

THE SWORD OF HONOR

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR BY
LIEUT. H. A. JOHNSON
THIRD MAINE REGT.
N.V.M.

*"I came not to send peace but a sword."
"And they shall beat their swords into plow-shares
and their spears into pruning-hooks."*



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WORCESTER, MASS.

TO THE BOYS WHO
WORE THE BLUE AND THOSE
WHO WORE THE GRAY
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.
MUTUAL SUFFERINGS AND PRIVATIONS
AT THE FRONT FROM 1861 TO 1865,
IN A WAR THAT MEANT SO MUCH TO OUR COUNTRY
IN THE MANNER OF ITS SETTLEMENT
SHOULD INDEED MAKE US BROTHERS AND COMRADES,
FOR WHEN WE REALIZE HOW
GREAT OUR COUNTRY IS, UNDIVIDED AND
UNBROKEN, WITH BUT ONE FLAG FOR US ALL,
WE CAN THANKFULLY SAY,
THE COST HAS NOT BEEN TOO DEAR FOR
WHAT WE ARE,
NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST,
BUT A UNITED, HAPPY,
PROSPEROUS NATION, AND ALL
AMERICANS.

THE SWORD OF HONOR

CHAPTER I.

AFTER two years of war commencing with the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, my regiment, the Third Maine Infantry, in June, 1863, was on its way with the Army of the Potomac to the field of Gettysburg.

The preceding two years had not been uneventful nor inactive on the part of our command, for we had been at Yorktown on the Peninsula under McClellan, facing rebel works much too long for the credit of our army or its commander. The force of the Confederate army under Magruder was far too small to have delayed the Army of the Potomac thirty days before Yorktown. After the evacuation of the rebel works by the Confederates (May 3), we fought the Battle of Williamsburg, closely followed by Seven Pines and Fair Oaks (May 31 and June 1), and after remaining in front of Richmond until late in June, the Potomac army entered upon its series of engagements called the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond, commencing with Mechanicsville.

A month had passed since the Battle of Fair Oaks, with McClellan lying inactive along the line of the Chickahominy, and our army thinning out by malarious fevers from the swamps, while the Confederate

army was being reinforced by Jackson's Corps from the valley, and was reaping the full benefit of the new conscription act.

This was the condition of the two armies when the Battle of Mechanicsville was fought June 25, followed by daily battles in rapid succession in this order: Gaines' Mills, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill. The order was fight all day and retreat at night, our objective point being Harrison's Landing on the James River, where we arrived July 3, a tired, weary but not whipped or discouraged army.

The object of this narrative is not to tell how battles were fought or victories won; not to write a history of the War of the Rebellion with which we are all familiar, but simply to mention the engagements in which the Third Maine Regiment was actively concerned; to relate personal experiences within the enemy's lines and to give an idea of life in the Confederate prisons.

The news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter (April 12, '61) sent a thrill of outraged patriotism throughout the entire North, and roused to action every loyal citizen. I was at that time at work in a dry goods store in Hallowell, Maine, and decided to enlist in the Union service, to do my part in trying to suppress the Rebellion. I was nineteen years of age and weighed 112 pounds, certainly not a very promising subject for Uncle Sam's uniform. Nevertheless, I determined to enlist. My brother, Capt. Gorham S.

Johnson, was recruiting a company for the "Third Maine Infantry." I applied to him for admission, but was promptly rejected without examination, Captain Johnson giving as a reason that I was physically unfit for the life of a soldier.

Nothing daunted, I next made application to Capt. Henry G. Staples, Company B, who was recruiting in Augusta. He, too, turned me down, assuring me that "he did not want me." Instead of being discouraged by these repulses, I was all the more determined to enlist, and to enlist in the Third Maine Infantry, as the regiment was to be formed of companies from the Kennebec Valley. So I applied to the Adjutant-general of the State, and even he tried to discourage me, but at last gave a written permit for Captain Staples to enroll me among his men. With this document I did not apply in vain, and was at once enlisted as a high private in Company B.

Now comes the singular sequel of this hasty opinion of what a person can do as judged by the looks of his physical make-up; for when our regiment arrived at Harrison's Landing, July 3, after our thirteen months' service and three months in the swamps of the Chickahominy, marching, fighting, retreating, and enduring everything that was rough and tough in a soldier's life in the field, this brother of mine, captain of Company E, was taken on a stretcher on board the hospital ship lying in the James River. He was a physical wreck from the exposure and hardships of a soldier's life; while I, his rejected brother, had not up to that

hour seen a day of sickness, or answered a doctor's call, or taken a blue pill, or had my tongue examined by our regimental surgeon or his officious hospital steward. In less than six months from this date, I saw leave the army my colonel, former captain of my company, the same man who refused to accept me as a soldier until I brought him the order from General Hodgson; he and my brother were both obliged to resign their commissions on account of severe and prolonged sickness.

August 23, the Army of the Potomac commenced its retrograde step down the Peninsula, and on August 29 we found ourselves facing the Army of Northern Virginia on the battle-ground of thirteen months before, the first Bull Run, and under a new commander; for McClellan had been removed and succeeded by Pope.

August 29 and 30, we fought the Battle of Second Manassas, and September 1, that of Chantilly, at which engagement we lost the bravest of the brave, our Division-general, Phil Kearney. September 17, the Battle of Antietam was fought on Maryland soil, the only engagement of any magnitude our command ever escaped; we were doing guard duty on the upper Potomac at the time.

Our next encounter with the enemy was at disastrous Fredericksburg, December 11, 12 and 13, under Burnside; and again on January 20, under the same general, we participated in the movement on Fredericksburg called the Mud March, abandoning which

we returned to camp, and remained until May 1, when, under fighting Joe Hooker, who had succeeded Burnside in the command of the Army of the Potomac, we fought the Battle of Chancellorsville, where our regiment lost heavily, among the number my first lieutenant, Warren Cox. As he was the only commissioned officer present for duty, I, as first sergeant of the company, took command after his death and held it until the campaign was over.

June 11 we broke camp and started on the Pennsylvania campaign. On our way to Gettysburg, at Gum Springs, we lost four lieutenants from Companies H, I, F, who, while breakfasting at a farmhouse about one mile from our marching column, were captured by the guerilla, Mosby. I mention these four lieutenants, as I shall have much to do with two of them before I leave the army.

July 1 finds the Third Corps, of which our regiment was a part, on the field of Gettysburg, arrived too late to take part in the action of the first day, but early enough to find the situation anything but promising. But a very small portion of the Union forces had been engaged in this first day's encounter, as the main army had not arrived, the only forces engaged being portions of the First and Eleventh Army Corps. The early death of General Reynolds, with the subsequent repulse of the Federal Army and the abandonment of Seminary Ridge and occupation of Cemetery Hill by the Federals, also the occupation of Gettysburg town by the Confederates after a battle of seven

hours, were events not at all encouraging, although our troops were outnumbered more than four to one during the entire day's conflict.

After the death of Reynolds, the command devolved on Major Gen. O. O. Howard, who, by the way, was the first colonel of our Third Maine and fought with us at First Bull Run, but was soon after rapidly promoted, and in 1890 was the second ranking officer in the United States Army. These two small corps of the Federal Army, numbering not more than 10,000 men, were pitted against the divisions of Heath, Rhodes, Early and Pender, full 40,000 men, and the remainder of the Confederate army in supporting distance.

During the night both armies received heavy reinforcements, and as the Third Sickles corps was on the extreme left of the Union lines and supposed to be facing the right of the Confederate army, it was of the utmost importance to locate the Confederate position. Our regiment was posted in Peach Orchard, then unknown to history, when on the early morning of July 2, our command, numbering only 196 rifles, with 100 United States sharpshooters, was ordered by General Sickles to reconnoitre and find the position of the enemy.

At the word "forward" we advanced, and for half a mile outside our lines pierced the enemy's territory, when a dense wood obstructed our front. We then advanced one-fourth of a mile through these woods, when our

MAJOR GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD

Retired

Original Colonel Third Maine Infantry; fought our command at first Battle of Manassas; was afterwards promoted and in 1890 was second ranking officer in U. S. Army.

skirmishers became hotly engaged, driving the enemy's skirmishers and pickets before us. We soon engaged the enemy in force; they commenced to take us on the flank as well as front, attempting to cut us off from our line of retreat. We engaged this body of Confederates for thirty minutes, though the odds were thousands, and when the bugle called the retreat we fought our way back foot by foot. We had nearly reached the open ground, fighting step by step, when Nathan Call, one of my men who had fought by my side for two long years, fell with a musket ball through his hip, and as he dropped cried out: "Sergeant, don't desert me. Help me out of these woods." Another of our company, John W. Jones, noble fellow that he was, came to my assistance; we seated the wounded man across a musket, and with his arms around our necks, the bullets flying about us, and with the exultant rebs at our heels, twenty to our one, we were making slow but sure progress, when Jones dropped his end of the musket and fell dead, shot through the head. Before I could recover, get Call's arms from around me and escape, for I could not think of trying to assist him farther alone, the Johnnies were on top and around us and we all three were prisoners. But a dead man and a wounded man were of no use to them, so I, with a few equally as unfortunate, was taken prisoner.

It is useless to attempt to describe a person's feelings at time of capture and when actually in the hands of the enemy; no one knows anything about it

except from dearly-bought experience; it is needless to say that I would have taken the chances with my regiment a hundred times over could the choice have been given me.

I found my captors were Wilcox's Brigade of Alabama regiments, a portion of A. P. Hill's corps. How a single one of our little command had ever escaped is strange. As it was, we lost forty-eight men in killed and wounded in this single half hour.

Like all prisoners of war, we were taken to the rear far enough to be out of range of the guns of either army, but near enough to hear hundreds of cannon and thousands of rifles engaged in deadly conflict throughout that day and the following, July 3.

We remained on or near the field until the night of July 4, when with the beaten and retreating army of General Lee, we took up our line of march to the Potomac, which we crossed July 10. Could the victorious army of Meade only have been informed of the condition of the Confederate army, nothing could have prevented their surrender or destruction, for they were discouraged, weary and beaten, out of ammunition, quartermasters' and commissary stores; and when we arrived at the banks of the swollen Potomac at Point of Rocks, they found that the pontoons by which we were to cross the river had been swept away by the sudden rise of water in the upper Potomac, as it had rained every day since leaving the battlefield.

But no such good fortune was in store for us, and after a little delay pontoons were collected and we,

with the heretofore victorious army of the Confederate leader, were soon over the river and once more on Virginia soil.

CHAPTER II.

Now for our long tramp down the Shenandoah valley to Staunton, Virginia, more than a hundred miles away. We had about 5000 prisoners in our column and were guarded by the remainder of Pickett's Division, the few that were left after their brave but unsuccessful charge on our center on July 3. After being searched at Staunton and having our blankets and everything of value taken from us, we were put in box cars, sixty to a car, and started for the Confederate capital, entering the city of Richmond July 21, '63, just two years to a day from the battle of First Bull Run. We prisoners, who were made up of all grades of commissioned, non-commissioned officers and privates, were all at first put in Libby prison, but soon the enlisted men, which of course took all warrant officers, were taken from Libby and put upon Belle Island, a small, sandy tract of land in the James River, just above but in close proximity and in sight of Richmond. Here we soon began to feel all the horrors of prison life. The water and food were poor and insufficient. We had only a few condemned army tents to cover the thousands that were crowded on this small sand-bar; and new prisoners were daily received from different points throughout the Confederacy.

Our rations were not enough to keep body and soul together; and I think that many would have died who did not but for the hope of home and our lines, and trust in our future deliverance.

I remained but seven weeks upon the island when, with 600 sick Yankees, I was taken to City Point to meet our flag of truce boat that had an equal number of rebs, not sick, however; for when Confederate prisoners left our Federal prisons for the southern lines, they were in condition to join their armies at once, while Northern prisoners were subjects ready for their graves or lingering sickness in hospitals.

When we came in sight of the flag-of-truce ship, with the dear old Stars and Stripes floating over it, we forgot all our past troubles and privations. Never did Old Glory seem so dear to us as now, although as soldiers it had meant very much more than a beautiful piece of bunting; but now it meant protection and, what was more than anything else to us, something to eat! We had been apt to think our government neglectful in not arranging some plan by which the prisoners of either army could have been exchanged, and had talked very bitterly in consequence, but now all was forgotten, and, instead, we felt like praising God (and the government) from whom all blessings flow, for we were to taste food once more and in God's country, as we had from natural intuition and instinct termed the Union lines.

We were taken on the flag ship as soon as the 600 well-dressed and fat Confederate prisoners came off;

they were to be paroled man for man, for us sick and and weak soldiers. We were fed at once on soft bread and coffee, and if ever food tasted sweet that first meal on the boat did.

Arrived at Annapolis parole camp, Maryland, I was at once taken to the hospital, and when I had recovered sufficiently, was given a short furlough home. I remained there some ten days when an order was issued from the War Department declaring all paroled prisoners of war legally exchanged, and for those that were able to report for duty to their regiments at once. October 15 I joined my regiment in the field at Brandy Station, Va., glad to be with the old Third again and fight for the flag I loved so well.

The Army of the Potomac commenced its onward march toward the rebel capital under General Grant on May 4, and the night of this date found our division on the battlefield of Chancellorsville of twelve months before. The next day we were hotly engaged in the Battle of the Wilderness. During this engagement, and while our regiment was having a most desperate struggle with the enemy, a report came to our colonel, Moses B. Lakeman, that a rebel line was in our rear, or in other words we were flanked; also, instructions that he should furnish an officer to accompany General Ward's chief-of-staff, Captain Nash, and find out the truth of the report. Colonel Lakeman selected me (I had received a lieutenant's commission some time before) to go with Captain Nash, and we started for the rear on the run, as we did not

COL. MOSES B. LAKEMAN

**Third Maine Infantry. Better known in the Third Corps as
"Fighting Mose."**

consider it necessary to use much caution in going in that direction. We had gone but a short distance when, to our consternation, we found ourselves in the midst of a Confederate line of infantry, who were lying so close to the ground that, in the imperfect light of the wood, we had failed to notice them.

I grasped the terrible situation and turned to run for life and the front, but a hundred men were on their feet in an instant. Captain Nash, who had never been a prisoner of war, surrendered as he saw resistance was useless, worse than folly; but, with my seven weeks of horrible prison life just passed, and all its terrible features still fresh in my mind, I thought that life again in a Southern prison was not worth saving. So I made a dash for liberty. A hundred muskets at less than fifteen paces covered me with the order to surrender, or I was a dead Yankee. I did surrender then and there, and was at once disarmed. In their haste they snatched my sword, and a Confederate captain of infantry buckled it around his own body. This officer was Capt. J. C. B. Smith, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry, as I learned thirteen years later. This Confederate command entered our lines where they did not connect, but being so small a body found it useless to make any demonstration, and took themselves out of their perilous position. If word could have been taken to the front, so short a distance away, every man could have been captured. This break in our formation had been occasioned by the severe losses of our line of battle,

and connection had not been maintained for want of troops. Through one of these gaps this Confederate body of infantry entered; the only result of their trip being the capture of a few prisoners.

The day after capture, May 6, we were taken with 300 prisoners gathered from the battlefield on the day before, to Orange Court House, distant twenty-seven miles, where we remained over night. The following day we were put into the box cars and taken to Gordonsville, where we were searched by the Confederate authorities and everything of value taken from us. May 8 we were put in cattle cars and taken to Lynchburg, where we were placed in the Military Prison. June 1 we were removed to Macon, Ga., where a large camp of Federal officers, all prisoners of war, had been established. When we arrived there, I think the prisoners must have numbered 3000 men, from major-generals to second lieutenants. It was the custom of the Confederate authorities to keep the commissioned officers and enlisted men in different places of confinement, and at that time only forty miles distant from our prison at Macon were thousands of our men confined at Andersonville, dying at the rate of from fifty to seventy-five a day, from starvation or from its direct causes. The old adage, "Misery loves company," was soon to be truthfully illustrated, for I knew if the four lieutenants who were captured by Mosby on their way to Gettysburg more than twelve months before were still alive, they must be in this prison stockade at Macon.



LIEUT. JOHNSON'S CAPTURE

At the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, by members of Company K,
Twelfth South Carolina Infantry.

Almost the first persons I saw as we passed inside the inclosure were Lieutenants Anderson, Day, Gilman and Blake; and as soon as they got their mouths closed from crying "Fresh fish," the usual salute to all new arrivals, they rushed forward even more pleased to see me than I them, as I was the only officer from the regiment they had seen during their long term of more than fifteen months' imprisonment.

Every prisoner after a time accumulates little articles that help to make prison life endurable. Lieutenant Anderson was quartered under a sort of shed, simply a roof of boards, which, with some inconvenience and crowding, he invited me to share; he also loaned me his cooking utensils, which were half a canteen, used to cook his corn meal in, as at that time the commissary was issuing to the prisoners sorghum molasses and corn meal. For a bag for my meal I used one of the legs of my Canton flannel drawers, and the only fault I ever found with this improvised bag was that it was altogether too large for the quantity of meal issued.

We remained at Macon until August 15, and just before this date our camp was honored by the presence of General Stoneman of cavalry fame, who was captured with a portion of his command outside the city while trying to liberate us from our captivity. About this date, August 15, 800 officers, myself included, were put on the cars, but for what purpose or destination we knew not. We knew it was to be a free ride; as to the direction we were not consulted,

but our final stopping-place was Charleston, S. C., where we were at once distributed among the different buildings prepared for our reception, viz.: Roper and Marine Hospitals, Work House and City Jail, the latter being my stopping-place. I had learned, however, not to be particular about my "hotels," so said nothing when I was put in a seven by nine cell.

At that time the city of Charleston was under a state of siege from the water side, as General Foster was daily and nightly throwing the largest kind of shell from the batteries on Morris Island, Battery Gregg and the Swamp Angel, right into the heart of the city; we had been taken to this place and put in the most exposed locations to prevent, if possible, the bombardment of this rebel stronghold.

Our government was notified of what the Confederate authorities had done—an inhuman and unwarranted act; it was a violation of any previous articles of honorable warfare to put prisoners under the fire of their own guns. General Foster paid not the slightest attention to the demand to cease firing upon the city on account of our exposed position, but, if anything, increased the severity of the siege. As the casualties among the prisoners from this artillery duel were very small (being so well sheltered in these buildings), we rather enjoyed this change in our prison life. We liked to watch the effect of these hundred-pound shells from guns four miles away, to hear them come tearing into the city, see them strike buildings, watch them crumble and after a while be

destroyed by these terrible engines of war. One of the strangest parts of this duel was that my brother, who resigned from the army and my regiment fifteen months before on the Peninsula on account of severe and prolonged sickness, had recovered, was commissioned in the United States navy, and was taking a part in Charleston Harbor at the siege of this Southern city. He not only showed his brotherly feeling by this red-hot reception in the way of shell and solid shot, but sent from the fleet while I was confined in Charleston a box of everything that would have made our hearts and stomachs glad could it have been received. I learned of my brother's location off Charleston by the capture of one of his brother officers, William H. Kitchen, attached to the same ship, who was caught while doing picket duty under the walls of Sumter.

My diary commences at this date, September 17, as follows:

Sept. 17. Shells from our guns caused a large fire last night, destroying twenty-nine buildings, several shells striking our prison, not doing much injury.

Sept. 20. Gave draft on Confederate broker for \$100 in gold, receiving \$1000 in Confederate money in exchange, but as this man has got to run the blockade to present these drafts for payment in the North, there is not much chance of their ever being honored and paid. (Unfortunately, they were, and when the premium on gold was at 235, as I found to my discomfiture when I finally got North.)

Sept. 25. Two hundred officers left our prison for exchange. Happy few. Naval officers received money and boxes from fleet, but most of the contents of boxes had been taken.

Sept. 28. More shelling to-day than any twenty-four hours since being in Charleston, Foster throwing ninety very heavy shells right into the upper part of the city.

Sept. 30. Naval officers left for Richmond and exchange.

Oct. 1. Firing on the city continues very heavy. Eighty-four shells thrown during the past twenty-four hours.

Oct. 2. Shelling of the city unusually severe, 170 heavy shells having left Foster's guns for Charleston during the past twelve hours.

Oct. 5. Without an hour's notice we started on the South Carolina Railroad for Columbia, arriving at that city at twelve, midnight; distance from Charleston 120 miles. We regret the last change, for we were better sheltered in this last city, Charleston, notwithstanding the exposure to the guns of Foster, than in any other point inside the Confederacy. Yellow jack was said to be the cause of our removal, as it was taking off many of the guard that surrounded our places of confinement.

Oct. 6. Placed in an open field and kept in the burning sun all day without shelter of any kind; no rations of any sort given us for the past twenty-four

hours. Toward night it commenced raining and continued throughout the night, and we prisoners, without any protection, without blankets or coats, passed a sleepless and most miserable night.

Oct. 7. Early this morning we were given a small piece of bread, and then marched two miles from the city and left in an open field, without a tent or even a tree for protection from rain, sun or weather. This is not Charleston by any means.

Oct. 8. Last night I suffered more from the cold than ever before in a single night, the frost being very heavy and the ground, our only bed, very cold and damp. Such inhumanity on the part of the authorities that have us in charge is uncalled for, for there are plenty of vacant buildings in Columbia that could shelter us until some arrangements could be made to provide us with tents or axes, so we might provide for ourselves, as a growth of pine trees is quite near our present camp.

Oct. 9. Passed fearfully cold night without shelter. Although in the early months of the fall, yet we have frost. Had axes given us to-day, four for each 100 men, and think we shall have some kind of shelter before another night.

Oct. 10. Passed the night more comfortably, as our tent of pine boughs keeps off the cold very well.

Oct. 17. We had an election in camp to-day for President, and out of the 1161 votes cast, Lincoln received 889 of those polled, McClellan stock being very unpopular. This result was very much of a sur-

prise to the prison authorities, who supposed the camp was strong for McClellan, and said, before we had balloted, they would print in the Columbia papers the vote as it was taken; but when they learned the result, they refused to have anything to do with it.

Oct. 19. Camp alarmed; guards firing all along the line on account of some of our men trying to escape. Hounds put on their track and they were soon recaptured and brought back to camp.

Oct. 21. Lieutenant Young, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, accidentally shot by some of the new issue; died at once.

Oct. 26. Some of our officers in attempting to escape last night were fired on by the guard, doing them no injury, but they shot one of their own men dead on his beat. Hope to take the chance of escaping myself before long. Might as well be shot in attempting an escape as to die from exposure and lack of sufficient food. One of our officers shot fatally last night while attempting to escape.

Nov. 7. Thirteen officers who had some days before succeeded in getting by the guard at night, were recaptured; every white man in the country is hunting rebel deserters or escaping Yankee prisoners.

Nov. 9. Twenty-one officers recaptured and brought back to camp, but I believe if I once get outside the rebel guard, will be successful in reaching our lines either at the coast or at Knoxville, Tenn., 500 miles distant.

Nov. 12. Received box from home, but most of its contents had been confiscated by the prison authorities before it was delivered to me.

Nov. 20. Another one of our men shot last night while trying to run the guard.

Nov. 21. Last night three officers, Lieutenants Anderson and Gilman of my regiment, and Lieutenant Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, also myself, made a break for liberty and God's country by running down the guard. Had him helpless and at our mercy; the balance of the guard fired upon us, but in the darkness and confusion of the moment did not do us any bodily harm; we ran for the woods as fast as possible.

CHAPTER III.

It was in the midst of a severe rainstorm that we broke camp. The night, of pitchy darkness, was all the better for our project. We had no stars for guides, no compasses, so had to go it blind. We only knew that Knoxville lay in a northwesterly direction from Columbia. Our aim was to travel as nearly in that course as possible; so we struck out for all we were worth, wishing to put as much distance as possible between us and prison camp before morning. We traveled in the woods the entire night what seemed to us twenty miles, and about daylight lay down in the woods to rest and get some sleep. We had slept perhaps an hour when we were awakened by the sound of drums beating; we were upon our feet in an instant, and as soon as we could get our scattered ideas together, found to our surprise and horror that we were listening to the rebel reveille at our prison camp at Columbia, and instead of being miles away from that hated spot, we were within one-half mile of its grounds. In the darkness of the night, without anything for a guide or landmark, we had been traveling in a circle. We now knew it would only be good luck and kind fortune that would prevent us sleeping the next night in prison camp. We lay in the woods all that day and at night started

again, as we hoped, in the right direction. But it was still raining, with not a star to be seen. Toward morning we struck the Saluda River, and determined to follow that stream for a guide until we could find something better. We traveled all that day and at dusk ran into a plantation by accident, and before we could retreat, started the hounds. Soon a pack of these man-hunters were after us. We ran as we never did before. It would have been a short race for us if it had not been for the river. We made for that, plunged into its icy waters and were, for the time, safe so far as the dogs were concerned. Slept in the woods for a few hours in our wet clothes until the moon arose, for the weather at last had cleared; we then took the main road to Lexington Court House.

Nov. 23. Struck the river again this morning. We have not found the proper road as yet, or one that leads in the right direction. Came very near being captured by running on some white men, but we saw them first, concealed ourselves, and escaped.

Have had nothing to eat for the past twenty-four hours but dry corn which we found in the fields. Must find some trusty negro who will feed us and put us on the right road. At night we approached a negro cabin for the first time; we did it with fear and trembling, but we must have food and help. Found a family of trusty negroes belonging to Colonel Boozier, who gave us a good supper, such as we had not had for many long months. We did full justice to it, for we were almost famished. Here we remained

till nearly morning, when we were taken to the woods and hid there to wait for a guide these negroes say they will furnish at dark. Distance made the past twenty-four hours, twenty-five miles.

Nov. 24. Still in the woods. The women came twice during the day to bring us food and inform us that a guide will be ready at dark. God bless the poor slaves. At dark one of the slaves, Frank, took us seven miles, flanking Lexington Court House, striking the Augusta road five miles above. Traveled all night, making about twenty-two miles.

Nov. 25. Lay in the woods all day, and at night went to William Ford's plantation to get something to eat. The negroes could not do enough for us, supplying us generously with food.

Nov. 26. Remained in a corn house during the day, the blacks bringing us plenty of food. At night our guide informed us that he could not take the road with us until the following night, so we are obliged to wait one day longer; but it may be as well, for the negroes report that Sherman is nearing Augusta. If so, we may attempt to strike his army rather than continue our long tramp to Knoxville, Tenn.

Nov. 27. Still at Ford's plantation, where we are kept secreted during the day, but at night go to the negro cabins, where we are plentifully fed.

Eleven officers who escaped from Columbia the day after we did joined our party. We are to get horses, and arms if possible, and make a bold push for Tennessee.

Nov. 28. Still at Ford's. The party that joined us yesterday have given up the idea of attempting a bold move on Tennessee. About midnight we got a guide by the name of Bob to take us seven miles on the Edgfield road, as the Augusta state road is too public to travel.

We were turned over by Bob to a guide by the name of George, who hid us in the woods.

Nov. 29. George brought us food during the day, and promised to get us a guide for the night. At dark went to the negro quarters, where a nice chicken supper was waiting us. This is on the Lee plantation, the owner (an officer in the Confederate army) now at home on sick leave. Could not get a guide, so were taken to the woods and hidden.

Nov. 30. George came to us in the morning with a warm breakfast, which was greatly appreciated, after lying in the cold woods all night without any protection and scantily clothed. At night went again to the cabin, where another chicken supper was waiting us. This kind of living is in marked contrast with our prison fare for the past seven months; and if we were not in constant dread of recapture, and disheartened at making such slow progress toward our lines, we should think we were not very badly off.

Dec. 1. Just comfortable for a winter's day. At night, after eating the usual diet of chicken, Peter, our guide, told us he was ready for the road. Went about twelve miles, when Joe took us in charge and Peter started for home again. Were then hidden in the woods for the day.

Dec. 2. As soon as it was daylight the negroes on this place commenced coming to where we were hidden, all having something for us in the way of food; they also promise us a guide for the night. If such kindness will not make one an abolitionist, then his heart must be of stone. This is on the Matthews place. At dark we were taken to the Widow Hardy's plantation, where chickens, etc., were served for our supper. Here Jim took us eight miles, and then gave us into the care of Arthur, who, after going with us fifteen miles, gave us to Vance, who hid us in the woods. At dark Vance brought us more chickens for our evening meal, then started on the road with us, going eight miles; then Charles took us, going five miles; then David took us four miles, giving us into the care of Hanson, who took us a short distance and left us at the plantation of Preston Brooks (late U. S. Senator from South Carolina). Distance made during the night, about twenty miles. This plantation is located at a place called 96, and is one of the best equipped and most extensive places we have yet come across. Here one of Brooks' negroes, who goes by the name of Russel, took us in charge; his first work was to hide us in the woods, or rather a pine thicket, too near the widow's house for absolute safety.

Dec. 4. Early this morning the slaves brought us a nice breakfast, for everything is in first-class condition on this place, which does not seem to have felt the effects of the war as much as the rest of the country we have passed through. We are now less than

one-eighth mile from the Brooks homestead, where the widow and her children live: three daughters and one son, who no doubt would like to hang us "Northern Mud Sills," as their late father was wont to call us, if they only knew how near we are to them.

We very well know their feelings toward us of the North from the uncalled-for assault of the husband and father, Preston S. Brooks, upon the person of Charles Sumner, in the halls of Congress just before the war, a war which has not improved or sweetened their disposition. The day being Sunday the family are going to church and the Brooks house servant, who has been in the woods to see us, has promised to show us the identical cane that Brooks used upon the uncovered and defenseless head of our Senator. After the family were out of the house this woman brought a wash-leather sack into the thicket for our examination. The cane originally was a large gutta percha stick with a massive gold head and on its face was this inscription: "Hon. P. S. Brooks from B. D. Vick." Must have been a presentation cane from some admirer of this Southerner.

The cane was broken in three pieces, used upon the head of Sumner, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. My great desire was to take this cane away with me, and I so expressed myself, but the servant protested with so much earnestness that I gave up the idea. She said the house was left in her charge, and if this cane were missed, which it certainly would be, she would be called upon to

produce it or satisfactorily explain its absence. We were entirely helpless without the assistance of these poor ignorant negroes, for we were dependent upon them for food, shelter and guides; and it was incumbent upon us not to make them any unnecessary trouble when they were risking so much for us; for that reason alone this cane is still at 96, South Carolina, instead of in the hands of some of Sumner's personal friends in Massachusetts who would appreciate it as a memento and relic of these troublesome times which ended in the freedom of these same slaves.

At this time it was quite cold, ice forming every night; and as we escaped from prison with only what we stood in, and not much of that, we gratefully received from the negroes valuable additions to our worldly possessions, each one of us a warm comfortable, more precious than gold or all the canes in the South; a pair of pants, a pair of socks, a pair of knit gloves, and food in abundance. I think a good portion of the entire donation must have come from the Brooks house rather than the negro quarters, but as beggars should not be choosers, and as the end justifies the means, we asked no questions, but willingly and thankfully received this Godsend to us in our destitute and almost naked condition.

At night we bade goodbye to the Brooks plantation and its most loyal servants. Every mile we advanced toward our journey's end, Tennessee, the stronger was our regard for the poor blacks; for the

feeding or assisting an escaping Federal soldier was the promise of 100 lashes, well laid on. And knowing this would certainly follow, they never failed to meet us with full hands and willing hearts, and even after their hard day's work, they were never too weary to guide us on our journey to places of safety (within eight months, I was able to return some of the many favors given by these faithful negroes). That night we made no progress; we were simply taken three miles up the road and left in a better place of security, as it was not possible to find a guide.

Dec. 5. At dark we were taken four miles by a darkey named Dan, and soon found we were going in the wrong direction. We retraced our steps, got another guide, who took us to Colonel Frazier's. Distance in right direction about ten miles. During the night crossed the railroad above 96, and here Ned took us in charge. The boys on this place were good foragers, for while with them we lived on the fat of the land.

Dec. 6. At dark two of the Frazier servants took us eighteen miles, and then gave us into the hands of Ben and Harrison, who took us to Henry Jones' place. Just before we arrived at this plantation it commenced raining, and we got as wet as if thrown into the Saluda River. Here we were put in a negro cabin with a fire and bed at our disposal, and we took advantage of both.

Dec. 7. Our breakfast was bacon and eggs and

pea coffee, also a good dinner, with negroes to watch the cabin during the day to see that we were not surprised and captured; best place we have yet struck, not excepting the Brooks plantation. At night Henry took us to Elijah Waters', he in turn to Sam Jones', who went five miles, and gave us into the keeping of Andrew, who hid us in the woods for the balance of the night.

Dec. 8. Nice breakfast of chicken, wheat bread and preserves. At dark, after taking a warm supper, Ned took us six miles, giving us to John Wesley, who, after going eleven miles, turned us over to Sandy Latimore, who went three miles; he gave us to Balus, who went six miles, and finally left us with Sam Matterson, who hid us in the woods. During that night we traveled twenty-five miles with four different guides.

Dec. 9. It soon began to snow. Our guide came for us and hid us for the day in a negro cabin. At night some negroes came six miles through the storm to bring us food. We are gaining in strength and weight, for we are eating most of the time when we are not on the road tramping. The snow being deep, it is not safe to travel to-night, so we are hidden in a fodder barn.

Dec. 10. This morning two poor runaway slaves, brother and sister, came to see us. They are living in the woods to keep out of the way of their master, and are suffering much from exposure this cold and wet weather. They think because we are from the

North we can help them; but we are in as bad, if not a worse, condition than themselves, as the slightest carelessness or accident may throw us into the hands of the enemy, which is every white face in the South. We sympathize with them in their terrible situation, yet we can do nothing to relieve them. It has continued raining and snowing and we are very fortunate to have even this fodder barn for shelter; yet it is fearfully cold, as the corn stalks do not keep us warm.

Dec. 11. Emmanuel came to see us last night and said it was not safe to travel, as the snow would prove an enemy, so we keep hidden and wait for the weather to clear.

Dec. 12. Last night we almost froze, and had we been on the tramp, think we should have perished with the cold. Even in this fodder barn the drinking water in our pail froze almost solid in twelve hours. But we must start to-night, cold or not. Another chicken supper, and at ten o'clock we took the road, making nineteen miles before daylight. Tough on our poorly-shod feet, as it was snow, ice and water every foot that we traveled, but each mile, although marched in pain and discomfort, brings us nearer the Union lines and God's country.

• Dec. 13. We lay in the woods all day. Last night was the first time we have attempted to travel without a guide. Passed through Pickensville and at this point took the wrong road. Instead of taking the Pumpkintown road, by mistake we took the Pickens Court House road; distance made during the night, seventeen miles.

Dec. 14. At dark started by ourselves, struck a cross road where four roads met, but the guide-board being gone, were at a loss which one to take. Took the one we thought right, and after traveling two hours were at a loss to know where we were, but made up our minds to approach a house, find our location, get further directions, also something to eat, for we had been on short allowance for the past twenty-four hours. Fortunately, we struck the cabin of a Union woman by the name of Prince and her three children. She proved a princess, indeed, who fed and warmed us, for we were wet, hungry and cold. After this woman was convinced we were escaped Union prisoners of war, she opened her heart to us; told us that her husband was a Union man, but had been obliged to go into the Confederate army, where he was killed. She also told us that ten miles from her house, up in the mountains, there was a camp of Outliers made up of rebel deserters and Union men who had never been in the Confederate army, who were living in caves in the mountains to avoid being captured and shot or taken into the army by a company of rangers in the Confederate service, employed to capture or shoot these men. These Outliers had told this Union woman, if she ever came across any Yankee prisoners who were making for the Union lines, to bring them to their camp and they would go through the mountains with them and join the Federal army. After hearing this welcome news, and getting dry and rested, we started about midnight

with this woman for a guide to the Outliers' camp, which we reached just before daylight, after a wearisome tramp of ten miles in a mountainous country.

Dec. 15. The camp consisted of about fifteen men all armed to the teeth with knives, revolvers, muskets, rifles and axes. A rougher, more desperate looking set of men I never saw, and our first thought was that we had been betrayed to a camp of bushwhackers. Our fears were soon dispelled, however, and we found these Outliers ready and anxious to go through with us to Tennessee; and as they were familiar with the mountain passes which we were obliged to cross, we were very glad of their company.

Dec. 16. This morning the Outliers began to come into our camp, having heard we were there. Now we have twenty men well armed, who will go through to our lines with us, or die in the attempt. The wives of these men came to us to-day, and say they are willing their husbands and sons should go with us, as they are certain to be caught and shot by the rangers before long, if they remain here. Went at night to the house of two Union women. It is a relief to talk with people who are loyal to the Union; for it has been all secesh for many months.

Dec. 17. The women came to our camp before daylight this morning to see their husbands. They are intelligent, these rough mountaineers, and true as steel; can fire a rifle and bring down a deer as well as a man. At dark went with two Outliers to their

homes up the mountains ten miles away; slept in a feather bed for the first time for three years, but with my clothing on all ready to jump and take to the woods if we are surprised by the rangers.

Dec. 18. At daylight we three went into the mountain to remain until dark, for the rangers are out, and we must keep clear of them. At night went back to the house once more, got a warm supper, then went down the mountain to a good Union man by the name of Alexander, where we remained all night; during the night some twenty Union women arrived at the house, for this is the spot agreed upon to start for Tennessee.

Dec. 19. To-night we start for Knoxville in earnest, for our party now numbers forty-six men, quite a strong force for the rangers to strike. The parting between these men and their wives and children was very affecting, for they love their kin with a devotion and affection I never saw excelled. Traveled in a mountainous country all night, making about sixteen miles.

Dec. 20. Remained in the mountains all day, and at dark it commenced raining very hard, so we are obliged to remain where we are for the night.

Dec. 21. Went to the top of Chimney Top Mountain, and here remained until the morning of the 22d. We are now within three-fourths mile of the North Carolina line, which we shall soon cross, glad to get out of the State of South Carolina. Crossed the first range of the Blue Ridge. The mountains have been

covered with snow and ice, and as cold on their tops as in Maine in winter.

Dec. 23. Yesterday we made twenty miles, and at night encamped at the foot of Hogback Mountain.

Dec. 24. This morning fourteen of our party started back to South Carolina. Got frightened at the prospect of meeting Indians some thirty miles in advance of us; also afraid of the snow and cold we are encountering in these fearful mountains; men say they had rather be shot at their own doors by the rangers and be buried by their families than die of cold and starvation so far away from home. Do not blame them any, but we have no choice left us; must press through, although the prospect is a very gloomy one. It was a mistake taking this fearful course in mid-winter through these mountains, dressed in summer clothing, no underclothes, stockings worn out days since, shoes all to pieces and clothing in rags from rough usage in the mountains. We slip and fall every dozen steps, and thus add to the many rents and rags on our bodies. Got a guide from this section who says he will go through with us, as our present South Carolina friends are no good to us; are so far away from home that they know no more of the passes in the mountains ahead of us than do we Yankees. Crossed Tennessee mountains to-day, the highest range we have yet struck, being three miles to the top. Made fifteen miles.

Dec. 25. Early to-day crossed a very high peak known as the Balsam Mountain, three and one-half

miles to the summit; being covered with snow it was very hard to climb. At noon crossed the Rich Mountain, another high peak, whose top seemed to be above the clouds. At night encamped at the foot of Chestnut Mountain in a very severe snowstorm, which continued all night. Distance made, thirteen miles.

Dec. 26. Had a hard day's journey and at night encamped near the state road that leads to Georgia. Have been on allowance since Saturday, only three bites of bread and meat for twenty-four hours. Distance made, twelve miles.

Dec. 27. Crossed the state road at daylight. We are now four miles past Scott's Creek Balsam Mountain, which took us all day to cross, encamping at night in a rainstorm at the foot of Catalouch Mountain. Distance made, only eight miles.

Dec. 28. It rained all last night and this morning commenced snowing, and continued all day. God only knows whether we shall be able to stand the exposure and suffering we are hourly called upon to endure. Seems as if there must be a limit to our strength and power to suffer. Are now living on raw corn and wet chestnuts which we find in these mountains, for our food gave out a number of days ago. Teeth and gums are so sore from eating this kind of food that it is painful to open and close our mouths. Distance made to-day, nine miles.

Dec. 29. Snowed again last night, continuing until morning. No sleep for any of us. Went to a

house for food, also directions, for we are almost starved. Found a good Union man, who fed us and gave us the information wanted. Distance, ten miles.

Dec. 30. Slept in a house last night, and if ever I enjoyed the protection of a roof it was on this occasion, for we have had nothing but the heavens for a covering for many days; rain, snow and cold to contend with, always with wet feet and frequently thoroughly wet from head to foot for several days at a time—hungry, tired and discouraged; the protection of this roof and a full stomach once more makes me think life is worth struggling for a little while longer. We are now within one mile of the main road to Knoxville, which I hope we can take, for we have suffered so much in the mountains that I want to leave them at once and forever. The party have concluded to take to the mountains again, for we hear there are guards on the road. Started over the mountains once more, but after going four miles, three of us vowed we could go no farther through the mountains, but would take the road, guards or no guards; so we left the main party with one of our Third Maine lieutenants (S. L. Gilman), while Anderson, Childs and myself started for the public highway. As we were approaching the house of a loyal Tennessean we barely escaped capture. Unknown to us four rebel cavalymen were being fed in the house, and as we jumped the fence to enter, the wife chanced to come to the door just in the nick of time; seeing us she motioned us to go back. We

hurriedly secreted ourselves, and after the rebs had filled up, mounted their horses and drove off, we took our turn, and got a square meal from the same table the Johnnies had vacated.

Dec. 31. Remained at this house all night, for we were too tired to continue our trip.

Jan. 1, 1864. Went six miles last night with the rebel cavalry just ahead of us, but as long as we keep them there we are all right. Stopped at night at Jimmy Caldwell's, a good Union man, who after feeding us hid us in his barn, not thinking it safe for us to remain in his house.

Jan. 2. Remained in the barn during the day, were fed by loyal Union women; took the road again at dark, making twelve miles very comfortably during the night, for we are now traveling on the public highway.

Jan. 3. Hid during the day and night. Are nearing our lines. Must be cautious and not get captured when so near God's country.

Jan. 4. Took the road at daylight and made sixteen miles during the day.

Jan. 5. Came into the Union lines at noon to-day, meeting a squad of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, who were out foraging, or rather getting fodder for their horses. Slept at night in the camp of First Ohio Heavy Artillery. Distance made nineteen miles. Made a portion of it on one of the army wagons out with the Tenth Michigan, gathering forage.

Jan. 6. Pressed three horses of the farmers and

rode to Knoxville, some twenty-five miles distant, entering that city Jan. 7, after being on the road seven weeks.

CHAPTER IV.

No human being can imagine our feelings as we entered that city except he has been in the same identical condition. We could hardly realize our situation; we were more like children than men; would first laugh at our good fortune and then could not keep back the tears when we knew it was all true—at last in God's country and our sufferings at an end! We were like a man condemned and then at the last moment receiving a pardon, for we were hoping against hope during our entire trip; we hoped to get through, yet there were so many things to prevent it; the slightest accident or carelessness in any unguarded moment would have proved our ruin. We did not feel safe to speak above a whisper until we were in the lines at Knoxville, and for days after our arrival, we would speak to each other in low, unnatural voices.

After our long, tedious trips through the mountains of South Carolina, North Carolina and Tennessee, we were fit subjects for the sick-list, and, after reporting to the commander of the post, we were admitted to the Government Hospital for rest and shelter, and to get eight months' dirt from our persons, and a change of clothing. The day following our arrival in Knoxville, Lieutenant Gilman, with his

party of South Carolina Outliers, came in; they, too, were given quarters in the Government Hospital, and all, both Southerners and Yankees, were treated with uniform kindness.

As our regiment had been out of service since the previous June by reason of expiration of its three years of honorable service, we of the Third Maine were ordered to report to our State capital for final muster out, while Lieutenant Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, whose command was still in the field, was ordered to report to Washington for orders.

We were given transportation home. On our papers or blanks was the notice that we were officers who had successfully escaped from Southern prisons, which secured us many acts of kindness and attention on our way north. We obtained two months' pay at Louisville, Kentucky, so we were in good condition to enjoy the trip home. Arrived at Augusta, Maine, Jan. 28, 1865, where I was mustered out and paid all due me from the United States government.

The war at this time seemed nearly over. Yet no one could tell how long it might last, and after I got over my fatigue and had replaced some of the flesh lost in my long captivity, I had a strong desire to get back to the army again; so after remaining at home about six weeks I was commissioned by the Governor as first lieutenant of one of the four companies forming at Augusta to recruit the Fifteenth Maine, then in the field; but when we joined them in the valley we found their ranks had been filled from

other sources. Our command of four companies was then made into a battalion called the First Maine Unattached Battalion. Our senior captain, Calvin S. Brown, was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and I was made his adjutant. Thus I served the last twelve months of my army life.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia and all troops under the Confederate flag took place when we had been at the front but a short time, and after the grand review of the Potomac and Western armies at Washington, most of the troops were mustered out. At this time some troops had to be retained to garrison southern cities, do freedman's work, and also many other duties. With the last enlisted commands our battalion was retained and served its entire time, one year, being mustered out April 5, 1866, twelve months after Lee's surrender.

This last term of service as a soldier was one of pleasant and light duties, in marked contrast to my life and experience in the field with our ever hard-worked and fighting brigade, for as a brigade or regiment we never knew what it was to have an easy time.

CALVIN S. BROWN
Lieut.-Colonel First Battalion Maine Infantry.

CHAPTER V.

About July 1 the battalion was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, the city that had held me a prisoner only the September before, while taking the shot and shell from Foster's guns. I took much pleasure in visiting my old prison quarters, and rejoiced in the change of my surroundings. About July 20 our command was ordered to relieve a colored regiment then on duty in upper South Georgia, stationed in Greenville, Abbeville, Laurens and Anderson, districts away up toward the mountains, with headquarters at Anderson Court House. When I found we were going into this section of the State, I thought it would be strange if we did not see many familiar spots and come across some of the tried and true negroes, now freedmen, who had been our friends and guides; where we had traveled as helpless refugees through the entire length of three of the districts which our command was to garrison.

On our way up the country we stopped one day at Columbia, and the condition of the city at this time was in marked contrast to what it was when I was there a Yankee prisoner; for in the meantime Sherman had made his memorable March to the Sea, and the city of Columbia was half laid in ashes from the devastations of both Union and Confederate armies.

I visited my old prison camp of the November before. I found what was left of my miserable apology of a brush tent that had served such good purpose in sheltering me from the cold; visited the spring where we got our water, the spot where we broke through the lines on the 20th of November. I also found the hut of Captain Jack Adams, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, where he used to hold forth. (He was a leader of men, even in prison.)

While a prisoner at Columbia the guard, under command of an officer (Captain Martin), used to visit our camp every morning, make us fall into line, count us off, see how many Yankees they had lost during the night, and report the number left to receive rations. Captain Martin did us many little acts of kindness, which, if known to the post commander, would have cost him his commission.

After leaving Columbia our first stop was at Anderson, and while the command were disembarking I jumped on my horse and rode to a little cottage near the depot. Seeing a man in the yard I asked him if he would oblige me with a glass of water. His face seemed familiar, but at the moment I could not tell when or where I had seen him. On his return from the house it flashed into my mind that he was Martin, our old prison captain. When I addressed him by name and told him who I was, he seemed greatly pleased to renew the acquaintance. He invited me to his house, and introduced me to his family. I found him a man of culture and refinement, who had

lost all his property by the war, and was now teaching school as a means of support.

Our command was divided into five different towns, with headquarters at Anderson, it being the largest town in our sub-district. I was appointed assistant adjutant-general by General Ames at Columbia to make contracts with the planters and freedmen throughout the region where our command was located, and to do other duties of a similar nature. This, of course, threw me into direct contact with all the freedmen and planters for many miles around, and with scores of negroes whom I had met only a few months before, when I was a refugee, trying to hide my face from anything but a black man. Seven months before I was avoiding the white man's house and presence as a pestilence; now I was invited to share the best his house afforded, not out of respect for me or for the government I represented, but rather to make a favorable impression, hoping by so doing to influence me to make his contract with the freedman favorable to him rather than to the blacks. Some of the negroes did not remember me, while very many did, and some of the latter were afraid even at this late day to have the fact that they had ever met me before made known to their former masters; they thought these men might still do them harm for their acts of humanity to us escaping Union prisoners. It was, indeed, strange to be found sitting at the table as a guest, partaking of the hospitality of these Southerners, on whose plantations I had skulked and whose hen-roosts had been robbed to feed me;

with some of the very same negroes waiting on the table whose hands had brought us food in the woods or thicket of some damp and cold swamp.

We held our tongues, not from fear of wounding the feelings of the planter, but to save the negroes. I think they were needlessly alarmed, as they were receiving kind treatment from their former owners.

Before I forget it, let me say just here that all contracts made by the planter and freedman, and they were many in the season of 1865, were considered very unjust by the planter; that they gave the negroes too large a proportion of the crops, and stipulated too many conditions for their benefit. The planter may have been right in his complaints, but it was the only means at my disposal by which I could reach the entire number of negroes who had been my only friends when friendship was most needed, and return a portion of the great debt due them.

We remained in this location until the following April, some eight months. It was among our duties to assist all destitute loyal Southern people in the way of issuing government rations, proof of their loyalty being a necessary requisite. We had many applications, some worthy and others not. To one of the former I wish to draw your attention. One night in December, when we were without a guide, and were much in want of information and food, we were obliged to go to a house for these, and found a poor widow by the name of Prince, who, after feeding us, took us to the band of Outliers in the mountains. The night before we started for the mountains she

asked if I would give her a paper showing what she had done for us, as it might do her some good should any Federal troops pass through that section. I was only too glad to do this, trusting that at some future time it might help her, although there was little chance for Union troops to be so far up the country.

I made a simple statement of what she had done for us and recommended her to the kindness of any future Federal officer or soldier who might read the document.

One day in August, nine months afterwards, the orderly came to my quarters and said there was a woman outside who wanted to see the Yankee officer who was giving food to the loyal whites. I told him to admit her. A true type of a poor white woman came in. She made known her wants, telling me she was a widow with three children to support, and as the government was helping such she had applied, assuring me she was and always had been loyal to the Union.

To my inquiry, "How can you prove all this?" she took from her bosom a neatly folded paper and handed it to me. The writing seemed familiar, and looking at the bottom of the sheet I saw my own signature, where I had placed it the December before. As soon as I recovered from my surprise I asked her if she had ever seen me. She said she reckoned not. "Don't you remember feeding four Yankee officers some time last winter, and then taking them to the Outliers' camp in the mountains?" She replied she

did. "Well, Mrs. Prince, I am one of those Yankees, the one who wrote that letter."

"The little lieutenant! Are you the little lieutenant?" she exclaimed, and when I answered in the affirmative there was a scene. To tell the truth I was "all broke up;" for I had a tender memory for this poor white woman and her acts of unselfish kindness.

It did not take us long to get down to business. This time I was the host and she the guest. She informed me she was still living in the old place, some seventeen miles from the Court House in Pickens' district. She said that the men who had started with us through the mountains and had turned back on account of snow and Indians, had been met by the guard, and many of them killed. Those that went to Knoxville joined the Union army. Some had been killed in late engagements of the war, and others had been murdered by the returning Confederate soldiers when they learned they had joined the Union Army.

Mrs. Prince returned to her home in the mountains with a mule load of rations, full more than the government allowance for a family no larger than hers, but it was a case that made unusual demands upon my feelings, and I gratified my inclination to return good in its kind, compound interest included.

We remained in this section for a year after the close of the war, and were then mustered out at Hart's Island, New York Harbor, in April, 1866.

CHAPTER VI.

As I laid aside my blue uniform, worn almost continuously for five years, I felt that my war experience, though filled with tremendous sacrifices, and with sorrowful recollections, had much in it to look back upon with genuine satisfaction, much of it even with pleasure. That there have been incidents in prison life more eventful than were mine, I do not doubt, many perhaps far more thrilling, but I question if there are many records where a prisoner who has made a successful escape from a rebel prison has, through the chances of war, again visited the scenes of his long and weary tramp, with the opportunity, sanctioned by government authority, to return some of the many acts of kindness done to the Union refugees by the black men, and a very few loyal whites of the South.

After five years of service in Uncle Sam's army, I went back to civil life with no regrets. I was anxious to again take up the broken threads of a business career, which had been interrupted by the guns of Sumter in April, 1861, and did so with the consciousness of having served my country to the best of my ability through the trying years of the Civil War.

I felt that I had done my whole duty the best I

knew how, and the only incident of my army life I could look back to with any feeling but of satisfaction was my second capture at the hands of the enemy, which was not made in the presence of my regiment.

It has always seemed to me that a soldier's honor was somehow nearer and dearer to him than that of a civilian, and even a suspicion of anything unsoldier-like that reflected against his character, was a situation he should avoid.

Unfortunately for my peace of mind, I let this nightmare of uncertainty trouble me, namely, what my command might think of my second capture when I was out of sight of a single soldier in blue, with the exception of my companion, Captain Nash. Instead of believing that they would give me the benefit of the doubt, because of my three years of almost daily companionship with the regiment, and the honor of receiving the Kearney cross from the hands of General Kearney in the field, as well as my promotion from the ranks to a commission, I worried over the only point of my army life that could possibly be criticised by those who did not know the facts.

I deeply regretted the loss of the sword, presented to me by my company, and had many times asked myself who were my captors, and what the history of the sword after its violent separation from me. For eleven anxious years no answer came to my inquiry.

In May, 1875, while a resident of the city of Lynn, I was surprised by receiving the following corre-

spondence from Augusta, Maine, and Columbia, S. C., which will explain itself:

AUGUSTA, ME., May 25, 1875.

H. A. Johnson, Esq.,
Lynn, Mass.

Dear Sir:

It is with pleasure that I have the privilege of forwarding to you the enclosed letter from Maj. J. H. Cochrane of Augusta, now in Columbia, S. C. The letter explains itself. I would like to have it returned to me, and if at any future time you may want it, I shall be pleased to place it at your disposal.

In order to obtain your address, I visited your friends in Hallowell, and at their request furnished a copy of the letter for publication. As it contains nothing but what is considered by those who knew you a well deserved compliment, I think you can have no objection.

Very respectfully yours,

F. A. CHICK.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 19, 1875.

Mr. F. A. Chick.

My dear Friend:

I was visited this morning by Capt. J. C. B. Smith, cashier of the Citizens Savings Bank of this city, who, learning that my home is in Maine, desired to obtain the address, if possible, of Lieut. H. A. Johnson, formerly of Company B, Third Maine Infantry.

Captain Smith stated that Lieutenant Johnson was captured by his command (Company K, Twelfth S. C. Infantry), at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and that he has in his possession the sword and

sword-belt of Lieutenant Johnson, which he is desirous of returning to him, if living, or in the event of his death to such of his family as may appreciate its value. The sword, a very elegant one, was presented (as appears by an inscription plate on one side of its metallic scabbard) to Lieutenant Johnson by his company. On the opposite side is a similar plate, on which is inscribed the name of some twenty battles, commencing with the First Bull Run and ending with Chantilly.

Captain Smith states that it has always been his desire to restore this sword to Lieutenant Johnson as an evidence of admiration for his determined bravery when captured, when, although surrounded and entirely cut off from support, he absolutely refused to surrender, and, in the excitement of the moment, it was with the greatest difficulty that Captain Smith prevented his men from firing upon Lieutenant Johnson, who appeared to regard the danger which menaced him with fearless indifference. When disarmed, an excellent revolver was also taken from Lieutenant Johnson, which afterwards was lost or stolen, and Captain Smith regrets his inability to restore it with the sword.

Being unable to answer the inquiry referred to, but anxious to assist, so far as I can, in giving early effect to the generous purpose of this gallant soldier of the South, who I am assured is one of the most estimable gentlemen in the State, I have to ask you to use this letter in any way that you think will secure the desired information in the least time.

Very truly yours,

JAMES H. COCHRANE.

I at once communicated with Captain Smith, and later received the following letter :

THE LATE CAPT. J. C. B. SMITH
Twelfth South Carolina Infantry.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 27, 1875.

H. A. Johnson, Esq.,
Lynn, Mass.

My dear Sir:

Your telegram is just received at the hands of Major J. H. Cochrane. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to be the medium by which your beautiful sword, the merited emblem of respect and honor, is now to be restored to you.

Scarcely had the clouds of war been dissipated ere it became my earnest desire to return the weapon, with an expression of my sincere admiration for the gallantry with which you used it, but circumstances have hitherto prevented the execution of my design. I now forward the sword by express, and accompany it with a sentiment which is common, I trust, to all sections of our great country.

“May all animosities be buried; and hereafter may amity and an earnest co-operation prevail between the States of the Union for the general good.”

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. B. SMITH.

CHAPTER VII.

The following June, at the reunion of the Third Maine Regiment, just fourteen years after we were mustered into the United States service, the sword was again presented to me by my command in the following words:

COMRADES OF THE OLD THIRD :

To-night the sword, usually the emblem of war, is the olive branch of peace, the harbinger of the return of true brotherly feeling between the North and the South. It is the assurance that all animosity is ended, all sectional feeling buried in oblivion, and that we, the North and the South, are again brothers in fraternal feeling and in loyalty to our glorious national emblem, the Stars and Stripes.

Lieutenant Johnson, I have now the pleasure to place in your hands this sword, which, through circumstances beyond your control, was taken from you during the late war. But let me assure you that even in the act of its surrender to the gallant Captain Smith of South Carolina, you proved yourself true to the trust which the company put in you when it first presented this sword to you. May you have the pleasure of keeping it for many years, to be drawn only in defense of the rights of our beloved country, side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, South Carolina and Maine against a common foe.

On receiving the sword I replied as follows:

COMRADES :

It is with keenest pleasure and satisfaction that I receive this sword a second time from your hands, not for its mere intrinsic value, but for the associations that are connected with it. Most of you know that it was given me in the field by members of my company, and for this reason it was very dear to me. On that memorable day in the Wilderness, when the fortunes of war threw me into the hands of the enemy, and this sword was taken from me, I felt as if I were parting with a dear friend, and it was not without a struggle, both physical and mental, that I gave it up.

The history of this sword since that hour is not known to us, but that it fell into the hands of a brave Southern soldier we do know, and the respect we should feel for Capt. J. C. B. Smith of the Twelfth South Carolina Infantry is such as one true soldier bears another. This sword may have been worn by my captor and used against our cause in the last months of the Rebellion; such are the fickle chances of war.

But, comrades, the war is over, an event of the past. Its scenes and incidents will always live fresh in our memories, and it is well that they should, for it was a struggle for principle, not glory; for justice, not possession, and we have a sacred right to cherish in our minds all the fruits and results of that contest.

We had a duty to perform then, and there is work and duty to be done now, and in the future. It is the work and duty of upholding and of making strong and efficient the government under which we live. We know through dearly-bought experience that the armies we faced in the field were made up of brave and valiant soldiers; they were indeed "foemen worthy of our steel."

But, thanks be to God, the war clouds have dis-

persed, the reverberation of the cannon, and the echoes of the guns have long since died away, and the grass is growing over the battlefields of the South. Let us remember to be generous to a fallen foe; let us not forget that we are once again a united brotherhood, with one country and one flag for the protection of us all.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the reunion, June 4, the following resolution was passed:

THIRD MAINE VETERAN ASSOCIATION,
Bath, June 4, 1875.

Dear Sir:

At the first reunion of the former members of the Third Maine Regiment, holden this day at Augusta, Maine, it was voted that the secretary officially notify you of the proceedings. In accordance with that vote it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the unanimous passage of the following "resolve," after which three hearty cheers were given for Capt. John C. B. Smith of the Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, Company K.

Resolved, That we have a lively appreciation of the soldierly and chivalric conduct of Capt. J. C. B. Smith of Company K, Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, in returning to a member of our organization his sword, taken from him under circumstances reflecting nothing but honor on both parties.

C. H. GREENLEAF, Secretary.

To Capt. John C. B. Smith of Company K, South Carolina Regiment.

FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 5, 1875.

The public is already informed of the circumstances under which our townsman, Capt. J. C. B. Smith, returned a sword captured during the war from an officer of the Third Maine Regiment. The following letters have been received by him acknowledging his graceful act:

THE LETTER OF TRANSMITTAL.

BATH, MAINE, June 7, 1875.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will please find an official copy of the "resolve" passed at the Third Maine reunion. I should be remiss in my duty as a citizen if I did not inform you of the kindly feeling and warmth of sentiment expressed by all towards you for the significant act of returning the sword to Lieutenant Johnson. He resides at present in Lynn, Mass., and was present at the reunion. It came at a very opportune moment, and furnished a striking part of the proceedings, calling forth kind sentiments for yourself and for our Southern brothers.

That act of yours has completely wiped out any unfriendly feeling toward the South which might have been left in the bosoms of the soldiers of this State. But the fact is, there was no such feeling left towards the South among the soldiers. It was among us, as I suppose it was among you—the "stay-at-homes" were longest to get up a brotherly feeling.

At our next reunion, August 4, 1876, at Bath, Maine, you will undoubtedly be invited, and if you can come, you will meet with a hearty welcome.

Enclosed you will find a copy of the addresses made on the occasion of the presentation.

Please acknowledge receipt of these letters, and oblige,

C. H. GREENLEAF.

Then follows Captain Smith's letter of June 16 :

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 16, 1875.

H. A. Johnson, Esq.,
Lynn, Mass.

My dear Sir :

I am in receipt of your highly appreciated letter of May 30, and am gratified to know you have been made the happy recipient of your sword at the hands of your old comrades of the Third Maine.

That it passed out of your possession was no fault of yours. It was one of the fickle chances of war. I am greatly pleased to know that the return of your sword was so opportune as to furnish an occasion for calling forth for the second time from the comrades who stood side by side with you in the war, an expression of their loyalty and their admiration for your qualities as a man and a soldier.

I cordially concur in the sentiment so happily expressed by you that we must all, as brothers of the North and South, look upon the war as an event of the past; we must forgive and forget and cement the once broken links with restored confidence and give to all, all the rights guaranteed under the Constitution framed by our forefathers.

On May 5, 1864, more than eleven years ago, we met on the memorable day, the beginning of the Battle of the Wilderness, as opponents in war, when its fortunes threw you into my hands, and I still fancy that I have some idea of your appearance; and hope that some day it will be my great pleasure to

meet and know you better. In the meantime, I will send you a pasteboard likeness of your humble servant, and hope to receive yours in return.

By the way, who was the officer captured with you, and is he still living? I have often thought of the occasion and of you both, and it occurs to me he was a staff officer. His sword I gave to an officer in the same regiment with myself, whom I seldom see, and don't know whether he saved it or not.

In conclusion, we must congratulate ourselves that we were both spared, and hope that we may meet more times as friends than we met as opponents during the late war.

I am, very truly yours,

J. C. B. SMITH.

In June, 1890, I received the following communication from Captain Smith:

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 8, 1890.

Dear Friend Johnson:

Let me assure you that I appreciate your letter, and was glad to hear from you, after fifteen years of long silence; in fact, a letter from an absent relative of fifteen years could not have afforded me more pleasure. It carried me back twenty-seven years to days that tried men's souls, yet the occasion of our first meeting, as opponents of war, on the field of battle, is as fresh to my mind as if yesterday.

On the day of your capture the brigade to which my regiment was attached occupied a position holding the left wing of that section of the Confederate army. Cook's brigade was engaged on the plank road, and being hard pressed, my brigade was ordered at a double quick, for a quarter of a mile or more, to the scene of action, where the fighting was going on around Cook's ordnance wagons.

LIEUT. H. A. JOHNSON and SHADE THOMAS

Lieut. H. A. Johnson, Third Maine Infantry, and Shade Thomas, "crack shot" of Co. K, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry. The latter attempted to shoot Lieut. Johnson at Battle of Wilderness, May 5, 1864, but was prevented through the magnanimity of Capt. J. C. B. Smith of the Twelfth. Photograph taken 42 years later, March 10, 1906, at Columbia, S. C.

My regiment went into action by the flank, proceeding into line by company column, when fire was opened upon us by infantry and a section of artillery consisting of two pieces at short range. The colonel of my regiment fell, mortally wounded, and the lieutenant-colonel severely. Once in line, the regiment known as the "Bloody Twelfth"—not from thirst for blood or cruelty, but for its well-known fighting qualities,—with the *Confederate yell* swept everything before it but the dead and wounded, capturing the two pieces of artillery before a second shot could be fired upon it. Going a considerable distance beyond the line, and finding no obstacles, and there being heavy firing on the *right* of the regiment, the *left* wing was swung around and moved on the *rear* of your line, and I am of the opinion that but for a ravine, difficult to cross, they would have captured many more of your men.

It was here that I, a little insignificant captain, with no badge of rank save three small bars on the collar of my gray jacket, with three good and well-tried soldiers, came in contact with you and a fellow officer, in rank a major if my memory serves me. Well do I remember your complete astonishment when I ordered you to surrender. You hesitated, and, calling to your fellow officer, you exclaimed:

"What shall we do?" I answered, "Surrender by all means." My command, all crack shots, was not twenty paces away, and had their guns leveled on you. I ordered them not to shoot, for I had too much respect for a brave soldier, even though an opponent in war, to let him be shot under such circumstances.

I took the beautiful sword presented by your company as a token of respect and honor.

From your fellow captive I took a pistol and a sword. The latter I gave to a Captain Bell, who, at

the close of the war, left South Carolina and went West. The pistol I carried home, but had it stolen from me.

I will mention a few circumstances that will ever keep the 5th of May, 1864, in my memory. After your capture, the regiment fell back, and took a position near the line first occupied by the Federal troops, as the dead and wounded well marked the spot. It must have then been about six p.m. I could have told the time by taking the watch from the pocket of a dead officer lying near by, but no soldier was allowed to plunder the dead. I never did such a thing during the whole war, though at times I was hatless.

A short time after taking this position, I was much moved by the action of a Federal soldier, who quietly came up, raised to his shoulder a wounded brother, and proceeded to carry him from the field. When ordered to come in and surrender, he paid no attention, and it was not until I sent out one of my men who spoke the German language to inform him that under the rules of war he must surrender, that he gave up and came quietly in.

I could full well appreciate his feelings, for I had two brothers in the army, and know how anxious I was to hear of them, after an engagement.

I was glad to know that you enjoyed your trip to Baltimore, and just here I will say that had it been left to the old soldiers of our late unfortunate war, all party and sectional differences would have been buried sooner, and the peace and good will which reign today would have existed years ago.

Just after the war, men living here, and others who came from the North and West, imposed upon the ignorance of the negro as a mass and incited him against his best interest to do deeds that tended to estrange the feeling that should have existed between

him and his former owner. Such men did not receive a friendly tolerance, or gain the favor and good will of the intelligent white residents.

We people of the South are glad to have the good people of the North come among us and live, and you would be surprised to know the number of Northerners who visit our city every year.

Quite a number have bought, remodeled, and built new winter homes in the city, and are received by the people with a cordial welcome. Quite a number of United States soldiers remained with us after the war, and have married and are successful business men. Our chief of police is Captain Higby, from the State of Massachusetts, a member of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry. He has proved himself a deserving and honorable man. He was elected over two or more opponents, who were old Confederate soldiers.

Just here I will mention a Mr. William Greenough of Westfield, Mass., who came to this place for his health and, I have been told, when he first arrived doubted his safety on the streets. Later he was so well pleased with the people and place that he decided to take up the study of law here, and entered the State University of this place. I hope he will return to his old home with changed ideas of the Southern people, and with fond recollections of the days he spent among us.

Very truly yours,

J. C. B. SMITH.

CHAPTER IX.

In March, 1896, I saw in a Charleston, S. C., paper a very complimentary article on the conduct of Captain Smith of the Twelfth South Carolina Infantry during his life as a soldier of the Southern Confederacy, which I read with very much interest. It runs as follows:

AS GOOD AS THE VICTORIA CROSS.

THE GALLANTRY OF CAPTAIN J. C. B. SMITH AT PETERSBURG
EXCITES THE ADMIRATION OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE—
GEN. SAM MCGOWAN'S LETTER TO HIS OLD COMRADE.

COLUMBIA, March 7.

Special.—There are some Confederate soldiers who do not like to exploit their acts of courage and fidelity during the late war. Such is the case with Captain J. C. B. Smith. It was only by the request of the Camp of Confederate Veterans that the following correspondence has been given to the Sunday News:

July 6, 1895.

General Samuel McGowan, Abbeville, S. C.

My dear General:

As the white heads and tottering footsteps of most of the soldiers of the late war indicate very clearly that they too must soon cross over the "river" to join those who fell thirty-five years ago, I write for you to confirm by letter an incident in my career as a

Confederate soldier, of which only yourself and Colonel Charles Venable of General Lee's staff are cognizant. I have never mentioned the incident to my family, and my desire is to file your letter away, that, when I am gone, my children may see that I performed my whole duty as a Confederate soldier in a cause which, though lost, is yet ever dear to us. With a view of refreshing your memory I will go a little into the event of the day of General Lee's last effort to hold the works around Petersburg. You were in command of Wilcox's division, your brigade holding the right of the main line, and the Twelfth South Carolina Regiment on right of brigade.

In the morning of the day you ordered the column to advance, we soon struck the enemy in an old field and pine thicket, driving them rapidly for some distance behind their strongholds. At this point the Confederate line halted, holding the ground gained until the turn of day, when it was ordered to fall back, caused, as I afterwards learned, by General Grant massing his troops and breaking the Confederate line to the left of your division.

When your line had fallen back to the point at which it commenced the attack in the morning, it was halted, and a line of battle formed to meet the enemy. Just at this point you ordered me with three small companies to proceed to an elevated ridge between three or four hundred yards to the right and rear of your main line, instructing me to hold it at all hazards.

Before I had proceeded half way to the point designated I discovered the enemy's line of battle advancing through the growth of small pines overlapping the right of your main line. I at once deployed my little band and gave the order to "give it to them, boys, and fall back slowly."

As we neared the little farm house I saw a mounted soldier, whom I did not know, in the country road that ran along the top of the ridge.

My men fought like good fellows, passing around the farm house and through the garden, where they soon reached the ridge, and I proceeded down the slope through a forest of heavy timber to gain my regiment, which was done after some tramping.

On the way one of my men said to me there was an officer on a horse that had asked him who had command of the detachment of troops, and that he told him Captain Smith of the Twelfth Regiment, South Carolina.

Late that afternoon, when you returned from General Lee's headquarters, you came in search of me, and found me sitting on a pine log. As you approached you said, "Smith, my dear fellow, you have covered yourself with glory; I have just returned from General Lee's quarters, to whom Colonel Venable, of his staff, had reported your conduct and gallantry in the evening's engagement." You said that General Lee paid me the high compliment of being one of the best men in the army, and he had requested you to bring me up and introduce me to him. Of course so high a compliment, coming from so good and great a man as General Lee, was very gratifying to me, and I must say that every man with me on that occasion deserved mention of his brave and soldierly conduct. The downfall of Petersburg and Richmond prevented the introduction as you know.

Now, dear General, I fear by this long letter I have imposed upon your patience, but I only want your answer to file away with my valuable keepings.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and that you are in the best of health, I beg to remain,

Yours most truly, J. C. B. SMITH.

By way of endorsement there is the following:

Mr. J. C. B. Smith.

My dear Friend:

One of my old wounds makes me write with difficulty, and therefore I will not rewrite this letter, but simply endorse it as true, absolutely true.

By the way, I must say that the old Twelfth Regiment was one of the best I ever saw, not excepting my old Fourteenth.

As a rule they were the best men of the continent. We must soon go to the "silent bivouac." God bless you and yours.

Affectionately your friend,
S. MCGOWAN.

My heart being very warm and grateful for my Southern soldier, I lost no time in writing the *News and Courier* the impressions and opinion of a Federal soldier for their Confederate hero, in the following language:

WORCESTER, MASS., April 2, 1896.

To the Editor of the *News and Courier*

Seeing a complimentary article in your issue of Sunday, March 8, on J. C. B. Smith, late captain Twelfth South Carolina Infantry, and by the fortunes of war having met this gallant soldier of the Palmetto State during our late unpleasantness, I wish to add my tribute of praise to this modest man and brave soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I had the privilege of being on the other side during the Rebellion, as I wore the blue from Manassas First to Appomattox. Although not present with my command at the surrender, I served twelve months later than this date in the upper districts of your State as adjutant First Maine Battalion, with headquarters at Anderson Court House.

Being with the Army of the Potomac under General Grant in 1864 as adjutant Third Maine Infantry, I with a brother officer was taken prisoner at the Battle of the Wilderness. Although this was a severe misfortune, yet by happy chance I was captured by Captain Smith and his command (Company K, Twelfth Infantry), and to his humanity and generosity I am indebted for my life. I was sent to the rear under guard, and while with them was treated with all the consideration proper under the restricted circumstances of war.

Do not think I pleaded for a continuation of existence at the hands of this man in whose power I had fallen; on the contrary I was making all possible efforts, reckless and unwarranted as they were, to regain the Federal lines, yet this officer with his company, who had the right to take my life in the heat and excitement of battle, for some good reason best known to himself, not only refused to use this privilege, but actually by force prevented his men from carrying out their own desire to shoot me.

Humanity and a will not to abuse the power of might over helplessness was the only justifiable motive that prompted this brave man, for we were strangers and enemies, each honest in his duty as we saw it, and both doing it the best he knew how.

When disarmed I was sent to the rear under guard of his men, and while with them was treated with all the consideration proper with the surroundings. This was act No. 1 to this officer's credit.

Twelve years after this exciting episode, the fickle jade Fortune restored to me my sword and at the time Captain Smith wrote me a tender and complimentary letter, expressing regret that he had not earlier known my whereabouts.

Here was magnanimity of a rare type, for this man

and I had never met since my capture, he not knowing I was even alive, but his object, so the letter states, was to return it to me if alive; if not, to some of my friends who might appreciate it for its history.

Brave men never do things by halves, but it takes a big heart to return to a victorious foe a weapon honorably won in the heat of conflict. No wonder he heard good accounts of him and his command during the entire four years of cruel war, but even war, with its naturally and expected results in making the human heart less susceptible to tender and refined instincts, did not make this man any less an unselfish and generous gentleman.

This act No. 2 required a truer and purer type of Christian forgiveness than his first kindness in saving my life. One was done on the impulse of the moment, yet his clear head knew death to me under the circumstances would have been almost a crime, but in his last act he had allowed twelve long years to elapse, had time to think it over under no excitement, and under all these circumstances thought it a duty to restore and return my sword. His complimentary letter touching my capture was the most valuable document I ever received; for if a foe can speak in terms of praise of his enemy at such time, his comrades can never question the manner in which he fell into the enemy's hands, and this perhaps unimportant item of Captain Smith's was the greatest kindness he could have done me.

Do you wonder I cherish this man's life and deeds as a sweet morsel to my soul? Don't you think I, too, rejoice with his comrades all over your State at his deserved praise through the columns of your paper?

Can you but believe that his happiness in being thus recognized by men that knew the truest and best part of his manhood is my comfort also?

The war brought evil from some men, but, thank God, it developed in others elements that heroes are made from, and your brave soldier and respected citizen is one of the latter.

I thank heaven you have not waited until Captain Smith had answered his last roll-call before you saw fit to recognize his worth by words of fitting praise, and may he live long to enjoy the love and respect of all good people who appreciate merit and courage when they see and know it.

Yours in gratitude,

HANNIBAL A. JOHNSON,

Late Lieutenant 3d Maine Infantry.

In due time this communication of mine to the *Courier* was brought to Captain Smith's attention, as the following letter from him to me will explain:

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 4, 1896.

H. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass.

My dear Friend:

It has been some time since I have heard from you and it was only yesterday, while in the city, I was asked by friends, "Have you seen the *News and Courier* of the 2d instant? If not you must get and have read to you a very complimentary letter to that paper from a Federal officer of Worcester, Mass., whom you captured during the late war." I had it read to me, yes, re-read, and it gave me much pleasure, delight and satisfaction, the more so because I know the words in that letter gave expression to thoughts coming from a brave and manly heart.

Allow me to thank you for your kind and complimentary letter, which I shall file among my most valued treasures.

My sight is gradually failing. I cannot see to read what I have written, so will ask you to excuse this short note. Can you give me the address of Mr. Benjamin Jaques? God bless you and yours.

Sincerely your friend,
J. C. B. SMITH.

During these years Captain Smith had been gradually losing his eyesight, and my last letters to my friend were read to him by some member of his family, and his letters to me were written with extreme difficulty, his sight was so far gone. Yet all his physical suffering and the misery of blindness, he bore with the same sublime patience and courage that had been so characteristic of his entire life.

His death, which occurred in 1898, broke up our pleasant correspondence of many years, which was a source of sorrow to me, for I had learned to respect, admire, and love him.

October, 1901, I received an invitation to attend the marriage of Captain Smith's youngest daughter, at Columbia, but circumstances prevented my attending. October 24, 1902, I received announcement of the birth of a son to this daughter, Mrs. Berry Hill Mobley.

These two events again opened the broken correspondence with the Smith family, much to my joy, for I did not want them to drop out of my life, and thinking I could reach the mother's heart best through her child, and being very grateful for the kind acts of the grandfather, Captain Smith, had companion Charles W. Wilcox of the Massachusetts

Military Order of the Loyal Legion make an appropriate loving cup for the baby boy, the first and only grandchild in the family.

Now comes the most difficult portion of my story, and that is the making public letters from Mrs. Mobley, the mother of Berry Hill Mobley, Jr., on receipt of the loving-cup:

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 5th, 1903.

My dear Mr. Johnson:

Last night your note, ever to be kept in memory, heralded the coming of the beautiful loving-cup, and to-day your loving words and the exquisite testimony of the affection for papa's grandchild are welcome to us all with supreme joy. If he was only here, how happy he would be, for the affection he bore his "friend Johnson," as he called you, was very great indeed. Those few moments of your only earthly meeting were ever green in his memory. Countless were the times he referred to it, and during the last years of his journey here, in recounting the incident, his great heart had grown so tender, that great, brave man that he was, tears would fill his eyes as he lived again those memory laden years. Not one time did he ever seem to think that he had showed any special humanity in his attitude towards you. It was only justice to him, for I think that I can safely say of him that he was never unjust. Even in your extremity there was something great about you. "He was such a splendid, brave fellow, he couldn't bear to surrender to the enemy. Instead he faced death unflinchingly. Shade Thomas, the 'crack shot' in my company, had his gun leveled on him, but he was too brave and I called out to Thomas, 'Don't shoot, he is too brave!' Then I persuaded him to surrender.

BERRY HILL MOBLEY
Grandson of Capt. J. C. B. Smith.

The bravest fellow I ever saw!" Those were the glowing words with which he described you. We, that's my sister and I, would ask, with a child's love for the comely, how his hero looked, and he would answer enthusiastically: "Oh! he was a strikingly handsome fellow." You were his knight, in a measure, his "Lochinvar."

This afternoon, on their return from town, mamma and Daisy brought the *lovely* cup. Your exquisite gift was unpacked by mamma's careful hands, and she, as the person most fit, presented the cup to *our* little one. As its beauty was seen his little hands clutched each handle and two dewy lips were pressed to the rim. He was as much delighted as *four months* of *humanity* could be. When it was taken from him he protested so violently that I had to allow him to touch it again.

This loving-cup will be cherished always in the affectionate memory of the two great men who inspired it. Nothing could be more appropriate than the inscription embellishing our boy's cup. May it be God's will that my child shall live, so that as soon as possible we may teach him to love and revere the very significant inscription on his cup. You will be his hero as well as his grandfather's. Your memory shall be ever dear to him.

Friday Morning.

At this juncture I was interrupted by Berry coming in from the store. His delight over the cup was supreme. I assure you, my dear Mr. Johnson, *our cup* is very full as we behold it. In all time, in adversity and prosperity, this loving-cup will stand as a treasure above price in our household. No words can convey the overwhelming joy and gratitude we feel for this gift of love.

Further word will be in vain to express all I feel.

May it be God's will that your years may be many more upon this earth; may His greatest blessing and happiness be heaped upon your head. May we meet upon this earth, but if it is His will that it shall be otherwise, may we all meet in that eternal home beyond the skies. Let us pray daily for this final meeting. Hoping to hear from you often, believe me always,

Yours in love and gratitude,
LILA MOBLEY.

Possibly some of my readers, companions or comrades may criticise my faith and friendship for my Confederate friend; if so, God pity their narrow souls, for when Robert E. Lee's brave and beaten veterans stacked their muskets at Appomattox and took their parole from the big-hearted Grant and returned to their homes to once more become citizens of our reunited country with but one flag for all, my hostility ceased, and I could take the hand of a Southern veteran and wish him well. My bitterness departed when the armies of Lee and Johnson turned their backs upon the past and became loyal citizens of the United States, and while I condemn rebellion as much as anyone who wore the blue, I have never taken much stock in those who were the last to forgive.

Captain Smith had no call to return my sword, for with everything lost but his honor and manhood, he was entitled to all he received in honest encounter, and I tell you, comrades, it takes a mighty big heart and a magnanimous soul to do as he did, but he, like our GENEROUS-HEARTED GRANT, when the end came, said:

“LET US HAVE PEACE.”

CHAPTER X.

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 15, 1905.

It was my intention to close this story of army life with the events of the return of my sword by my captor, J. C. B. Smith, and the incident of giving to his grandchild, Berry Hill Mobley, Jr., the loving-cup; but I wish to add to the book some incidents in Captain Smith's life as a Confederate soldier, full of credit to himself and of interest to any reader of literature pertaining to the Civil War; also an incident connected with the men of the First Maine Battalion, and a brief account of a most enjoyable trip made recently to the homes of my good friends in the South Land.

Most of my comrades who took part with me in these events have answered their last roll-call; and I can count, with no surety, the day and hour, life is so uncertain; and as the true story of the Rebellion is only told by the participants, not the historian, it behooves me to do what little I expect to do immediately.

I have mentioned in a preceding chapter that during the years of 1865 and '66, the command to which I belonged, First Maine Unassigned Battalion, Colonel C. S. Brown commanding, was stationed in

the upper districts of western South Carolina, in the towns of Cheraw, Pickens, Laurens, Abbeville, Greenville, and Anderson, with headquarters at the latter place, doing a sort of Freedman's Bureau duty: making contracts with the planters and former slaves, keeping order in the towns we garrisoned, and looking after any United States property that might be in the district, as all property such as arms, ammunition, quartermaster and commissary stores. Government cotton, formerly owned by the Confederate Government, after the surrender, was the property of "Uncle Sam"; and we were instructed to take it wherever and whenever we saw it. This would explain our duties and positions, and, as a rule, they were not arduous nor unpleasant; there was very little conflict with the people, as they accepted the situation under the changed conditions. Yet one must realize that the presence of United States troops in their homes, so short a time after the close of the war, was not a comforting assurance.

The Confederate Government, the latter part of the Rebellion, taxed the people in kind, in cotton and other produce from their plantations, to help carry on the war; and this tax was willingly paid; and at the close of the war, there were thousands of bales around the country that should have been in the hands of the United States Government.

We were told by some loyal citizens where there was a certain amount of cotton stored on the bank of the Savannah River, waiting to be shipped by some private parties to Augusta, Georgia. This cotton

was located at a place called "Brown's Ferry," fifteen miles from Anderson, and I detailed three men and sent them at once to the Ferry, and told them to remain there until relieved, or the cotton had been removed to Anderson. This was done, but on the morning following the day when I sent the men to the river, the ferryman stationed at the river where the cotton was stored came to the Court-house with the startling information that the three men who were acting as guard over the cotton had all been murdered the night before, and their bodies thrown into the water. I at once ordered a squad of men to saddle their horses, and we lost no time in getting over this fifteen miles to the river-bank, and there,—too true! we found only pools of blood where three good Union soldiers had been the night before.

I soon got their lifeless bodies from the bottom of the river, and pressing wagons in the vicinity, took their mangled remains back with me to the Court-house. The town authorities gave us a place in their cemetery, and we buried our innocent men with proper military honors.

In time we captured all of their murderers, who were tried by a military court martial at Charleston, South Carolina. Two were sentenced to be hanged and four were imprisoned for life; but within two years from that date these men were all pardoned, and returned to their homes by our then President, Andrew Johnson. This happened on October 8, 1865. In the following April we left the South; our three Maine soldiers remaining behind in the Anderson

cemetery, where they were buried the October before.

Shortly after we left South Carolina, a true Southern woman, fearless, loyal and Christian, took it upon herself, against the wishes of her personal friends, to decorate, each Memorial Day, the graves of our dead, just the same as the dead of the Confederacy. And this Christian-like act she has personally continued up to the present time.

I had kept in touch with the people of Anderson since I left there in 1866, having corresponded with some of their leading citizens, and was known officially to this angel of mercy, Miss Lenora Hubbard. When this obscure village had grown into a thriving city, residences and cemeteries were removed to make way for the march of improvement, and the cemetery where our boys were buried had to be moved also. This good woman went to the city authorities, and had assigned to her a spacious lot in the new cemetery for the burial of our boys. Knowing my address, she wrote to me, to see if some provision could not be made by the State toward defraying the expense of head-stones for their graves, as she did not feel financially able to do it herself. Our correspondence was made public through the press, and coming to the ears of the officials at Washington, an order was given by the quartermaster general to have these bodies taken up and removed to the National Cemetery at Marietta, Georgia.

I knew this would be a disappointment to Miss Hubbard, as she had cared for our boys for many

HON. WM. T. COBB

Governor State of Maine

Through whose influence and suggestion the Legislature of Maine passed resolutions publicly thanking Miss Lenora Hubbard for her act of humanity and patriotism in decorating and caring for the graves of Maine soldiers buried in the cemetery at Anderson, South Carolina.

years; but the will of the Government was stronger than the wish of this lone woman, so the bodies were removed. Feeling that Miss Hubbard should be recognized for her sacrifice and heroic act, I wrote to the Governor of Maine and asked his assistance. Governor Cobb immediately entered into my plan of having the Legislature take hold of the matter. When it convened in the following January, he brought the matter before his Council, and they unanimously agreed to recommend an act publicly thanking Miss Hubbard for her patriotic service; the same, after its passage, was engrossed on parchment and sent to Anderson, with the united thanks of the Legislature:

RESOLUTIONS OF MAINE LEGISLATURE.

STATE OF MAINE.

In Council, Feb. 8, 1905.

The Standing Committee on Military Affairs, to which was referred certain correspondence relating to the care of burial places of Maine soldiers at Anderson, South Carolina,

Report, that an examination of the evidence at hand discloses the fact that at Anderson, South Carolina, the graves of certain Union soldiers, some of whom were from this State, have, until recent action by the Federal authorities, through inadvertence or mistake, been completely overlooked and neglected, so that they might have suffered obliteration but for the generous and patriotic action of a Southern woman, Miss Lenora C. Hubbard, president of the Anderson Memorial Association.

We find that Miss Hubbard has, at her own expense,

and actuated only by motives of Christianity and broad-minded patriotism, for many years kept the mounds of these graves in a respectable condition, so that they might be identified by their friends, and on each succeeding Memorial Day personally decorated them with American flags.

It seems to us that Miss Hubbard's action is of such a character as to deserve an appropriate recognition at the hands of this State, and in conformity with that idea we herewith recommend the passage of the following resolution :

Resolved, that the thanks of this body be extended to

MISS LENORA C. HUBBARD

OF ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

in grateful and appreciative recognition of her noble and patriotic service to the people of this State in caring for and honoring the graves of certain soldiers, formerly citizens of Maine, who died in defense of the Union.

Which is respectfully submitted.

W. B. CLARK, Chairman.

In Council, Feb. 8, 1905.

Read and accepted by the Council and by the Governor approved.

Attest: BYRON BOYD, Secretary of State.

I am still in correspondence with this true-blue Southern woman, whom it is an honor and credit to know. She is generally loved and respected by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance; she has more honorable titles from Confederate camps and societies than any woman south of Mason and Dixon's line—her love and charity being broad enough to

take in both Union and Confederate armies. It has been said that the Southern women by their loyalty and sacrifice kept the war going twelve months longer than it otherwise would have been, for they helped the struggling men in the field; and although the same men fought against me, I respect and honor the part these Southern women took.

All hail to these Spartan mothers and sisters! The world never knew greater sacrifices than you cheerfully made to help the cause you held so dear. And could it have been possible, you deserved better results than came to you! Yet, brave women, the end justified the means, and you are better off as the war terminated, peace with honor, and a loyal, new South that the whole world is proud of.

No woman in any war or time showed such a marked degree of faithfulness to duty and love for their cause as these same women from Dixie. And nothing they have ever done during the war shines brighter than this act of Miss Hubbard's, who, for forty years, without as much as a "thank you" from any source, has faithfully and lovingly decorated the graves of these three Maine soldiers.

Our Northern women will never know what their Southern sisters suffered and endured to give encouragement and help to their overtaxed and starving veterans in the field. Some of them even did men's work on the plantations, to allow their old and young men to go to the front, others made clothing for their fathers, brothers and lovers—doing all that was hon-

orable and brave to perform their part in the great struggle.

What the war meant to the Southern women will be shown in the following extracts from a letter written by Miss Hubbard to a Northern friend:

ANDERSON, S. C., Nov. 20, 1905.

My dear Adjutant:

The lovely postal cards reached me some time ago, but I wished to write you one letter in which I could say "We are all well." John-Will is home for a vacation, with the record of a good year's work; little Brooks is growing strong and is always happy, and I am enjoying my rest, or rather my change of work, for I am my own cook, and seamstress also. I have just made six shirts for John-Will, and feel quite proud of it. I am going to put him in long pants and shirts, and like all boys he is glad to make the change.

Thank you for sending me those postals. I am making a scrap-book of all I receive from my Northern friends and will give it to my youngest nephew. The good women in various parts of Maine have sent me a number, and your comrade, Mr. Roberts of Vinalhaven, has sent some unusually interesting ones. Yet, seeing these pictures of all your splendid buildings, especially your many fine schools, makes me feel very keenly the poverty of our Southland. While your soldiers returned to find their homes and educational institutions just as you left them, our Southern men returned to ruined homes and the heavy task of rebuilding the entire country, and if the men found this a hard task, what can we say of the women, who, by the fortune of war, were left widows and orphans, to struggle against such fearful odds? Hardest of all, they had to break away from

so many old Southern traditions as to woman's sphere, with so many professions and occupations closed to them, which they are now filling with credit. Theirs seemed almost a hopeless task. My father died two years after the war closed, and left my mother with five little children, not one of whom was old enough to be of any help to her, and I know what a struggle she had; for however willing her friends and relatives were to help, all were poor together, and less able to help others. My father was rich, but had such faith in the triumph of the Confederacy (though the North was in the right) that he had converted all his property into government bonds, etc., so that we were left almost penniless. The South had few schools then (no free ones), and what a task mother had to care for us and give us some little educational advantages no one knows.

At that time not one woman in Anderson had dared venture out from the sheltered privacy of home and enter store or office to earn a living. I well remember the first one who did so, and though the position she filled was that of bookkeeper in her own father's store, for a time she was almost ostracized for so departing from "woman's sphere." I was the second one to take this daring step, and at the age of fifteen was given a position in the photographic studio of an old friend of father's to retouch negatives and color photos. My doing so called forth a storm of protests from uncles and aunts, not one of whom was financially able to make it unnecessary for me to do this. My hours at this studio were from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. I got up at six every morning, practiced my music until seven, then helped cook breakfast, went to my work in the studio, and in my spare moments then practiced a lesson in German, which I recited to a private tutor after supper; then three times a week

had a Latin lesson after studio hours. In this way I prepared myself to teach. After I secured a diploma which entitled me to teach, it took thirteen years of hard work to save enough money to buy my little home. For five years I never had a dress which cost more than twenty-five cents per yard, and made one hat do service two seasons. I am as fond of nice dress as any reasonable woman, but I appreciate my home all the more for the sacrifices I made to gain it.

It gives me great comfort to say that mother lived to see all her children settled and able to care for themselves, and the last years of her life were free from care, for we three elder ones took the responsibility of providing for and educating the two younger ones.

The youngest one was Brother Will, born while you were in Anderson. He died five years ago, and it is his two little sons who are with me now. All my life I have borne responsibility, and it has been good for me. God has greatly blessed me, and I thank Him for all this discipline of sorrow. I have seen the Old South, its chivalry and traditions disappear, and watched the development of our grand New South, with its spirit of progress and vast opportunities for both women and men.

Our country is just beginning to be what God meant it to be, and with increasing financial prosperity, our people are striving to attain the position which our great natural facilities entitle us to hold.

.....
Your friend sincerely,

LENORA HUBBARD,
424 Marshall Ave.,
Anderson, S. C.

MISS LENORA C. HUBBARD

**The patriotic Southern woman who for forty years decorated and
cared for the graves of soldiers of First Maine Battalion.**

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 25th, 1905.

My dear Friend:

Sitting here this morning way down in the heart of the South, memory's spell holding me, there is no more fragrant memory in all my past than your "Sword of Honor," and the two men, those grand sons of the North and South, respectively, who inspired it. This "Sword of Honor" in its truth and simplicity is unparalleled in history.

Oh, my friend, to-day I am living again in those short, sweet years of my childhood, when in the companionship of my beloved father, he would recount, with never flagging interest and delight, his first and only earthly meeting with you, the bravest man he ever met, and my father was never known to exaggerate. How, in the face of captivity and grim death, you refused to surrender to this invincible *Johnny*. How, when the first opportunity presented itself, he returned your valuable sword—the long and delighted friendship which ensued through the medium of correspondence.

To-day, my dear friend, your friendship is a blessing to me, one of life's sweetest joys. What more generous, princely gift could have ever been presented to papa's grandchild than that symbol of eternal love and fellowship, your loving-cup. What higher demonstration of no North, no South, but "one United States."

Words of mine cannot tell half I feel. I can only ask God to reward and bless you.

Believe me always,

Yours most sincerely,

LILA SMITH-MOBLEY.

ANDERSON, S. C., Christmas Day, 1905.

My dear Adjutant:

Your request that I make contribution to your book, "Sword of Honor," which is to be more of a reminiscence than history, I do so very willingly, yet I feel that anything I might add would not increase its value. Yet, if my opinion of you and your work among us Southerners at a critical crisis in our history, just after the close of the war, would be of any value to you and the future readers of your work, then it would only be a labor of love.

You know you and your command, the First Maine Battalion, came to our quiet village just after the returning veterans from General Lee's beaten yet heroic band of loyal soldiers had come back to their sorrowful and stricken homes with everything lost but their honor, and naturally our sad hearts had no room for even respect for anything tainted with the North or Yankeeism, and I, at that time, a young widow of a gallant son of the South, Col. John V. Moore, who had died gallantly leading his Second South Carolina Rifles against the men of the North, at Second Manassas, where you were also engaged, also against our cause, both fighting for a principle dear to each, but my dear companion and husband, less fortunate than you, died and was buried under Virginia soil, a martyr to a cause he believed right, as he believed in his Savior.

You can well imagine the sight of a Yankee coming into our midst, with our hearts still bleeding from what the war cost us, was a most unwelcome sight, for we expected only oppression, injustice and indignities, and this natural instinct and feeling I cherished until I had occasion to meet and deal with you personally, it happening in this manner.

Mr. Henry Shanklin, a young Confederate soldier,

just returning from Lee's army, for some trifling indiscretion against the rules and commands of the authorities in Anderson, was arrested and confined in your guard-house. It was unjust and unwarranted, and he was released by you on investigation of charges.

This young man was paying attention to my sister, then visiting at my house in the village. He very much desired to see his sweetheart, and I applied to the colonel in command for permission for him to do so, giving his and my word of honor, as truthful Southern citizens, that if the request was granted at the end of his parole of honor, he would return.

He, the colonel, positively refused my request. The next day, learning the colonel was absent from Anderson, I, as a last hope, applied to you, who attentively listened to my request, and you seeing it could be done with safety, the only proviso being that you, the adjutant, with a guard, should accompany the prisoner, Mr. Shanklin, and remain in my home while he was there. I was only too willing to concede to these proper conditions, and while in my house you and your men acted in the most courteous and exemplary manner, thereby gaining my respect, which you have held from that hour to this, only deepening as time has added its years to the very many that have passed since those events happened more than forty years ago.

During your sojourn among us, watch you as closely as you might, we never saw an act that you did in your official capacity that we could question, for everything was done to the credit of the government you were so zealously trying to serve, doing your whole duty fearlessly, at the same time treating us as though we were human beings.

While you were with us a very sad and unfortunate event happened that we all deeply regretted, the

violent death of three of your command, and while our people were innocent of any participation in the sad event, the feelings of the garrison naturally were at a very high state of excitement, who had arrested men that you supposed were the guilty parties. They were tried by court-martial, and were released, as there was not enough evidence to commit them, but no act of the garrison or its officers during this trying ordeal reflected discredit upon them. Your men were given Christian burial in our own private cemetery, also buried with impressive military honors by the garrison.

The humane course followed by you and your command so impressed itself upon our people that shortly after you left the State, one of our most loyal, true Southern Christian women, Miss Lenora Hubbard, of our village, inaugurated the beautiful act of decorating the graves of your men whose bodies still remained with us, and has been continued without interruption until the present time, but since last autumn the United States Government has seen proper to remove their remains to a government cemetery at Marietta, Georgia. For forty years we have been in close touch, through the medium of a pleasant correspondence, and I have had the great pleasure of visiting you in your own home in the North, and I have found you the same courteous and thoughtful gentleman that you were when a youth in years.

I would welcome you to my Southern home with as much happiness and good feeling as one of my own Southern-born friends, whom I deeply respect.

In conclusion, let me say the result of your first act of kindness to me and mine was the engagement, and afterward the union, of Mr. Shanklin, your paroled prisoner, to my sister, whom he was permitted to visit by your kindness, the result of that union being five

beautiful children, a credit to their parents and the community they live in. The youngest, Miss Bessie Shanklin, you have met in your own Northern home, and who thinks her father's friend of so long ago, the Yankee adjutant, is "all right," who not only truly claims you as a dear friend, but a faithful correspondent.

Wishing you all the good cheer and happiness that the Christmas season brings to the good and fortunate, I am, faithfully yours,

Your Southern friend,

(MRS.) E. E. MOORE.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN C. GRADY.

The following letter from Hon. John C. Grady of Philadelphia, formerly of the First Maine Battalion, will add to the value of this story of the war, as it throws light upon the incident at Brown's Ferry, to which I have already referred:

Mr. H. A. Johnson,
Worcester, Mass.

My dear Adjutant:

The narrative of your eventful experience in the darkest days of the Civil War proves that there is an indubitable power shaping the affairs of men. I recall your capture, almost a living death as a prisoner, the heroic dash for liberty, the perils and privations suffered for months within a hostile country. It was a happy destiny that crowned it with success.

One event is deeply impressed on my mind, where that power intervened. I refer to the First Maine Battalion, of which you were the adjutant and practically its executive officer. When it occupied Western South Carolina in the fall of 1865, an order came

on the evening of October 6 from the general commanding at Columbia to send a detachment to stop the illicit removal of government cotton from Brown's Ferry, twenty-three miles away on the Savannah River. Immediately I was designated as the non-commissioned officer of the small detachment to go and execute the order. The night was dark and rainy, the road rough and unfamiliar, the inhabitants semi-hostile, the horses tired and sore—unwelcome prospects in store for an all-night ride. While this was transpiring you were making a call upon Governor Orr at his residence in a remote part of the town. Returning, your true course was diagonally across the open square, but for some reason you chose the sides of the triangle, perhaps attracted by the horses under saddle, and seeing us preparing to mount you asked, "What is up?" Thereupon you ordered the sergeant-major to select another non-commissioned officer in my stead on the ground that you had another duty for me at headquarters on the morrow, and but for this change I should have been killed on the night of my eighteenth birthday, October 8, when these men were overpowered by superior numbers, and all met death. This tragical event was made notable by one of the greatest military trials in the annals of the war, and subsequently by Congressional inquiry concerning its results. The quick apprehension of the participants, the manner in which it was done, with so light a force, convinced the people of that section that you were a stranger to all fear.

Proceeding—your revocation of my detail permitted me to live longer—six years later to be admitted to the practice of the law in Philadelphia and continue, so far, thirty-four years—to be twice offered to be elevated to the judiciary of the State and de-

HON. JOHN C. GRADY

Ex-Senator from Philadelphia, Penn.; formerly non-commissioned officer Co. A, First Maine Battalion, whose life was saved by change of detail on the Brown's Ferry Raid.

clined; permitted me to be a member of the State Senate for twenty-eight years consecutively, being seven years longer than any one else in the history of the State, and twice offered a seat in Congress—a commissioner to represent Pennsylvania at every exposition since the Centennial, also permitted me to make an extensive impress on the laws of the State. Several that were innovations at the time have attracted the attention of other states and are found engrafted in their laws, such as the Fugitive from Justice Act, the Title Insurance Act, and now trust companies doing business under that act may be found in every large city in the Union; so reflecting upon whatever good I have been permitted to do. The thought flows back to the cheerless October night in '65, when you in an instant became my conservator, and further back to the perilous times through which you passed that enabled you to be present to exercise the power inherent in you as adjutant, when I was inapprehensive that the ride we were about to take was to the grave; and to further work out the theory of predestination, what went before that date with you must commingle with all that has occurred with me since, by your grace.

Pride in your military achievements will not be confined to your children nor your children's children; for the survivors of two Maine military organizations have spread it far and wide, and the narrative should be preserved among the archives of your native State.

With best wishes,

Yours truly,

JOHN C. GRADY.

CHAPTER XI.

ANDERSON, S. C., March 20, 1906.

To my Readers :

It has been my fondest ambition to once more visit the scenes of my last twelve months' service, and Columbia, the home of my captor, Captain Smith, although he is not living. The readers of my book will remember on preceding pages I have mentioned correspondence with members of his family, also citizens of Anderson. When I proposed to rewrite the "Sword of Honor," I did not think any such joy and pleasure was in store for me. From the heading of this letter, however, you will see that I am at the very spot where the last eight months of my service in the Federal Army were passed, and at the delightful home of my almost life-long friend, J. A. Brock, Esq., of Anderson.

February 10 I left Massachusetts with Mrs. Johnson to start on my proposed Southern trip, which I had desired to take for forty years, and after passing eight very pleasant days in New York with my sister, Mrs. Alexander Doyle, Mrs. Johnson and I went to Philadelphia to visit my friend of forty-one years, the Hon. John C. Grady, whom I had not seen since our muster-out of service at Charleston, S. C., on April 5, 1866. To say our meeting was a joyous one would but feebly express it.

MRS. LILA SMITH MOBLEY
Daughter of Capt. J. C. B. Smith.

Friend Grady gave us forty-eight hours of rare pleasure, a portion of the time being passed at Atlantic City, N. J.

From Philadelphia I commenced my Southern trip alone, my first stopping place being Richmond, Va. Having a warm place in my heart for the boys who wore the gray, I knew the best way to get in touch with them was to go to the head of their veteran organization of Southern soldiers, the Robert E. Lee Camp, which, fortunately for me, had a most brilliant, courteous and accommodating gentleman for commander, Gen. O. B. Morgan. Through his kindness I was shown their camp headquarters, filled with magnificent oil paintings of their heroes of the lost cause, of both army and navy, of their late President, Jefferson Davis, and wife, also of their daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of the Southern confederacy.

From this camp so beautiful in its proportions and rich in its portraits, I was taken to the Soldiers' Home for Disabled Southern Veterans.

For two hours I was entertained by the officers in charge of this well-kept home and was shown through their fine museum of army relics, chief among them being the horse, "Old Sorrell," ridden by Gen. Stonewall Jackson through all his campaigns, from First Manassas to Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, where he, the general, lost his life in what we, the Union soldiers, call the "Midnight Charge." It was here we sought to regain the position taken from us by Jackson's corps the afternoon previous, the

Eleventh Corps of the Union Army breaking and losing a very strong position, one necessary to retake, if possible, for the re-establishing of our own line.

In the "Midnight Charge," Stonewall Jackson lost his life, and for a long time it was thought by the Union forces, but history tells us that it was by his own men. If so, we are glad, for no one wishes the credit at this hour and in this day of reconciliation and peace, the credit or discredit of taking the life of this good and just man. Although we know his cause was wrong, we can but respect him for what he was and for his honesty of purpose, and do not wish to think that we shed his blood.

I left this well-cared for home with regret, for it was indeed a pleasure to shake the hand of these boys in gray. I have a heart full of respect for them; for the Stars and Stripes floating over their Soldiers' Home showed they were again united with us, under but one flag and government. There was room in my heart only for good fellowship and respect.

I left the city of Richmond, the scene of my first captivity, with feelings of deep regard at the treatment I had received at the hands of its late Confederate soldiers, for no brother could have had kinder treatment than these same late combatants showed me, and with a request from General Morgan that on my return trip I should stop off and address the R. E. Lee Camp. As my train pulled out for Columbia, the last expression from this hero of many battles was "Godspeed and a safe return."

I advanced towards Columbia with peculiar feelings. I was going to the widow and daughters of my late departed hero, Captain Smith, who had not only spared my life in fierce battle, but had, ten years later, returned my captured sword with words of praise that almost made me wild with joy; who had corresponded with me for many years, and after his death the correspondence was continued by his faithful daughter, Mrs. Lila Smith-Mobley. Now, I was to meet them face to face for the first time. I knew I should be welcome from the tone of their many letters, but I did not look for such tender, kind treatment as I received for sixteen happy days. No dear brother returning from a long absence of years could have received a warmer welcome; and while in their hospitable home, there was no hour of the day or night, while we were not sleeping, that their home was not filled with company in my honor—soldiers civilians, clergymen of all creeds, editors, merchants, and last, but not least, God bless them, the ladies—all giving me a welcome only given to a chosen few in this life.

I left Columbia and its most hospitable people with many regrets, and with feelings of respect and affection for the press and people who had been so kind to me, under obligations to them I never can cancel.

My trip to Anderson was one looked forward to with happiness, for here I had done something worth remembering, and acknowledging perhaps; I had been here for eight months in charge of United States troops, from August, 1865, to April, 1866. While in

Columbia I had been only a poor prisoner-of-war, helpless and unfortunate, but who fortunately escaped from their care. At this hour I am the guest of one of their lieutenants of the guard, under whose care I was supposed to be, Mr. J. A. Brock, who is giving me the best his home affords, and that best is good enough for a king. He has a palatial residence, and a family that any man may be proud of, brilliant, hospitable, musical to a wonderful degree, and with very tender hearts. This rainy morning they have made me very comfortable and happy by their careful attention, while forty years ago this same gentleman, as a Confederate officer, was doing his best to confine me within the limits of his stockade.

Truly, sometimes truth is stranger than fiction. I have been here one week, renewing old acquaintances made forty years ago. I find many familiar faces, but the city has changed more than its people. In 1865 it numbered 1000 people; to-day, 15,000; then not a manufactory of any kind, the raising of cotton its chief industry; now, ten large prosperous cotton manufactories, twine, phosphate, cotton-seed, oil, yarn and hosiery mills and other minor industries.

I have been the guest of its best people, who say I have the respect of the whole community, and the press has been very kind to me in very complimentary notices. Have been called upon by scores of its people, all extending the kindest hospitality to me, inviting me to their homes, etc.

To the following, I am under personal obligations for courtesies given me in Columbia:

The Smiths, Mobleys, Browns, Gastons, Adams, Wings, English, Editor Gonzales, Rev. Dr. Niles, Rev. Drs. Smith and Whitsell, Captain Netherly, Colonel Alex. Haskell, Postmaster Ensar, Professor Andrews, Mrs. Doby, and many others.

In Anderson: Mr. J. A. Brock and family, Mr. C. A. Reed, Mr. Frank Cunningham, Rev. R. C. Jeter, Mr. Paine, Colonel Brown, Gen. M. L. Bonham, Capt. H. H. Watkins, Messrs. Carpenter, P. K. McCully, Mr. Sloan, B. F. Crayton, Mr. Bolt, Mrs. E. E. Moore, and last, but not least, Miss Lenora Hubbard.

Forty-one years' separation has not made this grateful people forget the slightest thing I, in my official capacity, found it possible to do for them. The ancient and time-worn saying has become literally true in my case, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

With this morning's work, I cannot, I believe, add anything more to my "Sword of Honor," only to say this in conclusion, that I feel indeed fortunate to have lived to see this day, to once more come back to this people whom I had fought honorably—their sons and brothers in the field, while there was an armed Confederate to engage. When peace came over a united country, I tried just as hard to be their brother as I did to be their foe, and I know in the former I have succeeded without losing a particle of my self-respect as a Union soldier; for in all presence, I have ever been loyal to my government, constantly contending I was on the right side, and insisting

that both could not be right, but giving my brother in gray his right to think he was right.

I have been South since February 20th, having passed Washington's birthday in Richmond, and although I have talked with 500 of Lee's veteran soldiers, more or less, not one word has been said to me that could wound the most sensitive heart; and in closing I would say :

“God bless our whole country,”

and more particularly the brave Southern women who performed their whole duty to the lost cause, and have given me eight weeks of unalloyed happiness by their whole-souled hospitality.

My last two weeks in the South, after leaving Anderson, were passed with the Smiths at Columbia, with a continuance of the same courtesies extended as in my first visit. I left them with deepest regrets, also the city in which I had received such marked attention.

With much to be grateful for, I am,

Faithfully yours,

HANNIBAL A. JOHNSON,

Late Lieutenant Company B, 3d Maine Infantry.
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant 1st Maine Unassigned
Battalion.

L'ENVOI.

As I look back over the pages of this little book, and bespeak for it a cordial welcome with old comrades

and dear friends, North and South, I thank God that the blue and the gray have blended into the perfect harmony of love and peace. The stripes and the bars have faded from sight, and in their place, over a united country, floats our glorious national emblem—

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all.

Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold the Blue;
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.