The Bushwhacker's Daughter

A Story of the Civil War in Virginia.

By Prof. WM. J. DEWES.

"Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, clif, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Old Virginia seceded from the Union, April 17, 1861, and, in turn, West Virginia declared, in Convention assembled at Wheeling, that her people were loyal to the Star Spangled Banner, and adopted an ordinance for a new State, Aug. 20, 1861. Two months later, Oct. 24, the action of the Convention was approved by a vote the people.

This action of West Virginia materially interfered with the plans of the parent Commonwealth and the Confederacy in general, the design being to establish a Confederate boundary or border-line, confronting the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

In an effort to reclaim the recalcitrant offspring of the "Mother of States," various Confederate armies were sent into West Virginia, under Garnett, Pegram, Floyd, Wise and Lee, but nearly all such expeditions came to grief when they encountered McClellan and Rosecrans, Kelley and other Union Commanders in the mountain fortresses of the "New State." Grafton, Philippi, Laurel Hill, Rich Mountain, Beverley, Carrick's Ford, Carnifex Ferry and Romney are conspicuous names on the pages of history recalling scenes of Confederate discomfiture. After Gen. Henry A. Wise and his "Legion" were driven out, West Virginia was not again invaded by any formidable body of Confederate troops. Small raiding parties, however, of guerrilla plunderers from the counties of Augusta, Highland, and Rockbridge, beyond the Great North Mountain Range, continued to commit depredations and atrocities upon defenceless loyal citizens, "wasting all the country where they went."

Even in the "New State" there were many residents who were "rebel sympathizers," particularly in Pendleton and Greenbriar Counties, on the border, separated from Augusta in Old Virginia by the North Mountain Range. In numerous instances the hostility between neighbors was cruelly deadly, similar to a Corsican or Tyrolesian vendetta.

In Augusta County the masses, or common people, had been at heart true to the Union, but the seductive eloquence of such orators as Echols, Baldwin, and Bumgartner enticed them from their fidelity to the Government to which they owed natural allegiance.

Apropos to the grandiloquence of Virginia's "fire-eating" orators, the reader will please pardon me for referring to General Henry A. Wise, although in doing so I digress from the continuity of my story.

General Wise, a boy in appearance, ex-Governor of Virginia, was a famous orator, noted for vigorous gesticulation.

Early in the war some ladies of Richmond presented Wise's Legion a silken flag—a thing of beauty wrought by fair hands. In accepting the flag, Wise, of course, made a speech, "top-loftical" and bombastic. He assured the ladies that in the campaign he was about to make against the West Virginians, the Legion would follow that "Starry Cross" to glorious victory, and that the last man would die rather than permit the impious hand of an enemy to defile a single star. There was more of the same tenor, but I forbear. Having ingloriously fled from West Virginia, Wise returned to Richmond, and failed to exhibit the flag to the fair donors, as he had promised, with "Victory" inscribed upon it.

THE GATHERING.

"It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet."

Soon after Wise's Legion and other consequential organizations withdrew crestfallen from West Virginia, the Richmond and Staunton newspapers published articles, in substance, as follows:

"We are informed by reliable citizens of Augusta County that a large number of deserters, Yankees and Confederates, have taken possession of an extensive cavern in the North Mountain Range at a point about midway between the "Divide" and Bear's Hell, two noted localities. The superstitious mountaineers claim that the cavern is the abode of uncanny hobgoblins, but in reality it is the rendezvous and stronghold of robbing bushwackers and deserters.

"A Yankee Sergeant named Newel, a deserter from General Cox's army in West Virginia, is said to be the Captain of this vile gang, while his Lieutenant is one, Sam Harding, a notorious Union man of Pendleton County, who recently fled to this cavern rendezvous, after having killed a neighbor whom he had engaged in a heated political controversy at his own house.

"Preparations are being made for the capture, destruction, or dispersion of this annoying band of outlaws, who are abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition. They plunder, indiscriminately, on both sides of North Mountain, and rob refugees going North or South."

THE CHIEFTAIN OF WHITE OAK LICK.

"With cautious step and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake."

James Todd, popularly called "Uncle Jimmy," whose "Lodge" in Augusta County was known as White Oak Lick, was the leading man of the "settlement." Shrewd and fearless, active and indefatigable in the prosecution of any enterprise that demanded intelligence, courage, and endurance, he was naturally a counsellor and commander of men. He was a stanch Union man, and throughout the war White Oak Lick was a rendezvous for refugees, whom he conducted beyond Confederate jurisdiction by a route established by himself, known as "Refugee Line." The northern terminus of this line was Cumberland, in "Maryland, My Maryland." From the North Carolina and Virginia border line, the chieftain of White Oak Lick received refugees who were forwarded to him by emissaries stationed along the route. Dangerous as were his operations, requiring circumspection, courage, and hardy endurance, "Uncle Jimmy, ever undismayed, was invariably successful in his periodical journeys from White Oak Lick to Cumberland. A pass from General Kelley protected him from molestation by Federal officers or their soldiers. The bushwhackers on North Mountain had unwittingly established themselves directly on his route, and when he became cognizant of the fact he was by no means pleased.

BLACK SAM.

A perfect and satisfactory understanding existed between Uncle Jimmy Todd and "Black Sam," a negro slave living a few miles north of the Menonite settlement, near Stribbling Springs.

At any hour of the darkest night, "Black Sam" was likely to appear at White Oak Lick with important information. Although he came in the night, unheralded and unannounced, Sam was always a welcome visitor to the refugee chieftain's lodge, and he knew exactly where to find the latchstring hanging on the outside. He was an honest, sagacious, negro, albeit his journeyings to White Oak Lick were dark and devious. In short, "Uncle Jimmy" and "Black Sam" worked together.

No sooner had the "cliff-dwellers" taken possession of North Mountain, than "Black Sam" became apprised of the fact. Without delay he made one of his nocturnal visits to White Oak Lick.

"Mass Todd, der is a band er bushwhackers in de Norf Mount'in, an' frum what I seed an' hearn dey is operatin' betwixt de 'Big Divide' an' Bear's Hell, an' dat, yer knows, is yer regler route to de Norf wid de refugees. Dem rapscallions up dar is a-helpin' derselves to de neighbor's projuce, an' hawgs an' cattle, an' is er stoppin' an' a-robbin' de refergees bofe a-comin' an' a-gwine ter de Norf an' de Souf, an' I comes right 'long over to fetch de news."

Uncle Jimmy thanked Sam for his faithfulness and promptitude, saying, however,

"THEY ENJOYED AN HOUR OF CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATION."

that he had already known there were armed men on North Mountain, and that they were "operating," as Sam said, on his "refugee line." He further told Sam that at that very moment he had six or seven refugees concealed in an obscure ravine, not far distant, and that within the week he would be in readiness to conduct them to the "promised land," beyond the border. To Sam's surprise "Marsa Todd" told him that one of the bushwhackers, Sam Harding, was his personal friend, a loyal Union man, and that it was more than likely, when en route to Maryland with the refugees, he would call at the cavern to pay his respects to Harding and also his wife and daughter, who had accompanied him to North Mountain. The astonished Sam scratched his woolly head, but gave expression to no protestation or warning, his confidence in the wisdom and prowess of "Massa Todd" being illimitable.

The truth was that Sam Harding had sought refuge with the bushwhackers that he might escape the fury of his enemies, the rebel sympathizers, one of whose number he had killed in the heat and passion of political debate. The bushwhackers' camp was some 10 or 15 miles from Harding's home. Hastily gathering such necessary articles as he could conveniently carry, he abandoned his pretty, but humble, home in the dark hour of night, and, accompanied by his gentle wife and beautiful daughter, Sue, sought the mountain cavern, flying from known ills to others unknown.

THE BUSHWHACKER'S DAUGHTER.

"—Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!"

Sue Harding had been the pride and joy of the deserted home,

"Where her fair hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idean vine."

Her opportunities for education and culture had been limited to the circumscribed boundary of the little valley in which she had lived her 18 years of life. She was beautiful, but her loveliness of person did not exceed her charm of manner or the purity of her heart—pure as the mountain air she breathed. The sun had tinged her cheek with brown, the color of her hair and eyes. Her voice was clear as a bell and musical, although "upon her speech there hung the accents of the mountain tongue." Free and untrammeled this gentle, courageous girl roamed through valley and over mountain, her song attuned to that of the merry choristers looking down upon her from leafy bowers in the woodland. The luster and soft expression of her eyes and the agility with which she leaped from crag to crag on the mountain side were suggestive of the gazelle:

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

In this dark hour of Sam Harding's life he learned that in shadow as in sunshine his daughter was true. As a burst of light this revelation dawned upon him when making the night journey to North Mountain. While she was not unmindful of the discomforts and dangers of their environment she tactfully endeavored to dispel the somber thoughts and evil forebodings that occupied her brave and devoted father's mind. Knowing full well that his chief concern was for the comfort and safety of herself and faithful mother, she sought to make him understand that she was not afraid, and that he could depend upon her. By degrees he found himself relying upon the intelligence and indomitable will of the spirited, undaunted maiden whose counsel in more than one instance was intuitively wise and opportune.

Just when Sue Harding was in the flush of young womanhood there came the fierce civil war which was horribly cruel in her border home, stirring the worst passions of the people among whom she dwelt. The dreadful scenes enacted under her own observations, and others of which she heard, induced her to procure a revolver and learn how to use it effectively. Her nerve being strong and her eye true, she soon became an expert with both pistol and rifle.

SPOOK'S CAVERN.

"It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device."

Harding and his companions had gone a considerable distance up the mountain slope when they were challenged by a bushwhacker sentinel. Not having the countersign, the refugees displayed a white handkerchief, it then being daylight, as a flag of truce. The sentinel quietly and critically gazed upon them for a few moments, the presence of females evidently puzzling him, and then he, also, exhibited a white handkerchief, with which he beckoned them to approach. When they reached the picket's station he greeted them courteously, enjoining them to be silent. Harding, in a low voice, requested to be taken before the chief, whoever he might be. "Quietly follow me," said the sentry.

When they had followed their guide a half mile, perhaps, Harding noted that they were being conducted toward a cave, near the summit of North Mountain, known as Spook's Cavern, with which he was somewhat familiar.

Approaching the front of the subterranean rendezvous, the guide gave a signal, whereupon another sentry with ready rifle came from behind a large stone, near the entrance, and after a further exchange of signals, bade the party advance. Like the other sentry, he was plainly surprised at the visitation. Without any caviling, however, he ushered the visitors into the cavern, dimly lighted with a tallow candle and a few burning fagots. In front of the entrance there was a shelving fringe of rock that would afford shelter for probably 50 persons, the entrance to the cavern proper being about three yards in diameter, and in hight about the same. The bushwhackers, then within the cavern, some 10 or 12, were noticeably quiet.

"A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were crouched to rest upon the ground."

The Chief of the band received his guests with Chesterfieldian grace and effusive welcome, his demeanor in greeting the ladies being especially courtly. The man's manner and appearance were in strange and striking contrast to his surroundings. Evidently he was educated and cultured—as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. In command he was supreme, his followers watching his beck and will, seemed ready to obey his every behest.

Conceiving himself to be needlessly and grossly insulted by his superior officer, who struck him with his sword, Serg't Newel, of the Federal army, General Cox's command, unable to brook such indignity, had retaliated, in the passion of the moment, by knocking the officer down and beating him with his musket. Realizing the consequences of so grave a breach of discipline, he had fled as a refugee to North Mountain, where by reason of his superior fitness he became the Chief of the band collected there. The force of circumstances had made him an Ishmaelite.

Having gracefully assured his visitors

"That Highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill,"

the Chief turned to Harding and said: "Sir, the presence of the ladies is evidence that you are in trouble. If I can be of service to you, please command me."

Harding stated clearly and honestly the circumstances that had driven him a refugee to the mountain. The Chief replied that he had suspected as much. Extending his hand, he said: "My friend, there should be a strong bond of sympathy between us. Our troubles are similar." He then briefly told his own story.

A WARNING.

"Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud."

In private conference, Capt. Newel informed Harding that he had information, perfectly reliable, that the Confederates were preparing to attack him. The warning, he said, could not be ignored. If he failed to evacuate Spook's Cavern, his capture was certain——only a question of time, and a short time at that. The Confederates, then forming at Staunton, were formidable. They were greatly superior in numbers. The infantry, some 150 or 200 strong, would be accompanied by McNeil's Partisan Rangers, who were familiar with North Mountain and the surrounding country. Continuing, he said: "I have determined to lead my band northward, without unnecessary delay. In case we safely reach Pennsylvania or Maryland, the Confederate deserters will have nothing to fear. They will be well received. With the Federal deserters, myself included, the reception will not be so cordial. However, we must take the chances. We cannot stay here. Possibly we may find a refuge in Canada."

Harding concurred in the wisdom of Newel's views of the situation and his decision based thereon, but he had difficulty in deciding upon his own course. Knowing that he could not with safety return to his home, not far away in the valley, he thought that his wife and daughter might possibly do so, but he had serious misgivings. Sue Harding, however, conferring with her father and mother, promptly and resolutely settled the matter, so far as she was concerned. In substance her speech was that of the Moabitish damsel, Ruth: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." Chief Newel came into the conference just as the radiant maiden was announcing her decision. Seeing the gleam in her eye and noting the shapely hand suggestively toying with a burnished pistol, he smiled admiringly but made no comment.

For several days none of the band engaged in bushwhacking, Newel demanding that they remain quiet until the time of departure.

Pending the hegira, the Chief, the men approving, appointed Harding his Lieutenant. Newel had felt the need of a brave and intelligent subaltern with whom to consult and upon whom he could rely, for the men under his command were of a class

"Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood."

Excepting Newel himself, Harding was the only man in the band suitable for "official position." In addition to his fitness for the lieutenancy his familiarity with the topography of the Great North Mountain Range, and knowledge of the character of the habitants of the border Counties, made him an especially valuable acquisition to the "company."

UNCLE JIMMY TODD APPEARS.

About the middle of April, 1862, the "Refugee Chieftain" of White Oak Lick, accompanied by his two sons, "Wash" and "Sam," and having in charge a body of refugees, 10 men and one boy, started on one of his accustomed journeys via "Refugee's Line." The party was well armed, Uncle Jimmy and his sons carrying two revolvers each. The refugees had revolvers only, the 14-year-old boy carrying a small one.

Moving rapidly, but cautiously, to the "Big Spring of the Shenandoah," the headwater of the North River, some 12 miles northward of White Oak Lick, thence along the North Mountain Range in the direction of Spook's Causeway, some 25 miles further on, Uncle Jimmy always in the van, followed by Wash and Sam and the refugees, in the order named, trailing in single file the party reached the causeway that spans a great rift in the "Divide."

Refugees often carried large sums of money, a fact of which the bushwhackers were perfectly cognizant. As "Black Sam" said, they robbed the refugees "a-comin' an' a-gwine"—going North and coming South.

Before exhibiting the refugees and thereby exciting the cupidity of the bushwhackers, Uncle Jimmy resolved first to go alone to Newel's headquarters, inform the Chief of his mission, and, if possible, enter into a treaty "offensive and defensive." Pending negotiations, he directed the refugees to lie down and keep perfectly still. Accompanied by his sons, he then crossed the narrow passway over the "Divide." They had scarcely reached the north side when they were challenged by a lone bushwhacker standing in the path, some 75 yards distant. Instantly recognizing the man, Uncle Jimmy imperatively called, "Come here, Sam Harding; I know you." Harding cried, "Who are you?"

"Jimmy Todd and sons, friends to Sam Harding and the Union!"

Harding rapidly advanced, as commanded, and extended his hand, greeting his old friend gladly. He briefly told Uncle Jimmy all that was necessary concerning the outlaw band and his connection with it.

Replying, Uncle Jimmy said: "Sam Harding, you and your band, against whom, by the way, I have nothing in particular, occupy points directly on my route, and I tell you now, no man, or band of men like yours, can obstruct my pathway and live. I want to see your Captain. Fetch him here." I may remark, en passant, that Uncle Jimmy always "commanded," in the fullest sense of the term.

Harding disappeared, but soon returned with his Chief, who with characteristic grace declared that he felt himself highly honored to meet so famous a man as James Todd, of White Oak Lick, scout, guide, and hero of Bald Mountain. Having duly acknowledged Capt. Newel's effusive greeting, Uncle Jimmy said:

"Captain Newel, I am on my way to Cumberland with a party of refugees to whom I have promised safe conduct. I intend to keep my word. Now, your position here on North Mountain is directly on my established route from White Oak Lick to Cumberland. I must not be diverted from my course. I shall travel my usual path, peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must. I trust you understand. Your band must not molest the refugees—they must not be robbed."

Said Newel: "Mr. Todd, neither yourself nor the refugees shall be molested. You are a man for whom I entertain distinguished consideration. I am in full sympathy with your operations along 'Refugee's Line.' Please command me."

Uncle Jimmy then assured Newel that his camp was insecure; that he would certainly be attacked by the Confederates in overwhelming force within a week. He advised Harding to send his wife and daughter home, and himself seek a refuge on friendly soil. He suggested that the band should proceed northward by a route somewhat similar to his own, reminding Newel that his Lieutenant was familiar with the intervening country. Newel himself, he thought, would only find safety in a far country, Canada, perhaps.

Uncle Jimmy had fully advised Newel, but not caring to become involved with the outlawed bushwhackers, he circumspectly avoided and ignored any suggestion of a coalition of forces.

Wash Todd having been sent back across the causeway to bring forward the refugees, they came trailing along and were saluted by Newel and Harding. Then, to Uncle Jimmy's surprise, the entire bushwhacking band, in response to some mysterious signal, suddenly appeared, formed in line, and stood at "present arms," while the refugees were trailing by. Sue Harding and her mother lent color to the scene, Sue's shining pistol being visible at her belt.

Resuming the trail, Uncle Jimmy went to the front,

"And true to promise led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray,
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow."

STAND AND DELIVER.

On the following day a sentry gave a signal that called out the whole band. He had seen four men cautiously advancing on the further side of the causeway. Thinking they were possibly the advance guard of Confederate troops, he sent in the alarm. Having examined the distant strangers through his field glass, Newel turned to his waiting band and said: "Men, the strangers are refugees, and, judging from their appearance, I think they have money—a thing we need. We will capture them, relieve them of their riches, and then let them depart in peace. This shall be our last exploit of a bushwhacking character."

Quickly and silently he disposed the men in a thicket that commanded the pathway, and warned them that if it became necessary for any one of them to fire, he must not shoot to kill. He thought there would be no occasion for shooting at all.

Continuing to approach along the trail, the refugees crossed the "Divide," unconscious of lurking danger.

At the proper time, in obedience to the signal, the band arose as one man. The surprising suddenness of the apparition so demoralized three of the refugees that they instantly threw up their hands in token of surrender. One of the party, however, showed a disposition to fight. Notwithstanding he was confronting largely superior numbers, their guns covering him, he drew his pistol, but before he could fire, Newel closed in on him and struck the pistol from his hand, disabling his arm.

The Chief then ordered the prisoners in line, and while the band stood in silence, mere spectators, he relieved them, seriatim, of their money, watches, and other valuables. The captives were then conducted to the cavern, Newel assuring them, en route, that they would receive no personal harm, and that their detention would only be temporary. When they arrived at the cavern, the leader of the refugees, the one who had shown that he was game, addressed Newel as follows:

"Captain Newel, my name is George Melton. These men and myself are Union refugees from Wilmington, North Carolina. When you captured us we were peacefully on our way to a safe asylum in the North. We are strangers in a strange land, and your action in taking possession of our money leaves us in a distressingly destitute condition, far from our base of supplies. We are powerless in your hands, but I earnestly appeal to your sympathy and generosity, as I read in your face that you are not wholly deficient in those virtues."

To the refugee's modest speech, Newel replied: "Mr. Melton, the troubles of myself and the men whom I command are similar to yours. We are compelled to seek a haven of rest, where our enemies will cease from troubling—some refuge where our lives will be, in a measure, secure. We need money, and, as you know, necessity knows no law. I assure you that I am not without sympathy. In fact, my own condition makes me more fully appreciate your situation. In the matter of restitution, I will supply you with a small sum of money and allow you to depart. I can do no more."

MASONRY.

As a dernier resort, Melton asked, "Does any member of this band belong to the Masonic Order?" All responded in the negative, except Harding, who smilingly remarked that it was not likely many Masons could be found among bushwhackers. Meanwhile, however, he flashed a responsive Masonic signal to Melton, whereupon the latter requested that he might have a private interview with Lieutenant Harding. Newel unhesitatingly granted permission, and the two Masons retired. After a brief absence they returned, and then Harding asked for a private consultation with Newel. The conference of the two chieftains was somewhat prolonged, but when they reappeared in the cavern there was a light in Harding's eye that gave Melton hope.

RESTITUTION.

Said Newel: "Mr. Melton, I have turned you and your affairs over to Lieutenant Harding. You may again retire with him, and I hope his action may be satisfactory to you and your companions."

When once more to themselves, Harding said: "Brother Melton, Capt. Newel has been more generous than I had reason to expect. He has left the whole matter to my discretion, but I feel that I must be careful not to go beyond reasonable bounds. All of the property taken from your party is in my possession. Now, here is your own package intact. How much money does it contain?"

"Just $4,000," said Melton.

Then untying the packet, Melton took therefrom four $100 bills, United States currency, and placing them in Harding's hand, said: "You will please accept these from a brother Mason as a testimonial of his gratitude. Retain $300 for yourself and give Capt. Newell $100 for the benefit of himself and the band."

Having accepted the gift, Harding then informed Melton that he had found $400 in each purse taken from the other refugees. He said he would restore to each of them $100, retaining $300 from each, or, in all $900 for the bushwhackers. He also gave Melton two watches that had been taken from members of his party.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride, the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;
O! need I tell that passion's name?"

When he returned to the cavern, Melton saw Sue Harding for the first time. The radiant maiden, however, had seen him when he was within the cave conversing with Newel and her father. From her "boudoir" in a distant part of the cavern she could observe all that happened, herself unseen. She gazed with admiring eyes upon the handsome young man whose bearing was proud and gallant, although "in peaceful garb arrayed," and whose "ready speech flowed fair and free in phrase of gentlest courtesy."

Harding himself presented the young refugee to his wife and daughter, and while he neither forgot nor neglected the ordinary civilities the occasion demanded, the young man's eyes would involuntarily wander in undisguised admiration toward the beautiful mountain damsel. Even in that gloomy subterranean abode Cupid was busy.

"Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again."

In the playing of the mysterious game hearts were trumps. Melton saw the glitter of the pistol stuck in the girl's belt, but he was not dismayed. By some enigmatical process the two became separated from the remainder of the company and enjoyed an hour of confidential conversation, the fires of passion glowing the while. Evidently it was a case of "love at first sight." Their acquaintance had progressed so rapidly that when the interview ended they felt that they had known each other for years. Both understood.

Harding had told Melton that the bushwhackers were preparing to evacuate their insecure rendezvous, and advised him to lose no time in resuming his journey northward. But man proposes and God disposes. Not having then seen the bushwhacker's charming daughter, Melton said he would depart on the following morning. Meanwhile he saw Sue Harding and forgot his resolution. The morning dawned, but he evinced no disposition to leave. Noon came, and he still tarried.

(Concluded next week.)

This Will Interest Many.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if any one afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him, at 804-19 Winthrop Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give; only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

IN THE STREETS OF SELMA.

Surrender of a Confederate Battalion to Two Dismounted Cavalrymen.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Being a member of Co. G, 123d Ill., Wilder's Brigade, I will attempt to give an incident which occurred at Selma, Ala., on the 13th of April 1865, and which, I believe, has never been in print. It is possible that some of the readers of The National Tribune seeing and reading it, will recall the fact that those breastworks were anything but pleasing to our sight before we got orders to change. But, when we were once started, no thought was given to anything but the capture of the place; and nothing could withstand the fire from the Spencer rifles.

On the evening when Selma was taken and occupied by the Union soldiers, the members of our brigade had, as usual, been dismounted before entering the thick of the fight. By the time the city was taken the members of the different commands had become separated. I chanced to fall in with the color-bearer of our regiment, John Morgan. Together we were making our way toward the heart of the city, expecting there to learn where the regiment would encamp, when a woman stepped from the door of a dwelling, and, with many assurances that she could lead us to the largest and richest store, followed us up the street until we reached the building. This we found had previously been violently opened. Here the woman left us, entering the store, doubtless in pursuit of booty. But we were not then on a foraging expedition, and were far more anxious to find headquarters than to explore the interior of the "largest and richest store" in Selma. As we were hurrying along we heard a troop of cavalry approaching. At this time Selma was occupied by both Union and Confederate troops. It had by this time grown so dark that we had to await their approach before determining to which side they belonged. They proved to be a battalion of rebel cavalry, under command of their Major. The color-staff, still carried by John Morgan, informed them that we belonged to the victorious party. They halted, telling us that they were completely hemmed in by our men, and requested to be directed to headquarters, that they might surrender. We told them the General was just ahead, and we would send for him. Just then a Union cavalryman rode up, and we deputized him to carry word to headquarters that the battalion was waiting an opportunity to surrender. At our request, they dismounted and laid their guns down in the street. A detachment of Union cavalry further up the street just then espied some retreating Confederates, and, calling them to halt, began firing their carbines. We were within range, and, although not aimed at us, the balls began whistling about in unpleasant proximity to our ears. Evidently our surrendering battalion were of our own opinion, as they made a rush for the sheltering protection of a great brick building which stood nearby. Morgan and myself felt that we were needed at headquarters in less time than it would take to go on foot: so we each requisitioned a horse from those just abandoned, and we stood not upon the order of our going. We finally found our regiment encamped at the outskirts of the town, but our rebel cavalrymen we never found.

If any member of that battalion should see this, I should be pleased to hear from him, or to meet him at the Wilder Brigade Re-union in Chattanooga, and renew the brief acquaintance so abruptly terminated. GEORGE PETRY, Co. G, 123d Ill., Robinson, Ill.

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MUSTERED OUT.

CODER.—At Pleasantview, Pa., Jan. 24, James Coder, new Co. G, 49th Pa.

EVANS.—At Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 15, James B. Evans, Co. B, 37th Pa., and 8th Pa. Reserve Corps. He served three years. Interment at National Cemetery, Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 17.

FLEMING.—At Emlenton, Pa., Nov. 26, 1902, Richardson B. Fleming, Co. A, 78th Pa. He was a member of Post 248.

FOLLETT.—At Chicago, Ill., Jan. 9, of heart disease, Melville C. Follett, Co. A, 42d Ill. He was born at Moriah, N. Y., June 7, 1836; moved with his parents to Galesburg, Ill., in 1837. He took part in the Kansas war, under Gen. James Lane, in 1856; enlisted in the 42d Ill. in 1861. He was at Island No. 10 in 1862, and was wounded in the knee at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1864. Interment at Moline, Ill.

HANSON.—At Providence, R. I., June 23, 1902, John F. Hanson, Battery B, R. I. Art. He served three years. One son and one daughter survive.

IRWIN.—At Friends' Asylum for the Insane, near Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 23, Lieut. Samuel H. Irwin, Co. B, 49th Pa. Interment at Huntingdon, Pa.

KNIGHT.—At Sheffield, Tenn., Jan. 20, Cornelius H. Knight, Co. H, 73d Ind., aged 59. Comrade Knight served three and a-half years. He was wounded at Murfreesboro.

NELSON.—At Denver, Colo., Jan. 12, Josiah J. Nelson, Battery B, 1st Pa. L. A. (Cooper's Battery). Interment was at Emlenton, Pa., where he held a membership in Post 248.

UMSTEAD.—At Halsey, Ore., Nov. 26, 1902, of heart failure, Samuel Umstead, Corporal, Co. C, 10th Mo. Cav., aged 56. Comrade Umstead served three years, and was called by his officers the bravest man in the regiment. He was the first to cross the works at Selma, and there captured a rebel flag, for which he was offered a 90-days furlough, but refused. The old flag, shot-torn and stained with blood, is still in possession of his family. In 1899, at McMinnville, Ore., he was obligated in to the Ladies of the G.A.R. by Mrs. Agnes Winslow, who was also the wife of a Colonel of his brigade. The funeral was conducted by Wildey Lodge, I.O.O.F., of which Order he had been a faithful member for 37 years. A widow, a son and a daughter survive.

WANN.—At Tarlton, O., Jan. 24, Daniel Wann, Co. H, 69th Ohio, and 114th Ohio, aged 76. He was a prisoner at Libby, and was pensioned at $25 per month. A widow and one daughter survive.

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Deaths of Veterans in Juniata County, Pa.

Comrade Wm. Fry, Mexico, Pa., reports the following deaths of veterans in Juniata Co., Pa., during 1902: Nathaniel Henkels, Co. I, 126th Pa.; George W. Roe, Co. E, 3d Pa. H. A., and Co. I, 126th Pa.; John Strayer, Co. A, 101st Pa.; Jacob Slautterback, Co. E, 101st Pa.; Thomas M. Weimer, Co. D, 192d Pa.; John James, Co. I, 184th Pa.; Samuel Bair, unassigned, 149th Pa.; Joseph M. Hubler, Co. F, 16th Pa. Cav.; Samuel Bell, Co. G, 213th Pa.

Memorial Services.

Trescott Post 10, Salem, O., recently held Memorial services in honor of three comrades mustered out during the year. These comrades were W. H. Bowman, Co. C, 11th Ohio; Lewis S. Little, 26th Ohio, Independent Battery, and Frank Mickley.

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