

"SIEGE OF CORINTH."

Halleck's Snail-like Approach to the Rebel Stronghold.

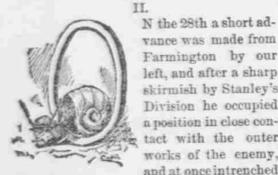
CORINTH EVACUATED.

The Enemy Allowed to Retire without Pursuit.

A FAMOUS DISPATCH.

Gen. Halleck Refuses to Make the Just Correction.

BY MAJ.-GEN. JOHN POPE, U. S. A.



On the 28th a short advance was made from Farmington by our left, and after a sharp skirmish by Stanley's Division he occupied a position in close contact with the outer works of the enemy, and at once entrenched himself. Corresponding movements were made by the rest of the army, and we now occupied a line so near to the enemy's works that any farther advance by either party must of necessity bring on that long-standing "bagaboo," a general engagement. No movement of our army was made on the 29th—why I do not know; but during that whole day and night

THE ENEMY WAS EVACUATING CORINTH, and before daylight Beauregard had disappeared toward the south with all of his army and most of his material of war. The constant running of trains into and out of Corinth all that night made it plain that important movements were going on, but whether the enemy was retreating or reinforcements coming in it was not easy to tell. Just before daylight on the morning of the 30th heavy and continuous explosions in Corinth made it very plain that the enemy was leaving or had left the place, and was blowing up and otherwise destroying such material of war as he could not carry off. An advance force from each of the three armies pushed at once into the town, and penetrated without opposition to the middle of it. There was some dispute at the time as to which of these parties first occupied the town, but I presume that there was no little interval, if any, between these respective entrances into the place as to leave the question of priority of no consequence, if it ever had any. The line of retreat of the enemy was by his right flank and along near to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, and my position on our extreme left placed me nearest to the retreating enemy.

The intrenchments which surrounded the town were of no formidable character. They were built of earth and heavy logs, and whilst they afforded excellent shelter for troops they were not of themselves a formidable obstacle. The enemy was gone, however, and we had nothing to compensate us for our long operations and all the labor the troops had undergone, except an empty little village, dilapidated and dirty. The enemy was gone, however, and we had nothing to compensate us for our long operations and all the labor the troops had undergone, except an empty little village, dilapidated and dirty.

Late in the day (May 30) I was directed to take up the pursuit of the retreating enemy, and was reinforced by one division of Buell's army for that purpose. Accordingly I marched as soon as possible, passing through the abandoned camps of Price and Van Dorn, only two miles or so from my own camp at Farmington. About seven miles from Corinth I

CAME UPON THE REAR-GUARD of the enemy posted on the opposite bank at the crossing of Tombigbee Creek. This creek is a considerable stream, and like all other watercourses in this section, it is bordered by dense and impenetrable swamps. It is passed by a narrow corduroy road cut through the swamp. On the opposite bank, commanding the line of this road with their artillery, a considerable force of the enemy was posted, simply to delay our march as long as possible, and having destroyed the bridge, were able to delay us for a time. By next morning, however, we succeeded in passing the creek by penetrating the swamp below, and continued the pursuit. We pushed on with little opposition to Booneville, about 30 miles south of Corinth. I found when I reached there that the whole force of the enemy was posted behind what is called Twenty Mile Creek. The main body seemed to be in and in advance of Baldwin, 20 miles south of Booneville, whilst his left was thrown forward as far as Blacklands, about 10 miles to our right front. As soon as I ascertained these facts I determined to move at once against him, making a feint with a portion of my command against Baldwin by the direct road from Booneville, and at the same time to throw the bulk of my forces on his left by way of Blacklands.

It was not easy to get up supplies from our depots beyond Corinth even to keep us as far to the south as Booneville, much less to go much beyond, and we were delayed longer than we should, have been by want of provisions. Orders were given accordingly for the movement of the several divisions of the army at daylight next morning, and all preparations made for battle. I communicated these facts to Gen. Halleck, but he thought it best to make no attack on the enemy, but to let him retreat without molestation. He directed me, therefore, to DISCONTINUE THE PURSUIT.

Two days after the enemy resumed his retreat toward Okolona, followed by our cavalry as far as Guntown. As soon as the continued retreat of the enemy was known,

I was instructed to post a sufficient force at suitable points to cover the front of the army, and to place my army in some convenient position to support them. As the water was bad everywhere south of Tombigbee Creek, as well as in that stream itself, I drew back my army to Clear Creek, a tributary well supplied with springs, and there went into camp, within four miles of Corinth, on the 12th of June. In our pursuit of the enemy from Corinth we took few prisoners, though we might have picked up many thousands had there been any object in doing so. The woods on both sides of the road were full of stragglers, who had abandoned their army and were making their way to their homes. They seemed to be not at all unwilling to be captured and fed, but as they were deserting their army we gained all we could have gained by their capture, and without any of the trouble and expense of keeping them. No effort whatever was made even to stop them. I estimated the number I saw at 8,000 or 10,000. Gen. Buell's estimate was even



REBEL STRAGGLERS COMING IN.

higher. This fact, with everything else of importance that occurred, was reported to Gen. Halleck, and, no doubt, by some mistake or misunderstanding on his part was made the basis of a telegram from him to the War Department of an extraordinary character, and which afterward—and for a long time afterward, if not to this day—has been quoted by my discredit. This telegram is as follows, viz:

GEN. HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS, June 4, 1862. Gen. Pope, with 40,000 men, is 30 miles south of Corinth pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy and 15,000 stands of arms captured. Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Col. Elliott was on his line of retreat he became frantic and told his men to save themselves the best way they could. We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars; one of the former is already repaired and running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days. The result is all I could possibly desire.

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General Commanding. I copy this telegram in full, though I shall only advert to a portion of it. I need scarcely say, after what I have already intimated, that I never made such a report as Gen. Halleck speaks of in his telegram, nor anything like it. I saw it for the first time in the papers, received when I had returned from Booneville, and I immediately called the attention of my Adjutant-General and of other officers of my staff to it as a most extraordinary and unfounded report. So far from being 30 miles south of Corinth on the date of Gen. Halleck's telegram, I was sick in my tent on Clear Creek and confined to my camp from the 2d to the 7th of June. I was only four miles from Gen. Halleck's headquarters when he sent his telegram to Washington, and as I was in hourly communication with him by letter and telegram he must have known it. I sent him no reports by telegraph or otherwise, except abstracts of such as were sent me from the front by Gens. Rosecrans and Granger. There is but one telegram or report from me to Gen. Halleck, dated during those days, which mentions numbers at all, and I here transcribe it:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, NEAR DANVILLE, June 3, 1862. MAJ.-GEN. HALLECK: The two divisions on the advance under Rosecrans are slowly and cautiously advancing on Baldwin this morning, with the cavalry on both flanks. Hamilton, with two divisions, is at Reetz and between there and Booneville, ready to move forward should they be needed. One brigade from the reserve occupies Danville. Rosecrans reports this morning that all testimony shows that the enemy has retreated from Baldwin, but he is advancing cautiously. The woods for miles are full of stragglers from the enemy, who are coming in squads. Not less than 10,000 men are thus scattered about, who will come in within a day or two.

JOHN POPE, Major-General Commanding. This dispatch contains the substance of reports from Gens. Rosecrans and Granger, but it contains neither the word "deserters," "prisoners," nor "capture." Upon this dispatch, however, Gen. Halleck probably based his telegram, if he ever sent the telegram at all. I say "if," because it will be noticed in the following correspondence that he does not admit having sent it. I append the correspondence between him and myself on this subject, which I trust will prove conclusive so far as I am concerned at least.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3, 1862. GENERAL: The war has now ended and the events and incidents connected with it are passing into history. As I do not wish that any report or misconception which has been circulated to my prejudice, and which is susceptible of explanation, should stand recorded against me; and as the reasons which actuated me in preserving silence until this time no longer exist, I desire to invite your attention to a dispatch published in the newspapers, dated at Corinth, Miss., June 4, 1862, purporting to have been sent by you to the Secretary of War, and containing substantially the following words, viz: "Gen. Pope is 30 miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters, and 15,000 stands of arms captured," etc. I do not know that you ever sent such a dispatch, but as I do know that I never made such a report, I infer that if you sent the dispatch in question you must have done so under a very great misapprehension. I have, therefore, to request that you furnish me a copy of any report made by me

UPON WHICH SUCH A DISPATCH as that in question was sent. I have full records of all my letters, dispatches and reports to you during the operations at Corinth, and no such report is among them. I am, General, respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN POPE, Major-General.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C. GEN. HALLECK'S REPLY. WASHINGTON, July 5, 1862. GENERAL: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 3d inst. As my papers are all packed up to transport to California, I am not able to refer to the dispatches to which you allude, nor can I trust my memory in regard to communications made more than three years ago, far less than to say that I never reported to the Secretary of War dispatches received from you, which were not so received. Respectfully, your obedient servant, H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN POPE, Present. GEN. POPE'S REPLY. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5, 1862. GENERAL: Your note in reply to my letter of yesterday's date was received this afternoon too late to be answered before you left the city. I regret that you did not see fit to make the very brief examination of my files necessary to make it plain to you that the correction asked for in my letter was due to me. I was at least entitled to an assurance that such examination should be made at the earliest practicable moment. Certainly the three weeks you are to pass in New York afford ample time to inspect all your papers bearing on the subject of my letter. As you do not promise an examination now or at any other time, I am constrained to say that the statement which "trusting to your memory," and without inspection of your files, you do make is altogether unsatisfactory, and leaves me at a loss to determine whether you are to be understood as DENYING THAT YOU SENT THE DISPATCH to the Secretary of War which was the subject of my letter, or whether, in the face of my positive denial, you mean to insist that the dispatch was a correct transcript, or anything like it, of a report made by you to me. If it be your purpose to make such a statement as an answer to my deliberate and unqualified assertion that no such report as that attributed to me was ever made by me, it is necessary that you should examine your files and furnish me the papers I ask for. In short, General, I utterly deny that the dispatch purporting to be sent by you to the Secretary of War was ever made by you, or that such as is therein stated, and I therefore call on you either to disavow this dispatch, or to furnish me with a copy of the report attributed to me.

In almost any other case this question could be easily and conclusively settled by a reference to the official files at the headquarters of the Department which you then commanded; but I have ascertained, General, that when you left the West you ordered that portion of the dispatches and reports concerning the operations around Corinth which bore upon this question, to be cut out of the official books and brought with you to Washington, leaving the official records in St. Louis mutilated and incomplete; these dispatches thus taken are believed to be in your possession. It is not necessary for me to comment on this transaction further than to say that it manifestly leaves the question I make with you to be settled by my files and those now in your possession, together with the evidence of officers, telegraph operators and other witnesses, and conditions enable them to speak with knowledge on the subject. I trust, General, that you understand that this correspondence has not been begun by me without due consideration, or without abundant testimony.

TO MAINTAIN MY POSITION on the question involved. You must, therefore, see that the matter cannot be disposed of by such a note as yours of this date. The question between us is very simple. You are believed to have sent a dispatch to the Secretary of War asserting that I had made certain reports. I deny utterly that I did so. The onus of proof is, therefore, with you, and I might well be contented to rest the matter here, but it is proper to insist that I have abundant evidence to establish the negative of the statement contained in the dispatch attributed to you as far as that dispatch relates to me. My main business in writing to you on the subject was to give you the opportunity to explain the matter in a manner that, while it would relieve me from the misconception arising from your dispatch, would leave unimpaired the personal relations which have always

existed between us. It is my wish to maintain those relations as they are, and I am sure to be aware that I cannot long do so unless you act toward me in the same spirit of frankness in which my letter of yesterday was written. It will afford me real satisfaction, on receipt of a copy of the report attributed to me in the dispatch in question, accompanied by such an explanation as a spirit of frankness and candor would dictate, to recall and destroy this letter. Such explanation, however, is due to me, and I trust sincerely that you will not leave New York, where, I understand, you are to remain three weeks, without making the

BRIEF EXAMINATION OF YOUR FILES necessary to a full explanation of the subject. I send the original of this to you by the hands of Maj. Scott, your staff officer, and a copy by mail to the care of John C. Hamilton, esq. I shall leave for St. Louis on Friday, the 7th inst., at which place any communication will reach me. I am, General, respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN POPE, Major-General.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. Army, New York, N. Y. To this letter no answer was ever received, but it is proper to state that about 10 years subsequent to the date of these letters, and after Gen. Halleck's death, the reports, dispatches, etc., which were cut out of the official records in St. Louis and carried away by Gen. Halleck, were recovered by the War Department, and the files there are complete. The only report from me on the subject of "capturing prisoners" is that found copied in this paper immediately preceding these letters.

I was called to Washington immediately after the dispatch which occasioned these letters was published, and my relations to Gen. Halleck needed to be so close and

harmonious, in the face of the extraordinary difficulties that confronted us, that it would have shown neither wisdom nor patriotism to open a controversy at that time. I chese, therefore, to bear unmerited reproach rather than make an open explanation which, at that time, might have done more injury to the country than any temporary misconception could do to me. No opportunity presented itself during the war which was not involved in the same objection, but when the war ended it seemed to me reasonable and proper to put at rest unfounded reports which had been so long and so persistently circulated to my injury.

I could have wished that Gen. Halleck had pursued a different course in this matter, but he had not so chosen, and leaves me no recourse except to publish this correspondence.

The long delays and extremely deliberate movements of this great army of 100,000 men are made still more incomprehensible when it is considered that, nearly without exception, every great soldier of our civil war—that is, every one of those who commanded armies and held the highest places both in rank and fame during the war—were in that army under Gen. Halleck and held high commands. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Logan, Buell, Rosecrans, and many others I might mention held commands in that army, and surely their subsequent history frees them from even the suspicion of responsibility for these operations at Corinth or their outcome. What influence they had in the matter is sufficiently apparent.

This great army, in splendid condition in every respect, could have marched anywhere through the South without effective opposition, and an enterprising commander would not have hesitated to undertake any military movement with it. Yet in less than two months it was scattered in such a manner and to such an extent that the war was half over before it was again reformed. Stretched along from Memphis to Nashville in a long, thin line, weak everywhere, it invited attack at every point. Having occupied positions, it was as difficult, nearly, to give them up as to hold them.

For more than a year it moved forward not one foot nor accomplished anything toward suppressing the rebellion. The capture of Vicksburg and the subsequent battle of Chickamauga once more brought this admirable army together, and from that time they went "forth conquering and to conquer."

THE DRUMMER BOY IN BLUE. BY C. C. HARRIS, CARSTOWN, O. It seems to me but yesterday, As you came back from the fray, Though many a year have fled Since Donaldson's flag was strewn In battle's dust and mire. A little drummer boy from Maine Lay near a shattered drum, His lips, the silent witness, say: "Forever musters out!"

No more to beat the tattoo, No more with spirit to march Behind the banner stars, Beneath the eagle's wings, No more at night to dream of home Beneath a military sky, No more to sound the old tattoo, For he was mustered out.

Around him fiercely went the fight That stormy winter day; Now forward with the lines of blue, Now onward dashed the gray, And hundreds who like heroes stood, And fought with equal will, Looked all around and wondered why One little drum was still.

One tiny arm was weakly thrown Across the shattered day, A smile was on the childish face That seemed to say, "I come!" But he had never heard from the skies, Where all is peace and joy, An angel with a smile had kissed To sleep the drummer boy.

It happened that the ranks of blue Went backward with the fray, And forward pressed with shout and yell Ten thousand men in gray. On, on, they came with shining steel, On, on, with might and main, Over the ground where dead men lay As thick as harvest grain.

A rebel stopped, and looking down, The drummer boy espied, Then bent above his form and kissed His forehead with a smile, "I have a boy," said he, "who beats Somewhere the tattoo, Where southward flows the stream, And whirrs the Rapidan."

"And if he lies like this poor boy, From war forever free, I would to God some foe would kiss His forehead for me!" "I know a mother's heart doth yearn For him who will not come, And so I kiss for his drum." The drummer boy's drum.

Another kiss and then he sprang Away to join the fight, And another kiss came down The dark and lonesome night. Beneath the stars the drummer lay, And thought of home and wife, Upon his brow the rebel's kiss, And ever musters out.

To-day the grass is long and green Upon the battlefield, Forgotten is the drummer boy, Unknown his former name, But he is remembered still, With love so warm and true, A pardon wait for the man who kissed The drummer boy in blue!

BASE-BALL. The Career of the Cincinnati Red Stockings. The first regular professional base-ball team ever established was that of the Cincinnati Club, under the management of Harry Wright, which went into practical operation in 1868. There had previously existed a phase of professional baseball in the starting of gate money by the old Atlantic, Mutual, Eckford, Athletic and Philadelphia Clubs, of Brooklyn, New York and Philadelphia, but the Cincinnati Red Stockings, nine, of 1869—20 years ago—was the first regular salaried team, and from that year, therefore, may be dated the existence of professional ball-playing. Though the Red Stockings of Cincinnati were defeated in 1868 by the Atlantic and Athletic Clubs, from their first games, in October of that year, up to June, 1870, the Red Stockings did not lose a single game; their career on the field during the season of 1869 stands as "the best on record" of any professional club in the country from that year to this. The champion team of Cincinnati, during 1869, included Asa Brainerd and Douglas Wilson, the battery-pitcher and catcher, with Gould, Sweeney and Waterman on the bases; George Wright as shortstop, and Leonard, Harry Wright and McVey in the outfield. This team was trained for the season's campaign of 1869 as no other team had ever been before, and the result was an exceptional success. It led to the establishment of regular salaried teams in the place of the semi-professional nines which had previously existed.

A Boy Spy in Dixie.

Service Under the Shadow of the Hangman's Noose.

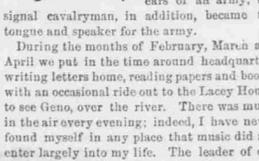
IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Intrigues and Plots Among High Officers.

THE STONEMAN RAID.

The Cavalry Arm Demonstrates Its Power.

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WE enjoyed a long, quiet rest in our winter quarters, during which time I amused myself in the study and practice of signaling. The Signal Service men were mounted and equipped as cavalry. As the cavalry arm is styled the eyes and ears of an army, the signal cavalryman, in addition, became the tongue and speaker for the army.

During the months of February, March and April we put in the time around headquarters writing letters home, reading papers and books, with an occasional ride out to the Lacey House, to see Gen. and the river. There was music in their every evening, indeed, I have never found myself in any place that music did not enter largely into my life. The leader of our band was a peculiar fellow. I've forgotten his name, but he was something of a character and had his history. On his arms were pricked in India ink, after the sailor fashion, some figures, which were given to understand were his family coat-of-arms. He was a good fellow and a fine cornet player and leader, even if he may have been a disguised "Juke."

One of the favorite airs with the officers about headquarters was "Sounds from Home." At any time it is a beautiful piece of music, but under such circumstances as then surrounded us it was heavenly. The leader was the cornet player, and he seemingly blew his whole soul into his cornet. We used to say it required an acre of ground for him to play this piece. He would march around, pace back and forth, as he played his beautiful cornet, like a wild man, "Sounds from Home," therefore, remains in my memory one of the sweetest of airs.

The mechanically-inclined soldiers amused themselves fixing up in the most beautifully artistic forms the headquarters of their officers' decorated winter quarters.

As well as of their own hubs. The woods were scored for pine branches, saplings, and even the frozen earth turned up in the search for queer-shaped roots with which to decorate headquarters.

Without exaggeration, I have seen in that dreary winter camp bowers of evergreen arches, rustic fencibles and Gothic cottages of pine saplings that for real beauty excelled anything I have ever seen, even to the minute stage. The boys had nothing else to do, and each corps or brigade vied with the other in their efforts to produce the most attractive surroundings. At Gen. Sickles' headquarters was arranged one of the prettiest of winter gardens. Gen. Sickles was popular with his Excelsior Brigade, and when he brought his wife and family down from Washington the boys all turned in to make a happy surprise for them.

There were at the time a great many lady visitors to the old army. It was my good fortune to be present on the riding staff with Mr. Lincoln and wife visited Gen. Hooker. Of course I did not get near the President, but I saw him every time he showed himself, and stood some distance behind him among the staff on the clear, cold day the whole army passed before him in review.

As a signal man I assert here that the rebels saw that review, and were able to distinguish every regiment as it passed a certain point. It, of course, did not give them much satisfaction, as there were about 100,000 of us.

There were amusing occurrences also during this time. We had theatrical performances occasionally; also well-conducted concerts, with brass-band orchestras; horse races, in which a certain headquarters mule outstripped some of the best horses on the staff.

The boys rigged up their dugouts in good style, and laid out their camp streets after the manner of the city streets at their homes. I remember that near us there was a New York brigade, which had some of the most fantastic tastes. They had a Broadway, on the tents of which were signs, painted in charcoal, of "Astor House," "City Hall," "Mayor's Office." Others had "Walnut-Street Theatre," and a thousand and one funny and absurd titles, like "John O'Grady's House," "Saints' Rest," etc. Over the canvas roofs on the dugouts would be drawn in charcoal some of the most ridiculous characters.

on special secret service to go with Gen. Stoneman on his raid to the rear of Gen. Lee. It is with considerable reluctance that I make this jump in my narrative from the date of Hooker's taking command until his first active movement at Chancellorsville. The months of February, March and nearly all of April were spent in comparative idleness. That is, the massive Army of the Potomac, with its 100,000 men, were in their restful winter quarters on Stafford Heights, opposite Fredericksburg. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that there was no activity at the headquarters of that army.

We were bored and stirred up incessantly at headquarters by the little war and inside conspiracies between our own General officers and against the War Office. The secret history of some of these bickerings would be interesting reading, by way of foot notes to the articles now being contributed to the Century and other war books by some of those who were active participants in these traitorous schemes. I however do not know enough of it (except from personal gossip about headquarters) to permit my venturing upon any detailed exposition.

Sufficient is known, however, in a general way, by the survivors, who were cognizant of the affairs at the time, to bear me out in asserting that amongst other schemes there was a widespread, organized conspiracy amongst certain officers to attempt a coup d'etat, by which McClellan was to be made Military Dictator in place of President Lincoln.

This may be denied again and again, but the unadmitted facts are (and they prove hard that Winter that they will keep to the end) that there was such a conspiracy. The correspondence on the subject with the Copperhead politicians in the North, who were to manage that end, is probably yet in existence. Some day, when the active participants are dead and gone, perhaps the truth may be made known.

INTRIGUES AND PLOTS. On the occasion of a visit to Washington during this long Winter siege, I was questioned privately by the Covode Committee as to procuring some information on the subject. As I have stated before, I had had enough of the politician secret-service business, and did not take kindly to their making any use of me as a spy on my own headquarters. But such was the established: there were agents in Washington, wearing the uniform of the Union army, who were in communication with our Generals in the field and politicians in the North, who personally sounded certain officers at a certain hotel room on the subject. These officers procured from this traitorous committee all the information they could, and promptly gave it to the Government officials.

Only one more word of this; one, probably two, of the officers who procured this information are prominent officials in the Government service at Washington to-day. Their character for reliability and truthfulness is unimpeachable. This is all I have to say on this question at present.

Gen. Burnside was aware of the intrigues to call it by a mild term—that were going on among his own officers. As a telegrapher I handled some of the correspondence with the War Department at the time which, turned onto a screen, would make some "handwriting on the wall" that would more than surprise the war-rending public. The effect would be greater than any magic-lantern or stereopticon exhibition of battlefields.

Burnside wanted to arrest Hooker and his friends as public conspirators. I have heard him talk and act so wildly on this subject that I believe if the provocation had been given Burnside he would have shot some of his corps commanders dead. This is not given as an opinion; I state that there was, and probably is to-day, correspondence on file in the secret archives that would confirm this statement.

It was Mr. Lincoln who personally and privately, through certain friends, held Burnside in check. Of course Burnside was a little "off" on this subject, but under the distressing conditions and treacherous surroundings of the time, it is not surprising that he should lose his balance at times. Gen. Hooker probably was obliged to swallow, in secret, some terrible doses of the same medicine he and others had given to Burnside.

This unhappy condition of our family affairs at headquarters did not affect me directly. There was a general change of staff officers with the change of commanders. (Of course the Orderlies followed their chiefs.) I have heretofore explained that I was a "special," on telegraph and signal duty. My work could not be performed by every one, therefore I was let alone.

HOOKE'S STYLE. In general appearance Gen. Hooker was fine looking specimen of a General as one would wish to see. In this respect he had but slight advantage over Burnside, whose appearance was more of the "bishop" style of high-toned, gentlemanly dignity. Hooker was a soldier all over. In his ordinary talk he was short and abrupt. When he came out of his office for a ride, he would strut out to his horse, mount him in a jerky way, as if in a bad humor, and ride off on a gallop as if he were going into a fight every time. He was surrounded by a staff who were of course suited to the chief.

Among them were the officers with whom I had suddenly become acquainted through the balloon episode. It was while talking and planning this affair that I had embraced the opportunity to hint, without giving my full history, that I was familiar not only with the topography of the country behind the rebel army, but I also knew every street in Richmond.

If one-half the able plans and campaigns which were submitted to Gens. Burnside and Hooker by ambitious soldiers had been acted upon, there would not have been anybody left of the Army of the Potomac to tell the story. I am going to tell of a plan to go to Richmond with a cavalry force on a raid to release the prisoners in Libby and Belle Isle, and probably capture Jeff Davis.

It was not my plan, but it probably resulted from some talk I had with a certain staff officer about my previous experiences in Richmond. It will be understood here, without my again referring to the subject, that I enjoyed special advantages as a guide.

I had acquired by peculiar and trying personal experience a knowledge not only of the roads between Richmond and Fredericksburg, but also of the fortifications and entrenchments in the former city. I was also familiar with the location of everything in Richmond. I knew exactly where to look for Jeff Davis's bed-room and office; and not only this, but I could, on the darkest night, pick a gang of bold raiders in front of Libby by the best and safest road. Those who have read my story will understand this. The plan was, in brief, to send a picked cavalry force into Richmond on the jump, and surprise the rebel Government at home. I was to go along as a guide and pilot-boy. If we succeeded in getting into Richmond on the same night we started—that is, suddenly—we were to first release the prisoners, capture

Jeff Davis, and, if necessary, destroy all we could of the rebel capital. There was nothing particularly wild or visionary in the scheme. It was entirely practical, and easily to be made. The cavalry were not expected to hold the city themselves, but we were to operate in connection with Hooker's long-tailed-of movement on Lee.

RAIDING RICHMOND. To give the details of this plan I will have to begin by referring the reader to a map of the country between Fredericksburg and Richmond. It will be seen that the Army of the Potomac practically occupied the neck of land on the east side of the Rappahannock River. In reality we were only on that portion opposite Fredericksburg, though our cavalry were scouting for 25 miles down the peninsula. The rebels held all that part of the country west and south of the river.

The river below Fredericksburg was deep, and as it neared the outlet to the Potomac became quite wide. It was navigable for gunboats; that the river was deep enough, but there were some "obstructions" to its free navigation in the shape of masked rebel batteries along the shore on their side of the river. These were located usually at the forks. There were no fords below. Keep that in mind when you read of Banks, United States, Beverly and Kelly's Forcs; they are all above Fredericksburg.



THE REVIEW AT PALMOUTH.

On account of this fact the cavalry of Stuart, as well as our own army, were expected to be on the upper Rappahannock to guard these fords. The depth and width of the river below was supposed to be proof against cavalry. Because of this understanding it was thought to be a great scheme to surprise the rebels by throwing a force of cavalry over below where the water was too deep to ford, and where there were no bridges.

It was planned in this way: A strong cavalry demonstration was to be made on the upper Rappahannock near Fort Royal. This flotilla was to quietly sail down the Potomac, and after dark ascend the Rappahannock to this point and quietly lay their pontoons. The selected or picked cavalry, with Kilpatrick in command, was to march down the river and at a certain hour cross and make a bold dash to Richmond in the night. Richmond was but two hours' ride from this point. We were to get between Gen. Lee and Richmond. The first most important operation was to quietly surprise and capture the few guards on that line. I was especially detailed to destroy telegraph wires and keep up communication with the scattered detachments by signals. Another detail had appliances for tearing up railroad tracks and, if necessary, for burning bridges.

If we succeeded in getting over the river without an alarm being raised, we would easily follow, as there was no rebel force in that direction. Of course, with the wires cut and railroad communication interrupted, the rebels would be unable to ride right into Richmond without close pursuit.

PLANS AND HOPES. I had all my plans laid for the raid, and was most anxious to see it put in operation. I fancied that I should have a grand time on this occasion. The rebel force was to be surprised in blue night up to Jeff Davis's house while there were releasing the prisoners from Libby. I was bound to take an active part in capturing Mr. Davis. It never once occurred to me that there could be any doubt of our success. If we were pressed too closely our plan was to retreat or fall back on our forces on the Peninsula, and not to attempt to get back to Fredericksburg. Our force was to be about 100 miles below Richmond, and had been ordered to co-operate from that direction. Gunboats were also at West Point.

There was nothing left undone in the way of planning and preparation on this occasion. As a signal officer and as a guide, I was prominent in all the discussions, and I was freely examined as to my knowledge of the geography of the country. It cannot be said that the scheme failed; on the contrary, it succeeded to a certain extent, Stoneman's raid being the outcome. That it was not more successful was perhaps due to too much of our own confidence in our own resources. It is a fact not to be overlooked that the rebels somehow learned of almost every movement of our armies in advance. Kilpatrick did subsequently make just such a raid as I have described. He failed in his purpose only and solely because he took the longer route, starting in from above, and was therefore compelled to cross a circuitous route around and behind Lee and Stuart to reach Richmond. The rebel authorities had time to prepare and tender him a warm reception when he reached Richmond. It will be remembered that on this occasion young "The Bachelor" was killed as his body horribly mutilated because the plans to release the prisoners from Libby were found on his body.

If Kilpatrick could have crossed below, as had been planned, after destroying communication, he would have reached Richmond in a few hours, and we would have found Jeff Davis in being enjoying the sleep of security. This lower cavalry raid is one of the little bits of secret history that is probably not in the official records, but the facts are as stated.

About the time they were planning this I was ordered to report to Gen. Stoneman for some special duty. I supposed, as a matter of course, we were to make the proposed trip, and had all my plans laid accordingly. But instead of going on the proposed trip, we rode behind Lee's army for I don't know how many days, going pretty near to Richmond. We baited our tired limbs and watered our horses in the James River above or west of Richmond. But I will not anticipate the story of Stoneman's great raid. That is one of the war stories that has not yet been told, or if it has I have never seen it. My work on this trip was to tap the rebel telegraph wires in rear of Lee and to pilot them into Richmond.

I don't expect to do justice to the subject, but I can tell just what I saw and did as I rode along with Gens. Stoneman, Wesley Merritt, Custer, etc. Gen. George A. Stoneman, who was recently the Governor of California, is yet living, and could tell the story of the hopes and expectations better than anyone else. Right here I may be allowed to insert, by way of authority for the story I have been telling, some papers.

A COMMISSIONER AT LAST. As will be remembered, I was ambitious to secure a commission from the War Department,