National Tribune.

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

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1891.—TWELVE PAGES. VOL. XI—NO. 17—WHOLE NO. 537.

THE QUAKER SCOUT.

Life in the Old Dominion Before and During the War.

FIRST BULL RUN.

Witnessing the Fight from a Good Post of Observation.

ELECTED SHERIFF.

The 8th Ill. Cav. Scoops Mosby's Guerrilla Gang.

BY JONATHAN ROBERTS, CLARKSBORO, N. J.

II.

IN my first article I endeavored to portray the condition of things in Virginia as they passed before me up to July 6, 1861. I now come to a point when I had to choose between two courses of action. One was to keep on as I had been, opposing slavery and secession, or to retire behind others and let them bear the brunt, while I skulked to a safe distance in the rear; and as I had not been of the skulking kind, I determined to keep on and endeavor to solve the questions as they arose.

Upon arriving in Alexandria, as mentioned, July 7, 1861, I went immediately to the commanding officer, Col. (afterward Maj.-Gen.) S. P. Heintzelman, and had a long private interview with him, after which he requested me to stay about his headquarters, as he said I was the first man that he had been able to find who knew anything and was willing to tell it.

About a week after Heintzelman came back from a council of war at Arlington, and said to me that the army was going up to-morrow to hunt the rebels, and he wanted me to go along as guide, and to consult with.

I told him I was a Quaker, and that Quakers did not fight. He said he knew all that, and did not want me to fight. They would do all that themselves; but that I knew the country and people, and he wanted very much for me to go along. So I went along.

I was with Heintzelman's Division, which was the left wing of the army on its march up to Centerville, and was directed to pilot a small detachment of troops that had charge of a 32-pounder rifled gun, and was marching in the rear of the main column; and, as the gun was very heavy, we got behind somewhat, perhaps half a mile, and when near a large brick mansion on the left of the road, owned by a Mrs. Bradice, and as we neared the house out rode an officer in United States uniform, and coming up to us in the gloom (near dark) he suddenly halted and looked at us a moment, and called out, "Hurry up, boys, and catch up," wheeled on his horse, and away he went back again.

The whole passed so suddenly that we did not think but that it was one of our own officers, until some one cried out that he was a rebel officer who had been hid in that big house yonder, and when the column had got past he supposed the way was clear, and was making for Alexandria, and had to take the back track when he met us.

And so it proved, as he took a side road in the rear of the main column and rode toward Springfield Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, thence up the road to Manassas. When we got up to the rear of the main column I pushed on ahead to the front, and after passing the

FIRST NIGHT OUT UNDER A BUSH

with a bunch of leaves for a pillow, I was introduced to Col. William B. Franklin, Acting Brigadier, in command of the advance brigade, and was directed to go along with him; and thus I continued in the front during the march up and the subsequent first Bull Run battle.

We had been on the march this morning but a little while when we passed a slave man at work alongside of the road that I

"OH! WE'RE ALL RIGHT NOW. HERE'S ROBERTS."

knew well, and asked the privilege to go talk to him. Heintzelman said go ahead. I asked the slave if there was any news around here.

He looked all around to see if there was anyone within hearing, when he replied: "Yes, Mr. Roberts, the rebels are now, right now, mustering in a company just over there at "Arundal's" (Brimstone Hill he called it). I returned right away to Heintzelman and told him of it, and in a very few minutes a detachment of cavalry was off with another guide that I had furnished and surprised the rebels in the act of mustering them and putting down their names.

Upon seeing the cavalry the militia threw down their guns and ran away into the woods, glad enough to get away, and the rebels never got them together again, nor did they ever serve in the rebel army afterwards.

We soon came to their outpost picket, which ran back to the main army of the rebels at Manassas, while we soon went into camp for the night on the Poorhouse farm at Sangster's Station, where I slept soundly all night with my head and shoulders in a rye shock in the midst of a heavy thunder-shower, and slept, oh, how sweetly and soundly! I knew nothing until after sunup next morning. Next day we marched to Centerville, where all the army of McDowell gathered that night and next day.

It is no use for me to try to describe the next day's movements, as they are more fully done in the history of the war than I can do it, but as to the stampede and running from the field I saw none of it, and would not have known of it if I had not seen it in the papers afterward, and seen the

DEMORALIZATION AMONG THE TROOPS

after we got back to Washington. I was with the left wing under Heintzelman, which now had crossed over and was the right wing in the Bull Run battle, where there was nothing but hard fighting, and where the rest of the army had left us to get out of the rebel clutches as we best could.

It was my fortune to be so placed that all the movements of the troops that marched to the battle by the way of Sudley Mills came under my observation. After the division under Col. Heintzelman (now Acting Brigadier) got to the front, which was about 11 o'clock a. m., we had been hearing the cannonade off to our left as we were marching around destined to strike the rebels on their left flank, which we did, much to their surprise, and when Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries suddenly opened on them near the Henry House, their line fell back over the ridge of the Henry House and again lay down, covered by the crest of the ridge.

Meanwhile the fight along the center of our line toward the Stone Bridge was hot, the rebel line being driven back toward the

LEAVING HIM TO HIS FATE.

Henry House. My post of observation was near a large brick house on the crest of a ridge beyond the Stone House on the turnpike, where the U. S. Surgeons established a field hospital, about a half mile from the Henry House, from where I could see all that took place to our right.

It was here that I heard a great shout, and looking toward the left of the rebel line I saw a detachment of rebel cavalry, I suppose 200 strong, suddenly

DASH OUT OF THE WOODS

there and charge on the rear of Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries, intending to capture them. But their supports of three regiments of infantry suddenly rose up, forming three sides of a square, into which the cavalry rode, and one withering volley from those muskets into the midst of that cavalry, so close together as they then were, almost annihilated them, as they all fell in a comparative heap, horses and riders in one indistinguishable mass. From where I stood I only saw two horses, riderless, go out from that crater of destruction. But before any advantage could be taken of that destruction of the rebel cavalry, out from the same woods rushed a large body of fresh rebel infantry troops, from the rebel army under J. E. Johnston, in the Valley, and with yells charged right on to those batteries, with their supports, took them by surprise in their rear, and killed and wounded a large number at the first fire.

Among the wounded was Heintzelman; yet he kept the field, and took command himself, formed his men along the north side of a deep road, with the rebel line on the other side, not 40 feet apart; and such a blazing away at one another as then took place for a few minutes no troops could stand long and live. I saw the fire run along the lines, and back and forth, until the rebel line was lengthened by the arrival of more fresh troops, which enabled them to outflank the Union line, and were getting around into the rear, when Heintzelman ordered a retreat, and then drew off his men, placing a battery in his rear to keep the rebels at bay, while he and his rear-guard marched back the way they had come, by Sudley Mills, with the artillery keeping them at bay.

WE THUS RETREATED,

covering the rest of the army as a rear-guard, until we got back to Cub Run, where, finding the bridge broken down, and no way of getting our field-pieces over the run, with the rebel cavalry about to make a charge from toward the Stone Bridge on the turnpike, to capture our guns and us or run us into the creek, Heintzelman gave orders to double-shot the guns with grape and canister and give the rebels one more round, and then each man to get away as he best could. Well, the effect of that discharge of grape and canister satisfied the rebels, and they turned tail and went back over Bull Run in perfect stampede, while we, without waiting to see the effect of our discharge, made the best of our way to Centerville in the same way.

When we got back to Centerville, Gen. Franklin said that his advice to me was for me to make the best of my way to Washington as soon as I could.

"You see," he said, "that we are whipped, and if the rebels catch you they will hang you, sure, while for us soldiers there will be some chance; but for you there will be none."

This took me all aback. I did not consent to it at first, but he and his staff urged it so hard that I consented. And then came his staff officers and told me where their families lived in Washington, and wanted me to go and tell them where and when I had left them, and that they were well.

I started about dusk, it beginning to rain. My horse started at first on a fast gallop, but soon slowed down to a slow walk, and then a voice ran through me and told me I was doing wrong; that I had guided those troops up there, through that round-about road through the woods; they never could find the road back that way, and they knew no other. The rebels would come on them in the morning and capture them sure, and then I would be to blame for it. It made me so dissatisfied that I turned my horse about and went back to Centerville, and got back about 11 o'clock at night. It was dark as pitch and raining, and I could see nothing; but after awhile I came in sight of a single candle burning and made for it, and soon saw it was within a house where were a lot of officers, who appeared to be in earnest conversation about something. When I came near I heard Heintzelman say to the others:

"OH! WE ARE ALL RIGHT NOW; HERE COMES ROBERTS,"

and came directly to me and said: "We have just got orders to march back to Washington, and not one of us knows the road. Do you know it?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have just come from the main turnpike road not five minutes ago."

He said, "Oh, then, we are all right," and he gave orders, and in five minutes we were on the march, and at 7 o'clock next morning we were in our camps at Alexandria, and the wounded Gen. Heintzelman at his home in Washington; having marched 22 miles after 11 o'clock at night after the battle, and without anything to eat since early the morning before the battle.

After we got back into our camps with what few soldiers that were left, and they so demoralized, expecting the rebel army along at any moment, and my family still out among the rebels, while I dare not go home, so worried me that my hair turned white within a week. But I remembered that the Great Jehovah's arm was over us and still stretched out to save, and I believed in His own good time He would make it manifest.

Oh, why should we fear when the tempest comes down,
And the storm gathers o'er us with pitiless frown?
The clouds that above us so threateningly lower,
But re-echo the mandate of Infinite power.
Hush, terrified souls! as in darkness ye plod,
Be still, and remember that I am your God!

Why deem that thy burden of sorrow and care
Is more than thy faltering spirit can bear?
Why shrink from the task to thy moments assigned?
He knoweth thy weakness, He tempers the wind.
Be still, and but think, as the wine-press is trod,
'Tis the will of thy Father—the vineyard of God.

But after a couple of weeks had passed, and the rebels were still at Manassas, and our own soldiers, both old and new, coming to the front by the tens of thousands, I lost all fear, and began to think that the Bull Run disaster would turn out a great victory after all. And so it has. If the rebels had been whipped then, peace would have been patched up, and slavery would have been on us yet, but Providence directed otherwise. We were not ready to free the slave then, and therefore had to be punished with many stripes, and baptized in a sea of blood before the mammon of unrighteousness was slain, and the Nation was willing to let the "new children of Israel go." But so it is, and history is repeating itself, and now we all are wandering in the wilderness, as did the Israelites of old, and most likely will have to for the rest of the 40 years, or a generation, before we can live together in harmony, and, if not then, why, the African-American will take possession of the Southern land and their old masters and their white descendants will have

TO LEAVE OR SUCCUMB.

About two weeks after the Bull Run fight a party of rebels, headed by this same Windsor, before mentioned, came to my house inquiring for me, and not finding me at home told my wife that the Yankees had hung me because I had led them wrong at the battle. This they said to scare her, so she would tell where I was, because they had just bought a rope at Accotink store to hang me with, and as she found they were hunting for me she took courage, as she thought they would not be hunting for me if they knew I was hung.

A few weeks afterward the rebels sent a regiment of Alabama troops 15 miles to my farm and stripped it of everything they could lay their hands on, leaving my family there to starve. It so happened that I was out with a company of cavalry scouting around for information, and to let the officers get familiar with the country, when coming suddenly against their picket before they had got fairly stationed, gave them such a stampede that it communicated to their rear, where they were loading my crops and farming utensils, and they up and away as soon as possible, and in their hurry and confusion of going through the woods at night on their return with heavy loads of hay and grain, they got very much scared, and in the midst of it someone started the cry, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!"

That cry completely upset them, and a regular stampede began. They cut the horses loose, set fire to the wagons and burned the whole up, not getting a single load out of the 56 they had taken away from my farm.

Until this time, Sept. 12, 1861, I had freely served the army as a guide and scout without any pay, and now finding that my family was left destitute, I applied to Gen. Wm. B. Franklin, who had succeeded Heintzelman in the command of the left of the Army of the Potomac, for permission to go and take care of my family and put them in a place of safety. But Franklin said he could not spare me from the army then, as he said I was worth more to him then than any regiment he had. Being very much surprised when he found that I was

SERVING WITHOUT PAY,

and voluntarily, he said he would see that I got pay hereafter. The next day he placed my name on the Post Quartermaster's roll at Alexandria, and placed a detachment of troops and some army wagons under my direction, with which we beat back the rebel picket-line about five miles and brought my family to Alexandria and placed them in an abandoned rebel house, furnished me by the Secretary of War, and as it was wanted for a hospital, another one, where they lived till the close of the war and I could go back to my farm again.

After this the rebels, finding that their proceedings did not stop me, sent me word through one of their secession friends that if I did not stop piloting the Yankees about they would burn the buildings on my farm. I sent word back to them, with the permission of the General, that was a game two could play at, and that if they burned my buildings there should not be a rebel house left standing between Alexandria and Wolf Run Shoals, at the mouth of Bull Run, 20 miles away. That threat of mine had the desired effect, for there was no burning done after that in that vicinity, and the rebels

A PUZZLING DETACHMENT.

even went so far as to order all their friends to keep off of my farm, for fear something might happen and I would blame them for it.

About this time—November, 1861—the rebel element in and around Alexandria was so bold and unscrupulous that their adherents had almost free access through our lines back and forth from the rebels, and it seemed as if the Provost-Marshal was powerless to prevent it, as one Secessionist would vouch for another, and some weak-kneed Union men would vouch for them.

When some of the Union men, who had sought refuge within the Union lines, proposed that we should come together in the United States Court-room, over the post-office, on a certain night, and there form a Union Club, we thought we were very particular that no Secessionist, or even

WEAK UNION MAN,

should know of it until we got organized. But at the appointed hour I went to the place of meeting and found a great crowd gathered; a few there of the right stripe, but the most part were rank Secessionists.

Then we Union men were in a quandary what to do. How were we going to organize with that element among us, and so many as to outvote us? And while we were in this state of uncertainty a voice ran through me which seemed a revelation. It said plainly, "Make all hands take the oath of allegiance."

I instantly understood its force and meaning, and immediately moved, as a preliminary to organizing, that we should send for the Provost-Judge and have him administer the oath of allegiance to all hands, which motion was immediately seconded and carried unanimously, the Secessionists not daring to vote against it.

Then I was sent as a committee to ask the Judge to come, and as I passed out and down the steps I heard Edgar Snowden, jr., Editor of the Alexandria *Gazette*, call to me, saying:

"Roberts, you have them now."

And sure enough, when I got back with the Judge, the crowd was completely sifted. The Secessionists were all gone, and we took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government and organized, without any more trouble, satisfactorily. "The Union Association of Alexandria, Va.," afterwards so assisted the military in keeping order that the Provost-Marshal made a rule that no one could get a pass in his office unless he belonged to the association or could get its indorsement, and the military had no further trouble about passes after that.

So the Winter of 1861, '62 wore on, I going with the scouting parties as their guide and at the same time gathering much valuable information, principally from the colored people that we met or could get to see, for the use of the officers.

IN THE EARLY PART OF 1862,

when the rebels began to make dispositions to retreat back from Manassas, I learned it very soon after it began, and carried the word to Gen. Franklin, and was sent by him up to Washington to McClellan's Headquarters with it; but Gen. McClellan would not believe it. He said his scouts reported all quiet around Centerville. I told him yes, but in their rear they were taking their big guns from Centerville back to their new fortifications around Richmond, and had begun to move their troops. But he still would not believe me.

Just two weeks afterward McClellan marched his army up to Centerville, and found their main force had gone just two weeks before, leaving only a picket-line in his front, with old logs on cart-wheels, to cheat McClellan's scouts at Centerville. So he retraced his steps to Alexandria and took transports to Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads, and there began his Peninsular campaign, which ended in the seven days' fight at Malvern Hill; while I was left behind under the command of Gen. Martindale, then commander of the Department of Washington south of the Potomac, and to watch Mosby's guerrillas.

About this time the Union men of West Virginia having reorganized the State Government of Virginia under the auspices of the Federal Government, with Francis H. Pierpont as Governor, and as all of the County officers of Fairfax County had gone away with the rebel army, the United States Government encouraged the Union men to reorganize under the Union State Government of Pierpont.

We had an election to fill the vacant offices, and against my protest they elected me Sheriff, in place of Joshua C. Gunnel, who had run away with the rebel army, and that made the said Gunnel so mad that he got the rebel Government to offer a reward of $1,000 for my head, dead or alive. After that the rebel guerrillas and sympathizers under Mosby watched all through the war to catch me, but could not do it, until they began to believe I led

A CHARMED LIFE,

and could appear and disappear whenever I pleased; for they afterward said they often got sight of me, but when they thought to lay their hands on me, lo and behold I was not there! So one of Mosby's Captains (Kincheloe) told me after the war was over, and wanted to know how it was that I got away from them so often; but it was as much a mystery to me as it was to him.

Along in the Summer of 1862 I had been out in the country scouting, acting under my general orders to gather information for the use of the Government wherever I could, and had been out all day until late in the evening, and when I got back home my wife told me that Gen. Ord had been there asking for me, and left word that he wished to see me at the Provost-Marshal's Office. I went immediately there and asked for Gen. Ord. He came, and taking me into a private room told me that a detachment of his troops were then marching up to Alexandria from Fredericksburg, through Prince William County somewhere, and he had a dispatch from the Secretary of War that he wished taken to them, and wanted to know if I would undertake it. I told him it was

A RISKY JOB,

for the County was full of guerrillas, and they all knew me, but perhaps I could take it as well as anyone. Well, he said the Secretary of War had sent him to me, saying, "If you can find him (Roberts) he will be the best hand to take it," and it was important that it should go safely.

I told the General that I would try, if he would furnish me with a good fresh horse, as mine had traveled over 50 miles that day and night, and was not fit to go another 50 right away. He told me to go and get ready, and he would have me a horse by the time I was ready, as I told him I wanted to go while it was night; if I waited for daylight I should have the rebels after me sure.

So I started about 11 o'clock at night, dark as pitch—could not see my horse's head before me, only occasionally; and so I padded along the Telegraph Road until I got to Pohick Church. Just as I got there, some one by the side of the road called out, "Halt! Who goes there?" I knew his voice instantly as that of a rank rebel (a first cousin to Robert E. Lee) who, if he knew who it was, would have the guerrillas after me at once; so I disguised my voice to make out I was a drunken fellow, and growled out, "Go to hell, ah!" and put spurs to my horse and was away instantly. I could neither see him nor he me.

So I passed on to Occoquan, to a Union man's house, which I reached about daylight—some 16 miles—where I got my breakfast, and he went with me the rest of the way on a hunt to find those troops.

As good fortune would have it, we came into Dumfries from a side road just as the rear ranks of those I sought were marching out of it. If we had been 10 minutes later, my head would not have been worth much to me, as there were those standing there who would have gloried in the

CHANCE TO GET THAT $1,000 REWARD.

Soon after that, our newly-elected County Court met at Fairfax Courthouse, and the rebels under Mosby had planned the capture of the whole Court at one fell blow; but that was anticipated, and preparations were made to give him and his gang a warm reception and endeavor to turn the tables on him.

So, the night before the Court was to meet, the 8th Ill. Cav., which was doing Provost duty around Washington, was placed under orders to protect the Court and capture Mosby if possible. They were placed in ambush near Flint Hill, at the crossing of Difficult Run, as it was known Mosby mostly approached that way. And so, sure enough, about 11 o'clock in the day Mosby and his gang made their appearance, crossing the run, and there was a sharp fight; but the 8th Ill. Cav. boys were too much for Mosby's loose band, and they broke and fled, and there was a running fight up past Aldie, the rebels scattering as fast as they had an opportunity, until at last the Illinois boys chased a single rebel soldier into a house; and when they got into the house they found the rebel soldier groaning and tossing on a bed in such apparent death-struggle that they thought he would die, and so came away and left him. But they had hardly got on their horses and started back on the road, when they saw this same wounded rebel soldier running for the woods on the opposite side of the house. And that cunning rebel proved to be Mosby himself, wounded indeed, but yet he had outwitted the 8th Ill. boys and got safely away.

When the rebel army evacuated Manassas and Centerville the County Clerk of our County, Alfred Moss, carried away the County records, and we for a long time could not find where he had taken them; but after a while I came across

A CONTRABAND

who knew of them, and he told me that Alfred Moss had them all boxed up, and had taken them to the Clerk's office of Fauquier County, at Warrenton, and they were up in the second story of that office; and, as our forces at that time held possession of that place, I obtained permission of the Secretary of War to bring them back, and went there for the purpose. But that Clerk professed to know nothing about them until I was about to call on the military to search his office, when he admitted that Alfred Moss had deposited some boxes up stairs, but he knew not what was in them. We went up stairs and found all of our records, and I shipped them by rail to our Countyseat again.

Thus we saved the whole of our County records, and among them was the vote on secession in our County, which had never been reported to Richmond; and, as our manner of voting required that a voter's name had to be recorded, and how he voted, at the time of voting (of which I made the Secretary of War a copy), we, by getting that poll-book, saved the Government many thousands of dollars damages that would have been paid to the rebels. And I have had to bear many a hard name from the rebels for bringing that poll-book to light.

While these things were going on near Washington, Gen. McClellan was making his Peninsular campaign, ending with his seven days' fight and retreat to Harrison

(Continued on second page.)

THE SPEAKERSHIP CONTEST.

"Entirely Amicable and Friendly" on the Surface, but Every Candidate is Using a Deadly Club on His Competitors.

BELL-WETHER GUIDE.

A Story of the Intense Loyalty of East Tennesseans.

A HAZARDOUS OFFICE.

Recruiting Soldiers and Taking Them to the Union Lines.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

The Guide Passes Away to the Tinkling of the Bell.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.
(Daughter of Gen. Morgan L. Smith.)

[The main facts in this sketch were furnished to the author by Dr. Frank A. McClintock, of Newcomb, Tenn.]

Bell-wether and Tack.

A CERTAIN Arthur McFarland, losing his wife a few years before the opening of the civil war, removed from his once-pleasant home in Kentucky and settled with his only child, a son of 16 years, familiarly called "Tack," in the mountains of eastern Tennessee.

The affection natural between them strengthened with their mutual dependence and loneliness. They lived by farming, trapping, and trading.

The outbreak of the war found the elder of these settlers a gray-haired man of over 60 years, work-worn and past his prime, but rugged, clear-headed and patriotic.

To the call to arms he was one of the first to respond, enlisting in a regiment of Tennessee infantry stationed at Somerset, Ky.

His minute knowledge of the country in the vicinity of his cabin in Tennessee caused him to be sent there, in the Spring of 1862, to act as recruiting officer and guide, duties which were rendered peculiarly difficult and

THE BELL WETHER IN DARNA'S CABIN.

perilous by the presence of the Confederate lines, which at that time extended along the Tennessee mountains from Cumberland to Big Creek Gap, a distance of over 40 miles.

It was the hazardous office of McFarland to enlist Union men and pilot them in safety past the enemy's pickets.

THE SITUATION WAS SUCH

that the open establishment of a regular recruiting office at his former home was out of the question. Extreme caution and secrecy being necessary, isolated fastnesses in the mountains were fixed upon as recruiting stations, and in these silent haunts Union men gathered at appointed times, to be led by the alert and fearless guide through the Confederate lines.

To accomplish these "runs" with greater safety McFarland decided on a clever ruse.

On the eve of a "run" it was the custom for his son "Tack," under pretense of gathering roots, to roam over the mountains, locating Confederate pickets and finding the most available pathways and crossings.

On these occasions he wore a red shirt, to make himself distinguishable at a distance, and, by means of signals, conveyed valuable information to his father, who stood with a spy-glass on the nearest ridge.

One night 80 recruits answered the roll-call. "Tack" had selected the crossing. The

"RING IT AGAIN, TACK."

path chosen was a dangerous one, as it lay along the base of a cliff, at the top of which the Confederate pickets were stationed.

McFarland spent several hours drilling the men for his experiment. Drawing them up in single file, he caused them to bleat like sheep. Those who could best imitate the animal he enrolled as "bleaters," and it was their duty to answer his own call and the tinkle of the old sheep-bell carried by himself as they passed the enemy's posts. The time set for the start was midnight. Promptly at that hour they

STOLE SILENTLY OUT

from the hollowing cliff that had sheltered