



TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887.-WITH SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. VII-NO. 14-WHOLE NO. 326.

A Boy Spy in Dixie.

Service Under the Shadow of the Hangman's Noose.

NO SCOUTS WANTED.

The Mystery of Gen. Patterson's Inaction Against Johnston.

SCARED TO DEATH.

Gaining Rebel Information From a Fence Corner.

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RESUME OF FREEDLING CHAPTERS.

This narrative opens by describing how the writer, while still quite young, became a thoroughly expert telegraph operator and official of the Pennsylvania Railway, under Col. Thomas A. Scott. The year before the outbreak of the rebellion, 1863, he went to Western Texas on account of a love affair, and visited an uncle on a large plantation there, until a difficulty and impending duel with a grandson of Davy Crockett made the uncle start the writer back to the North.

Coming to Washington in January, 1861, he met Texas friends here, and learning of the open treason plotting by Wigfall and other Southern Congressmen, detailed the story to Senator Andrew Johnson and Representative John Covode, the information enabling these loyal men to watch and thwart the plotters. After the inauguration of President Lincoln, Secretary Simon Cameron sent him to the rebel Capital, at Montgomery, Ala., to gain information, and there he remained until the day that Fort Sumter surrendered, when he followed a rebel official down the river to Mobile, and then went to Pensacola, where the rebels were then preparing to force Lieut. Adam J. Sienner out of Fort Pickens.

He gained many valuable hints while making the stage trip from Mobile to Pensacola—posing as an enthusiastic young Texan on route home, and succeeded in visiting the Warrington Navy-Yard and all the forward officers about Pensacola Bay, without exciting suspicion, and informing himself fully as to the force, disposition and armament of the rebels there.

Finally, he learned that within a few days a force of Texas troops would arrive to aid in a land assault on Fort Pickens, and, taking a fishing boat, availed himself of a dark night, and, threatening his negro boatman with a huge dirk, reached the fort in safety after narrowly escaping capture.

The boy spy was killed at the reception he met with at Lieut. Sienner's hands, and they sent him away from Fort Pickens to the navy vessels anchored outside. The senior officer there, whose loyalty was doubted, refused to receive the boy on board the frigate Powhatan, which Lieut. (now Admiral) David D. Porter was then commanding, under special orders. The first experience with a lunatic is amusingly told of in various other incidents aboard the ship in his brief naval life. It was half doubted on board that the writer was really the loyal Northerner he claimed to be, and a rather thrilling story is told of how Porter tested him by a pretended attempt to send him back to Pensacola and seize the guns there.

Again, too, the story is thrilling when the writer tells of his feelings when a rebel flag-of-truce came off to the Powhatan to demand his surrender, and of how Porter, with a God-forgiven oath, declared his intention to protect the boy.

Hence, from the offing of Pensacola Bay, the writer tells of his first sea voyage, with his little happenings and the illness that comes with each landman's first trip, and then of his brief experience of being made a hero in his New York before hurrying westward to see his best friend.

At home he forgot all about his duty to report to the War Department, until one day Senator Johnson (later the President of the United States) came through his home town, and he came to Washington on the same train.

CHAPTER III.

War Department Methods in 1861-Gen. Patterson and His Troops: A Decided Difference in Anxiety to Meet Gen. Johnston-A Night's Tramp in Search of Information.

In Washington, my first visit was to Representative Covode, who was quartered at the old Avenue Hotel, then at the northeast corner of Seventh street and Market Space. A number of people were in his parlor at the time, and he called me as a schoolmaster would a boy and handed me across the room to introduce me to Hon. John W. Forney, as a young man from our own State, who has been all through the rebel country, and they couldn't catch him, either." I found myself so well known now at Washington that I became surfeited with the fulsome praise of what I had accomplished in the South.

It was still as difficult as before I went away to reach Secretary Cameron for a private interview, but at last Mr. Covode and myself had a chance. I wanted a Regular Army commission, with a detail to staff duty in the field, and our reception was decidedly gruff when the Secretary found we were office seeking, but as soon as he was reminded of my recent service he inquired, and turning to me laughed in his quiet way and remarked, "There's no doubt but that you have the required pluck for the army service."

Turning then to Mr. Covode, he said, "We would like to find out what the rebel Johnston is doing down in front of Patterson." Mr. Covode spoke up quickly,

"HERE IS THE BOY to find out all about it." He didn't seem to think it necessary to consult my own ideas in the matter, and so I was started again in the same groove, as I professed myself willing to undertake anything required of me.

Mr. Cameron said to me, regarding my desire for a commission, "I will have you in mind, and get you something as soon as I can find a suitable place," and dismissed me both by saying to Mr. Covode, "Go to army headquarters with the young man and tell them I sent you, and that they can use him to advantage."

I was not well pleased at the turn of affairs, and reflected that as I had already been so well advertised throughout the South I was the more liable to be recognized if captured. I said something of my misgivings to Mr. Covode as we walked toward headquarters, but he reassured me in his hearty way by saying, "Oh, this isn't going to last long. Old Simon wants to find out something. You go ahead and do as he wants you to, and it will be all right."

At headquarters an officer heard what we had to say, and after asking various questions suggested that, "As the young man is in the service of the Secretary of War, he had better report back to him for specific instructions." Back we went to Mr. Cameron, who directed us to a clerk to prepare a note of introduction to Gen. Patterson; who was then confronting the rebel Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, to prevent the latter from effecting a junction with Beauregard at Manassas. As the clerk handed me the official envelope he significantly said: "I would suggest that this young man should

not permit any person to become acquainted with his business, and that the War Department prefers to hear from its special agents in confidence, and

"NOT THROUGH THE NEWSPAPERS."

I did not forget this rather broad hint in the following months, and THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will give for the first time some adventures that living truth and the records will prove, that truth is stranger than fiction, as the adage is.

I did not much fancy re-engaging in spy-work, for my ardor in that direction had been dampened by my thankless treatment at Fort Pickens, and my exploit at Pensacola had been so extensively published that I dreaded the possible risk. This I spoke of to Mr. Covode in his room, after the talk with Mr. Cameron, but he told me to go ahead and report to Gen. Patterson.

The letter I had received read:

"This will introduce you to a young man who has gained some practical knowledge of the plans of the rebels, and who, I hope, may be of service to you in the same direction."

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

Mr. Covode read this a second time, and then told me to go ahead; but told me, besides, to make my reports to him. As I had already been cautioned to report direct to the Department, this confused me somewhat, but all the satisfaction I could get from him was, "That's all right. You tell me all you can find out, and I will make it all right at the Department. You go up there and

FIND GEN. PATTERSON and present that letter, and he will give you the proper authority to go wherever you please, and you let us know here what is going on."

The letter to Gen. Patterson, which I bore, was in copper-plate, clerical style, and so much unlike Mr. Cameron's indorsement of three months before that it could be read as easily as a circus poster, even by a rebel.

Though Patterson's army was confronting Gen. Johnston's near Harper's Ferry and Williamsport, I deemed it safer to go the longest way about, by way of Harrisburg and Chambersburg to Hagerstown, where I was literally dumped down in the midst of Patterson's command.

There have been many books published about this campaign, and as this is but the personal history of the campaigns of an individual scout, I will attempt little of description of camp life in those days. I recall though, as if it was but yesterday, my first

HUNT FOR HEADQUARTERS through the different camps. Soldiers were everywhere—in squads along the roads, in the shade of trees, or filling chairs on all the neighboring house porches. In the latter years of the war Provost-marshals and camp-guards put a stop to the universal skylarking of the troops, and crowds then were only to be found around some spring or well.

It is amusing now to remember how ignorant those men of '61 were in army matters, even about the location of their own headquarters. Most of the men referred me to their Colonels for the information I wanted, and one young officer pointed out another riding past as "the General's Assistant."

When I did finally reach Gen. Patterson's headquarters, I found I could not see him that afternoon, as he was dining in town. I did not, of course, deliver my

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION to the officer who demanded to know my business—rather impudently, I thought then, but said I would see the General the next day, and proceeded to enjoy the holiday the men seemed to be having all about me. It seemed more like a circus or County fair day, rather than anything like war times.

Bands seemed to be constantly adding to the confusion, and drums were everywhere, brass drums especially—one to each company, and big as a door.

Toward sundown the great attraction was the dress parade, when all the bands and drums played at once. A rebel officer once told me that they were able to make a close estimate of Gen. McDowell's command before Manassas, by listening to the music at parades.

It was my fortune in July, 1863, to be again near Hagerstown with the Army of the Potomac, a week after Gettysburg, when the condition of affairs was decidedly changed. Brigades then were scarcely larger than the regiments of '61; the camps were no longer full of civilian visitors, and the music was only heard at reveille, tattoo and taps.

An incident of the Gettysburg campaign is well worth telling here, as I heard Gen. Kilpatrick tell it a day or two later. Pennsylvania had called out a number of militia regiments to resist Lee's invasion, and one of

them, from Philadelphia, was exceedingly anxious before going home to do something, and officers and men imported Kilpatrick for active service.

"We were pressing after Lee's rear," said Kilpatrick, "and the Philadelphia boys kept at me to have me let them get

A CRACK AT THE REBELS before they went back home. You know the rear of a retreating army is like that of a crippled wasp—dangerous to fool with; but I put them into the skirmish-line at last and moved them up a little.

"One man got it pretty soon, and when he dropped, I'm hanged if half the line didn't crowd up around to see what the matter was, just as if some one had fallen in a fit on a Philadelphia street.

"Well, you know how the crowding would draw the enemy's fire, of course, and they got it; but when a few more had been knocked over I hauled them off, and they were entirely satisfied and ready to go home."

Gen. Kilpatrick (whom the men nicknamed "Kill-Cavalry") and his half-dozen listeners laughed heartily at the crack trick, which they relished as a huge practical joke.

At the end of my first day with Patterson's army, I trudged back several miles to town after parade, to find supper and a bed, and I wondered if there were not rebel spies there. They would not be troubled at all to come; all were welcomed to the camps, and soldiers and officers alike were only too eager to talk freely of our strength and plans. Besides, we were then encamped in Maryland, in the midst of a swarm of sympathizers with secession, with their own friends within close distance, and easy to reach within an hour or so.

Our troops had certainly taken Hagerstown, for I found every bed and corner at the old tavern occupied, much to my disgust and dismay, but through a kindly citizen I finally secured half of a bed in a private house, and slept well after my long day's tramping, in spite of disturbed dreams of brawny bass-drummers exercising upon me for a drum.

I was not long in getting direct to GEN. PATTERSON'S HEADQUARTERS early next morning, but seeing that officer was not so easy. Staff officers offered, and were anxious, to transact any business I had with the General, and it was only after writing a note to the latter that I had a letter from Secretary Cameron to present personally, that I was permitted to approach Gen. Patterson.

The old Philadelphia militia general had served with some distinction in the Mexican war, and had since then hugely enjoyed life in his native city, where his large wealth and aristocratic connections made him the idol of the clubs which he frequented, and the military, which he patronized. Thus, he had been so favorably indorsed by prominent Pennsylvanians that he had been selected to command our force opposed to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the Valley of the Shenandoah. But I am writing a narrative and not a military criticism, and will go on.

When I was finally admitted to the General, I imagined that he was surprised at my youthful appearance, and wondered that I had the temerity to approach such a grim and distinguished old soldier as himself in his very den.

Several officers were present and two civilians, an old man and the other a young fellow, who struck me at once as a Southerner, and while Gen. Patterson was reading my letter, I learned that the older citizen wanted protection to his property from the soldiers; he got promises of protection and that the trespassers should be punished.

When the General finished the letter, he turned and looked me over closely, as if I

was some curiosity, and asking me to take a seat, handed the letter to an Aid-de-Camp, to whom he spoke in a low tone. The latter read the letter also, then invited me outside, and said: "The General requests that you will come to his quarters this evening."

I was hardly satisfied with this, but still I was glad to get away from the General's visitors for the time, for fear that something might be said in their presence that might IDENTIFY ME AS A SCOUT.

At the time I met Gen. Patterson Gen. Johnston was maneuvering in his front with the object of getting away to reinforce Beauregard at Manassas, and our Washington officials were uneasy about the result, and early urging Patterson to make some demonstration that would keep Johnston there.

I did not know then but learned afterward that while the War Department would not employ scouts over the heads of Department Commanders, in deference to military etiquette, news received from a spy in an unofficial way—as through Mr. Covode—was willingly received and availed of.

The delay in reaching Gen. Patterson had a day, and the unsatisfactory postponement until night lost another day; but I had to submit and obey the order, and so killed time by lounging through the camps, which presented a strange contrast with such scenes a year later. The whole country seemed to be full of troops, but nowhere did I see any sign of preparation for moving

to meet the enemy. The men were well clothed and fed and were full of fight, but PATTERSON DID NOT MOVE.

I was anxious to do something great for the cause, and so full of military ardor that I was afraid the war would be over before I could participate in a real fight with guns. It was tiresome waiting for Gen. Patterson, for I was burning to unfold my plans to him. I proposed to start for the rebel lines that very night, reach Johnston, find out his plans, and report back to Gen. Patterson before breakfast-time, so that he could finish up his fight before din-

ner. That's the way I had it fixed up in my own mind, and those were the feelings which filled my breast as I finally went to headquarters to keep the General's appointment.

I walked directly up toward a group of officers, but was halted by the sentry, and was recognized by the officer who had given me Gen. Patterson's instructions. I was then taken past the guards and to another officer, (I think it was Fitz-John Porter, but am not positive), who pleasantly received me and put me through a cross-examination as to my experiences in the South, but pretty much, as I now recall it, after the manner of a witness testifying in his own defense. I never knew whether the examination was satisfactory or not to Mr. Porter.

When I became admitted Gen. Patterson had referred the whole subject of my mission to this officer for action, I told him pointedly that I was ready to undertake to carry out my plans, and that I believed it was possible to reach and ascertain the plans of Gen. Johnston, and that I could at least learn the purport of instructions sent Johnston; and besides that I was willing to risk the chance of getting back safely, for the good of our cause.

Whatever Porter thought of the feasibility of my plan, he could not doubt my earnest motives; but he apparently looked upon me as a youthful enthusiast, for he finally said: "The General is not disposed to make much use of the service of spies; he thinks it altogether unnecessary." If Fitz-John Porter had doused me with ick-water it would not have had such a shockingly-disagreeable effect than this cold remark, which he uttered in a mean, contemptible manner.

My plan was not visionary, but entirely practicable, and I yet believe that had the service been accepted, the despised spy might have brought news to his shiffling headquarters of Johnston's proposed move to Manassas that would have prevented the latter's escape, and Bull Run would have been a victory.

It may be that Patterson and his officers were over-sensitive as to interference from Washington. It is known now that Gen. Scott for days had been urging Patterson to immediate action at all hazards, and this fact, in connection with the text of the letter I brought from the War Department, may have created the impression that he was considered neglectful and needed pushing, and that my mission was rather to spy out their own delay. Anyway, I was not a willing accomplice to such a scheme, and only desired to do good work for the Union cause.

I went back to my bed that night heavy hearted and with sorrowful disappointment, and the longer I pondered over the matter the more I considered Hon. John Covode's parting remark:

"OLD SIMON WANTS TO FIND OUT SOMETHING; you go ahead," with the repeated hint to "report direct," until I found deep significance in the remarks.

I was rather sensitive to the spy question, and my humiliating reception at headquarters had first mortified me, but this turned to deeper anger as I lay in bed thinking, until I decided for myself that I would go anyhow through our own to the rebel lines, ascertain what I could of our plans, and return to Washington via Manassas.

With me, at that age, to decide was to act, and I was already anxious for morning to come to put my scheme into effect, without thinking or caring for the consequences to myself or anyone else.

Early in the morning I wrote Mr. Covode, relating in detail my unsatisfactory experience with Gen. Patterson, and the condition of affairs in his army, and that I should return by way of Manassas and "report direct."

Visiting about the camps, I had found an old chum in a regiment near Williamsport, six miles from Hagerstown, where the ferry connects with the main road to Martinsburg and Winchester, who was interested in my proposed work and anxious to engage with me. I hunted him up and suggested that he get permission to go part way with me to bring back what I should learn at Winchester, while I should go on alone. He succeeded in getting leave, and though he was cautioned by friends not to follow my lead, as it would result in capture and hanging, this only stimulated his love of adventure, and we planned out a campaign to begin that very night.

From Patterson's position on the

bank of the Potomac one could see for miles down the Shenandoah Valley, and all day long my chum and I sat on the bank of the river looking for rebel signs and studying the topography of the rebel land beyond.

Our pickets patrolled the river bank, and as we had no authority to cross, these must be eluded; but we knew nothing of the rebel lines and must run the gantlet there.

Passing our line was easy. It was customary for numerous squads of soldiers to go bathing each evening at sundown in the Potomac, and our plan was to swim across with clothing tied in a bundle, and then assuming the guise of Baltimore refugees, enter the rebel lines that way. Our stories were carefully concocted and memorized, so that in case of separate questioning, we would agree.

After sundown we joined a crowd that was permitted by the patrol to pass the line, and were soon sporting in the water as a crowd of soldiers will. I stealthily made a compact bundle of both suits of our clothing and hid it some distance below in the bank—being watched from the crowd by my chum, and then rejoined the sportive bathers, while my confere quietly dropped down stream, secured the clothing and swam away unobserved to the other side, where I joined him safely soon after. We climbed the bank to the shelter of the bushes beyond, and laughed audibly while we made our hurried toilet, at the success met with so far.

I thought it best to

AVOID THE PUBLIC ROADS, and so we kept to the woods and fields, avoiding all houses as we moved along, stopping frequently to peer about and listen for other signs of life. The tramp was long and very tiresome, and our nerves were at the highest tension, as we expected at every step to meet something—we didn't know exactly what we did expect, but at last grew indifferent and careless, as we about concluded that the rebels had already withdrawn from that section.

One thing we had already developed before penetrating far to the southward of the Potomac; i. e., that there were no rebels in Gen. Patterson's front that night, and had been none for several days, while every soldier in our army believed that the woods in front were full of them. Gen. Patterson's official reports at that time show that he entertained the same belief, yet he didn't want the service of scouts or spies.

Becoming emboldened at last, we took to the public road and traveled openly without attempting concealment until we stumbled right onto a barricade across the way, which we luckily found unoccupied by the enemy. It might have been a mere blind, but it would have served for a time to check a cavalry advance charge, and it would have served well in checking the chase after a retreating army. We pushed on then due south, determined more than ever to know something of the enemy Gen. Patterson was expected to fight, and finally emerging from a deep woods sighted a light on the next hill, apparently from a farmhouse window.

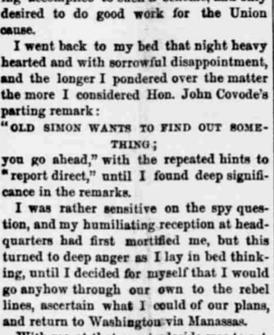
My companion, a farmer's boy himself, objected that farmhouse windows were not lit up that way at midnight, so we approached cautiously, getting over the fence shield and hugging a stake-and-ride rail fence. For the first time that night our pistols—only our arms—were felt for, as my farm-boy comrade remarked sentimentally that "He'd bet we'd find the DOGS AT HOME ANYWAY."

On we crept quietly under shelter of the fence, until I raised a commotion by stepping upon something alive that got up and started off with a rush. It was a hog, and that one aroused others that joined in the rush, until the dogs took part in the row and came tearing down to the garden fence that separated us from the house.

While we were comparing notes, both scared half to death, we saw the light in the house disappear suddenly, and just afterward heard voices coming up the same road we had traveled just before. Down on the ground both went in a fence-corner, and as the voices came nearer we found there were



ELUDING THE PICKETS.



THE WAY TO HEADQUARTERS.



SCARED BY A HOG.

FLASHING SABERS.

Chasing Lee's Columns After Gettysburg.

SCOOPIING IN PLUNDER.

The Michigan Cavalry Brigade at Cashtown and Boonsboro.

BATTLING IN THE DARK.

Rebel Trains that Had More Plunder than Stores.

BY JOHN ALLEN BIGELOW, 5TH MICH. CAVALRY, COL. ALGER'S BUGLER.

July 4, 1863. This morning our brigade is all ready at peep of day, and here we stand "to horse." All quiet.

The men are tired, and rain is falling. The rank and file of armies know little in



CUSTER AND HIS MEN.

advance of what they will be called upon to pass through.

The boom of cannon and rattle of musketry does not pervade. What's the reason? The snoring, and rushing, and struggling of large masses of yesterday has left our brigade with many a rent. The paths of shell made in our ranks are closed.

Stoics come from the ranks of campaign soldiers. There are machines in the ranks—human ones. A little time back and the channels were different. The power applied was by different engineers. Now, our parts are all in working order.

Meade, Kilpatrick, Gregg and Custer. It should be Custer first with us just now. He has been weighed by the men, and where he was found wanting he overbalanced and swells by another element. He is sitting upon a log just now, and we gather around him. He is cracking jokes with the rough troopers as familiarly as Artemus Ward would offer his umbrella to a young Shakerite.

An Orderly rides up, asks for Custer, and hands him his orders. One minute, and the bugle rings out "To horse!" 'Tis a relief from waiting in the rain.

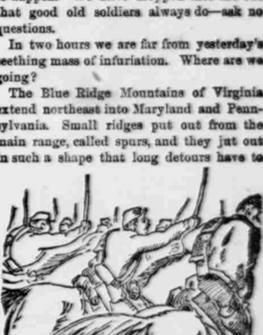
"Forward—March! The 5th will take the advance," the order comes, and we are on the road to some place.

GETTYSBURG WE LEAVE BEHIND. It must be that there is one more chapter before the rebellion is full.

Moving at what the boys call a "dog trot," Custer and Alger at our head, something has happened, and something more is going to happen. We have dropped into the rut that good old soldiers always do—sake no questions.

In two hours we are far from yesterday's seething mass of infatuation. Where are we going?

The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia extend northeast into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Small ridges put out from the main range, called spurs, and they jut out in such a shape that long detours have to



THE CHARGE.

he traversed in order to get over the spurs or from one valley to another, and one of these long detours was our march that morning and day; down, down, down all the forenoon and all the afternoon. No stopping to cook coffee.

We travel in a southwesterly direction. About 3 o'clock we turn a sharp angle to the right and travel almost north; a large, old-fashioned country hotel is at the angle.

We are at the foot of the mountain, and the hotel looks inviting. 'Tis in Maryland, dangers seem afar, and our persons and docters have struck a bonanza. Chaplains Hud-

enemies, and were by appointment while the light signal for them.

The new-comers were on the road we had come down, and so we were between two fires. It was possible that they were armed and skirmishing around for us. Would they run us down? The thought was horrible, but I dared not speak or stir, and my companion lay still as a log—probably as badly scared as myself.

Two men came down the road—one in his shirt-sleeves and the other in the rebel gray I had become familiar with at Montgomery and Pensacola, and as they came directly opposite my hiding place, one of the first corners spoke up,

"HELLO, BILLY; you like to scare us to death. I thought the Yankees had put you and your light out, sure."

Then there was handshaking, laughter and general hilarity, while the man in the shirt-sleeves explained that he had kept the light in the window all night until a little while before, when the dogs "skereed up something," and he took it down until he was sure everything was all right.

So! here was a signal-station and a rendezvous. I took courage anew as the whole party moved off to the house, but I was startled in mind by the recognition of the young Southerner just mentioned.

Here was a recent guest of Patterson's staff, direct from Patterson's headquarters, meeting in the enemy's country a rebel officer by a concerted signal. This was news enough to get in one night of adventure, and I shook up my torpid chum beside me and told him we must both skin back to our own lines at once, as quick as legs would let us.

I wouldn't leave him to return alone; but both would return together, to go direct to Gen. Patterson's presence and tell him that he had no enemy confronting him, but that the rebels had already positive and direct information of his position and plans.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN A. LOGAN. [In Memoriam.]

BY MARTHA A. BREDICK, CENTRALIA, ILL.

The standard-bearer of the flag Which loyal legions fought to save, Has fallen from the ranks he led, And fills a hero's laureled grave.

Along the line of veterans The word is passed, with bated breath, "Logan is dead." The column halts; Its warriors wage no war with Death.

Feeble, alike, before his blade, "To save the bearded grain of earth, Are kings and heroes, seers and slaves, And all our prayers are his low worth."

"Logan is dead." Strong men bow down Before the hurricane of woe That sweeps 10,000 aching hearts Whose pale lips moan, "We loved him so."

His was the strong right arm that dealt Blows of defense for helpless ones, Who, crippled for the Nation's sake, Stood yet in range of traitors' guns.

His was the steady hand that wrote "To save the Nation's blood and wage Brave words that carried life and hope To widowhood and orphanage."

His was the piercing eye that read The future's omens from afar; His life the beacon-light that shone For others like a guiding star.

When war upon the Nation burst, None more than he was brave and true; On many a field well-fought and won He led our daring "boys in blue."

When victory and peace were won His soul on soldiers' hearts was set, As year by year his words of cheer Led our Grand Army veterans yet.

Oh, loyal Logan, loved and lost! Our stricken hearts stand still to-day, Chilled with a terror undimmed, And wonder who will lead the way.

Within each patriot soul their burns, Upon love's altar white and fair, One lamp whose luster will not dim, And thine the name that glitters there.

Forever bright and brighter be The love-light of thy ashes shed, Till every veteran comrade joins, With thee, the army of the dead.

Sleep, soldier, sleep; fond hearts shall keep The memory green through coming years, And Justice write on Honor's scroll, "Logan, the King of Volunteers."

JEFF DAVIS'S LAST DITCH. [Air—"Dixie."] BY L. W. CHESTER, W. D., NEW CONCORD, O.

Away down South over twenty years ago, Jeff Davis swore that the Union must go—Must go, must go, must go, must go.

He builded a wagon and bushtfully erid, For the South all aboard and take a short ride—Short ride, short ride, short ride, short ride.