse which at once attracted my attention. It was a wretched-looking beast, but something told me it was Fanny. I questioned her owner closely as to how she came into his possession. I asked him how long he had had her, and he replied, "A right smart while." Just how long that was I have been unable to find out. That she had been in the "wah" he was sure. His father bought her, he said, from a Union army officer, and that was all he knew about the matter.

I looked her over carefully and, after due deliberation, concluded that she was not Fanny, although, truth to tell, she looked like the wreck of my former beauty.

I incline to the belief that Fanny is dead. I visited a glue factory the other day and it occurred to me that at least a portion of her might repose there; who knows? Since even

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

How Andersonville Now Looks to Travelers from the North.

[*From the Cincinnati Journal.*]

Andersonville is the name of a station on the Southwestern Railroad, about sixty miles from Macon. It is nothing but a railroad station, and the only thing that characterizes the spot is the immense Union cemetery of some twenty acres, over which floats the star spangled banner. The cemetery is constructed on the spot where the prisoners were buried, and the trenches were dug with such precision and regularity that the soldiers were not disturbed, but allowed to remain as their comrades interred them, working under the watchful eyes and fixed bayonets of the Georgia home guards.

The cemetery is surrounded by a stout wall with an iron gate and is under the supervision of a superintendent, who lives on the grounds. It is a plain spot. There is not much attempt made to ornament this city of our martyred dead. It would take a great deal of even such influences as plants and flowers possess to dispel the melancholy memories that haunt this hill in the pine woods of Southern Georgia.

Southerners shun the spot, but the cemetery is much visited by Northern travelers, and the register in the superintendent's lodge contains many strange inscriptions besides the names of the visitors. One lady asks forgiveness of God for the murder of her brother, who sleeps in the cemetery.

Occasionally a man who was in the stockade turns up among the visitors. These men, whatever their natural temper, the superintendent says, can almost be distinguished by the effect of fear, dread and vivid recollection which comes back like a shock into their faces as they again stand on the now quiet and sunlit scene of their war experience.

In the cemetery the ground is of a general level, and the graves of the known and unknown, properly separated, range in rows, closely laid, as far as the eye can reach. There are actually buried on this elevation 13,715 men. The soldier whose identity was preserved by his comrades is marked in his resting place by a white marble stone rising eighteen inches above the ground. A square marble block with the word "Unknown" on it is repeated about one thousand times in the cemetery.

Part of the stockade is still standing. There are two rows of posts—one inside the other. The outer row has fallen down, save a few posts here and there, but a large part of the inner wall still stands. Trees have grown up around the old pen and a thick growth of underbrush now covers the sight of the prison. No traces of the famous brook that ran through the stockade remain, nor of the wonderful well dug by the prisoners. It is all now a mild and peaceful section of the country. Many of the soldiers in the cemetery have handsome headstones lifted to their memory by friends in the North, and efforts are frequently made to have certain graves "kept green" with flowers and a shower pot.

Where Jefferson Davis was Captured.

[*From the Americus (Ga.) Republican.*]

On the waters of the Allapaha, in Irwin county, and near Irwinville, is the historic and memorable camping ground of the escaping President of the Confederate States. The apple tree under which General Lee surrendered was cut up into chunks and scattered as mementoes over the globe. The three trees—pine trees—under which the historic Jefferson Davis surrendered in Irwin county, were stricken by one bolt of lightning last year, and shivered into smithers. If the owner of those dismantled and prostrate pines will gather up the debris and bring them to Americus, he can sell out at a handsome profit.

SONGS OF THE CAMP.

Gallant Will.

> Oh, the stormy times we knew,
> And the dangers we passed through,
> When you and I were soldier boys together, Will;
> Ere they laid you in the soil,
> Where a glory crowned your toil,
> As the spring time crowns the gloomy wintry weather, Will.
>
> CHORUS.
>
> Oh, gallant, gallant Will,
> Your noble heart is still!
> Where the river waves roll in the sun,
> You nevermore will thrill
> At the wild bugle's trill,
> Or wake at the roar of the gun,
> Or march to the war drums rolling,
> Or march to the war drums rolling,
> Or march to the war drums rolling,
> Or shout when the battle is won!
>
> Oh, the trials that we knew
> In our suits of army blue,
> When you and I were soldier boys in battle, Will;
> Our hearts the stronger grew
> For the dangers we passed through,
> 'Mid cannons' crash and rifles' deadly rattle, Will.
> Oh, gallant, gallant Will, &c.
>
> Though my fighting time is past,
> Like a storm upon the blast,
> And I walk no more among the dead and dying, Will;
> I recall the days with pride,
> When we battled side by side,
> And the dear old flag above our heads was flying, Will.
> Oh, gallant, gallant Will, &c.
>
> And I still remember you,
> Of the many tried and true,
> Who slumber now 'neath Southern glen and valley, Will;
> And somtimes in a dream,
> Will the old flag o'er me stream,
> While the brave and true beneath its folds will rally, Will.
> Oh, gallant, gallant Will, &c.

"Vet."

> "V—e—t, Vet. What does it mean
> Upon you soldier's faded coat?
> His hand is hard and rough and brown,
> I see a scar along his throat;
> His eyes seem looking far off still;
> His close-shut mouth is firm and grim.
> Mother, what means that little word,
> Upon a sleeve so worn and dim?"
>
> It means, my child, that rugged hand
> Has wielded musket long and well;
> Has sent the iron thunder home,
> And tuned the song of screeching shell.
> It means that, steady, staunch and true,
> He fairly won that ragged scar,
> While you and I sat safe at home,
> And read the news about the war.
>
> What wonder if the mouth is grim,
> That said so many swift "good byes?"
> Life's common words are idle breath
> Beside those earnest battle cries.
> What wonder if the gaze is dim,
> And yonder strangely lingers yet?
> The eye that has looked straight at Death
> His image may not soon forget.
>
> And this is what it means, to earn
> The title "veteran" on a coat:
> To march through flood and field, or lie
> Where rebel rifles sweep the moat;
> To serve the guns in rifle-pits;
> To sleep beneath the silent sky;
> To dream of home and wake to war;
> To see a comrade drop and die:
>
> To hear and heed the fearful song,
> Which whistling minie bullets sing;
> To faint and fall, and longing lie
> For one cool draught from rocky spring.
> And this, my child, is what it says,
> That little word of letters three:
> Go, clasp his hand, and give him thanks
> For battles fought for you and me.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs:—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD-BYE TO DIXIE.

An Ohio Soldier's Story of His Escape From Danville.

[*By John F. Hill, Co. K, 89th O. V. I.*]

It was my privilege to be a member of the Eighty-ninth regiment, Ohio volunteer infantry, with no rank save that of subaltern of company K. The regiment was organized in August, 1862, at Camp Dennison, Ohio, and numbered at the time it was mustered into the United States service nearly 1,100 men—rank and file. The regiment was ordered into active service within a month after its organization. While en route for the field it was met in Cincinnati by the governor of Ohio, and on account of the unusual size and splendid proportions of the men he named them after himself—the "Todd Tigers." The first year's campaigning was done in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and at the end of that time the strength of the regiment had been reduced to only 330 men. With this number, embracing the very best muscle of the regiment, and commanded by Colonel C. H. Carlton, a West Point graduate, we were called to take part in that memorable battle of Chickamauga.

As Chickamauga was the initial point of many a sad, sad story, so it was with myself and my regiment. On the last day of the fight my regiment was detached from its proper brigade and assigned to General Steedman's division in General Granger's Reserve Corps. Every old soldier who took any part in that sanguinary struggle will distinctly remember that after Generals Cook and Crittenden's corps—the extreme right and left—had given away, and when the day to the Union army was supposed to have been lost, that the weight and responsibility of saving what little was left to save was thrown upon the corps of Granger and Thomas.

The position that my regiment, including that of two other regiments, occupied the last day of the fight—September 20, 1863—was at a point between two ridges, where the veteran troops of Longstreet were attempting to force a passage. We held our point until after dark, although we were driven back several times; still again our men would rally, charge the enemy, and regain our old place once more. Every time we moved either forward or backward some of our best men would fall, until nearly one-half were either killed or wounded. Lieutenant Jackson, of company G, was killed. Lieutenant Mallow and another officer, whose name I have forgotten, were wounded. We saw we were wedged up in a pass and could not move either forward or backward. The last communication we had with the main army was near sundown, when General Steedman and a part of his staff rode up, and I heard him tell our colonel that re-enforcements would be sent soon to help us get out. We still continued to hold our position. Near dark we noticed that the enemy in front had ceased to press us, and we were in no condition now to press them. Our ammunition was all gone, and the men ceased to keep themselves in line as battalions or companies either. We were huddled up together in a mass like sheep in a pen. Some were standing, others sitting, and all talking about what was to be done next. It began to grow darker, and at last, at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards in our rear, we heard troops moving, and from the noise they made knew they were coming towards us. When they got nearer our colonel rode out to meet them, and hailed them, asking who they were. They replied "Friends." But in a moment more we saw who they were; for they were rebels coming right on us with fixed bayonets, and yelling like demons. Their commander demanded with an oath, "Do you never intend to surrender?" To which Colonel Carlton replied, "Is there a possibility of an escape?" And the rebel commander's answer was: "None, for we have our lines entirely thrown around you."

CAPTURED.

Without further ceremony we soon found ourselves divested of guns and cartridge-boxes, and under guard of our victors—the Fifty-fourth Virginia. Our captors, being old veteran soldiers, treated us with much civility. One, who had made a feint of thrusting a bayonet through me when they came up on their charge, caught me by my hand, after I had thrown down my gun, and yelled out: "Howdy do, Yank?" And, as I was bareheaded—having lost my hat in the fight—the second question he asked was, "Where is your hat?" I told him it was lost on the field some place, and, as my head was so large, I was afraid I could not find another to fit. To this he said nothing, but unslung his knapsack, and from it took a cap and gave to me to put on. That man I have always thought was more "Union" than "secesh." Of the 330 rank and file that went into the fight, only 170 were alive and able to report to the roll-call of Dixie. The following is the list of officers then captured: Colonel C. H. Carlton, Lieutenant-Colonel Glenn, Captains Day, Barrett, Adams, Gatch and Glenn, Lieutenants Scott, Edmonson, Harrison, Baird and Fairfield, and Assistant Surgeon Purdeem.

In three minutes from the time of our capture we were formed into line, and under guard of our captors we were hurried at double-quick to the rebel rear. We passed over the battle-ground of the previous day. Here we noticed that none of the dead had been interred, but were thrown up in piles about. Even the wounded had not all been cared for, and the wail and cry of many a poor fellow fell piteously upon our ears. Some had been lying there for the last thirty-six hours, suffering from painful wounds, in a hot broiling sun, and dying for want of water. To add to the horror of the gloom that surrounded us, the woods, in many places, were on fire, and what would be the fate of the poor helpless wounded none could tell.

Finally we were halted and drawn up before an officer's headquarters, which one of the guards told me was General Buckner's. Here we met with several other squads of men brought in from other parts of the battle-field as prisoners. After waiting for about two hours, and until fully one thousand of our men had been collected together at that point, we were ordered into line again, and, having been put under a guard of what I took to be convalescents, we began a tramp to the rear—a tramp from which many a brave man, alas! never returned.

It ended for us only at Libby Prison, Richmond, whither we were conveyed by rail via Atlanta, Augusta, Columbia, Raleigh, and Petersburg, reaching there the first week in October. We remained at Libby for more than a month, during which time occurred, among other notable events, the raid on the sugar and salt stored in the cellar of the prison, and were then removed to Danville, whence I succeeded in making my escape almost as soon as I got there. In order that the reader may have an intelligent idea of the desperate condition we were in at the time, however, it will be necessary for me to date my narrative back a little. The sugar raid of which I have spoken was the result of an exploration of the cellar underneath the prison, undertaken with a view to tunneling under the street and making our escape, but the discovery of the raid by the Confederates defeated our purpose. We did not despair, however, and a new council of war was held at which, after a long debate, it was decided to make a general rush upon the guards below, pass out through the main entrance door into the street, and then go wherever fate might lead us. To further our plan, it was agreed to raise the cry that the prison was on fire, and then go rushing down the stairway *en masse*, yelling "fire" at every jump. This we thought would demoralize the two guards below, who, to save themselves and their prisoners, would throw the entrance door open, and go rushing forth, pell-mell, into the street.

A FIASCO.

Midnight was the hour set, and everything being ready, the signal was given, and the cry was raised, "Fire! fire! fire!" A few voices took up the cry at first, and were soon joined by others. In a few minutes the whole building was in an uproar, and some who were not apprised of the ruse did the loudest yelling. About a dozen or so went thundering down the stairway crying "fire" at every jump. At the foot of the stairs stood the two guards fronting the stairway ready to receive us on the points of their bayonets. Unflinching they stood, yelling with all their might "Corporal of the guard!" "Corporal of the guard!" Just before our advance reached the bottom the men checked up as if for a parley; and this proved fatal to our success. In a second the guards recovered, and while one continued to call for assistance the other drove the men back to the head of the stairs, somewhat cowed. Why they were checked so easily I never understood. In a few minutes in came two or three officers with a heavy guard. We were called into line, the guards were divided into two reliefs, and one was placed over us with instructions to keep us standing in line at the point of the bayonet until further orders.

It was eight o'clock the next morning before we were allowed to "break ranks." It was one of the severest punishments I ever experienced. We were compelled to stand eight hours without being allowed to move an inch. I would first rest on one leg, and then on the other; and then both legs would give out. I thought it would actually kill me. My body seemed to weigh a ton, my limbs shook, my head swam, and I felt as if I would sink through the floor. Many a poor man dropped down in a heap, but he would hardly touch the floor before he would be pricked into life again by the point of a rebel bayonet.

The day following was one of the most miserable days I ever spent in prison. My poor bones felt as if they had been jammed together, while the flesh, skin and sinews were drying up to them. I was sick, physically and mentally. The last night's failure was making a sad impression upon me. To add misery to misery, we drew no rations upon that day. I saw that a large majority of the poor prisoners were as despondent as myself, while the remainder were worse and had given up completely to despair. The men were afraid to tell each other their troubles, lest they should incur another punishment. Night came, but still no food. The men went staggering and reeling over the floor. Few sought their usual resting place—such as it was—but took their rest wherever they happened to be. We tried to sleep a little, but it was not the sleep that refreshes mind and body. Curses and prayers floated out on the same breath, and we felt for the first time as if we were abandoned by friends, by our country, and by our God. But sometimes the darkest hour is just before the dawning of the day.

It was hardly daylight, when in came our commissary sergeant with orders that six men should be sent out to bring in bread, and distribute it immediately. One hundred men volunteered to go, but only six were sent. They were gone hardly half an hour when they came back with some corn-bread in barrels, baked in small round loaves about the size of a saucer. On a count being made, it was found that there was just one loaf to the man. Never were rations sooner distributed, and never was a day's rations sooner devoured. In ten minutes from the time the bread was brought into the prison not a pound could have been found anywhere—and we were still as hungry as ever! We had scarcely done eating, when in came Major Ross and announced to the men of our room to be ready to leave in twenty minutes. At this news shout upon shout went up from the men, till I was actually afraid that the authorities would come in and punish us again for our boisterous conduct. I remember locking arms with an old messmate of mine and, promenading up and down the room, singing:

> Out on the ocean, all boundless, we ride,
> Homeward bound, homeward bound!

But, after all, where bound, we knew not; but we looked at the bright side;—home, it must be home;—it could not be anywhere else.

OFF WE GO.

It was Friday morning, November 13th, 1863, and the sun was up, shining in all its dazzling brightness, as we bade adieu to our prison and stepped out of doors into the pure air of heaven again. There were 700 of us, and we were marched southward, across the James River over an old rickety bridge, until we were halted in front of a train of empty cattle cars, which bore the initials of "R. C. & C. R. R." Those cabalistic letters did not give us much satisfaction. Our destination was an enigma that none could solve. The guards, even if they knew, would not tell us. They said their instructions were not to have any conversation with the prisoners. A little hope still lingered within our breasts, and some even thought that Dick Turner would soon be around to give them back their greenbacks. [He had relieved us of all our money and valuables on entering Libby.]

It must have been about 10 o'clock, when we all got aboard and the train started. I observed the direction in which we were going, and after about an hour's travel I felt confident we were traveling southwest. This, then, could not be "homeward bound." We stopped after a while at a small station for wood and water, and some negroes gathering around the cars, we inquired where this road went to. The answer was, "down to Norf Carliner." We traveled slowly all day, through a very poor country, with no towns of any consequence on the line of the road. We were convinced now that we were simply on our way to another prison—probably "out of the frying-pan into the fire"—and fresh projects for escape entered our heads. Our opportunities for consultation, however, were poor. There were about sixty of us in each car, but one door of which was open. In it sat two very surly guards. We were not allowed to leave the cars under any pretense whatever, and the guards eyed us as if they mistrusted that we were ready to seize the first opportunity to make a dash for freedom. Towards evening we found out from one of the men that our destination was, probably, Danville, Va., 140 miles southwest from Richmond, and nearly on the line of North Carolina, and that it would probably be after dark before we reached it. Three of us got together in a far corner of the car and there, in whispers, talked the matter over. We agreed to wait until it got dark, then steal up on the guards, who were generally sitting with their feet hanging out of the side car-door, and in an instant two of us were to grasp the guns of the guards and jump from the train, bringing either the gun or the guard out with us. The ground was generally level, and the cars were running at a very slow rate, so that we did not apprehend any danger from making the leap, and as the night would probably be dark, and there were only two cars in the rear, we felt that but little danger was to be apprehended from the guns of the guards in the rear cars.

We were doomed again to be disappointed, however; for, just as the sun set, an officer came around, closed and locked all the doors on the outside. How we reproached ourselves for allowing the whole day to pass without making an effort to escape!

THE RECEPTION AT DANVILLE.

It was about 9 o'clock at night when the train reached the depot at Danville, and from the bustle outside we knew we were at the end of our journey. Finally the doors were thrown open and we were ushered out into an open space on the right of the depot, where we were immediately surrounded by a motley crowd of people that had long been waiting to get a glimpse of us. The throng included young and old, black and white, male and female, soldier and civilian—all had come out to see the Yankees. We were the first of the species ever seen in the city, and it was not strange that we created something of an excitement and aroused the curiosity of the people. A heavy home guard was waiting to act as our escort to our new hotel. In conjunction with citizens carrying torchlights of pine knots, they formed in lines on both sides of us, and we then took up our line of march. The distance was probably a mile, and the spectacle was doubtless the most imposing that Danville had ever witnessed. I never knew before that I was such a noted person, nor expected to meet with such an august reception. Our hotel proved to be another brick prison. We filed into a back yard, through a small wicket gate, just large enough to admit an ordinary man, and thence through a door into the prison proper. We soon scattered through the different rooms and sought resting places for the night, being much fatigued from the travel, excitement and anxiety of the day. Very little sleep came to my eyes that night; my mind was wandering all night in a semi-conscious state. I at times was climbing high brick walls, and when I had nearly reached the summit, my strength would fail me and I would fall to the ground again. Again I would be crawling through tunnels that at first were large enough to admit my body, but would finally grow so small that I could not proceed any further. Then, again, I would be seated around some festal board, with a table laden with all the sweetest provisions of the country, but I would find that I had not the power to reach forth and help myself. Thus tortured, the long hours of the autumnal night passed and day came again.

November 14, 1863, found me, as soon as the light of day began to penetrate our new prison, up and beginning a survey of its interior. I found things about the same as they were in Richmond: the same kind of a bed—a hard, bare pine floor, and the same kind of rations—nothing! The prison was a brick building, and originally had been used as a tobacco warehouse. It was in size about 60 by 40 feet, three stories high, and just large enough to hold the 700 prisoners that had been put in it. There was a back yard, the width of the prison, and running back about eighty feet. The yard was enclosed by a plank fence about twelve feet high. In this yard there was a well and windlass, from which we were expected to get our water. I found that there were eight guards on duty around the prison—six on the outside and two in the back yard. The prison stood on the northern outskirts of the city, and I noticed that the reserve post appeared to be some distance off, and toward the heart of the city. The day passed, but not a morsel of food was issued to us. We felt that the situation was growing more desperate every day. It appeared as if the weather even was in sympathy with our feelings; for it too was dark, dull and cloudy. I felt now that we had reached such a point of suffering, that if we ever intended to do anything to better our condition, the sooner the blow was struck the better.

PLANS OF ESCAPE.

The talk of escape soon became the all-absorbing topic of the day. About a dozen of us met upon the third floor, and in whispers discussed the question freely. Knowing that the guard was not very strong, and the reserve some distance off, we were confident the front door—the door leading out upon the street was a large folding one—by the united strength of fifty men could be forced open, and that we could overpower the guard by a general rush. A talk was then had with our comrades in the prison, but they nearly all seemed down-hearted and unwilling to undertake the project. Many of them said, indeed, that they would not go out if the doors were thrown open wide, unless they could be furnished with means to get to the Union lines. They declared that they were so reduced by starvation that they had not the strength to travel, and would undoubtedly be recaptured, and then would probably fare worse than ever. Poor fellows! they were dying then, and they actually realized the fact. Nearly every one of them to-day fills an unknown grave. Finally, about sixty out of the seven hundred agreed to join in our desperate effort for freedom. A new meeting was now called and a survey of the premises was ordered. Two men were sent to make the necessary inspection and report forthwith. An old map of the United States was found in the hands of one of the soldiers, and this was consulted as to the direction we ought to take in case we were successful in making our escape. Our present whereabouts—Danville—we found was on the south side of Dan River, one of the tributaries of the Roanoke River, and nearly on the line of Virginia and North Carolina. The best route—the one along which there would be the least danger of coming in contact with rebel troops—would take us in a northwest direction, across the mountains of both Old and West Virginia, and bring us to the Union lines somewhere on the Kanawha or Ohio River. It was agreed that if we got away we would travel in small squads of not more than three or four together, so as to create less suspicion and reduce the dangers of recapture. While this conversation was going on the inspecting party returned, and reported that they had hit upon a new idea. Their plan was as follows: That as our outhouse was built against the back fence of the yard (in fact the fence was the back wall of the house itself) and the boards reached down two feet into the sink, a person could go down into the sink and, with an old stub of a case-knife, cut off two of the boards just above the top of the ground, and then dig out dirt enough to make a hole under the fence through which a man's body could easily pass. We found there were no guards outside of the fence, and we had only the two in the yard to contend with. As we had at all hours free access to the yard, and there was constantly some one either coming or going, the guards did not appear to pay very much attention to any one, and very little conversation was indulged between them and the prisoners. One of the guards stood near the door entering the prison and the other near the door entering the outhouse. This we considered the most favorable opportunity we might ever have, and it was resolved to act upon it as soon as darkness fell.

THE ESCAPE.

We waited until 5 o'clock. A drizzling rain was falling, and favored our plans. Two men repaired to the outhouse; in a few minutes others followed. It was managed so that there was some one in the doorway all the time. We laughed and talked nonsense, and made all the noise we could, so as to distract the guard's attention. Meanwhile a small Michigan boy had got down into the sink and was cutting away with all his might on a couple of pine boards with the corner of a broken case-knife. The work went on steadily, and I am confident that I went in and out myself not less than half a dozen times. At last our pioneer succeeded in cutting off the boards, and then we set about removing the dirt. It proved to be more than we had at first expected. In about two hours, however, the job was pronounced finished, but as we knew there would be a change of the guard at 8 o'clock, we thought it best not to make any move until after that hour. By this time the drizzling rain had increased to quite a shower, and it was very dark. The relief guard soon came to the wicket gate, two new guards came in, and the two old guards went out. The whole thing was done without any ceremony; for I saw it all, as I stood in the doorway. One of the new guards came down to within about twenty feet of the door, backed himself up against the corner of the house and fence, and with a blanket around him and his musket at "support arms," tried to shelter himself from the storm as well as he could. The way was open now for freedom, and it was no matter of choice as to who should go first. In a few minutes a couple of men came down and passed out. I stood and watched them safe out, and then returned to my room to make my own preparations for leaving. I had a special friend and old messmate, and, dearer still, an old schoolmate—David Plyly, of Frankfort, Ohio—whom I had been trying to persuade to escape with me, but he was so much reduced in strength that he was afraid to make the effort.

There were three of us, however, members of the same company and regiment, namely, Sergeant Solomon Stookey, Corporal Henry Thompson and myself, who had formed an alliance and agreed to travel together, and, let the consequences be what they might, never to separate unless death should divide us. The time for my departure was at hand. Several squads of three and four together had gone out. I had no "baggage" except a black linen haversack, containing an old fork and a dilapidated old tin cup, and when I had secured it we shook hands all around. A solemn parting it was. I told my two comrades to go down in advance and that I would meet them outside. I wished to linger one minute more. My dear, dear old friend, whom I was to leave behind, who had been with me on so many trying occasions, when we held our lives in one hand and our musket in the other—now we were about to part, probably never to meet again. At the head of the stairway, he leaning against the wall for support, poor David and I bade each other a fond adieu. My heart was so full that I did not dare to look back, and in a moment I found myself at the door. My two comrades were awaiting me. I whispered to them to pass out, while I kept watch in the doorway. Down into the sink they went and through the hole in an instant. I turned to look at the guard. It was still raining hard, and he appeared to be motionless at his post. I turned upon my heel. The way was clear, and, going down on my hands and knees, with one rush, and without touching side, bottom or top, I cleared the hole and found myself once more in heaven's free air. JOHN F. HILL.

OSWEGO, KAN.

[*To be continued.*]

March.

[*By Susan Hartley Swett.*]

> The loud winds play their trumpets gay;
> The days march to their ring;
> And here's the bridge across the ridge
> That leads to happy spring.
> Over they go beneath its arch,
> A merry troop, for this is March.
>
> Come, green grass, lift above the drift
> Your fringes to the air;
> Come, silver boot, come, rosy foot,
> And leave your gay prints there;
> Come, bluebirds, and come, glad new leaves,
> To flutter round the homestead eaves.
>
> Through meadows damp, with your bright lamp,
> Oh, yellow cowslips, haste;
> Come, south wind warm, with one light arm
> Around the willow's waist,
> And call and call the violets dear,
> For morning's here, and spring is near.
>
> Come, silver streams, the winter's dreams
> Break with your ringing feet;
> Wake, rivers gay, and flit away;
> Come, rains, with fingers sweet,
> And hang new tassels on the larch;
> Come, all glad things, for this is March.
>
> —*Harper's Young People.*

In the Salons of Fashion

white teeth are more frequently seen than formerly. This is because our ladies have given the seal of their approbation to SOZODONT, foremost among toilet articles. This superlatively pure and salubrious preparation checks the further decomposition of the teeth, removes impurities which obscure their natural hue, strengthens them, and makes the gums as ruddy and hard as coral, and communicates sweetness and rosiness to the mouth.