

a-raisin' an' a-goin' down ag'in, ev'y time it rained, an' I jes natchelly kep' on a-thinkin' 't war n't nothin'. An' I never believed she'd go tell I saw t' other boat go; an' then thar war n't no time to git nothin' together. My land, Mis' Torrey! They jes barely snatched we-all off 'm her, an' away she went! An' Poodle—you heard about Poodle, lady? Yes, ma'am; Poodle went with her, po' creeter! Ye could hear him a-yelpin' an' a-ca'yin' on tell she struck. Po' Poodle!"

She stopped a moment to clear her voice, then went on gloomily: "I lost ev'y las' stitch o' black I hed, 'cep'n' what I hed on. A nice bombyzine dress, 'n' bunnit, 'n' veil—that veil, Mis' Torrey, jes swep' the groun'!"

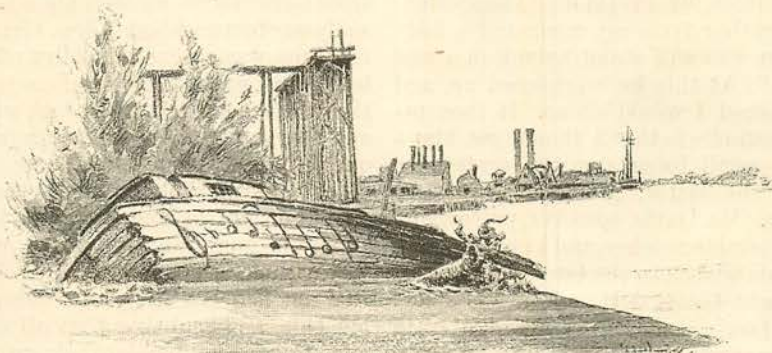
No words can express the utter desolation of tone that accompanied these words, nor

the unspeakable mournfulness of the gaze that fastened itself upon the cruel water which had devoured "every last stitch" of the "black" that had afforded such consolation to the bereaved widow.

"They tell me you have a nice little house," Mrs. Torrey said cheerfully; "and that you have been made very comfortable again."

Mrs. Frissel smiled—doubtfully. The slat-bonnet wagged slowly to and fro.

"Yes, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; people cert'n'y hez bin mighty kin'. An' it 's a mighty nice little house; it 's got four rooms, an' a door-bell, an' water in the yard. But"—with a long, yearning look toward the creek, now lapping the muddy bank with treacherous gentleness—"t won't never seem like *home!*"



ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

"THERE 'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

AN EFFORT TO RESCUE JEFFERSON DAVIS.¹

BY JOSEPH WHEELER,
Formerly Lieutenant-General, C. S. A.



ON the twenty-seventh day of April, 1865,—I think that was the date,—I arrived in Charlotte, North Carolina, where Mr. Davis had summoned me. This was about a fortnight after

Appomattox, and the President, accompanied by officers of his staff and by several members of his cabinet, with a number of other officers of government and many clerks of department, had recently reached this point, traveling by rail to Greensboro', thence in the

saddle. While he saw the necessity of further retreat, he did not yet realize the completeness of our undoing. He still hoped that the tide of calamity might be turned. Around him was preserved the semblance of power and routine of government, and on the day of my arrival I remember that a young cadet underwent a regular form of examination for promotion to the office of lieutenant.

One of the first questions put to me by Mr. Davis was how many men I could bring from my command to serve as a guard for him in the execution of new plans. He was surprised and disappointed when, speaking preparation. I have, however, rewritten much of it, and the entire article has received my final revision. J. W.

¹ I desire to say that Mr. Cleveland Moffett suggested this article, and in the first instance assisted me in its

with the authority of one just come from the army, I told him it was very evident that our soldiers regarded the war as over, and their allegiance to the Confederate government as no longer binding. I think I was the first officer to bring him authentic news of the situation. He had supposed that our army was in better shape.

We had with us at this time General Wade Hampton, who had also been summoned for counsel, and he was not less disconcerted by my words than President Davis. The general had left with the army two Virginia brigades, but, having been absent from his command for some days, was not well informed as to what had happened. I told him that only the day before I had passed through the camps of these brigades, and had found the artillery dismantled and many of the men gone.

"I can do this, Mr. President," I suggested; "that is, gather from my command a body of new men who will stand by you in a new enterprise." At this he brightened up, and said he wished I would do so. It then became a question whether I should get him a large or a small force, my own preference being for the latter, provided they were picked men. Mr. Davis, however, preferred a more considerable number, and I proceeded to carry out his wishes to the best of my power.

That night General Hampton and I left President Davis, and, riding all night in a box-car, reached Greensboro' the next morning. There I said good-by to General Hampton, who set out for his command to see what forces he could muster. My troops, numbering about three thousand men, were encamped at Company's Shops, a little place some distance east of Greensboro'; and immediately on my arrival I gathered them about me, and in a short speech told them plainly that I wanted volunteers for a desperate venture—men who would be willing to stand by Jefferson Davis to the death. They listened with solemn faces, and there was no cheering to speak of, but about six hundred men came forward and agreed to cast their lot with me.

There was not an hour to waste, and before noon we had started southward, our objective point at first being Cokesboro', South Carolina, where Mr. Davis had instructed me to join him, and where he had ordered supplies sent.

In my interview with Mr. Davis at Charlotte, I had explained to him that General Stoneman was then in the western part of North Carolina with a large cavalry force, which would make the establishment of a

rendezvous at Cokesboro' of very doubtful expediency; and very soon after leaving Mr. Davis I received instructions from him to change my course, and march to Washington, Georgia, where it was expected I would meet him.

On Sunday evening, May 1, I reached Yorkville, and went at once to pay my respects to Mrs. Hampton, the general's wife, with whom I took tea. She was naturally much worried about her husband, and asked me many anxious questions. That night, after I had left her and joined my men, I received a note from her, sent in haste, saying that General Hampton had arrived, and asking me to call in the morning. I did so, and was shocked at the broken appearance of my fellow-officer. He was harassed in mind, and worn in body; and the story of his march from Greensboro' made it plain to us all how sadly our fortunes had fallen. General Hampton, who was as fine a cavalry officer and as brave and gallant a soldier as there was in the country, had started south with his staff and escort, about thirty men in all. One by one they had fallen away, some begging off on account of their families, others alleging that their horses could go no farther. Their spirit was gone; they felt that the expedition was without a purpose or hope. Their heart was not in what they were doing, and, seeing this, and realizing that all efforts were vain, the general had let them go, officers and men, each day of the march seeing his little band dwindle until there remained only his chief of staff, Major McClellan, a most excellent officer, who had bravely fought many battles by the side of his chieftain.

These two had pushed on until they reached the river Peedee, when McClellan expressed the fear that his horse could not swim the river, and spoke of his wife and child, who were waiting for him at home. Seeing how it was, General Hampton acquiesced, and bade him good-by. McClellan turned back and rode away; and then, all alone, without a single one of the men who had set out with him, General Hampton drove his horse down into the water, and swam the Peedee River. Now he was home, and Mrs. Hampton insisted that in his condition, worn as he was by arduous service, he ought not to attempt to overtake Mr. Davis. I fully concurred in this. He had a family, and his vast business interests, which had been left to others for four years, demanded his attention. I explained that it was very different with me, as I had no such obligations. He finally yielded, and giving me a letter for

Mr. Davis, asked me to tell the President that if, in the future, there should appear any way in which he could serve him, he would do so to the last.

Continuing our march toward Washington, Georgia, I soon realized that I could not keep a large body of Confederate soldiers together without encountering and becoming engaged with Federal troops; therefore, soon after crossing the Savannah River, I adopted a plan which Mr. Davis and myself had agreed upon in view of such an emergency, this being to divide my force into small detached and compact bodies, which I directed to move rapidly upon different routes.

It was my hope that these numerous detached bodies of cavalry would facilitate Mr. Davis's escape by putting the pursuers on a false scent. I placed the various detachments, as far as possible, under the command of discreet officers, informing them of the purpose sought to be attained. I detailed several of my staff-officers for this important duty, retaining with me only Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson, Captain Rawls, Lieutenant Ryan, and some seven or eight soldiers, brave and determined men, all armed with two or more pistols, and the soldiers also carrying repeating rifles.

There were bodies of Federal troops all around us, and we were informed by citizens that they were eager to capture the fleeing President, and win the large reward which had been put upon his head. We also learned from citizens and newspapers that the feeling against him throughout the North was very bitter, popular clamour going even to the length of demanding his death.

Finally we reached Washington, Georgia, and found it full of Federal troops. I learned that Mr. Davis had arrived there some twelve hours before, with a force of seven or eight hundred, part of the command of General Dibrell and General Duke, who were both with him. Being informed of the near presence of a large body of Federals, Mr. Davis had decided to disband his following, and had done so before leaving Washington. He realized that to keep so many men around him would be to precipitate a battle; and his high sense of honor made him feel that it would be wrong, now that the war was practically over, to imperil the lives of so many. So his force had broken up, scattering in small groups, each to look after itself as best it could, and to choose its own destination. In this way they faced no special danger, since, by the terms of Sherman and Johnston's agreement, the privilege of returning home

on parole was extended to all Confederate soldiers who reported or surrendered to any Federal officer east of the Chattahoochee River.

Having bade his men farewell, retaining only a few men to act as scouts for himself and his personal party, Mr. Davis, some twelve hours before my arrival in Washington, had started on a rapid march toward southern Georgia. His wife and children—Winnie, then a baby less than a year old, and the elder daughter (now Mrs. Hayes), and two boys—had gone ahead. With them was also Mrs. Davis's sister, Miss Howell. The ladies and children rode in light army ambulances; the members of their escort were mounted; their baggage-tents and supplies were in the wagons. As far as practicable, they kept to the main road, making all possible speed; but after some days they were overtaken by Mr. Davis and his party. We supposed it was Mr. Davis's purpose or hope to attain safety among the large body of troops still in arms west of the Mississippi. We fancied he also put some faint trust in rumors then circulating, namely, that France or England might do something to revive the chances of the Confederacy. At any rate, he pushed on as bravely as might be; he never despaired.

You may well believe I did not linger long near Washington, where capture would have been inevitable, but started westward through the woods, bent chiefly now on escape. As we went along we were joined by other soldiers and officers, the remnants of Dibrell and Duke's force, who had all been under my command, and who, seeing me now, tried to attach themselves, influenced by the old feeling of loyalty, and also, doubtless, by the hope that with me they would get better rations. We met so many of these stragglers that, in their interest and my own, I was obliged to say frequently: "Gentlemen, we must break up again; we are too large a body."

One evening, toward dark, we were suddenly overtaken by a force of about forty Federal soldiers, who galloped down the road, firing upon us as they approached. I stopped at the first favorable point, and with a gallant private soldier, M. A. Whaley, fired upon and checked the advancing Federals. It was soon dark, and we turned off the road and sought the cover of a thick pine undergrowth. The Federals knew we were in the woods, and halted in the main road directly opposite us. I sent two men back to find out, if possible, what these Union soldiers were doing. My men saw no better way of obtaining this information than by sauntering up to them

coolly, as if they were Confederate stragglers going home. One of the first remarks they heard was this: "They had fine equipments and bouncing horses; it must be Davis and his men." I myself had meantime crept up close enough to hear them talking, and overheard similar words. There was no doubt that we would be hotly pursued.

I immediately went back to the men in the woods, and waited anxiously for the return of my two scouts. Presently they came, their appearance showing that they had been in trouble. They brought with them two Federal guns, which they had captured in a curious way. It seems that the officers, becoming suspicious, had placed them under arrest, and sent them, guarded by two soldiers, to a neighboring house for supper. Arrived there, the guards had stood their guns in a corner, and fallen to at a tempting meal, in the midst of which my men had sprung up suddenly, seized the guns of their captors, and made them prisoners. Then, cautioning them not to leave the house on pain of being shot, they had made their escape and rejoined me.

I saw at once the danger that menaced us, and, calling my men to the saddles, told them we could not remain a moment where we were. I again divided my force, retaining with me but three officers, our two negro servants, and three or four privates. We rode all that night, taking by-paths when possible, and frequently riding through the woods in the hope that the enemy would lose our trail and cease their pursuit. About sunrise we drew rein in an open space, and, seeing a negro, gave him money to bring us food. He went away, and presently returned with dishes and cups containing a steaming breakfast. Having eaten, we wrapped ourselves in blankets, and lay down on the ground for a few hours of the sleep we so much needed. The negro, meantime, in taking back the plates, knives, and forks, had been intercepted by the Federal soldiers, who had been pursuing us more closely than we knew. They had followed our tracks along the road, and found the point where we had entered the woods. After that they had a plain trail before them.

The negro's appearance aroused their suspicions, and they were not long in frightening him into betraying our presence. Advancing stealthily to the place where we were sleeping, they came upon us quickly, and, before we could resist, were standing around us, guns in hand. The chase was up; we were captured; the spot being, as

I learned afterward, a few miles east of Atlanta. The Federal soldiers did not fire upon us; there was no need of that, for we were at their mercy; but some of them took aside our negro servants, and I could see them pointing to me and asking questions. Presently an officer approached me, and, talking about various things, kept looking sharply at the collar of my coat. Some time before, as a precaution, I had removed the three stars of a general; but the cloth underneath showed a different color from the rest, so that the marks of the stars could be seen quite plainly. I saw that our captors had discovered our identity, and, after taking counsel with my officers, I asked the Federal leader if he was aware of the agreement that had been arrived at between Sherman and Johnston regarding the parole of Confederate soldiers. He said he was. "Then, sir," said I, "as we are in the territory covered by that agreement, being east of the Chattahoochee River, I wish to take advantage of its provisions, and will declare to you the true names of these gentlemen and myself."

This I did; but the officer, in some doubt, replied that he did not feel justified in setting us free, but must insist on our going with them until he could consult with his superiors. Accordingly, we took to the saddle again, and were taken as prisoners to Conyers, Georgia; and from there we were taken, also on horseback, to Athens, where I was given the freedom of the town on parole. Although comfortable quarters were offered me for the night, I preferred to sleep out with my men during the two days we remained in Athens.

Having been brought by rail to Augusta, we were placed on a tug. We here found ourselves fellow-prisoners with a most distinguished company; for there were on board Jefferson Davis and his family, who, as I learned, had been captured by Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard and a squad of about sixty men; Alexander H. Stephens; C. C. Clay, who had been a United States senator from Alabama, and Mrs. Clay, one of the most brilliant women in the South; Colonel Lubbock of Texas; Colonel Burton Harrison, the President's secretary, whose distinguished record suggests that of his talented wife; Postmaster-General Reagan; and Colonel William Preston Johnston, now president of Tulane University, then an aide to President Davis.

We soon started down the river, and upon reaching Savannah were transferred to a large river steamboat, which conveyed us to Hilton Head. At this point Mrs. Davis sent her negro servants ashore with a letter to

General Rufus Saxton, United States army, asking him to see that they were treated kindly and given any advantages which their new condition warranted. This left Mrs. Davis without servants, and I remember spending many an hour of the voyage walking the deck with little baby Winnie in my arms.

We were guarded on the steamboat by men of Colonel Pritchard's force, who, as I said, numbered about sixty, and were in high spirits over the knowledge that the reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the President's capture would be theirs, as indeed it was, after some trouble in the division. I think their elation of mind contributed to render them less strict in performing their ordinary duties than they should have been, and they were more disposed for enjoyment now than for serious work. At any rate, there happened, on the first morning out, an incident which nearly rendered possible our escape in a way that would have been in the highest degree dramatic.

I was at this time a young man of intensely active, energetic disposition, and the free, fierce life of the battle-field which I had been leading for four years had developed in me a certain enjoyment of adventure. I also felt that as Mr. Davis had specially selected me at Charlotte to devote myself to preparations for his escape, it was my privilege, as well as my duty, to seize upon any possible opportunity which might be presented. The intense feeling we had heard expressed against Mr. Davis, and the great anxiety felt and expressed by his friends, furnished an additional incentive, and I earnestly sought to devise some means of escape.

Soon after leaving Savannah I discovered an opportunity which seemed to me the best we could hope for. The steamboat was a large three-decker, not unlike the big excursion boats that ply about New York. On the upper deck were stationed our guard of soldiers, with their guns; but when breakfast-time came I saw that they would have to go below. I supposed that they would go down in sections, relieving one another; but it turned out differently, a simple incident contributing to what seemed an act of negligence. For some reason, we prisoners were sent down to breakfast first, before the soldiers, who were grumbling and hungry.

Finally we came up, in great good humor, for the meal had been an excellent one, and the soldiers went tumbling down below to take their turn, leaving their guns stacked on the upper deck, and only two sentinels to guard them. Then I saw our chance, and,

calling Preston Johnston, pointed to the stairway, narrow and steep, that led up to where the guns were. In quick words I showed him how easy it would be for us to rush upon the two sentinels, overpower them, take possession of the guns, and then of the boat. There were ten of us, able-bodied men, and, with the other soldiers all below, and the guns in our hands, we would soon be masters of the situation.

We discussed a plan in a hurried consultation. "What will we do with the boat when we have got her?" was suggested.

"Sail to the Florida coast, the Bahamas, and finally to Cuba, if necessary," I replied.

"We have not got fuel enough."

"We can burn the decks," I replied.

"Would it not be an act of piracy?" was asked.

I contended that it would not. A state of war still existed; our armies west of Georgia were intact, and were opposed by large Federal armies. We were prisoners of war, guarded by Federal soldiers, and the life of our President was vehemently demanded; and no more sacred duty devolved upon us than to exercise every effort to assist in his escape and insure his safety.

I contended that people who would regard this as piracy were those who had for all these years regarded us as very much in that light, and I insisted that right-thinking, chivalrous people, even including Federal officers, could not but commend the spirit by which we were actuated.

Word was brought Mr. Davis, who was in his cabin, but he did not seem to give approval; and while we were arguing and discussing, the time of our opportunity passed, and the soldiers came back upon the deck. It was too late, and nothing came of all my fine imagining. But I have often wondered what would have happened, and how it would all have turned out, if those sentinels had been seized, and the President and Vice-President of the Confederacy had sailed away for a neutral port on a captured steamboat. It would surely have been the joke of the season.

Arrived at Hilton Head, we were all transferred to the steamer *Clyde*, and on her steamed away for Fort Monroe, guarded by the gunboat *Tuscarora*. The voyage from Augusta occupied seven or eight days, and we were given entire freedom of movement on the vessel.

I saw a good deal of Alexander H. Stephens while on the steamer, for we occupied a state-room together; and I was surprised to

find the Vice-President so apprehensive of the future. He seemed to expect that the gravest consequences would follow his arrest. I remember reasoning with him to prove that he was in no such danger as he thought. I spoke of his many friends all over the United States, referring to his Savannah speech and his well-known conservative views, and ventured the opinion that people in the North would be rather disposed to make a hero of him than to treat him harshly.

"No, my young friend," he replied, with an emphasis I cannot forget; "I look forward to a long, if not a perpetual, confinement."

"But if you feel that way about yourself," said I, "what do you think will happen to President Davis?"

Mr. Stephens answered in great agitation: "My young friend, don't speak of that—don't speak of that." I think he feared, as many others did, that Mr. Davis would be executed.

As for President Davis himself, he showed not the slightest trepidation, but reviewed the situation as calmly as if he had no personal interest in it. He discussed the war, its men and its incidents, in the same dispassionate way that a traveler might speak of scenes and incidents in some foreign land.

He was affable and dignified, as usual; and if he felt any fear, he certainly showed none. Nor would his fine sense of honor and propriety allow him to take advantage of another plan that we made for his escape from the tug while en route from Augusta to Savannah. This plan, which could doubtless have been carried out successfully had Mr. Davis approved of it, was as follows:

Two sentinels were on guard day and night at the rear end of the vessel, which was approached by two companionways; and it was our purpose to have Mr. Davis walk to the rear at night, at a certain moment when Preston Johnston and I would have concealed ourselves near the sentinels. Then, choosing his moment, Mr. Davis was to leap overboard, throwing his hat from his head at the same moment, so as to have two black objects in the river, the purpose of this being to deceive the sentinels should they succeed in firing. But it was our purpose to prevent them from using their guns, by throwing ourselves upon them suddenly, and either wresting the weapons from them or managing to discharge them in the air.

I dare say President Davis was influenced in his refusal to approve this plan by the realization that his escape would serve no useful purpose, since the Confederacy had vir-

tually ceased to exist and his personal efforts could be of no further benefit to the cause. And perhaps he took a certain inward satisfaction in the knowledge that by refusing to escape he would cause the Federal government more embarrassment than if he did so. He had perhaps heard of Lincoln's remark to a member of his cabinet: "If Mr. Davis could only escape unbeknown to us, it would be a very good thing."

On reaching Fort Monroe, we were taken off the vessel, Mr. Davis and Senator Clay being held as prisoners in the fort, under General Miles, then a volunteer general; Mr. Reagan and Mr. Stephens being transferred to the gunboat *Tuscarora*, under Captain Farley, and carried to Fort Warren; Mr. Harrison being sent in a man-of-war to Washington City; while the rest of us were put aboard the steamer *Maumee*, and brought to Fort Delaware, where we were placed in strict confinement. Here I remained for about a month, our party having as a guard an officer, a sergeant, three corporals, and thirty-six men. Two sentinels stood in front of my open door day and night; nor was I permitted to speak, read, or write. For breakfast I received a piece of bread and a piece of meat on a tin plate. For dinner they gave me a piece of bread, and a tin cup of soup with a small chunk of meat in it. For supper I had a piece of bread and a cup of water. I considered this very good prison fare, and did not complain.

On the first or second night of my imprisonment I heard some one speaking to me from the door, and found it was a sentinel, one of my old soldiers, who had served in the First Dragoons. He wished to serve me now.

"I'll get you out of here, general," he said. "The talk is that they are going to treat you roughly. All you have to do is to go to the sinks, drop down into the river, and swim ashore."

I saw that the plan could be easily carried out, but I refused to take advantage of it. I did not see what good to the cause could come through my escaping; I was not alarmed about myself; and I knew the soldier would be subjected to most serious punishment. So I thanked the sentinel, and told him I would stay where I was. He was evidently disappointed.

"Is n't there something I can do for you, general?" he said.

"Nothing, unless it is to get me a newspaper." The next day one of the latest Philadelphia papers was thrown into my room.

On about the thirtieth day of my confinement a messenger came up to say that General Schoepf, who was in command of the fort, wanted to see me. The corporal's guard formed at once, and I fell in, as prisoners do, between two soldiers. Then we marched away; but had gone only a few rods when the messenger, who had forgotten part of his instructions, came running after us, and said: "General Schoepf says he must come without a guard."

Rather surprised at this, I walked in the direction indicated, and soon found myself in the presence of the commanding officer, who said very politely: "I suppose, general, you think I've been rather harsh with you." I told him that, on the contrary, I had appreciated several acts of kindness extended to me, doubtless by his orders. After some talk about his original instructions regarding myself, and explaining to me that he had been ordered to treat me with no less severity than would have been shown Jefferson Davis himself, he held up a paper, saying: "Read that." It was an order from Washington for my release, on signing the same parole as had been given to Lee's and Johnston's armies. As nearly as I remember, the words of the parole were: "I promise, on my honor, that I will not take up arms again until I have been exchanged." As there were at this time no prisoners to be exchanged, this was equivalent to a pledge to remain at peace.

Having put my name to the paper, I was a free man; and General Schoepf at once,

with great cordiality, invited me to dine with him. I declined with thanks, saying that I preferred to spend the few hours before I should leave in the prison with my friends, who would have messages for me to take.

Some time before the boat started that was to take me across the river, word was brought me that two ladies desired to see me. It turned out that they were devoted women who for months had done untold good to the Southern cause by their sympathy and personal ministrations to prisoners. Every day it had been their habit to make the journey to Fort Delaware from Philadelphia, two hours each way, bringing flowers and baskets of food and delicacies for prisoners, some of them in the hospitals, and doing everything in their power to brighten the lot of the poor fellows who were languishing there. They kindly insisted that I should accompany them to their home in Philadelphia, where they gave me the first good meal I had had in many a day, and a comfortable bed to sleep in, and then saw me safely on my journey to New York the next morning. They were noble women, and the South had thousands like them.

My own troubles were now over, for I had plenty of friends in New York to assist me. It is unnecessary for me to go into the further details of Jefferson Davis's imprisonment, which is a matter of history. He was held at Fort Monroe for about two years, and then released. Mrs. Davis and her children had been sent back to Georgia shortly after our arrival at Fort Monroe.

THE POOL OF SLEEP.

BY ARLO BATES.

I DRAGGED my body to the pool of sleep,
 Longing to drink; but ere my thirst-seared lip
 From the cool flood one Dives-drop might sip,
 The wave sank fluctuant to some unknown deep.
 With aching eyes too hot and dry to weep
 I saw the dark, deluding water slip
 Down, down, and down; the weeds and mosses drip
 With maddening waste. I watched the water creep
 A little higher, but to fall more fast.
 Fevered and wounded in the strife of men,
 I burned with anguish till, endurance past,
 The pool crept upward, sank, then rose again,
 Swelled slowly, slowly, slowly, till at last
 My parched lips met the heavenly wave—and then . . .

frustrate its own plans, to bring defeat on its own armies, and to involve itself in ruin and disgrace, for an object so unimportant in its bearing upon public affairs. A charge so entirely preposterous, so utterly repugnant to all the probabilities of human conduct, calls for no refutation."

General Grant, however, thinks that Scott was expected to expose Taylor to defeat by taking away half his army for the expedition to the City of Mexico, while, by withholding the reinforcements necessary to raise his own force to an effective strength, the administration was to expose Scott to a similar fate.

I was in the War Department with Governor Marcy during his whole term, and was in close relations with him. I held the same position with the secretaries under the next two administrations. I had, therefore, opportunities of knowing facts when they occurred, and of hearing them discussed afterward; but I do not pretend to any knowledge that is not open to all, for everything that was written about the Mexican War by the department or its generals has been printed by Congress. The only advantage I have over the general public is in knowing where, in the hundreds of unindexed volumes, the facts are stated. And I will undertake to establish these propositions:

1. The administration took pains to spread and enhance the fame of all Taylor's victories.

2. If Taylor had chosen, he could have commanded the expedition against the City of Mexico. But he did not approve of it. He advised that we take and hold the line we were going to claim as the boundary. Moreover, General Grant says Taylor "looked upon the enemy as the aggrieved party."

3. The expedition against the City of Mexico was not General Scott's original plan.

He did not approve it until after it had been determined on, and preparations for it were in progress.

4. No promises were ever made to General Scott of any number of men or any quantity of material. Nor did he ever say, unless he whispered it in General Grant's ear, that any such promises were made. All that he wrote has been printed; and though he made many and bitter complaints, he never said that any promises were made or any promises broken. Some of his complaints were shown by Governor Marcy to be void of truth. He surely would not have resorted to fiction, and have omitted facts that would have served his purpose better.

5. The largest force ever named by General Scott for the expedition to the City of Mexico was 20,000 men. General Taylor thought 25,000 would be required. At the close of his victorious campaign, General Scott had under his command 32,156 men. He had discharged nearly 4000 volunteers whose time had expired, and had lost many in the battles around the Mexican capital. He must have had, from first to last, at least 37,000 men—nearly double the number he had named.

6. General Scott was not promised, and did not expect or count upon, any larger force than he had at Vera Cruz. When General Scott was

sent to Mexico, he was not ordered to lead or send an expedition against Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. He was to do so only if, "on arriving at the theater of action, you shall deem it to be practicable." And that depended upon the amount of force he could take from Taylor's army, which he was expected and told to determine on the spot. If these, added to the regulars which Congress had been requested to authorize, and the volunteers called out under existing laws, would make up a sufficient force to warrant him in undertaking the expedition, it was to go forward; otherwise, not. And of its sufficiency he was to be the judge. When he went to Vera Cruz he took all the troops he could gather for that purpose. He had all Taylor's army under his command, and he did not want more than he took. General Taylor thought Vera Cruz might be taken with 4000 men. General Scott thought, at times, 8000, 10,000, 12,000, 15,000 desirable, because he expected to have to encounter, in landing, a covering army of 20,000 or 30,000 Mexicans on the beach. But in December he wrote Taylor that he would proceed if he could get together 8000. In fact, he took 12,000; and when he landed there was not a Mexican soldier within eighty miles, except the small garrison of Vera Cruz, who wisely kept within their walls, and he lost not a man by any casualty in landing.

7. General Scott made no estimates whatever for the President and the Secretary of the war material he required. He was commanding general, and made his requisitions upon the proper bureaus for what he required, without submitting them to any one. All that he asked was sent him, except shells, and of these many times as many were sent as he had use for. For he made requisition for 80,000 shells; 69,000 were shipped, 40,000 reached him, and he used not 1200. He asked for 50 mortars; all were shipped; 23 reached him; he used 10. He asked for 44 heavy guns; all were shipped; I do not find how many reached him; he used 6. In fact, Vera Cruz did not make the resistance he expected. It fell before all his material reached him.

8. General Scott, in depleting Taylor's army, made ample provision for his safety. This was urged upon him by the War Department, and he did it. Taylor was far in the interior, one hundred and fifty miles beyond the Rio Grande. Scott recommended that he fall back on Monterey till he should be reinforced; but that course did not suit the old hero's notions. He wrote the department that he was still strong enough to hold his own, and proved it by beating Santa Anna in the open field. Scott needs no other evidence that his ambition did not lead him to slaughter Taylor.

All the foregoing facts are stated in official papers, printed in documents 8 and 60 of the House of Representatives, 30th Congress, 1st session.

John D. McPherson.

"An Effort to Rescue Jefferson Davis."

A CORRECTION BY GENERAL WHEELER.

MAJOR H. B. McCLELLAN has sent us a letter, addressed to General Joseph Wheeler, in correction of the statements in his article, "An Effort to

Rescue Jefferson Davis," in the May CENTURY, relating to Major McClellan's separation from General Hampton (page 86). Major McClellan writes:

So far as my name is connected with it, this narrative is in error.

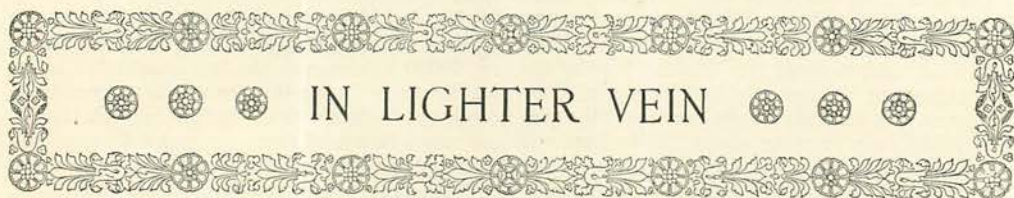
When General Hampton announced his intention not to be included in the surrender of General Johnston's army, I immediately offered to join my fortunes to those of my general, and to accompany him wherever he might go. Kindly, but very positively, General Hampton declined my offer. He said that he was uncertain what course of action he would adopt; that he wished to be accompanied only by men without family ties; that Lowndes and Taylor, his aides, were with him, and would render all the service that might be desirable. Moreover, he thought it necessary for me to remain at Greensboro', as his representative, to secure the proper paroles for the officers and men at cavalry headquarters,

and for the troops of Butler's cavalry division who might wish to accept the terms of Johnston's surrender. Receiving this as an order from my general, I performed the duty indicated, and then made my way to my home in Virginia, in company with a small party of officers and men from my State.

At that time, my dear general, I also was "a young man" of somewhat "energetic disposition," in whom the four years of the war "had developed a certain enjoyment of adventure"; and I believe that neither the Peedee River, nor the thought of the young wife and babe at home, nor both together, would have separated me from my chief, had he needed and accepted my services.

SAYRE INSTITUTE,
LEXINGTON, KY., May 3, 1898.

General Wheeler adds to his regret that the error should have been published, his wish that this correction be made.—EDITOR.



A Helping Hand.

By the Author of "Two Runaways."

THE success of William Hunter as a teller of stories was largely due to his long, grizzly, unsmiling face and his melancholy, drawling voice. Perhaps he owed something, too, to the contrast presented by a pair of laughing blue eyes, which gleamed far back under shaggy brows. Whatever was the main cause, the main fact is that William was a success, and gathered a crowd about him whenever he came to town.

Sparta had not fallen into the hands of the Prohibitionists, and her Saturdays were yet full of life,—for it is upon the last day of the week that one may expect to find the county assembled within the corporate limits of the county-seat,—when William was seen upon the street, relating his experiences, in his sad way, to a sympathizing group. A climax had just been reached, and he was carelessly measuring with his eye the distance to the nearest grocery, when a negro accosted him:

"Mornin', Marse William. How you do dis mornin', sah?" The speaker was a nervous, smiling little fellow of about fifty years, with that peculiar tone in his voice which is instantly recognized, through all the South, as evidence of insincerity. William, after a deliberate but good-natured survey of him, responded lazily:

"How are you, Cousin Anthony? Hope you are well, Cousin Anthony." He always insisted that, since he had been taught to call every old negro woman "aunty," the next generation were necessarily his cousins; and he so addressed them.

"Des toler'ble, Marse William; des toler'ble." And then, with a rush of good-fellowship: "Marse William, I wanter come out an' farm wid you nex'

year, if you please, sah. I'm des natchully tired movin' roun' f'om place ter place,—plumb wore out,—an' I knows you got plenty good lan' out on de ribber."

"All right, Cousin Anthony; come out—come right out. I can let you have all the land you want—an' a mule; an' thar 's lots of corn in the cribs, an' meat sp'ilin' in the smoke-house. We want good, hard-working men, Cousin Anthony, an' everybody knows you are that sort." (Everybody, on the contrary, knew that Anthony was about as lazy, shiftless, and unreliable as a negro gets to be.) Anthony's eyes danced with delight.

"Yes, sah; I'm never gwine back on my word. An' when I works, I *works*. I'll be dere, an' you can des 'pend—"

"Sometimes," continued William, taking up the thread of his remarks where it had been broken, "we get men who are not good at first—men who have been neglected, an' never had a helpin' hand; an' we try 'em awhile, Cousin Anthony, an' if we can't make nothin' out of 'em, why, we *have* to let 'em go. We are plain, homely folks out my way, but we try to do our duty, accordin' to our lights, by everybody. They tell us we are behind the times, an' I reckon we are; for if strangers did n't now an' then drop in an' talk about the war, we'd forget it had ever been fought, an' niggers were free."

"In-d-e-e-d? Oomhoo!"

Now "indeed" is a tentative word once much affected in the South. The High-church Episcopalian was fond of it; the lawyer, the doctor, the orator, carried it as part of their stock in trade; and all superior persons were entitled to use it. One should see a gray-haired woman of the old régime lift her gold-rimmed glasses to her aquiline nose, and utter it, to hear it in all its perfection. Indeed (there it goes!), a skilful elocutionist might