



## SAVING THE CAPITAL.

The Grand Rush of Northern Troops to Washington.

MARCH OF THE 6TH MASS.

And the Attack Upon It in the Streets of Baltimore.

THE HALLS OF CONGRESS

Serving as Gorgeous Bivouacs for the Troops.

BY MAJ. BENJ. FURLEY POORE, WASHINGTON, D. C. (Copyright 1887.)

### II.

The crisis came at last. Seven thousand Confederates attacked the 70 worn-out Union soldiers, and forced them to surrender Fort Sumter, on the 11th of April. Four days later President Lincoln's proclamation calling for 75,000 men for the defense of the Capital was flashed over the country by electricity, more rapidly than was the fiery cross of Rhoderick Dhu, which called Clan Alpine warriors to arms. In almost every city, town and hamlet of the North the sacred fires of patriotism blazed upon the altars of liberty, and the ringing notes of bugles and the beating of drums called the Nation's defenders to their



**SWearing in the Volunteers.** Companies were organized as if by magic, and mothers said, as did the Spartan mistresses, "Go, my son; and may God protect you in duty and in right."

The District volunteers were immediately mustered into service, the oath being administered by Gen. Thomas in the front yard of the War Department. The companies had each its armory, but officers and men lived at their respective houses, and when not on duty

**WERE AT THEIR DESKS** in the Departments or following their usual vocations. Every night they were drilled, and they received frequent visits from Col. Stone, who was ubiquitous, and who was not only commander, but Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General and Commissary-General.

Then the militia from loyal States began to arrive, five companies of Pennsylvanians forming the advance-guard. They were the Potomac Light Infantry, Capt. McDonald; the Potomac Washington Artillery, Capt. Wren; the Reading Kingdome Artillery, Capt. McKnight; the Lewistown Logan Guards, Capt. Schlimmer, and the Allentown Allen Infantry, Capt. Yeager. These men, unarmed and ununiformed, were mustered

**FIRST BLOOD OF THE WAR.** into the United States service at Harrisburg by Capt. Simmons, of the United States Army, on the morning of April 18, 1861. As it was believed that the Metropolis was imminent danger, they were started at once for Washington, but were cautioned, as they approached Baltimore, not to attempt to pass through that city. Unheeding orders and menaces alike, they kept on their way, and, undaunted by the assaults of the rebel mob of Baltimore, which took every form except that of a resort to fire-arms, they hurried through the city and

**CAME BY RAIL TO WASHINGTON.** Col. Poore, who was then Clerk of the House of Representatives, offered Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, to quarter the Pennsylvanians in the south wing of the Capitol. They were met at the depot by Maj. McDowell, then an Adjutant-General on duty at the War Department, and escorted to the Capitol, which they reached about sunset. As they had been told that they would receive uniforms immediately on their arrival at Washington, they had worn their oldest working-clothes, expecting to throw them away, and they did not present a very martial appearance. As they entered the Capitol, a short, very black negro, who was in attendance on the Kingdome Artillery, and

who had been hit on the head by a brickbat or some other missile at Baltimore, gazed around with a look of admiration, and took off his cap, in which was a handkerchief



**THROUGH BALTIMORE.** saturated with his blood. As they moved through the rotunda to their quarters, this blood dropped along on the pavement. It was the

**FIRST BLOOD OF THE WAR.** That night the luxurious arm-chairs of the House of Representatives were each occupied by a sleeping Pennsylvanian, and the sofas in the halls and in the committee rooms were used as beds, many sleeping on the floor. The next day, April 19, the 6th Mass., Col. Jones, (now Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York,) passed through Baltimore. The field and staff were in cars drawn by horses and got safely to the station, where they took the cars for Washington. Several companies of the regiment which had to march through the streets, carried the white silk State regulation flag. This was regarded by the Baltimore mob as a flag of truce, and after pelting the soldiers with brickbats, several shots were fired at them. The fire was promptly returned, and the interchange of shots was continued until the troops were in the Washington cars.

When the 6th Regiment reached Washington, they found a number of the citizens of Massachusetts waiting to receive them. The regiment marched to the Capitol and was quartered in the Senate wing. The wounded were taken to an infirmary, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, which



**THE ATTACK ON THE 6TH MASS.** then stood in Judiciary Square, just south of the new Pension Office.

That night, while in the telegraph office preparing an account of the arrival of the 6th Mass., I heard the measured tramp of soldiers, and in marched a squad of the National Rifles, commanded by Serg't Clark, then a clerk in Riggs's bank. He gave the words "Halt! Front face! Order arms! Parade rest!" and then proclaimed that he was ordered by Col. Stone to

**OCCUPY THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE,** and permit no messages to be either sent or received. We correspondents pleaded the privileges of the press, and the Superintendent of the office endeavored to intercede in our behalf, but the Sergeant was inexorable. Two of us taking a hack, drove to Gen. Scott's headquarters, where we found Col. Stone, but he said that he had no discretion in the matter, and that the order had been issued to prevent transmission of the intelligence that two steamers loaded with provisions, destined for the South, had been detained. We then drove to Secretary Seward's, who received us kindly, but thought that the order was right. The affair at Baltimore, he said, was only a local outbreak, for which the regimental officers, who had ridden off, leaving a portion of their command to follow on foot, were responsible. Sending accounts of the killed and wounded would only inflame public sentiment and be an obstacle in the way of speedy reconciliation. Having offered us refreshments, he bowed us off. We returned to the telegraph office, where our

**WAS NOT FAR OFF.** With new vigor we plunged forward, I breaking the way, Bostic following with the bags. We struck dry ground just about sunset, afterward a road, then a telegraph pole. We knew we were on the right road again, and made our supper of raw sweet potatoes as we tramped along.

**BEEN CUT IN BALTIMORE.** It was nearly a week before mail or telegraphic communication was re-established

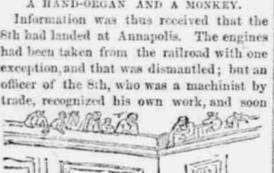
between Washington and the loyal North, and then was the time when the Confederates encamped on the south bank of the Potomac, with their allies in the city, might easily have captured the Metropolis. We knew nothing of the great uprising at the North, when 20,000,000 free people responded to the President's proclamation, as if actuated by one mind. The Northern Abolitionists who had denounced the Union, the Constitution and the Stars and Stripes zealously entered into the military movements, as they saw in the exercise of the war power the long-desired panacea for the evil of slavery. Those who had jeered at the Southern threats of disunion as empty bluster, and at the Northern conservatives as cowardly dough-faces, became zealous Union men, although it must be confessed that very few of them were

**EVER SEEN AT THE FRONT.** While the Union troops and citizens at Washington, virtually besieged and blockaded, were anxiously awaiting intelligence, a young man, with the olive complexion and dark eyes of Italy, a monkey and a hand-



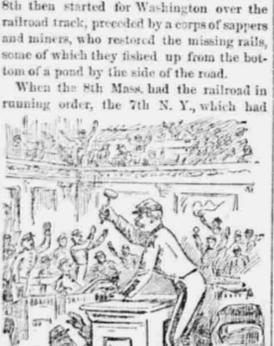
**BEN BUTLER'S MONKEY.** organ, appeared one morning before the headquarters of Gen. Scott and began to grind out a tune. When the General's Orderly came out to send him away, he insisted on seeing the Commander-in-Chief, and the Orderly finally permitted him to go into the house, laughing in his sleeve at the reception he would probably receive from the late old General. To his surprise, the man sat down his organ and monkey, and approaching Gen. Scott, saluted, giving his name and rank in the Regular Army. It was a young Massachusetts officer, who had been sent through the enemy's country by Gen. Butler, with the information that the 8th Mass. had seized the ferryboat at Perryville and had landed at Annapolis. The young man had dyed his complexion with walnut-juice, and the General had purchased the wardrobe and outfit of an organ-grinder, his voucher for which was subsequently stopped at the Treasury Department until it could be satisfactorily explained why he had purchased a suit of second-hand clothes.

**A HAND-ORGAN AND A MONKEY.** Information was thus received that the 8th had landed at Annapolis. The engines had been taken from the railroad with one exception, and that was dismantled; but an officer of the 8th, who was a machinist by trade, recognized his own work, and soon



**A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.** had the locomotive in running order. The 8th then started for Washington over the railroad track, preceded by a corps of sappers and miners, who restored the missing rails, some of which they fished up from the bottom of a pond by the side of the road.

When the 8th Mass. had the railroad in running order, the 7th N. Y., which had had the locomotive in running order. The 8th then started for Washington over the railroad track, preceded by a corps of sappers and miners, who restored the missing rails, some of which they fished up from the bottom of a pond by the side of the road.



**THE 7TH N. Y. IN SESSION.** come from Philadelphia on a steamboat to Annapolis, passed over it with their baggage in a train of cars and came to Washington. The Pennsylvania troops had meanwhile been removed from the Hall of the House of Representatives into some of the committee rooms of the Capitol, and the 7th N. Y. occupied the Hall, Col. Lefferts having the Speaker's room. Maj. Winthrop, who was killed ten days afterward in action, wrote a very amusing account of life in the Capitol. Before it was fairly light the reveille was heard, and every snorer's trumpet suddenly paused; the impressive sound of the hushed breathing of a thousand sleepers, marking

## A PRISONER OF WAR.

Through Bogs and Brambles on the Way to Freedom.

BY DAY AND NIGHT,

Chased by Hounds and Fed by Friendly Negroes.

BETRAYED BY WOMAN,

And Recaptured in Sight of the United States Gunboats.

BY LIGHT, C. W. KEIFER, VETERAN BATTALION, 14TH AND 15TH ILL., LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

### II.

I shall ever remember Mr. Strickland. We set out on our way toward evening as he told us. We held our direction by the stars, and about 10 p. m. came across a telegraph pole and knew we were on the right road. We kept on until about 12 p. m. We were very tired, as much of the traveling off the roads was in water sometimes a foot or more deep. We must have waded several hours, then finding some dry ground, we scraped together some pine needles, lay down and slept until daybreak.

We started and tramped along several hours, looking for the house described by Mr. Strickland, but did not find it. Being afraid to travel longer in daylight, we turned into a little rice-cabin and soon fell into a deep sleep. We were much refreshed on waking, but found ourselves in a novel predicament, as we could not tell by the sun whether

**IT WAS FORNOREN OR AFTERNOON.** By this mishap we may have lost our direction and traveled lengthwise the swamp, which we almost immediately entered, instead of going straight across. This was the worst part of the journey. The water was not so deep as to be dangerous, but it was



**HIDING BY DAY.** black, and filled with clumps of bushes with greenier vines growing from one to another, forming almost a canopy in places. Occasionally it was difficult to keep our noses out of the water and avoid the briars. Bostic carried the bags and I opened the way. After what seemed hours of wading we noticed the sun growing lower, knew it was afternoon, and ourselves in a bad situation, for there was no sign of an end to the swamp.

Bostic thought we had better go back. I said no, we must go on. After a while we came to some land on which were some small trees. I climbed up one to get a view of the country, but could not see out, and the appearance was the same in all directions. Again we came to some taller saplings. I climbed up again, but could see nothing satisfactory. On listening closely, however, I heard the wind sighing through the pines, and knew solid earth

**WAS NOT FAR OFF.** With new vigor we plunged forward, I breaking the way, Bostic following with the bags. We struck dry ground just about sunset, afterward a road, then a telegraph pole. We knew we were on the right road again, and made our supper of raw sweet potatoes as we tramped along.

Having found the road we pushed along as far as possible. The whole country seemed to be under water, as the road for miles was nothing but a succession of levees and bridges. We finally came to some higher ground and a fenced road. After proceeding some distance we saw a white light shining across our way. We could not go around it. After careful approach and examination we found the light to be corn husks. We picked our way through very carefully, and found ourselves in front of a dwelling-house. Just then a fierce bark from the porch broke upon our ears. Bostic, who was nearest the dog, suddenly whipped around me to the other side. I had only time to raise the forepart of my stick and let drop my bag of potatoes when the bound landed over the fence with a bound and was

**RISEING FOR MY THROAT.** I struck him, as he was rising, across the nose and forelegs with my heavy hickory cane, which sent him away howling terribly. The woods seemed full of dogs, so we traveled as fast as we could and as long as we could hold out. It must have been far in the night when we turned into the woods for a hiding and sleeping place. We found a hog's nest, drove them out, and got into a warm bed. At daybreak we found the road again, but had not gone far when we met the river coming up to meet us. There was a skiff tied to a tree at that place, apparently in the middle of the country. We thought once of taking the boat and floating down the river, but as it seemed high and rough, and we were no navigators, concluded to

keep on the land route to Brunswick. It never occurred to us that it was the tide which caused the rise until after we had gotten a good wetting in wading to avoid a farmhouse near by. We kept off the road during daylight. At night we found the railroad bed and followed it toward Brunswick, in one place crossing a high trestle on a single plank between the middle bents, and when we thought we were near the town found a dry place under a large pine and lay down.

At daybreak, as usual, we started, and soon came to some water, still and clear, which I observed was neither river nor lake. I went down and tasted it; it was salty. We both threw down our cans and bags and washed our hands and faces in

**WATER FROM OLD OCEAN.** We were evidently near the suburbs, and watched for smoke from the chimneys, but saw none. Then we crept up to a street to find evidence of life, but found only some old horse-tracks. We believed the town deserted, and went boldly into the street and into the town. It was dead, save enough. We had not gone far before a man appeared at a street corner and suddenly called out, "Hello, Yanks!"

We answered, "Hello, Yank!" met and



**"THE PHILISTINES BE UPON THEE!"** shook hands with Mr. Perkins, of a Michigan regiment, who had escaped from our train previous to our escape, and alone had found his way to Brunswick.

We three then started to find our gunboats. When we reached a clear place on the northern side of the town, I exclaimed: "THERE THEY ARE!"

Bostic laughed at me, and said it was only some old dead trees. I said, "Did you ever see dead trees with the limbs all at right angles and carefully braided to the main stem? Did you ever see the picture of a ship?"

We got into a dispute and came near proposing a separation on the spot. We started in a straight line for the "old dead trees," across the warm sands of the beach, amongst millions of crabs that disappeared mysteriously before we got near them, but we didn't reach the gunboats. Little arms of the sea ran into the land, which we could neither cross nor go around.

We were very hungry and thirsty, and went back to devise means for forage. I was still chewing the rind from the piece of pork that Mr. Strickland had given me two days before. Perkins discovered fresh water in a well by letting down an old beer bottle. Then we found some persimmons, and afterward saw plum-like fruit on the cactus plants in the street. It was new to us, but tasted good. We ate some and waited, and feeling no bad effects ate all we could find. Then we went into an old warehouse and talked over the situation. Hunger decided our course, and we started back into the country to find a house where we had heard chickens crowing early that morning.

It was probably 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we came to the gate of a small house. As we opened the gate a young woman rushed out of the house with hair flying, screaming, and with hand stretched out, implored us not to hurt her. I said, "Madame, don't be afraid of us. WE ARE GENTLEMEN, BUT VERY HUNGRY." I may have told her also who we were. She seemed relieved, invited us into the best room, and said she would cook something for us. Before she went out she said, "Here is a Yankee trick that may amuse you," and she wound up a music box and set it playing. She brought us in some cold boiled sweet potatoes to begin on, while she got supper. We began at once, but they wouldn't go down at the rate we wanted to eat and nearly choked us. While wrestling with the cold sweet potatoes, Bostic, who sat facing a window, suddenly exclaimed: "My God! there come the rebels."

To say we were shocked, would express it mildly. An hour ago we were in sight of the Stars and Stripes, now the prison was looming up again. Several Confederates rushed in and said: "Do you surrender?" I said yes. Directly after there pushed into the room a very stout woman, red in the face, out of breath, and stood looking at us. As soon as she could speak she called her daughter and said: "My daughter, how have these men treated you?"

"The daughter answered, 'As perfect gentlemen.' The mother was satisfied, the chicken was cooked, and we

**HAD A GLORIOUS MEAL.** We ate until we were thoroughly uncomfortable, and I must say for Bostic, who was always a good feeder as well as forager, that he laid in a vast supply. The Confederates took us to their outpost and we lay down and rested, then got up to eat raw sweet potatoes, of which our captors furnished all we wanted. They treated us well, and we traded stories and jokes. Our capture had been effected by the young woman sending out a child, unobserved by us, to a neighbor to tell her mother, who in turn had sent word to the post. We were to

blame in not setting a guard, and bitterly did we rue our thoughtlessness.

Next morning they started with us to the railroad from which we had escaped. We passed the house with the dog. I recognized the place and related the circumstances, but they took it in good part. Farther on we were turned over to some Home Guards, (by their exhibitions of authority,) and staid one night with them.

We rode in a wagon the second day and reached the railroad about night, and were lodged in a tent close by headquarters, for there seemed to be a little post of some kind at this place. About midnight I heard a horseman

**COMING IN ON THE GALLOP.** I lay quiet as if asleep, and soon a courier reported to the commander that "the Yankees had got off at Brunswick and were coming out through the country, burning and killing everything."

Our remorse was unutterable over our folly in going to the country to get something to eat. We had been within 24 hours of liberty if we had done—just nothing but wait. We had sold liberty, possibly our lives, for a supper. Our minds were then made up never to do anything we should regret if we escaped again.

The next day we were sent down the railroad to a camp, from which in a few days we were all removed to the terminus of the Atlantic & Gulf Road, and placed in a camp in the woods, near Thomasville.

The old Englishman had been faithful to his trust and delivered up my valise, and we shared with him the meal and sweet potatoes we had picked up after our capture.

At the new camp at Thomasville the authorities let us have some axes to cut down trees with which to build huts. They would even let us go outside the guard-line in certain places to cut down and bring in small trees.

**THE DEAD-LINE** was not insisted on strictly while these operations were going on. A rumor ran through the camp that a deep ditch was to be dug around it.

Bostic, Perkins and myself planned to run the guard before the ditch was made. We each fixed up as good a haversack as possible and slung them under our blouses. The evening of the next day we thought would be a good time. I again turned over my valise to Tomlinson, and in the evening we three sauntered down unconcernedly to the guard-line to the weak spot where there seemed to be no dead-line, and stood with our backs to the guards, by a little fire. Just then came a fatigue party building fires at each guard-post. Perkins took in the situation, that it was now or never. The guard was watching the building of a fire at his post, the other had reached the half-way point and had turned toward his own post, leaving their backs toward each other. Perkins touched me and bounded off like a deer; I in turn touched Bostic and was off also, neither speaking nor looking around as I ran, until I heard something fall, when I knew Bostic had started, and on looking around saw him coming on all-fours. His fall had aroused the guards and we heard one musket after another click, click.

**BUT ALL MISSED FIRE.** and we were safely off again. We made the best possible time that night, and turned east as soon as clear of the camp and town, our plan now being to go to Jacksonville, Fla.

We made a good start, not finding water everywhere, as on the first escape. Found some turnips by the roadside, which made us a good supper. Late in the night we lay down and slept.

We started as soon as it was light and made some distance, then hid in the woods until evening. During the day I made a fishing-



**"HELLO!"** line of some cotton threads I had come across somewhere and saved. Toward evening we set out across field and wood and just at dark we found ourselves in the vicinity of a house. After some skirmishing Bostic or Perkins found a colored house-servant. He told her who we were and how hungry. She brought us directly some cornbread and "chittlins." My stomach did not demand "chittlins," but I contrived to make believe they were eaten and relished. I always thought Bostic was born hungry, as he readily downed his share. We thanked the woman and went on well into the night, until tired out. Not finding any dry ground at that place, we pulled together some poles and slept on them until daybreak, then found a thicket and passed the day in roasting sweet potatoes, smoking and sleeping.

At night we sallied forth, and about 10 o'clock came across a clump of negro cabins. Bostic, the great forager and solicitor, was sent out this time, for we were not really hungry, but wanted to keep up our supplies on hand. He soon returned with the information that there were two or three negro women in a certain cabin, and we could

**GET PLENTY TO EAT.** We all went to the cabin, pretending to be very hungry. They gave us plenty of cold sweet potatoes and molasses. I could not eat, but as opportunity offered I would break off

a large piece of potato and put it in my haversack; the molasses I had to drink. Here we got a good supply of tobacco—leaf, twist and plug—which lasted us many a day.

After leaving the cabins we passed through a village unmolested and apparently unnoticed. We were not much afraid, as we looked almost as black and ragged as the poorest slaves, and we did not think there were any soldiers in that part of the country.

Late in the night we found a thicket and lay down. The third day was passed about the same as the second. Nearly all of the fourth night was passed in traveling through an open country with fenced roads, which we did not consider as safe as the woods. We found some large turnips in a field, and tried to kill a kid sleeping by the road, for we were terribly hungry for meat. We never failed, however, to find a bed and lie down at our usual hour.

The fifth night, about 10 o'clock, we had to pass through a hamlet. When that was passed we thought all danger over, but we ran on to a broken bridge, and came near going down into the Withacochea River,

**20 FEET BELOW.** To make matters worse we heard several hounds baying behind us, which made us nervous. We went back off the bridge and down the river as fast as we could. After



**A PERILOUS CROSSING.** going several miles we found a nice dry, mossy rock under cover of another on the river bank, and had first-class lodgings.

On waking in the morning my first thoughts were, "what a splendid fishing-place." I had a small hook in my pocket, that had given me the idea of making a line the first day out. I got a pole, and, after much trouble, found a little worm, and in a few minutes caught two small catfish. These were skinned and boiled, without salt, but hardly satisfied our craving for meat.

The next question was how to cross the river. It was not much of a river, but the channel was rough and current strong—and, then, it was the middle of December. Perkins and I could get along well enough, but Bostic could not swim, nor could he fall across. We could not leave our forage-master. Perkins had even carried over Wolf River, tied on his head.

**A BOX OF MATCHES** safe and dry, on his first escape. I went down the river a good way and found a submerged skiff tied to the opposite shore. I reported the information, and we all went to the place. I took off my blouse and shoes, swam across, emptied the box, found a piece of board, and paddled across. We all got in, Perkins and I worked the paddles and Bostic baled with our quart-cup, and we crossed safely. By this time I was thoroughly chilled, but we found a sunny spot in the midst of a thicket, and lay there to dry off and spend the day.

Near sundown we saw a negro boy riding past. We thought this our opportunity to replenish our haversack, and one of us going to the edge of the thicket, said: "Hello!"

The boy almost turned white, but did not run away. I think it was Bostic who shouted, and I rather think the boy thought a hungry lion had hailed him. One-third of two little catfish could not quiet him: for all day. We all came out and used our best endeavors to gain his confidence and have him keep our presence a secret, otherwise the situation was bad—not far from a village and a mounted informer. He promised to bring us something as soon as he could get away unknown, and pointed out a spot by a fence

**WHERE WE SHOULD MEET HIM.** where he rode off and we went back into the thicket to wait for his return and think what would be best to do in case he did not return on time.

He was to come back a little after dark. We waited until about 8 o'clock, when we believed it would be unsafe to remain longer. He had been to grow cloudy, which also necessitated our going, if we would know which way we went. We traveled as far as we could that night, believing we had been informed on, and lay down at the root of a tree.

[To be continued.]  
**"DEADBEATS."** [State Journal.] What means this great commotion about a pension bill. That shows the body politic as though it had a chill. The bill they call "dependents," which refers, as I am told, to a remnant of the army, who fought in days of old.

I read in certain papers, and hear it on the streets, that this bill is in the interest of paupers and "deadbeats." It seems a little singular; they didn't call them so. The soldiers of the Union—some twenty years ago. How many are the "deadbeats"? how many were there then? When the loyal homes responded to the call for loyal men? Were the many brave and honest? Then trust these men to-day. When their steps are growing feeble, and their looks are turning gray?

What though some shirked their duty, through greed or craven fear? There were more who "fired the music" and at roll-call answered "here!" And because they 'so' or responded to the dreaded surgeon's call, And no hospital could hold them, cannot prove their claims at all.

It is hard to be a "pauper." I remember well the whole when the Nation was dependent on the gallant rank and file. It used up all the "surplus," but no word of tongue or pen. Against the loyal millions, who were so "dependent" then? But times have changed; the veterans are only "paupers" now: A burden on the Government, and "deadbeats" anyhow. But the men who bore the musket, to-day can bear the shame: And no research can tarnish the Union soldier's name. J. M. WATTS.