

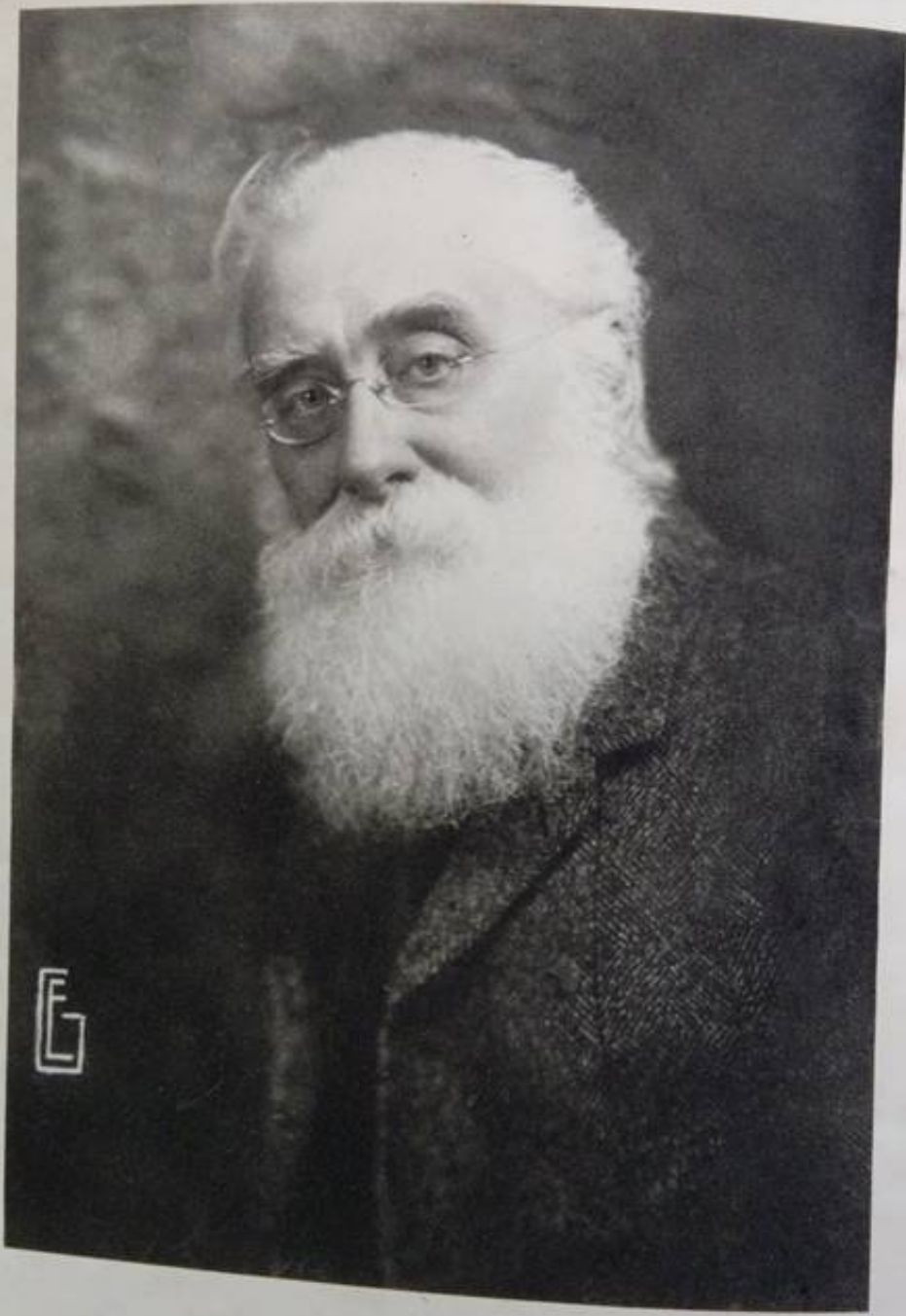
**AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
Notes and Memoranda**

**On the Blockade, 1861 to 1863
Cotton Planting in the Confederacy
Railway Riots of 1877 in St. Louis**

ALBERT WARREN KELSEY

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Robert C. Ogden, Esq.
with high regard
after an acquaintance dating
from 1862.
The Author.



A. Warren Kelsey

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

NOTES AND MEMORANDA

BY

ALBERT WARREN KELSEY

1840-1910

(FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY)

P R E F A C E

My mother died at the age of seventy-nine. My father survived up to his ninetieth year, when he succumbed to an attack of the grippe. Had I always lived in as sensible a manner as my parents, I think it probable I might have approximated the average of their united ages—eighty-four—but, owing to my far from regular habits, and the exposure and privations to which I was subjected during the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865 (when I was either in the Naval Service of the U. S. A., or inside the Confederate lines for the most part), I have little reason to believe I shall be able to get very far into this twentieth century; and the increasing infirmities of life, which have multiplied rapidly since passing three-score, warn me that if I am ever to leave to my children any summary of my rather diversified career, I must lose no more time in placing it upon paper.

At the best, it will be but a hurried and imperfect relation of disconnected incidents; but as it may afford to my descendants the opportunity of realizing how much happier and safer is a peaceful, quiet and well-ordered existence, than one filled with unhealthy excitement, may they profit by my experience to this extent; and learn our happiness depends rather upon limiting our ambition “to see it all for ourselves,” and “letting well enough alone,” than by indulging the gypsy instinct of roaming about this wide world and visiting other countries than our own.

The very first essential to comfortable existence is health and a sound constitution, without which no one can expect to enjoy life; but this requires good and regular habits, which

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are only to be secured by "settling down" early in life to the performance of duty. This involves not only our own aspirations but the wishes and friendly co-operation of our immediate associates, neighbors and blood relations; for a merely selfish existence, however elevated, never affords genuine and permanent satisfaction; and it is only in sharing with others the benefit we obtain for ourselves that we can realize the purest form of pleasure, which never cloy, but increases continually, leaving behind it no regrets. Thus, sound health and a clear conscience suffice to more than offset all that wealth, or rank, or fame, or even Genius itself, or all of them united, can offer; for, as Burns sang:

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her syren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

Preface

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminatè with sober thought;
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not—art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven
To Virtue or to Vice is given,
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus, resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep.''



CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND ENVIRONMENT

I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, United States of North America, on the 30th of October, 1840; which date chanced to be also the 29th anniversary of my dear and much respected father's birth, which enabled us to celebrate our birthdays together, as it later became our habit whenever circumstances were propitious; and, as the good God was so kind as to spare him in the best of health, and with his exceptionally strong mental power unabated, up to 1901 (when he succumbed to an attack of grippe in his ninetieth year), I had passed the age of three-score myself before I was called upon to mourn the loss of the kindest and most indulgent, as well as the most sympathetic and steadfast, friend I ever possessed.

My mother had left us ten years earlier, dying from an attack of cerebral apoplexy in 1890. Her maiden name was Upton. She was born in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, in 1811, the same year my father was born in Shirley, a neighboring village. Some years before the decease of my parents I accompanied them on a sort of pilgrimage to the old cemetery in Shirley, where my father and my elder son were photographed, on either side of me, each of us standing in front of the gravestone of one of the three immediate predecessors of my father, to wit: his father, grandfather and great-grandfather; thus we were six generations together, of the living and dead; and my father survived to hold upon his knee his own great-

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grandson; there being then living four generations of Albert Kelseys, all first-born children.

The grandparents of my mother were among the largest land owners in the earlier history of the town of Fitchburg. Upon her mother's side, she was descended from Thomas Cowdin, Esq., who had held Crown Point for King George against the French and Indians; and there are now hanging on the walls of this room in which I write, photographic copies of three of his commissions, dated 1756, 1760 and 1780. The commission dated 1780 was given under the authority of "The Major Part of the Council of Massachusetts Bay, in New England," signed by James Bowdoin, President of the Council of Government, and fourteen associates. This would indicate that he had accepted the situation, he having served under King George the Second, as well as his successor, George the Third. So strong was his sense of loyalty, and his feeling of allegiance to the mother country, that he stood out almost alone (in the quiet country town where he was living at the outbreak of the American Revolution) against the all but unanimous sentiment in favor of Independence; and nothing but the widespread knowledge of his courage and honesty prevented his expatriation. It has at times appeared to me as if I must have inherited some small portion of his sturdy character, for I have most frequently found myself ranged politically upon the side of the minority in the public questions that have arisen in my time; and I am bound to confess myself a Conservative by nature and disposition.

I was a very precocious child, having learned to read by myself, with very little assistance, it is said, at the early age of three years, by means of "picture blocks" having all the letters of the alphabet, large and small, upon their six sides. I can well remember when my parents, in 1846, made a long

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summer excursion (going first to Philadelphia, thence across the Alleghanies, down the Ohio river, and up the Mississippi to Saint Louis, to visit one of my mother's five brothers who was living there at that period; then returning home across the Illinois prairies and by way of the Great Lakes, a matter of some months in those days of stage coach and canal boat conveyances), I was sent to Fitchburg, to be in charge of the wife of another of my mother's brothers; and my chiet anxiety, in the preparation of my trunk, was that it should contain plenty of exciting novels for my reading during that rather tiresome period. I was five years and some months old at the time. Before I was six my father decided to send me to "Chapman Hall," a private school established by one Amos Baker, upon Chapman Place, leading off from School street, Boston, on the rear of the site at present occupied by the Parker House. I was at once plunged into the mysteries of the old time Latin grammar, as it was my father's intention to have me "fitted" so as to be able to enter Harvard College in 1852, but my health becoming so impaired as to suggest lung disease, I had to be taken from school. My father meantime had been induced by friends to remove from Boston to Lewiston Falls, Maine, where a company of prominent Bostonians, and other New England capitalists, had purchased a large amount of land, intending to build up another Lowell in the manufacture of cotton goods. Most of father's time, between 1850 and 1860 inclusive, was passed in the laying out of the present thriving city of Lewiston, containing today the second largest population of the many pleasant towns of the State of Maine. But for the healthy country life which I was thus enabled to enjoy from my tenth year, I believe I should have scarcely survived my boyhood, as I was but a pale, undersized and physically puny lad up to my thirteenth

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year, when I commenced to grow so rapidly I was soon over six feet, and thought to be in serious danger of consumption.

The only nearby means of advanced education was the old "Lewiston Falls Academy," located in the pleasant town of Auburn, on the opposite side of the Androscoggin river. Here were fitted for Bowdoin College those of the sons of the well-to-do citizens whose ambition led them to desire to enter either of the "learned professions"; and at this renowned institution I commenced, after an interval of some seasons, the study of French and the higher mathematics, besides renewing the classical studies essential for entrance to any college at that time. I found myself so far in advance of boys of my age in my studies, that I gave myself very little time or trouble in the preparation of my lessons; and not infrequently was requested by the Principal to hear the recitations of well-grown men with side-whiskers, as was the fashion of that day. I still sported only the short jacket, buttoned close up to the neck, which had been the custom of the boys of my day to wear in Boston. This jacket in fact, became so ludicrous to my sometime pupils, that they united in a request to me to petition my parents to place me in a long-tailed coat, such as they themselves wore, which petition was granted only in 1855. This part of my life I shall ever regard as the happiest, and, unlike most boys, I dreaded to have it end.

Much of my spare time I spent in the woods, fishing or shooting; frequently being carried some miles away from my home in the early morning before the sun was up, by one of the men in my father's employ, who would take me in a light buggy to a point where I wished to take to the woods; and I did not care to return home until it became too dark to see. In this way I soon overcame any tendency to the dreaded disease of the lungs it was thought I might have derived from

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my previous too close application to my books. I became strong and self reliant, and capable of taking care of myself under any ordinary circumstances. In the winter the extreme cold weather (frequently far below zero, Fahrenheit, for days at a time) had no terrors for me, and I passed many hours on the river, facing the keenest winds, while skating over the transparent ice that showed so black against the deep snow upon the river bank. In the woods we had to use the Canadian "racquettes," or snow-shoes, so deep were the drifts; and it was not unusual, late in April, to find the earliest flowers of spring, the hardy trailing arbutus, in close proximity to the unmelted snow drifts.

Thus passed away nearly seven of the happiest years of my life, when my father decided to return to Boston. I had become entirely weaned from any desire for life in a city, which indeed I had always detested, and I was nearly heart broken at the idea of giving up the much loved friends of my maturer boyhood. I found I must "get to work like other people," in close, hot city streets, amid the ugly buildings of red brick, and the surroundings which had become so distasteful to me after my happiest period of existence. I was soon so evidently homesick (after our arrival in Belmont, Massachusetts, the small suburban village situated six miles from Boston, to which my father removed his family) that he presently consented to my going back for another and my last year at the old Lewiston Falls Academy.

During the summer of 1857, therefore, I boarded at the "Maine Hotel" on the "River road," kept by one of the laziest men who ever lived—Davis by name—whose main ambition in life, it appeared to me, was to beat the Deputy Sheriff at the popular game of checkers. Seldom a day was permitted to pass that these two did not find or take the time

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to measure strength. The Sheriff had a well-grown daughter, who, I remember, was the only other student of Telemarque beside myself at the Academy, where we were taught our French with the purest Yankee accent, but learned to read very well. I enjoyed to the full my reprieve from the sad fate in store for me on my return to the metropolis of New England, looking forward to my city life much as if it had been a sentence to the penitentiary!

But fate is frequently kinder to us than we deserve, and after spending two more years at Chapman Hall, Boston (which terminated my regular education, and during which period I remember having two different teachers in Greek, especially for my preparation for Harvard, as there were no other pupils advanced so far as to require their services) I found myself back in Lewiston, where my father had been again engaged to erect the very extensive and successful "Androscoggin Mills." He obtained for me a position in the office of "The Franklin Company" (under Mr. Amos D. Lockwood, of Providence, and his son-in-law, Mr. Danielson) as assistant paymaster. My chief duty consisted in "keeping the time" of the hundreds of workmen engaged in the erection of the big mill. I had to know the face and the names of every man employed upon the work, and it was my charge to see that they were in their places four times every day but Sunday. At this time, 1860, the hours of employment for carpenters, brick and stone masons, painters, plasterers, etc., etc., were from six in the morning to seven at night in the summer season, with an hour out at noon for their dinner. The DeWitt House, where I then boarded and slept, was half a mile away from the Androscoggin Mills, so it will be seen I had not much time for my own dinner, as it was expected I should see the men were promptly in their

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places at six and twelve a. m., and at one p. m., and just before the hour when their work terminated. I had to rise early, and get to and from the Mill within the noon hour reserved from labor. But I do not remember to have found the exertion excessive, or the labor too onerous.

These working men, it may here be remarked, were nearly all native born Americans, self-respecting and independent for the most part; and they succeeded in rearing large families of comparatively well-to-do children, as it now appears to me, and not infrequently accumulated a snug little competency for their old age. I had, in addition to other duties, to visit the railway station once or twice every day, having charge of the freight consigned to the company. Thus, it may be seen, I had very little time to myself, except upon Sunday and in the evening. But I made the most of these, and recall my losing a well-contested foot race to a short, black-bearded man, twice as old as I, and about three times as thick through, who had scoffed at my claim of being able to do the half mile, without training, inside two minutes and thirty seconds, offering to wager he could *hop* half that distance on one foot before I could overtake him, he to have a start of a quarter of a mile! Of course I failed, owing to the handicap, but was at his heels when he finished. Later in life I was again beaten, on the banks of the Mississippi, by ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, in much the same way.

In 1860 the impending contest between the Northern and Southern States of our American Union already threw so dark a shadow over the immediate future as to almost monopolize public attention. Like everyone else I was perfectly engrossed in the study of the possibilities of the political situation; and formed the opinion that the North had greatly underestimated the gravity of the crisis and the determination of the

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people of the South to maintain the Independence they had inherited, to the utmost extremity. I had never been farther South than my native State of Massachusetts, and had no possible interest in the success of the Secession movement, but I had asked myself what *right* the North had to dominate its sister states, or to dictate a policy distasteful to their inhabitants; and I could not see why the principles of the Declaration of Independence did not well cover the contention of the Southern people, that they had the ethical, logical and reasonable right to determine for themselves what was for their benefit; and that if *they* decided they would be better off outside the *voluntary* Union they had entered (upon terms of perfect equality with their Northern brethren) I believed it would be bad *policy* to insist on a strict construction of those terms of the mutual compact, in defiance of the plainly implied understanding that the Union of the States was dependent upon their mutual good will and hearty co-operation. My opinion did not change in the end; and I now believe that the original Union of so-called "Free and Independent States" terminated at the expiration of 1860. I divide the period that has expired since the adoption of our Federal Constitution into three parts, which, as it appears to me, might be fitly designated as the Golden, Silver, and Brazen or Iron, epochs of our Republic. The first, consisting of the Presidential terms of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams, is differentiated from those which succeeded by the fact that the various Presidents above named evidently appreciated that they owed a *duty to the entire country*, and succeeded in rising above any mere sectionalism or partisan consideration. Andrew Jackson, however, descended to a lower ideal as to his duty as Executive, and was the first to permit his personal inclination to bias his judgment in the

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performance of his obligation. His example was so far pernicious that it has been followed up to the present day by nearly every one of his successors, inasmuch as they have never been able to forget they were elected by a certain political organization to which they were pledged against its opponents.

But it was reserved for the modern "Republican Party," under Abraham Lincoln, to introduce an even more deadly poison into the body politic, in the shape of a sharply defined *sectional* division, on geographical lines. Thus the Silver age would terminate with the administration of the well-meaning constitutionalist, James Buchanan; to whom posterity will doubtless later do justice by recognizing his inability to make extremes meet. With the exception of the partial interregnum caused by the two elections of Grover Cleveland (when his effort to restore the old constitutional regime was baffled by the fact that the Senate was always hostile, by being in the hands of his political opponents, like the Supreme Court, and frequently, also the House of Representatives) there has been no individual, with the possible exception of Hayes (whose defeat by Tilden is now conceded by all honest and impartial citizens), who has attempted to assume the Presidential position with any intention, apparently, of doing as full justice to the opposition as to his own party or section.

Among the few books in my father's library had been the two huge volumes published by Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, at the conclusion of his (at that time unexampled) service in the Senate of the U. S. A. His term of thirty years had comprised the period leading up to the Civil War; and his trained and prophetic vision had detected the danger existing in the aggressive attitude of some of the northern

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states, regarding their claim under "Higher Law" to overrule the constitutional decision of the Supreme Court, and set at defiance the legal rights of the slaveholders. I had read and re-read carefully these fifteen hundred pages. "Fate must be fulfilled," and it was truly an irrepressible conflict as between the extremists of either section; but an impartial historian is certain to arise some day and demonstrate that "it always takes two to quarrel," and that it was not in human nature for the Southern states to submit to the pharisaical dictation of the leaders of the Republican Party; who defended the action of "Old John Brown" in inciting the blacks of the South to murder their masters. Responsibility for the institution of slavery was not confined to the people of the South. Time was when it was almost a custom on the part of prominent slaveholders to set some or all of their black servants free by manumission on the occasion of the death of the master. It was mainly owing to the seafaring population of New England that the Negroes had been originally brought to America; and for many years black slaves were purchased and held for domestic service in New York and Massachusetts. Indeed, my own ancestors down to my great-grandparents, had so held them; and one of the family traditions I had frequently listened to was of the purchase on Charlestown Bridge, by my Grandfather Upton, of twin negro boys, whose mother had accosted him with: "Kind sir, will you buy my babies?" He had purchased them and carried them home, to the utter consternation of his good wife, who at first refused to take charge of them, but relented when he proposed to return them to the mother, who confessed she was not able to rear them. They were named "Boston," and "Charlestown," in recognition of the place where they were made over to him. Upon coming of age, a

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"freedom party" was given in their honor, but only one chose to avail himself of his right to himself, the other remaining in the family until he died. It was no wonder, perhaps, that I could not take the sentimental view of most of my neighbors in regard to the equality of the two races. At all events, I sided with the political party which adopted as their motto: "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws," and was usually called "The Constitutional Union Party."

So certain was I that a terrible war was impending that I set to work to calculate just how many men the South could put in the field; and it is a fact that I estimated in 1860, and showed my figures to all who cared to listen to me in that "down-east" town of Lewiston, Maine, that the South could maintain and subsist an army of fully 400,000 men as easily as the North could 600,000; and, as they would be fighting at home, and strictly on the defensive, while the North would be far away from their base of supplies, and forced to operate on the offensive, in a country comparatively unknown to them, and hostile to the last degree, I argued the superiority in numbers would be offset, and the event be decided probably, by the interference of foreign nations. As was to have been expected, I was laughed at by most of my friends. Seward had proved to their satisfaction that the South was only "bluffing"; and that "the entire matter would be decided in favor of the North in three months at the outside." So far as I remember, there was but one other man who favored the election of the "Bell and Everett" ticket in that vicinity; and I used to cross the Androscoggin river on Sundays in order to obtain his sympathy, in my hot indignation at the stupidity of both Democrats and Republicans in refusing to recognize the rocks ahead.

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Never have I been able to admit or understand the need for that bloody war; or, for that matter, for most of the wars that have occurred since; and I am very much of the opinion of Benjamin Franklin, that there never was a just war or an unjust peace. I do not hesitate to say that so long as mankind can find no better method of settling its vexed questions than by exterminating the minority by fire and sword, or by starvation and concentration camps (as, at this time of writing, the people of this nation are trying to do with their former allies, the liberty-loving Filipinos), so long men are to be considered only as the highest organized animals, without any just claim to the possession of "immortal souls."

But the foretaste of excitement with which the entire community was then charged, made it easy for me to leave my much loved Lewiston, as it would be getting nearer to the center of events to return to my native Boston, so I wasted no tears this time. I gave up all hope of attending Harvard University, and eagerly sought for some chance to get into the arena where the great question now to be decided was marshalling its respective supporters. If I had possessed either friends or acquaintances in the South, it would have been more logical for me to have volunteered under the Confederacy, but I had never been farther south than Massachusetts, and had not a particle of interest in the success of that section; moreover, I held that they were quite as much to blame as the North, and especially that there had not yet been sufficient provocation given them to justify their taking up arms and firing on Fort Sumpter. Thus it became easy for me to side with friends.

CHAPTER II

SOME NAVAL EXPERIENCES

My mother was one of four married sisters, and two of them had only sons of about my own age, there being but a few months between Frank Marshall, who was older than I, and Herbert McIntire, who was my junior. We three boys had shared our vacations since our earliest years, and many had been the adventures, frequently dangerous, we had encountered together; so when I heard that Frank had enlisted in the Fifteenth Massachusetts, it became, so to speak, a point of honor that I should be in the field, in some capacity, as quickly as possible. Herbert was not far behind, and made a good record as a member of a Rhode Island Battery. It was more difficult for me than the others, as my eyesight had been impaired by my devotion to my books, and I was wearing glasses before my fifteenth year had ended. Feeling myself at very great disadvantage, I determined to try and obtain some clerical position in the naval service; and, as my father did not at first approve my idea, I undertook, quite without friends or influence, to secure some such minor position as Captain's clerk; and accordingly wrote to the commanding officer of the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who very courteously replied to me, pointing out that it required considerable backing, and application to the authorities at Washington, before one could hope to obtain even the most subordinate position in the line of promotion. Thus I was compelled to turn to my father, who contented

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himself by protesting again that "no man who expected to succeed in any business capacity could afford to accept an appointment as a public official in a Government office." He always maintained that it was the lazy and incompetent, for the most part, who found themselves quite unable to compete with their fellow men on equal terms, that had resort to this method of support at the public expense; and I am compelled to admit, after two years in the U. S. Navy, that I became very much of his opinion. However, seeing that I was intending to get to the front in any capacity that offered, my father determined to do all he could to give me a fair start. He proceeded to Washington, where his influence sufficed to procure my commission as "Acting Assistant Paymaster," in spite of the opposition of Senator Charles Sumner, who desired the same place, as he afterwards told me, for the son of his deceased colleague, Senator Rantoul. Briefly then, on my twenty-first birthday I received my commission, and was presently ordered to report at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, New York, for such duty as should there be assigned me.

Never having been south of my native State of Massachusetts, my first visit to New York was naturally most interesting, and was made doubly pleasant by meeting two of my married cousins, upon the Cowdin side of my family: Eliot C. Cowdin, of 14 West 21st street, New York City; and Thomas C. Cowdin, of Brooklyn, with whom I presently took up my residence, in order to be more convenient to the Navy Yard, where I was ordered to report every day until the gun boat to which I was assigned should be made ready for service in the blockading squadron of the Confederate coast. Eliot C. Cowdin had but recently returned from Paris, where he had lived for many years as managing and purchasing partner of the large importing and manufacturing mercantile house

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named after him. He returned to the United States with an ample fortune; and few among the merchant princes of the metropolis in 1860 ranked higher in the esteem of its citizens. His elder brother had commanded the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers previous to the outbreak of the Civil War, and it had gone to the front with the credit of having been the first to offer its services for "three years or during the war." This brother, Robert, had been brevetted Brigadier General for his meritorious action at the battle of Bull Run. Eliot had been reared, like myself, in the Unitarian faith; and, in his younger days, had been a frequent and favorite guest at my father's residence. He expressed himself to me as very glad to be able to reciprocate in my person the attention he had formerly received in our Boston house; and my welcome was so cordial I very soon came to regard his handsome residence as a second home. He was a warm friend of good old Dr. Bellows, and a regular attendant at "The Church of All Souls"; and here I used to see in their pews such eminent and well-known men as the venerable Peter Cooper, Wm. C. Bryant, whose *Thanatopsis* had given him such precocious prestige, and George Bancroft, the historian.

I greatly enjoyed the brief interval succeeding my appointment as "Acting Assistant Paymaster," and before I was ordered to report for duty on board the "Henry Andrew." At the Brooklyn Navy Yard, I managed to secure as my Clerk an experienced assistant, who had previously served in the same department. As his name was that belonging to my mother before her marriage—Upton—I took it for proven that he would be faithful and devoted to my service, which indeed he was in a way. But when I later found that, being older than myself, he had felt constrained to pass me off as *his* assistant, when on shore 'among his old shipmates,

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and that, under the glazed cover of his navy cap, he wore the insignia of my official rank, I realized how very far my limited capacity was from becoming the equal of the Regulars.

As soon as it could be equipped with an armament entitling it to be designated, by courtesy, as a "gunboat," and loaded with the provisions, "small stores," clothing, etc., etc. required by the crew (numbering about one hundred with the officers), the "Henry Andrew" was hurried away to the "South Atlantic Blockading Squadron," at that time commanded by Admiral Dupont. His flagship was the "Wabash," stationed at Port Royal, which had been taken from the Confederates by the capture of the two forts "Beauregard" and "Walker," the month preceding our arrival. Instructed to "proceed without delay," we put to sea in November, 1861, just in time to encounter one of the worst gales of that stormy season, just off Hatteras. How we managed to escape foundering will always remain a mystery to me. Twice we touched on "Frying Pan Shoal"; once our vertical engine caught upon its centre, and the Chief Engineer gave up for lost, but his First Assistant, a nervy and experienced Englishman, Walter Bradley by name, sprang out of his berth in shirt and drawers; dropped from the window of his state room (which was lighted from the engine room) right down among the machinery, and, with an axe, succeeded in removing the upright crank by repeated blows before the steamer had drifted into the trough of the sea, which would have soon submerged her. She had formerly been a North River barge, and had been sold to the Government in the usual way: that is to say, because someone had sufficient "pull" to insure her purchase. She had been cut in two in order to lengthen her, and very inadequately fitted out for a service the original builders would never have dreamed of. Having broad

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"guards," she was quite unfit for blockading purposes, and had been intended to be used only in sheltered inland bays or rivers. In fact, she was kept within the so-called "inland passage," running nearly all the way from North Carolina to Central Florida, most of the time after she reported for duty to DuPont; who used her as a despatch boat, to communicate with the more seaworthy vessels under him; and it had been at the well-understood risk of losing all our lives that she had been permitted to go to sea. She was lost finally in the effort to get her back North for repairs. Many a better and safer craft went down that night, and Captain Mather told me himself, when I asked him what our chances were, "Paymaster, we have good boats," meaning that we should probably have to take to the small boats, and adding "They send a fellow to sea on a shingle, and will not give him a feather to steer with." The "guards" on either side were so wrenched and twisted by the heavy seas striking them from below, it did not appear possible she could continue to hold together, and our surgeon, Wilson F. Bell (formerly an apothecary, of Newark, New Jersey), dressed himself in his best uniform, in order to go down in proper style; and with his wife's last letters over his heart, and her photograph in his hand, prepared himself for the very worst.

Except for an occasional passage in the regular steamer plying between Boston and Portland, Maine, this had been my first sea-going experience; and it did appear hard to me that my ambition was doomed to be so suddenly snuffed out; nor did I fail to recall the repeated remonstrances of my good father as to my choice of vocation. But somehow, at the very worst of the storm, when others could hardly keep their feet, and most of the sailors were sea sick, I could not make up my mind we were in any such danger as the more

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experienced men about me evidently realized. I have made more than thirty voyages since then, and have crossed the Atlantic at every season of the year; have visited the Arctic ocean, and coasted along the broad Pacific, and cruised about the West Indies in a little yacht of but seven tons burthen; but never have I been in any similar predicament, although I have frequently been worse frightened. Sea sickness I have never known, so far as ocean going steamers are concerned, although a schooner of some three hundred tons once spoiled the Christmas dinner my mother had prepared for me, on a trip to Grand Turk Island in the Windward Bahamas.

Captain Sam. W. Mather was the very ideal of the old-fashioned Yankee commanders. He had the pick of the "clipper" ships in those good old days "before the war," sailing to China for the esteemed Forbes family of Boston, when it was worth a small fortune to get the first load of tea into port. He had been selected, by the "Defence Committee of the Merchants of New York City", to take charge of the fast steamer "Quaker City," and ordered to cruise off that port at the very commencement of hostilities between the Northern and Southern States, in order to protect their incoming commerce (before the Government had taken the necessary steps to the same end) from the Confederate Privateers. As he was my first commanding officer, and as merry and generous a soul as I have ever met, it was only natural that I should have almost worshipped him, and never have I since found the man that could compel my admiration and my unquestioning trust as he did. He fell in action, while in command of a "cutting-out" expedition, at Mosquito Inlet, in Florida, on the 22nd of March, 1862; and I carry around with me a crippled left hand, from a rifle ball received upon the same occasion.

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It was the seamanship of Capt. Mather, acquired in the typhoons on the coast of China, that brought the "Henry Andrew" safely into Port Royal, when high officials of the "Regular" Navy failed to bring in far more seaworthy craft.

My experience with the United States "Regular" Naval Officers during our Civil War, leads me to say that, with very few exceptions, they were in the habit of availing themselves to the fullest extent of the hard won experience of their subordinates graduating from the Merchant Marine, especially in time of hard weather, without giving more than a very scanty and frequently grudging credit for it. Thus the difference between the war records of the Volunteers in our Army and Navy is very marked; because in the case of the Army, the numerical preponderance was so greatly in favor of the Volunteer Officers that it became impossible for the Regulars to "hog" all the credit of successful operations. There were many Major Generals of Volunteers; but, in the Navy, there were few of the Volunteer Commanders ever attaining to higher grade than Lieutenant; not, however, from any lack of capacity, but because the young midshipmen from Annapolis were pushed to the front at the expense of the gray haired men serving under them, who showed them how to navigate and fight their different commands. Despatches to the Department at Washington were always made up by the Regular Officers, who were frequently, if the entire truth had been told, almost entirely dependent upon their Volunteer Officers, acting in subordinate capacities; so far at least as practical experience of the principles of navigation were concerned.

The numerous cases of petty tyranny which came under my observation while in the Navy, and to which I myself as a Staff Officer was subjected, and the uniform testimony

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of my brother officers in similar positions, leave me no option but to feel that a man must be prepared to sacrifice not only his self respect, but his very manhood, who adopts the naval profession for life. If he is not in the "Line" (that is to say, is either a Paymaster or Surgeon, or an Engineer Officer), he must be prepared to face not only daily rudeness and insolence, on the part of officers of no higher rank than himself, but frequently positive indignities! Thus, when in very bad health, I have been ordered by an angry First Officer to go over to a supply ship in bad weather, when the service required could have been done as easily by my clerk. Every one of the Volunteers among my brother officers requesting to be transferred from the steamer "Wissahickon," on her return to Philadelphia for repairs, were dismissed in disgrace from the service of the United States. They had as commanding officer a very nervous and disagreeable Regular Officer, whose temper and disposition made us all most uncomfortable; but the *Regulars* requesting to be transferred had their request granted. I could multiply instances of similar injustice, and, after fifty years, my indignation is as hot as ever.

I may quote the opinion of Horatio Bridge, of Washington, head of the Department of Provisions and Clothing, at the time I was making my final return to the Government in 1864. He had done me the honor to remark that he "hoped I would reconsider my determination not to remain in the service, as it was men like myself they wished to retain." And to this compliment I had replied by pointing out to him some laborers in front of the windows of the building in which we were conversing, and saying, "Mr. Bridge, I would rather take a pickaxe, and work beside those men as a common day laborer, than to have to endure

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the life to which I have been subjected for the past two years; and I would like to ask you this question, if *you* had a son of my age, and he could do as well out of the service as in it, would you advise him at my time of life to remain in the Navy?" The old gentleman rose from his seat, evidently laboring under strong feeling, and replied to me, "Mr. Kelsey, there has not been a time in the past twenty years when I would not myself have left the Naval Service, if I could have seen my way clear to the making of my living." To appreciate the weight of this evidence, it should be understood that Horatio Bridge stood at the very head of my branch of the service, and that if I had the best of luck in all possible ways, and survived to attain the highest position open to any one of all the Paymasters in the U. S. Navy, I could not hope to reach any higher rank or honor than he enjoyed at that time.

After the death of Captain Mather, I had been taken on board the Flag Ship "Wabash" by the courtesy of Admiral Dupont, in order to have my wound properly treated, and was presently ordered North until I should have recovered; but by September I felt myself able to report again for duty, and was ordered to Philadelphia, where I was attached to the light draught steam Gunboat "Wissahickon," upon which I made two cruises; participating in all the attacks upon Fort Sumpter, and being an eye-witness of the assault upon Fort Wagner, when "Bob Shaw," of the Massachusetts 54th, was killed at the head of his colored troops. The next morning, I made my way through the lines in a vain attempt to find his body, and brought in the only prisoner I made during the war, of whom I was as proud as if I had captured Charleston. He was of good birth, and very indignant at having to associate with vulgar Yankees; and, although only a private soldier, I noticed he carried a tooth-brush in his

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pocket, and wondered how many of our own soldiers were supplied in a similar way. I had been invited by a former "Harvard man," Dr. Shurtleff, to go on shore with a detachment of Navy Surgeons, who had been ordered to assist their brethren of the Army in the care of the numerous wounded, and I think I did about as much work as any of them. Walter Odiorne, of Boston, was one of my brother officers, and stood beside me at the time of the charge upon "Wagner." We had been engaged with the other gunboats, and the iron-clad monitors, and the "New Ironsides," in the bombardment of Fort Wagner which had preceded the attempt to take it by assault, and had ceased firing, lest we should hit our own men. I stood at the fore-topmast cross-trees, which was my favorite position in action, as giving me the best opportunity for observation. It did not seem possible any of the confederate guns could be fit for service after the hail of solid shot from our fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns, and the more effective 200 pound Parrots, which the entire fleet had been pouring into the Fort for days together. I had a good glass and kept careful watch of the advance of our men, who were compelled to go up in a solid column, owing to the limited width of the strip of sea beach between the swamps upon one side and the bay upon the other. It was early evening, and the flashes of the small arms reminded me of a swarm of fire-flies. When the field artillery of the Confederates opened, I expected to hear it served at irregular intervals, and kept time with my fingers, but when I realized the precision of their firing, with exact and equal spaces of time between each discharge, I felt they were perfectly at their ease as regarded the event; and knowing what terrible damage their superb practice must be doing among our crowded rank and file, I threw down my glass and remarked to Odiorne that the attack was doomed to failure;

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whereupon he answered me in a whisper not to let our men hear me say that. But so it proved, and the day dawned upon one of the worst repulses of the entire war in proportion to the number of men engaged.

It was after one of our numerous attacks upon the Confederate batteries around Charleston that I noticed the nearest ironclad heeling over in the water, and drew the attention of our Captain to the "Whitney" pattern of monitor, the "Keokuk." He gave one glance and shouted an order to man our boats and pull over to her, and we were thus instrumental in taking off her crew, among whom I found, to my delight, "Old Mackintosh," who had been in the same action in Mosquito Inlet, Florida, where I had been wounded.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the campaign to me was my discovery of the steam privateer, "Nashville," which was waiting her chance to run the blockade and put to sea. I had been presented with a very fine marine glass, far better than those served out to the officers by the U. S. Government, and was very proud of it, and lost few opportunities of testing its powers. One morning as I was seated on the foretopmast cross-trees scanning the horizon, I saw a very remarkable sight: apparently the moving of trees above Fort MacAllister down the Ogeechee river. I was ashamed to report such a ridiculous yarn to the Captain, but bethought myself presently that one of the "Acting Masters," formerly an old captain in the Merchant Marine, had a famous "spy-glass" which was even better than my more modern and conveniently carried telescope; and, as he and I were great chums (owing to an inconvenient habit he had of having the "night-mare" and depending upon me to arouse him) I descended to the deck and confidentially informed him of my discovery; begging him at the same time to say nothing about it, but to get his

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glass and come up aloft and see what he could make out of it. This he did, more to oblige me than with the idea that there was anything to be seen outside of my lively imagination; but no sooner had he got his glass to a proper focus and fixed upon the locality I had pointed out to him, than he hailed the deck in great excitement, and reported (as much to my own surprise as to that of the Captain) "a big steamer under the river bank, sir, with branches of trees fastened to her topmasts and upper spars!" The Captain sent up the First Officer to confirm the report, and immediately signalled to the rest of the fleet, and we got up our anchor and proceeded up the river until we were within range of Fort MacAllister, and of the mysterious steamer as well, when we opened fire. It chanced that the Senior Officer upon our station was the same Worden who commanded the original Monitor in her famous battle with the Merrimac at Hampton Roads, and he was then in command of one of the later improved ironclads of the Monitor type—the "Montauk," I think. He put his ironclad as near the obstructions in the river as he dared, as we had found (by the night reconnoissances we had made) that torpedoes had been placed at certain localities; and we kept up a constant discharge at the steamer, while Worden engaged the attention of the fort. In about an hour the lookout reported the steamer was on fire and presently she blew up; and by-and-by, after we had hauled out of range, the fragments of her broken and smoke-discolored timbers came floating down the river beside us. Captain Worden had come on board the "Wissahickon," partly to congratulate our Captain on the "bright lookout he had kept" in discovering the Nashville, and partly because our wooden masts and higher deck gave him a better opportunity to observe the progress of the battle. As he observed the bits of wreckage floating by, he remarked

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to me, who happened to be standing at the rail beside him: "I would like one of those bits of wood as a souvenir," and, without waiting to know if he intended it as an actual order, overboard I went and secured a piece, which I divided with him; and one of our men carved my own share into the shape of a book. After the cruel war was over, I had a silver plate added and the name of the "Nashville," and date of destruction affixed; and it is still in my possession, and I hope may be preserved as long as this tale shall be remembered by my descendants. I was a fine swimmer, and had saved my life in a violent squall by my proficiency in this respect in my boyhood, and once brought up one of my schoolfellows from the bottom of the Androscoggin river, tracing him by the bubbles from his mouth, he having got beyond his depth while learning to swim.

Another amusing circumstance that I now recall, was being under the fire of Fort MacAllister one day when a "Lascar" boy was on lookout beside me at the fore-topmast cross-trees. They were using mortars from the fort, and one could very well watch the first discharge and walk round to the opposite side of the mast and thus protect oneself by interposing its bulk from the shells when they exploded; but they also had one fine "Brooks" rifled gun of large calibre in position, and they had practiced upon our range until they had it down fine (as the saying runs), having erected slender poles along the river side to "sight" upon. Whenever, in our progress up or down the Ogeechee, we chanced to cross one of these fixed target ranges, as it were, they knew exactly how much powder was required and what elevation to give their gun in order to place a shot in that immediate vicinity. I was keeping careful watch of their practice with this big gun, and I noticed a solid shot fall a few cable lengths in advance of our steamer, directly

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in the narrow and tortuous river channel where we had been forced to anchor "stem and stern," lest we should get aground in swinging to the turn of the tide; the next shot fell just about as far behind us, and realizing that they too were keeping "tab" of their shots, I remarked, more to myself than to the boy beside me, "their next shot will hit us." "Is that so?" said the boy (thinking I meant they would hit us two up in the cross-trees) "and I ought to have been relieved half an hour ago," and he at once hailed the deck to have his relief sent up, having no intention of dying for his country after his watch was out! The next shot fulfilled my prediction, and, striking just under the water line, opposite one of our coal bunkers, forced us to slip our cables and "beach" the "Wissahickon" under fire, for the water commenced to come in so fast it became necessary to patch her from the outside, as we could not get at the hole on the inside by reason of the quantity of coal that had to be removed. And there we were, hard and fast, over one tide. But the Captain had prudently chosen the side of the river nearest the fort, and all their efforts to disable us were fruitless, as the river banks protected our hull at dead low water, and under cover of the darkness we were successful in getting her off again. If anyone can find the remains of the "Wissahickon" and will take the trouble, they will find underneath the planking that our "Chips" (as the carpenter is always styled by men-of-war's men) used in repairing the hole made by that Confederate solid shot, the faded handwriting of one of the most winsome girls that ever penned letters to impecunious but sentimental admirers, to help them while away the long dull hours on board ship; for I watched my chance to slip in one of my latest favors between the inner and outer layers of the material he used on that occasion, and, as the hand that penned those lines long

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since passed away from earth, whoever shall resurrect them will be able to find no other clue to their meaning than that I am now giving.

And since the romantic vein is now uppermost in my memory, I must not fail to recount the Saturday night toasts to "Sweethearts and Wives," given with such hearty regularity, and frequently before going into action on the next morning, with such gravity as to the number of our mess at our next meeting. Young ladies should be very careful how they write to "men who go down unto the sea in ships." I have been entertained the entire evening by the perusal of missives not intended for the eyes of strangers. The "ward-room" table is a famous place for the hearing of domestic secrets from homesick husbands after lights are out; and love-lorn swains are not always as reticent at sea as custom requires on shore. We had one Assistant Surgeon, I remember, who had become so addicted to his grog that he had lost a fine practice in his native state, and his friends had procured him his position in the service to give him another chance (which, I may remark, in passing, he did not avail himself of, as he promptly drank himself to death on his first cruise) and his sweet little wife, finding I was to room with him, confided the story to me, begging me to use my influence to keep him straight; and (in consequence of my conscientious and repeated efforts to keep my promise to her) we soon were not upon speaking terms, although compelled to occupy a room together so small we could not both be out of our berths at the same time. Finding a kindred spirit in our Commanding Officer, the Doctor used to pass most of his time tippling in the Captain's cabin, so I saw little of him; but when it had become noised about (as it usually was in advance of any important action) that we had dangerous service ahead of us, the other-

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wise torpid conscience of our Medical Officer would arouse itself, and invariably his repentance took the same shape. First he would most ceremoniously and gravely beg my pardon for not having done me justice in my efforts to recall him to a proper sense of his duty to his wife and himself; gradually he would become more and more friendly and confidential, and finally he would take my arm, and while pacing together upon the deck, he would confide to me that he had a presentiment that he could not survive the approaching engagement, and ask me to take charge of his personal effects and forward them to his wife after his death; then, with the most comical attention to details, given in his professional character, he would explain to me how I was to double up his body at the hips and place it in a pork barrel and address it to his home in Saratoga county, New York. At first I had been very sympathetic and duly impressed with my responsibility, but, as it dawned upon me that I was in as much danger as he was, it got to be quite a bore, and ended in his sending me a challenge to mortal combat one fine morning for having "violated his confidence" by laughing about his maudlin ideas to one of our brother officers, who found the story too good to keep to himself.

The picture I am giving of the habits of our Navy is so far from being overdrawn that it is impossible for anyone not gifted with the genius of a Marryat to do it anything like justice. Place a score or two of men in such close quarters that they find it impossible to maintain anything like the ordinary reserve between gentlemen on shore; and give to one or two of them the arbitrary powers inseparable from Navy rules and regulations, and you quickly find certain complications arising, which easily culminate in the most inveterate dislikes and personal antagonisms. To be sure, on the other side, one

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may also, from sympathy with one's harassed mates, attain to a degree of intimacy and friendship that would not be expected under ordinary circumstances on shore; but it is easily to be understood that the discomforts more than outweigh the possible alleviations. I know officers of the highest rank who are now the recipients of all sorts of courtesies at the hands of their admiring but indiscriminating fellow citizens, whom I have myself seen utterly unfitted for the responsibilities of their situation in face of the enemy, demoralized by drink, incapacitated to such an extent that I have been requested to assist in having them confined to their cabins lest our steamer should be lost by their condition. There were, of course, honorable and marked exceptions, and I take pleasure in mentioning the names of Admiral Dupont and Flag Officer C. R. P. Rodgers as those of men under whom it was an honor to me to serve. I think I never felt quite so proud in my life as when I was singled out at "reception" on board our Flag Ship, the famous old "Wabash," and asked to take wine with and by Admiral Dupont. I was but a raw recruit in the service, a gaunt and awkward young volunteer; but his politeness to me then, and ever after, could not but command my respectful homage; and when he added to my sense of obligation by restoring me to duty, on the eve of the first attack on Charleston (I having been in disgrace, and suspended by order of the Secretary of the Navy, in consequence of having written certain letters to my family which had been published, contrary to the rules and regulations), I felt, and still feel, a devotion to his memory impossible to describe.

One of the most exciting nights I recall in the service, was the occasion when the "Wissahickon" (at the time stationed close to Fort Moultrie, while participating in the blockade of the port of Charleston, South Carolina) had the unusual good

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fortune to discover a large steamer attempting to run the blockade. It was only on moonless nights that this was possible, as the plan of the Blockade Runners was to steam slowly in toward Charleston during the daytime, until they made out the upper spars of the large fleet that was anchored outside in two divisions, the smaller boats nearer the shore. As the steamers which desired to effect the passage in spite of the Federal fleet, were low in the water, and invariably (at that time) of a light gray color almost impossible to detect against the horizon, it was a very easy matter for them thus to get their bearings without our knowledge; and having ascertained the exact position of the fleet, they withdrew until the favoring darkness made their approach so impossible to ascertain that they could work in slowly and make their way between the different ships; as they had only to keep a sharp outlook ahead, and when they made out one of our boats, keep their own steamer off from her. In this way they not infrequently passed entirely through our cordon, and the first we knew of their presence was when the rising sun showed them safely under the big guns of the Confederate fortifications. The difficulty with us was that we never knew from what point of the compass to expect them, as they might hug the coast and work their way up or down; and we had thus to try to keep a bright lookout on every side at once, while they knew almost exactly where to locate us. Sometimes, however, the noise of their paddle-wheels would serve to make their presence known even when they could not be seen. On the night I speak of, such had been the case, and the watch on deck were on the *qui vive* with expectation, when a sudden flash of "heat lightning" revealed between us and Rattlesnake Shoal the stately form of a huge steamer close aboard. Five minutes more and she would have been

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safe, as we belonged to the inner circle of small gun-boats. We had slipped from our moorings as soon as the noise of her stealthy progress had been reported, and all hands had been called to quarters; and, when discovered, our starboard battery was directly trained upon her. I distinctly heard the answer to the demand of our Captain for her surrender, as did most of those standing near me, but it appears that our nervous, red-headed Commanding Officer made a mistake, for he instantly gave the order to "Fire," which was as instantly complied with, and our near proximity made it impossible to miss the mark. The response to the Captain's hail had been "I am aground, sir, I surrender." The result was we scared the crew of the Blockade Runner into keeping her so far away that she was soon fast upon Rattlesnake Shoal, and the valuable prize we might have obtained was lost to us, for, assuming we were giving no quarter, the crew on board got into their small boats and made their escape. Our eleven inch shot had made such a hole in her side it was evident she could not be worked off by the morning, and as we were within range of the Confederate guns, I was requested by Captain John L. Davis, commanding the "Wissahickon," to take one of the "cutters" and proceed to the prize and ascertain what had become of the boat's crew first sent in command of the first officer, Silas Casey (a son of the Major General Casey who commanded in the peninsula under George B. McClellan). As a Staff Officer this was none of my business and I ran the risk of forfeiting the \$50,000 bond I had been required to deposit when I entered the service, if anything happened to me under such circumstances; and, as I was not on very friendly terms with the Captain or the First Lieutenant (both of whom had urged me to the writing of the published letters, which I have

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already mentioned as having been the cause of my suspension from duty, as aforesaid), I was on the point of demanding a written order before going, in order to protect my bondsmen, when the Captain appealed to me to remember that we were already short handed, and that in the absence of Casey (who had been sent under strict orders to return immediately and report the condition of the captured steamer) he had no Line Officer he could spare, and, as it seemed highly probable that Lieutenant Casey must have been taken prisoner, I was directed to proceed with the utmost caution, and not to fall into any similar trap. Some hours had now elapsed since the departure of our First Officer, and it was not to be doubted that something must have happened to detain him, and the most probable hypothesis seemed to be that the Confederates had put off in boats to the Blockade Runner and overpowered our boat's crew. Cautiously approaching the shadowy and motionless hulk, I ordered the Coxswain to drop down on her with the tide, the men in my boat laying upon their oars, ready to pull away at any sign of danger. I could see nothing, but presently I became aware of various confused noises which, as we drew nearer, resolved themselves into a jumble of men's voices, singing and shouting. More than ever mystified, I determined to board her at all risks, and climbing on board, with my revolver in my hand, a black form sprang up from the deck and threw itself upon me, but, before I could shoot, I came in contact with a furry hide, and perceived my supposed enemy was only a huge Newfoundland dog; and very much relieved was I, especially as the dog was evidently as pleased to welcome our coming as we were to find all our fears groundless. The mystery was soon resolved by my finding Casey holding one of his crew down in his boat, and his reporting that the men had got hold of some liquor

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and refused to obey his orders; and I presently found they were fighting drunk and absolutely beyond control. Fortunately, I had not been followed by my own boat's crew; and it seemed the best thing to do to have Casey return in my boat and report the condition of affairs, while I locked myself in the Captain's cabin, and awaited his return with force enough to control the mutinous sailors. It was an experience not to be forgotten; the men came to the Captain's quarters several times and threatened me from outside the windows, but did not dare to attempt to break in; while I occupied myself in making an investigation of the Captain's papers, and taking stock of the samples of the cargo. I found the name of the Steamer was the "Georgiana," and that she was commanded by a regular officer of the Confederate States Navy, whose uniform cap I found to exactly fit my head. One of his seersucker shirts also formed for some time after a portion of my wardrobe; but I failed to take advantage of my opportunities, as I was not strong enough to move the big iron-bound box which I found under a trap door, and, after it was too late, realized it was filled with Confederate gold. Later we learned that the intention was to have painted out the last two letters of her name, and send her to sea as a consort of the far-famed "Alabama." So at least we had prevented the Rebel Privateer "Georgia" from attempting similar depredations. She was loaded with a most valuable cargo: medical supplies, tea, fine woolen stuffs for men's wear, and silks and velvet for the ladies who could afford them—the amount of quinine alone would have enriched the owners for life had they succeeded in getting it safely ashore. Beside, they had quantities of small arms and ammunition; in fact, she was loaded up to the hammocks that her crew slept in. But the night was waning, and we felt that daylight would bring the

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Confederates about our ears, as we were well within range of even their field artillery. Presently Casey came back with a staunch crew of "trusties," and soon, one by one, the drunken and now nearly helpless insubordinates were captured and placed in the boats, and soon after daylight we were all back again upon the "Wissahickon." I did not leave the Newfoundland dog behind, and have still some of the papers I then brought away, but the steamer was set on fire, lest her cargo might yet be obtained by the Confederates; and we were left to regret the hasty order given by Capt. Davis which, apparently, deprived us of prize money to the extent, probably, of a million dollars.

During the later years of the Civil War, after the Blockading Squadron had been upon the Charleston Station until many of the steamers had become sadly in need of repairs, the discomforts endured by the officers and men were not infrequently of a very serious character; as may be understood when (as was the case on board the "Wissahickon") we were placed upon a short allowance of fresh water, being reduced at one time to a pint and a half per diem for every individual on board, officers and men sharing alike. This had to suffice as well for the tea and coffee as for the drinking water, and I have seen part of a glass of muddy water, so discolored by iron rust as to look more like cider, passed all around the ward-room table at dinner, and falling to me at last because I preferred it to the so-called "tea" or "coffee." It was hard enough for the officers but worse upon the poor coal heavers, as it was the month of August and they could not be prevailed upon to husband their scanty supply, but would drink it up in the early morning as soon as it was served out to them; and I have actually seen a man brought up from the "fire-room" and laid upon the topgallant forecandle, where

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he presently expired. In this connection, I recall a comical experience: It is required by naval rules that whenever a small boat leaves the ship or steamer it shall contain a "breaker," or small cask, filled with drinking water, lest it should get lost in a fog or be blown out to sea, or some other accident occur to prevent its return to the ship. One day as the Captain returned in his "gig," Walter Odiorne and myself who were looking over the side, noticed that he had forgotten to order the Coxswain to bring this "breaker" out, as was his custom, and we immediately determined to take advantage of his oversight as soon as it should be dark enough to descend into the boat without attracting observation. We did not have long to wait, but we had not taken into consideration that the crew of the Captain's gig had also been upon the watch for the same opportunity; and, as we went down the "davits" at one end, down came the Coxswain and another of the "Petty Officers" at the other, and we found ourselves for once reduced to a common level, and it was share and share alike, but we had our fill together. The trouble was only the natural result of having kept the "Wissahickon" too long upon that station without repairs, as it was the "condenser" that had broken down, all our drinking water depending upon it, and this deprivation we were compelled to endure for about six weeks of that sultry midsummer. It was such like experiences that so undermined my health that I was at last compelled to ask for a "Board of Survey," where three surgeons (in addition to the one we had on board) united in making a report to the effect that I was suffering with lung disease; to such an extent as to render it next to certain that I would succumb so quickly that they actually refused me the time I required to settle my accounts; and I was compelled to leave my very incompetent clerk in charge, before the arrival of my successor.

CHAPTER III

THE MOSQUITO INLET ENGAGEMENT

Forty years ago today, as I was descending the shallow Florida lagoon opening into the ocean at Mosquito Inlet, in a small boat belonging to the U. S. Gunboat "Penguin," I was crippled for life by a Confederate rifle-ball; and my commanding officers (Captain Budd, of the "Penguin," and Acting-Master Sam. W. Mather, of the Dispatch Boat "Henry Andrew") instantly killed. Writing at this distance of time, it may not be possible for me to recall as I would like the various incidents of possibly the most exciting—if not the most important—day of my life. Fortunately, I have preserved the diary I carried in my pocket in the year 1862, and from its scanty record I copy as follows:

"Warsaw Inlet, Ga., Monday, 17th of March, 1862.

"An eventful day. We went out and towed in coal schooner; 'Wyandotte' came in. Also 'Connecticut.' Got fresh beef and vegetables from the latter. Got twelve letters. Got provisions from the 'Seminole.' Upton got very tipsy; sorry. Had a Yankee beef-steak for supper. My, wasn't it good."

"Tuesday, 18th, Fernandina, Florida.

"Left Warsaw at half after four this morn. Arrived here at about the same time this P. M. Beautiful trip. Saw a shark's fin; green turtles seen floating."

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“Wednesday, 19th, At Sea.

“We left Fernandina this morn and proceeded down the coast. Off St. John's river fell in with the 'Wabash;' gave her papers up to the 14th. Got provisions. Heavy sea. Lost one barrel bread alongside. We are at this time somewhere off the Florida coast. Rec'd Post with letter, 2 Harpers, Advertiser and Rec't of Allotment's.”

“Thursday, 20th, Smyrna River, Florida.

“Had a very bad night last night; this morn arrived off Mosquito Inlet; spoke the 'Penguin' and gave her a mail. Entered the Inlet and proceeded up the river. Went ashore with Captains Mather and Budd; called at hotel; saw three white Secesh women. Got some charts and two hens.”

“Friday, 21st, Smyrna.

“Beautiful day. Went ashore; much pleased with the country; picked some ripe beans, also Oleander. In the P. M. went up creek with Pimlett and Van Wormer; 'yapped' a yawl-boat. In the evening we received Capt. Budd and two Masters from the 'Penguin.'”

“Saturday, 22nd, Smyrna.

“Early this morn started on the expedition; I had command of the Penguin's first cutter; went several miles; had a jolly dinner. I shall long remember it. Returning we were fired on; both captains killed; four other officers wounded. I was hit in the left hand. Two others shot in my boat.

“Smyrna River, Sunday, 23rd.

“I ran the boat ashore and got back to the ship by wading through swamps and creeks. Was taken off to the

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'Henry Andrew' in the boat I got day before yesterday, by my clerk, Johnnie Upton; it was the only boat available. Found Bradley. All last night we expected to be attacked. Old McIntosh returned with the dead and wounded that had not been captured by the Confederates. He had drifted past the earth-works, about midnight, on the ebb tide; was hailed, but kept quiet, and the enemy evidently thought it was only a boat adrift; signalled to the 'Wabash' outside, which sent in four boats to our assistance; 'Penguin' one. An awful night. I write on Monday."

"Smyrna River, Monday, 24th.

"Kept my berth most of the time; believe I only got up two or three times before I left the ship. Did not feel so badly as might have been expected."

"At Sea, Tuesday, 25th.

"Early this morn received permission from Flag Officer Dupont to take passage on the 'Alabama' for Port Royal. Started in a great hurry, making no preparations and leaving everything in statu quo; immediately on getting on board the 'A' I went to bed and stayed there."

"Wednesday, 26th.

"Lay abed all day."

"Thursday, 27th, Port Royal.

"Lay in my berth all day; read considerable; am getting impatient to know my fate; 'Wabash' still outside."

"Friday, 28th, Port Royal.

"About these times used to keep my room and berth most of the time; felt very comfortable; much better than I could expect. I ought to be very thankful but am not."

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"Port Royal, Saturday, 29th, 1862.

"Got up and went over to the 'Wabash'; they promised me a survey; saw the old man walking around. Glad! Had a talk with Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers."

"P. R., Sunday, 30th.

"Had a bad night last night; did not get to sleep till 5 A. M. Got up after dinner and wrote Upton."

The extracts from my diary afford the ground work for the picture I desire to fill up from memory. It had come to the knowledge of Capt. Budd of the "Penguin" that a small sailing craft, the "Katie," was hoping to evade our vigilance and run the blockade. He had been informed that she lay not very far away from the anchorage of our light-draught gunboat, which had been able to cross the shifting sand bar that obstructed the entrance to Mosquito Lagoon. The water was too shallow for the steamer to get up to her, and the channel was so narrow even where we then were that we were anchored "stem and stern," unable to swing to the tide. At the conference of the two captains, the night previous to the expedition of which I have spoken, it had been determined to make up a party and attempt to "cut out" the "Katie," using the small boats attached to the "Henry Andrew" and the "Penguin." As there were not over two or three houses in sight from our anchorage, and no considerable town this side of St. Augustine, it never entered the heads of our commanding officers that there could be any Confederate force in the vicinity sufficient to give us any cause for anxiety, nor would there have been under ordinary circumstances; but they did not know that the occupation of St. Augustine,

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sixty odd miles to the northward, by the Federal forces had caused the former Confederate garrison to literally "take to the woods."

Taking three boats from either steamer, we started in high spirits, numbering less than fifty souls altogether, in the six small boats. We had but a single gun, outside of the small-arms—a rifled howitzer, in charge of an old Englishman named McIntosh, who had seen service in the British navy. This had been far too hastily mounted upon our "launch," as subsequent events demonstrated. On our way up to the location where the "Katie" was discovered, and which we found abandoned, (thus confirming the captain's opinion that we had nothing to apprehend from any enemy), I had followed close to the first boat, which was occupied by both the captains. It chanced that the "cutter" which had been placed under my command did not belong to my own vessel, the "Henry Andrew," but belonged to the "Penguin," and the men were therefore complete strangers, and I naturally did not feel as much at ease in giving orders. However, it had a "lateen sail," something I had never had the opportunity of trying, and I was much interested in trying to "get the hang of it." The wind proved fair all the forenoon, and I had no difficulty in keeping at the head of the other boats, and had been exulting over some of my brother officers, who, with far larger experience than my own, had tried in vain to pass me. We placed a small prize crew on board the "Katie," with orders to accompany us on the homeward trip, and the seven boats started back with no more idea of danger than if we were sailing on a pleasure excursion in a time of perfect peace. We had not seen a living person, outside our own men, since we started. At noon I had been invited to share the lunch with the captains on board our "gig," and the

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affair from that time assumed rather the air of a picnic. Captain Mather liked to borrow my marine glass, which was stronger than the one furnished him by the government, and it was his custom to ask me to accompany him in order to avail himself of it; so when he remarked that I could leave the cutter belonging to the "Penguin," in which I had made the trip up the river, and return with him and Captain Budd, I gave him my glass, and—explaining my desire to farther master the working of the lateen sail—begged to be permitted to return in the same boat I had so far occupied, to which he laughingly gave his consent, and that was the last time I ever saw him.

On our way up the river we had observed certain excavations made upon its banks, evidently intended by the Confederates as the beginning of earth-works that they had never completed; but, as there were no guns in position, and not the slightest sign of anyone in that vicinity, the Captains had not delayed to make any farther examination. Our own steamer was in easy range of the position, and we had not given ourselves the slightest anxiety on this account, especially as there did not appear to be anything in that vicinity worth the while to erect a battery to protect. The wind had held steady all day, and, in consequence, what had been a fair breeze in the forenoon while we were heading to the Southward, became baffling and difficult as we started North on our return. I soon found that I was far from having mastered the secrets of sailing against a contrary wind with a sail I was quite unused to, and one by one the other boats passed mine, their occupants laughing and jeering at my fruitless efforts to keep my place, to my great disgust and chagrin. We were already within sight of the topmasts of our Steamer, over the tops of the "live-oaks," with which the banks of the lagoon were

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lined; and almost directly opposite to the earth-works I have mentioned. I had been compelled to have the boat pulled across to the windward side of the river in order to get the sail to draw, and out of all patience with what I chose to consider the clumsy work of the boat's crew, I was fuming internally at the awkward lubbers belonging to the "Penguin," when the rattle of so large a discharge of musketry burst upon our astonished ears that it left no room for doubt it could only proceed from an enemy in very considerable force. The boats ahead of me were nearly out of sight by this time, but, one by one, I met them returning, and they reported having seen our commanders either killed or captured, and that the volleys proved we were beset by a force out of all comparison to our own and completely hidden from view, as was in fact the case. It now appeared that I was left Senior Officer, as there were only "Master's Mates," with a single stripe, in the remaining boats, the "gig," in which our Captains were returning together, not being accounted for. The question what was to be done was a pressing one, as the daylight was waning, and the rifle balls from the Western bank, following up the retreating boats, showed that the Confederates were now intent upon capturing or killing the entire Union force. It seemed to me that if word could be got to the "Henry Andrew" she might be able to get far enough up the stream to enable the party to bring off the boats under cover of her guns; and hastily consulting with old man McIntosh, I instructed him to keep the howitzer upon the launch trained upon the Western shore, and to fire it as rapidly as possible wherever the puffs of smoke showed the enemy to be lurking, informing him that I intended to hug the Eastern bank of the lagoon, and run by the enemy's position. The other boats were ordered to keep out of the range of the enemy's

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fire, and to await the result of my attempt to get to the ship. By the time we had arrived at this determination, the Confederate rifle-balls were whizzing about us. They had met with no resistance, it being useless to return their fire when they were so completely sheltered. One of the Master's Mates belonging to another of the "Penguin's" boats, had been badly wounded at the first discharge, and learning of my purpose to get past the Confederate position, begged to be taken into my boat. To this I consented, expecting to see him drop dead at any moment, as he had been hit fairly in the chest. Then directing my men to exert themselves to the utmost, explaining to them that the faster they kept the boat moving the smaller the chance of the aim of the Confederates being effective, I gave the order to proceed at as fast a stroke as the Coxswain thought the men could maintain with regularity, but I had not counted on the overwhelming number of our assailants. Almost before we were well within range, my stroke-oar fell over with a bullet through his brain. Ordering the Coxswain to take his place, I took the rudder, and as I was holding the head of the Master's Mate upon my knee with my right hand, I was of course, using the left to steer with, when a bullet struck my hand as it tightly grasped the tiller, and, following the course of the wood under my fingers, traversed the lower joints completely; so that I have never since been able to open my hand, as it left all the five fingers either permanently "anchylosed," or completely carried away the particles of bone, leaving the lower joint rigid and quite immovable. I had heard the howitzer bark out its defiance shortly after we got well under way, but listened in vain for its second discharge. Without its friendly co-operation I would never have attempted to reach our steamer, as we were entirely unable to use our own firearms and keep the boat

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going at the same time; and there we were, absolutely at the mercy of our invisible enemy, who could pick us off as free from any danger to themselves as if they had been practicing at a target. I afterwards learned that the howitzer had broken from its lashings at the very first discharge, and had "kicked" over into the bottom of the boat, and that McIntosh had thrown it into the lagoon to prevent its falling into the hands of the Confederates.

By this time my men were becoming rattled; they no longer kept stroke, and I saw that to expose them longer was simply to sacrifice them, so I gave the order to jump overboard, and set the example myself. We were not so far away from the eastern bank, and a few strokes sufficed to bring us near enough to the marshy island we were skirting at the time, to be able to wade ashore. We were not certain that there were no Confederates upon that side of the lagoon, but it seemed the best thing to take to the woods upon that bank, and try and reach the "Henry Andrew" in that way. I had no time to take any notice of the wound I had received, until I found myself flat upon my back in the mud of the aforesaid marshy island. I then began to experience the fever it caused, and felt my mouth to be quite dry. The other boats, which had been watching us, were satisfied with our experience, and had no idea of attempting to get by, so they followed our example. As fast as the men got to the cover of the live oaks upon the eastern bank, they commenced to blaze away at extreme long range at the Confederates, who were now devoting their entire attention to those of my own boat's crew, who were upon the island which had no trees or cover of any kind. I kept my recumbent position until I had recovered my breath, when I picked myself up and made the best progress possible toward the eastern side. It was very deep and sticky mud, and I had

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to drop down repeatedly until the rifle balls directed toward me found some other more promising mark. I was just congratulating myself upon the prospect of gaining the narrow creek that intervened between the island and the eastern shore, when I saw one of the young boys belonging to the "Henry Andrew" steadily making his way across with his gun over his shoulder, and paying not the least attention to the rifle balls which were buzzing about him like bees. I was perfectly amazed at his intrepid behaviour, but thinking it impossible he should escape, I called out "Lay down, you damned fool," little dreaming of the result. He had not seen me until I spoke, but turned instantly in my direction, and came on at the same snail's pace, thus bringing the bullets along with him. In vain I shouted to him to throw himself down; he plodded resolutely along in the mud until he came close up to me, and I was obliged to take hold of him and force him to a recumbent position. I then discovered he had actually gone daft, and was completely "out of his right mind," as the saying has it. He did not appear in the least to realize where he was, or comprehend what was going on about him, and as fast as I placed him upon his back he insisted on sitting up again, never paying any attention to the rifle balls or looking toward the enemy, but rambling on about his New Hampshire home and his great desire to see the old farm again, and wound up by asking me, "Paymaster, where do you suppose I can find our Captain?" Realizing that we were becoming the center of interest to the Confederates, as it were, partly by reason of my officer's uniform, and my prominence when I was erect (as I measured six feet and three inches), I concluded the best thing to do was to make a final run from our shelter in the long grass of the marshes, which quite concealed us so long as we remained flat. So I took advantage of his question and told

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the poor boy if he wished to see either our captain or his mother again he must follow me closely, and, finding he knew how to swim, I told him if he could reach the fringe of the trees upon the other side of the creek in front of us it would all come right, as in fact it did. But the long strain to get through the deep mud at as fast a pace as possible, and the swimming and wading afterwards, united to the loss of blood and my consequent weakness, left me in very poor condition to continue on toward the "Henry Andrew," and I was forced to stop every few minutes to recover my wind.

It was in one of these pauses that I became conscious of the approach of several persons, who were evidently in a great hurry, and going in the same direction as ourselves. I could not be sure they were not Confederates, so we concealed ourselves as well as we were able, and kept a bright lookout. They proved to be, as I had hoped, members of our own ship's company, attempting, as we were, to follow the bank of the lagoon until we should get opposite to the "Henry Andrew." Among them was Walter Bradley, one of our assistant engineers, who had been taken along lest we should need his services in case we found any small steamer. They had landed above the island, and had thus been able to retain their muskets, and we felt more at our ease in regard to Confederates. Bradley hastened to come up to us, and as he approached I saw a terrible wound in the very middle of his forehead; and was perfectly astonished to find him able to walk and in possession of his faculties. Expecting to see him drop at any moment, I said, "Bradley, have you any word for your wife?" To this he replied only by asking me to look at his head. I said, "Yes, I see; have you any message you wish me to take back to your family?" "But, Mr. Kelsey," he said, "please look closely at my head." Then I saw in

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spite of the ghastly wound, the bone underneath was apparently without any perforation and I said, "You are a lucky man." It seems as he was taking aim with his musket, a ball had hit his gun and glanced over so as to plough its way across his forehead, making him look as if the whole top of his head had suffered, while it proved to be but of slight importance.

I may mention here, also, that "Old Dennis," the Master's Mate, whose head was in my lap when I was hit, and who was hit a second time through the legs while in my boat, also came out all right, much to my astonishment. He appeared to have been shot through the lungs when I first examined him, as he had a ball strike him full in the chest, and I saw it had come out of his back directly opposite. I requested him to spit when I took him into my boat, expecting to see blood mixed with the expectoration, but there was none, which surprised me. It was explained by the singular fact that the bullet had been deflected somehow in its course, and had actually gone around his body, following one of his ribs, apparently, just under the skin, and healing up easily. One of our men had been hit through his fingers in very much the same fashion as I was, but our "Saw-Bones," as the sailors call the Ship's Surgeon, insisted upon cutting off his fingers, and, as we had no ether, I could hear the poor fellow screaming with agony after I reached the steamer, confirming me in my resolution not to permit the former apothecary from Newark, New Jersey (who had been appointed as medical officer for our ship's company) to touch my own hand.

As a matter of fact, nothing of any importance was ever done to my hand. Shortly after my return to the "Henry Andrew," I found upon the ward-room table a very choice

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collection of saws and knives, together with bandages, lint, etc., etc., and Dr. Bell came to me smiling and rubbing his hands together as if he had some excellent news to impart to me, and said, "Now, Paymaster, we are all ready." I simply went to my stateroom and got my revolver. The excellent man (but far from experienced surgeon) said to me, "Now we must have no nonsense, you know, and I shall apply to the First Officer for a detachment of men to hold you." The First Officer knew me too well to attempt to interfere, probably being very much of my own opinion about the value of the Doctor's services, and simply informed the Doctor that if Kelsey had decided to take the risk, he should not interfere in any way. The result was that the Doctor solemnly gave it as his deliberate opinion that mortification would ensue, and I should fail to recover, and refused to bandage, or have anything farther to do with the case. I got hold of a small vial and forced it under my still tightly clenched fingers (just as they had been upon the tiller of the boat when I was wounded), and I kept this vial filled with ice water, when I was able to procure it, and carefully washed the wound with castile soap and warm water, keeping it thus clean and cool; then I bound it up myself as well as I was able, and this was all the "treatment" it *ever* received, as the other naval surgeons to whom I later submitted it for treatment generally concurred with Doctor Bell, and advised its immediate amputation. To this I would by no means consent, being more and more convinced, as time passed on, that Nature was doing all that I had any reason to expect could be done; and the event has perfectly justified my ingrained distrust of expert medical opinion. The very best the Fleet Surgeon and his assistants upon the Flag-Ship "Wabash" would promise me, was that if I submitted to the proposed operation

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"I might have a fork made with so broad a handle that I could possibly grasp it" in what they proposed to leave of my left hand; that is to say, my thumb and perhaps one finger. As it is to-day, I have experienced very little discomfort in its use for the past forty years, the principal inconvenience having been when I might be coming down a ladder, when, if I tried to run down rapidly, I would sometimes find myself caught by my half-opened fingers, and swinging as if from hooks. Gradually I increased the size of the bottle which I kept in the hand under my fingers, until I had two of my four fingers nearly straight; but the other two sufficed to call attention to it, although not nearly so much as if I had submitted to the proposed amputation of at least three of my fingers.

Moral: Never be in a hurry to have a serious surgical operation performed; as I have later proved in my own case when I was ordered to have a "cancer" removed, which never existed! Time after time I have seen the deliberate verdict of the best physicians completely falsified; notably, in the case of my father-in-law, Ex-Governor Washburn, whose malady was never correctly indicated until I myself procured the means of having a test made, in which the existence of "Bright's disease" was manifested; and again in the matter of a "cyst" which appeared upon the upper lip of my elder son, and which was operated upon by Dr. Hayes Agnew, repeatedly and without effect; and extirpated at last by acid. And still again when experts failed to determine the difficulty my younger son, Kadwalader, was laboring under in regard to a tendon in his leg, when they insisted it was only his imagination. So with my wife, and with my mother, in both of whose cases an entirely erroneous diagnosis was made.

But to return to myself. Finding I was too weak to

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make as rapid progress as the rest of the party, and as night was now coming on, I begged Bradley to push ahead with all the others except the "third class boy" (who should never have been enlisted by reason of his tender age) and who begged to remain with me. Bradley hurried on and was the first one to get news of our overwhelming disaster to the "Henry Andrew." As soon as he reported my plight, my faithful though dissipated "Paymaster's Clerk," John B. Upton, sought and obtained permission from the First Officer, to take the little yawl boat I had discovered in the grass two nights previously, and to try to find and bring me on board.

Meantime an effort was made to get up to the scene of the conflict with the "Henry Andrew"; the ship's company was of course very short-handed by the absence of most of our best men in the expedition; so the Doctor was stationed astern by the First Officer with instructions to watch the slipping of the cable that held us astern; and when it should be so far away as not to get caught in the revolution of the propeller, he was to give the word to go ahead. But he did not wait long enough, and the result was the propeller sucked the cable back and completely "fouled" it, thus bringing the steamer aground, and it was necessary to await the rising of the tide to get her off.

I had proceeded slowly after the other men, and was groping, in the shade of the evening, along the bank of the lagoon, when I was hailed by a voice I could not locate, but which proved to proceed from a tree, up which my clerk had climbed in order to try and get his bearings. I had not recognized the voice, and had half an idea we were in the hands of the Confederates, so when my name was demanded I gave it in full, and with uncomplimentary reference to my interlocutor, as I was thoroughly tired out and desperate, with

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the conviction that my dearly loved Captain was a dead man. Down came Upton delighted to have found us, and assuring me of the near proximity of our gunboat. I was soon on board, and being interrogated as to my idea of the condition and situation of the remainder of our party, most of whom had not then been heard of, having stuck by McIntosh in the vicinity of the boats. To all questions regarding Captain Mather, I persisted in asserting that he was surely dead, although my reasons were not satisfactory to others, and I had no evidence to offer. All was confusion on board, as we feared lest the Confederates should make use of our captured boats to attack us before we got off from the mud-flat we had drifted upon, and while we were disabled by the loss of our Captain and most of the "Petty Officers."

I went to my berth and had fallen from sheer fatigue into a troubled sleep, when the sounding of an alarm of night attack caused me to spring from my bunk and run on deck in my underclothing, with my revolver. Right ahead we could see a black object drifting down upon the steamer, and, as we prepared to give the enemy a warm reception, we were greatly relieved by hearing the well known gruff voice of Master's Mate McIntosh hailing, "Henry Andrew, ahoy." He had very sensibly waited for the ebb tide, and under cover of the darkness, dropped past the position occupied by the Confederates, who had, however, discovered the boat and hailed it to come on shore, but no answer being made, probably thought it was adrift without occupants. He had thus reinforced us, and brought back the wounded, except those in the Captain's gig who had fallen into the hands of the Confederates. Sending one of our quartermasters across to the sea beach, fronting upon the anchorage of the larger vessels outside, our First Officer supplied him with "Costan's signals" to burn until he

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had attracted the notice of the squadron, which presently sent in a small boat by which he was able to get news of our condition to the Flag Ship. Reinforcements were supplied, and the morning broke upon us in condition to send in a flag of truce, which brought us back the first authentic news of the fate of our two Captains. We learned both had been killed while attempting to land near the earth-works. The watch, a bunch of keys, and letters, found upon the body of Captain Mather were returned to us, and the Confederate officer who met our own, said that "our Captain was a brave man who refused to surrender, and met his death by charging upon a greatly superior force."

I heard this report without any surprise, as I had felt certain of the fact from the first, for the reason that the last time (before this expedition in which my dearly beloved Captain fell) Captain Mather left the ship, I had been, as usual, his only companion, aside from the sailors who manned the gig. We had entered the mouth of a small river, upon a reconnoissance, the "Henry Andrew" being at the time stationed at Warsaw Sound in Georgia. There were only the usual marshes upon either side of us, which were frequently overflowed at high water, and almost impassable, so that we felt no fear of any enemy lurking there, and gave our attention to the higher ground which we could perceive ahead. The tide runs in these Southern creeks very rapidly, sometimes at the rate of three miles an hour. It was at the "flood," so the Captain presently gave the order, "Way enough," and the men lay upon their oars. Directly ahead of us we could see the whitewashed negro quarters of a plantation, which sufficiently indicated that we were approaching hard ground and needed therefore to be very careful. The Captain was scrutinizing this locality

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through my marine glass, and had just remarked to me that it would be easy for the enemy to conceal themselves behind these negro quarters; I was standing up in the bow of the boat hoping to get a shot at some game birds just ahead; everyone else was perfectly quiet and earnestly observing every detail—as we supposed—in the landscape, the strong tide, in the meantime, sweeping us nearer and nearer to the plantation about half a mile distant, I should judge.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, as there had not been a sign of life audible or visible to us up to that moment, there came a swarm of rifle bullets hissing about us, and yet no enemy in sight. Our motion was so rapid in the strong flood tide that it undoubtedly saved us. After the first moment of utter astonishment, in which I stared straight at the plantation from which the bullets had evidently come without seeing any smoke or other evidence of the enemy's presence, I turned to see why Captain Mather had given no order, and, to my dismay, found I was the only person in an upright position. Every man had thrown himself into the bottom of the boat, even the Captain himself was crouching under the rail. I could not believe my own eyes; there was my demi-god, the bravest man I had ever met, evidently utterly incapable of even giving an order. For a moment my blood appeared to run cold; then jumping back upon the nearest men, I commenced to kick and cuff them, and demanded if they wished to enjoy the comforts of a Southern prison. In this way I got four out of the crew of the gig into their seats, hastily turned the boat about and pulled under the nearest bank, where I thought we should be for the moment protected from the bullets which had not ceased to hurtle about the boat. I then turned to Captain Mather again for instructions, and found him exactly in the same position, and except for an

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effort to clear his throat, without speech. Looking intently at him I then saw that his countenance, naturally very high colored, was now almost purple; and that he was on the verge of something like an apoplectic attack, which quite explained his silence. From first to last he said nothing, but attempted to clear his throat from some obstruction. Meantime the bullets were coming thicker and faster, and it seemed a miracle we were not all of us disabled; and still we had not the slightest idea where the enemy was located.

I said to the men (seeing that I myself must do whatever it was possible to do in the way of giving orders) "we *must* get out of this at any risk! Get into your seats and pull for your lives, for, if the Confederates can't hit you, *I* can, and I will, if you don't do your duty!" Suffice it to say we got away, and with not one single man wounded; and, as we were getting beyond their range, taking up my glass, I noticed for the first time, way up in the top of a certain commanding pine tree, a platform and hand-rail. It was perfectly easy to distinguish, if it had ever occurred to any of us to look up so high above the river banks (to which we had been giving our exclusive attention); and there the enemy had awaited us, and we had foolishly drifted in until their very eagerness not to let one of us escape, had probably (united with the swiftly moving boat) prevented their taking the accurate aim which must scarcely have permitted us to escape the penalty we deserved.

Captain Mather said not one word on the trip back to the steamer; but I showed him by my conduct, and explained to the crew after he left the boat, that I fully understood that he had been physically disabled by the shock of the surprise; and I said to myself "the next time the Captain has an opportunity he will show the men what sort of a man he really is,"

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and he did. Later information showed that the two Captains had landed before they were made aware of the presence of any force of the enemy, directly in front of the position the Confederates had selected for an ambush. Seeing they were absolutely at their mercy, the Commanding Officer of the Southerners called upon them to surrender, which they really ought to have done, but Captain Mather caught up one of the sailor's muskets, and aimed at the Confederates who had made the demand, and the Southern riflemen simply anticipating his action, riddled both of our Officers, capturing the sailor men in the Captain's gig, most of whom had been wounded at the same moment. One bullet had entered the brain, showing that my captain had fallen dead in his tracks.

My diary for 1862 informs me that on the third day after I was wounded I received permission from Admiral Dupont to take passage upon the U. S. Steamer "Alabama" on my way North for opportunity to recuperate; and, in this connection, I recall another incident which may task the credulity of my readers. The "Alabama" went no farther than Port Royal, where I had to await the arrival of the Mail Steamer, the old "Atlantic" of the "Collins Line," Capt. "Jack Eldridge" in command. I was compelled to remain at Port Royal up to the 4th of April, and passed the first week on board the "Alabama."

One night after the ward-room lights had been extinguished at the usual hour, two or three of us were still conversing in the dark, seated around the ward-room table. There was a door leading from the Captain's cabin directly into the ward-room, and it was suddenly thrown open, and the gray-headed Commander of the "Alabama," a much respected and "regular" Officer of the U. S. Navy, appeared in the door-way, and said to us, "Good evening, gentlemen, have any of you

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happened to notice the very extraordinary noises about the ship to-night?" I then remembered that previous to coming out of my stateroom, where I had passed most of my time since coming on board, I had become conscious of certain unusual sounds, and tried to imagine what could be their cause. We were at anchor, and therefore it had nothing to do with the engine or boilers; it was a hoarse sort of cry, which I had vainly tried to compare to anything I had ever heard before, and finally decided it was more like the nocturnal note of a huge bull-frog, only very much magnified and more melancholy; but, after going out among the officers in the ward-room, it had escaped my memory; and as I now listened I heard it again plainly, as did every one else in the ward-room. After an interval of silence, someone suggested that it might be some large sea-gull or other kind of bird, flying about the ship, but this was quickly disproved, as it could not be heard upon deck, while it now became louder and louder, and more and more frequent, as we listened. Another officer started the theory that one of the copper plates on the bottom of the steamer had got loose, and the strain of the tide upon it might cause a grating upon the barnacles on the hull; it was decided to pay a visit to the lower portion of the steamer, and the Captain asked us all to accompany him.

We went down until we stood upon the very last place possible to be reached, as we were before the powder magazine which had the usual "marine" on guard before its carefully locked door, and him the Captain questioned. He replied that he had heard the noises ever since he came upon guard, and wondered about them, never having heard them before, but, as no one appeared to take any notice of them, he had not thought it necessary to report anything unusual. The longer we stood there listening, the deeper and more awe in-

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spiring grew the melancholy sounds, and the greater the mystery. Finally the venerable Commander, speaking in a hushed voice, said to us, "There can be but one explanation, gentlemen, if only one of us heard these noises it might be thought an hallucination, but as we all hear them we *must* admit it to be a fact; and, as it is evidently nothing mortal on board this vessel, we must assume it to be the work of something supernatural. It is possibly some warning given by the agency of Spirits." As none of us had any better or more reasonable theory to offer, we proceeded to our different state-rooms in a most lugubrious frame of mind, and I lay awake for hours listening to the dismal croaking before I could get into my usual sound sleep. The next morning the tale had been told all over the steamer, presumably by the marine when he went off watch. We found all the old sailors laughing at us, as it was asserted by those familiar with those waters to be the work of "Drum-fish," who have the trick of attaching themselves to the bottoms of vessels and uttering this hoarse cry, much as the tree toad or a screech-owl does.

From the "Alabama" I proceeded to the Storeship "Courier," where I was made the guest of Paymaster Blake until the arrival of the "Atlantic," which made the trip to New York in about sixty hours, including a chase after a cotton laden Blockade-runner on her outward trip. This was highly exciting, as we were so near capturing her that if the daylight had lasted only an hour or two longer, she could not have escaped us. The steamers which made a practice of running the Blockade made use of the soft coal they could procure from the West Indian ports where they discharged their cargoes, and we had discovered this coal smoke upon the horizon even when the steamer itself was hull down. Captain Eldridge had steered for it, knowing very well that there were but few

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steamers afloat at that time that were as fast as the "Atlantic." We had a thirty-pound Parrott gun on the top-gallant fore-castle, and gained so rapidly upon the other boat that we were pitching shell close to her, after a stern chase of some hours, when she began throwing overboard her deck-load of cotton, worth at that time nearly a dollar a pound. She possibly thought we might slow down to pick it up. In the fast gathering shades of the evening the wily Captain of the Blockade-runner changed his course. His ruse was soon discovered, but he repeated it until the night fell so dark that he escaped. Had the daylight lasted a single hour longer, we should without doubt have been able to overhaul a valuable prize, as we were well within range, with our thirty-pound Parrott gun pitching shot in his close vicinity the last we saw of him.

In the latter part of 1863, my health having become so undermined by the privations and exposures inseparable from the unhealthy service, I was for the second time condemned by a Board of Medical Survey, and pronounced to be unfit for farther duty, and my commission revoked. I had been only too glad to acquiesce in the finding of the physicians, for the glamour of a naval life, as depicted by popular novelists, had by this time been completely dissipated by the unpleasant and demoralizing surroundings, and I made haste to shake off the last traces of a connection which, however edifying in the retrospect, has left on the whole but a very unpleasant memory of petty tyranny and unmanly behavior on the part of most of my superior officers; of a system which degrades, and an atmosphere which repels from the point of view of the man of average common sense, or the moralist.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTHERN EXPERIENCES

In 1861 I had entered the Naval Service of the U. S. A. and served for two years under Admirals Dupont and Dahlgren, in the "South Atlantic Squadron," on board the Gunboats "Henry Andrew" and "Wissahickon"; but had been condemned by a Board of Medical Survey, as unfit for farther service, having been wounded in a "cutting out" expedition up Mosquito Inlet, Florida, made in small boats by Captains Budd and Mather, both of whom were killed at the time; and the exposure and privations of the blockade had farther impaired my health, until it became evident that I must retire and my Commission had been revoked.

It happened that a number of prominent citizens of Boston, (my birth place and residence at the time of my appointment) had united early in 1864 in a semi-philanthropic scheme, for the leasing of abandoned cotton plantations in the Southern states, with the intention of furnishing the "Freedmen" with employment, and the hope of a profitable investment at the same time. Edward Atkinson, the well known and honored political economist, who was the originator of the movement, had selected my father, Captain Albert H. Kelsey, as the man best fitted to take charge of its execution, and my father naturally turned to me as his chief assistant. Early in the spring of 1864 we started together for the lower Mississippi, intending to locate upon the rich bottom lands near Lake Washington, Mississippi. A bargain was made with the owner of a

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plantation located about ninety miles above Vicksburg, by which he was to receive a fixed sum paid down, and as much more in the event of our raising a crop; and my father purchased several thousand dollars worth of supplies, in St. Louis, in the shape of mules, to do the ploughing; and provisions, clothing, and ploughs, hoes, tools, etc., for the field hands. Nearly, or quite, a thousand acres were duly planted, and everything appeared to insure the picking of a full crop; and as cotton was then selling at a dollar a pound, (the average yield in that very fertile country being a bale to the acre, and the bales then averaging full four hundred and fifty pounds) we figured out a very handsome profit on paper.

We had been promised the protection of the United States Military and Naval forces in our planting operations, which were highly approved by the authorities at Washington; but it did not take us long to discover that the authority of the United States, in Mississippi, extended no farther than the range of their guns. Soon after the cotton seed was fairly in the ground, I became convinced that the personal peril was very great; especially to my father, who (as a New Englander born and bred, not having had my experience of Southerners) was at a very great disadvantage. I urged him, therefore, to return to Boston, and to report progress to our subscribers to the fund that had been placed in his hands; as there was little to be done upon the plantation until the cotton should mature; and to this he consented. With the exception of the fifteen year old son of the owner of the plantation, and his Swiss housekeeper, a woman near fifty years of age, this left me alone in the house, as the owner had taken himself off to Vicksburg as soon as he had obtained the first cash payment. The boy, "Trennie," as he was called, was a fine young fellow, of gentlemanly instincts and refined manners, although dressed in the

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coarse, cheap, common stuff, worn by the former slaves. There had been no income from the plantation for the year preceding, nor opportunity to buy suitable clothing for him, and, as he outgrew the clothes of his childhood, the only material available was the homespun fabric used by the negroes. He became my constant companion, and we were very soon fast friends, having many literary tastes in common, especially a love for the works of Thackeray. Trennie frequently took occasion to warn me against the "Scouts," as he called the irregular body of confederate Cavalry, who were in the habit of acting as a patrol throughout the counties bordering upon the Mississippi river, and thus keeping the negroes in order.

One afternoon we were sitting together on the front piazza, as was our after dinner custom. I had been reading aloud from Thackeray's "Virginians," when Trennie, who was sitting farther out toward the front, suddenly whispered to me, "Here come the Scouts, Mr. Kelsey." I had my chair tilted up against the side of the house on its two hind legs, and my hands in my pockets. From a belt around my waist there hung a Navy revolver, but, as I quickly reflected, all the doors and windows in the lower part of the house were open, there were neither blinds or shutters, and no time to barricade, and I could already hear the sound of rapidly approaching mounted men, so I maintained my attitude. Trennie, thinking I did not appreciate the gravity of the occasion, repeated his warning, to which I only had time to reply, "All right, Trennie," taking great care not to take my hands out of my pockets, and wishing the revolver at the end of the earth.

In less time than it takes to write this, a row of stalwart, bronzed, ragged and badly mounted Confederates had drawn up in front of the piazza, and the leader beckoned me to come out to him. With as pleasant a smile upon my face as I could

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summon upon so short notice, I hastened to comply, inviting him to dismount and do me the honor to accept some liquid refreshment. His reply was a very emphatic demand for me to explain my presence there. I answered that I had leased the plantation from its owner, hoping to make a crop of cotton. To this he responded by a highly uncomplimentary allusion to my origin and personal appearance, and wound up by asking me if I thought they were likely to permit a long-legged Yankee ———— to come down there and raise cotton off their plantations? Then he requested to know what that thing was hanging around my waist? I told him I would be happy to make him a present of it if he would promise not to use it upon me, and passed it up to him, at the same time repeating my invitation to "light down and have some refreshment"; and, the housekeeper having come out, I asked her to make some coffee for the men. After some hesitation they decided to accept my invitation. Meantime, part of the men were sent to take possession of some thirty head of mules we had upon the place, and presently the detachment returned, bringing with them my foreman, Jesse Stevens, by name, a typical Yankee, from Lewiston, Maine, who had conceived he had a mission to show the Southern people how a man who neither smoked, drank or swore, could set an example which would fire their hearts with a wild desire to adapt themselves to the Puritanical habits they had formerly scoffed at. His usually perky aspect had become so entirely transformed, in the strong conviction that he had mistaken his vocation, and had seen his "Down East" home for the last time, that I burst into a violent fit of laughter, which proved contagious, and put my uninvited guests into excellent humor. Stevens was ordered to assist the negroes in rounding up the mules, and, watching his opportunity, dodged across the levee, which was directly

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in front of our plantation, in the gloom of the evening, and hid in the canebrake on the verge of the Mississippi, until the "Scouts" had left the place. Asked if I had any money, I took out my pocket book and passed over to them two hundred and eighty-five dollars in greenbacks, all that it contained. The officer in command then said to me, "If I don't take your watch, the next man you meet will," so I handed that to him together with a very fine marine glass. At the sight of the bunch of greenbacks, the faces of the "Scouts" lighted up, and there was a demand for an instant division, and as the money was mainly in five dollar bills, it sufficed to satisfy the company. I was next informed that I must prepare myself to go along with them. I asked Jennie Meylan, the Swiss housekeeper, to put me up a change of clothing. She was from one of the French-speaking Cantons, and had never mastered the English very thoroughly, and as I had studied French, we used to converse in that tongue, as far as I was able, and this gave me the opportunity to try to save a much larger sum of money I had in the inside pocket of my vest, with important letters from Pitt Fessenden, the then Secretary of the Treasury. So when she returned with a small bundle, I mounted the well-bred mare I had ordered one of our house servants to have saddled for me, and riding close up to the piazza, I unbuttoned my coat and vest and, under pretence of shaking hands with her, as I bade her good-bye, leaning over from my horse, I managed to slip into her hands unobserved my package of valuable papers, and about three thousand dollars in big bills.

When the order was given to fall in, I rode up to the officer in command and asked him to indicate some one man I was expected to follow, remarking I had no intention of getting "lost." This again excited their merriment, as it was a

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well understood fact that the "Scouts" had the deserved reputation of taking "Union men" and other obnoxious individuals away from their homes, ostensibly to be interrogated at headquarters, but who were frequently reported as "lost," or "got away," and, as they were never seen alive again, it was not doubted that they had been otherwise got rid of. I further gave them my word that I did not propose to leave the country without their permission, stating that I was prepared to pay any reasonable sum for the same protection they were in the habit of extending to the native born inhabitants; and arguing that it was for the benefit of all concerned that they should permit me to persevere peacefully with my planting operations; to all of which they listened very quietly. This particular squad of men really treated me with all the respect I could have expected under the circumstances, and never subjected me to any personal indignities, other than some very plain and emphatic language; and from first to last they never attempted to examine my person, and accepted my word without hesitation. They had interrogated my friend Trennie as to my character, and the boy had done his best for me; and as his family was one of the oldest, and his father who was of South Carolina origin, had killed his nearest neighbor in a duel provoked by some difference of opinion between their wives (in which, as I was informed, the men had actually no share, beyond the necessity of sustaining the dignity of their respective families), I had been placed upon an entirely different footing in their minds from the average "Yankee cotton thief," as they were then in the habit of designating the swarm of speculators and adventurers who followed in the track of the advancing Northern army. Before going down South I had reasoned out the position of affairs that would be likely to confront us, to this effect: what would I be likely to do, or

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how should *I* feel, being a Southerner myself, if some entire stranger to me and mine should take possession of my property without my consent, and undertake to make money by planting? I had therefore insisted that we should have nothing to do with the so-called "abandoned" plantations, but proceed entirely as we would have done in time of peace, and recognize the moral rights of the legitimate owners. The result, as will be seen, fully justified my opinion, and no doubt is the prime reason I am today alive and able to hand down these reminiscences to my descendants.

The entire command having enjoyed a good square meal, and sundry stronger potations than the coffee that had been ordered, started away with me in an excellent humor, taking the river road northward, it being understood that I was to be taken to Greenville, Mississippi, on my way to Selma, Alabama. It was a beautiful night, the moon being near its full, and we went along very pleasantly, I riding at the front, beside the commanding officer. The river levee was close beside us, a good twelve feet above the level of the road, which ran on either side of it at this period of low water in the Mississippi. We were approaching one of the finest residences and plantations in Washington county, Mississippi, owned by the Flournoy family, of Kentucky, which had been left in charge of a good-natured and generous Irishman named Shannon. The fine brick house upon it was very unlike the usual wooden residence upon the average Mississippi plantation, being of recent and modern construction, with an iron balcony in front of the second story. Shannon had been down to call upon me a few days previous, and we were upon very good terms. He had served in the Confederate army, and as he was taking his leave he chanced to remark that he understood a new command of Confederate Scouts had been

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ordered into that district; and, if he could find out where they made their headquarters, he would go and call upon their commander. As this house became conspicuous in the landscape, the leader asked me if I knew who lived there. I told him who owned it, adding that I was acquainted with the gentleman who now occupied it, and if he would like a glass of good whiskey, Shannon could supply it.

The Flournoy place was surrounded by the usual plantation fence, with a large, heavy gate upon the wagon road leading up to it, which was now closed; a smaller gate beside it permitted one person at a time to enter upon horseback. The front yard faced directly upon the levee, as did our own place. We were following the river road to the Northward.

As he offered no objection, I opened the smaller gate when we came abreast of it and rode in, the entire party following. They drew up close to the gate, leaving me to go forward by myself. I rode up before the front door, and commenced calling Shannon by name. By this time it was so late that the family had retired, but presently Shannon, having recognized me in the moonlight, made his appearance upon the iron balcony, in his shirt and trousers with his suspenders hanging down, and demanded my reason for such an untimely call. I said "Shannon, do you know what happened to the young lady who wished she could see the Devil?" "No," he responded, in a tone of the utmost mystification. "Well," said I, "She saw him. The other day you told me you wished to find some Confederates, and I met some likely looking specimens in the road and brought them up here for your inspection."

This very cheap wit, as it may appear, was followed by a roar of laughter from the men behind me, provoked as much by Shannon's evident astonishment at my free and easy

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terms with the Scouts, as by my conundrum. He realized, however, that hospitality was the duty of the hour, and descending, barefoot as he was, produced a sample of the refreshment I had taken the liberty of urging upon them. The fact was I had taken stock of the evidently played-out horses they were riding, and had made up my mind, if I could get a good start, that there was not the slightest chance of their being able to overtake my fresh and every way superior mount. It now appeared to me I could see my way to an excellent opportunity. Shannon was taken aside and questioned. He was easily able to prove his loyalty to the Confederacy; and was then questioned, as he afterwards informed me, as to myself. He gave me a first-class reputation, later indicated by the conduct of the Scouts.

Starting to leave the premises, after having said good night to Shannon, I rode at the head of the procession as I had entered, and, on emerging from the narrow gate, walked my horse directly up the levee, at the same time talking to the man behind me, with my head turned as if I were permitting my horse to take her own road; as in fact I was, knowing she naturally would turn for home at the first opportunity. The result was that when I went down on the opposite side of the levee, I was for a moment out of sight of every member of the company, as only one or two beside myself were outside of the Flournoy premises. I instantly turned my horse's head Southward, put my heels into her sides, when she started at the top of her speed for the snug quarters she well knew awaited her at some miles distance. Expecting every instant to hear a volley of rifle balls whistling by me, I ducked low down in my saddle, and kept the mare well in among the shadows of the cottonwood trees. In two or three minutes I felt I was out of range. The mare went like the

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wind, and the men realized immediately that I was master of the situation. I imagined they would be satisfied with the tribute they had received from me, and probably pay no farther attention to me, but go on about their business; so in far less time than it had taken me to go, I was back upon our own plantation.

On the road I was met by one of our own negro house-servants, riding a mule left over by the Scouts, who told me he had been instructed by the Swiss woman to follow the party which had taken me away, and not to return until he had found my dead body, or ascertained what had become of me. They made no doubt it was the intention of the Scouts to summarily dispose of me as soon as they had me in a convenient locality. He was loud in professions of gratitude over my escape, declaring they had never expected to see me alive again. We returned together, and I turned the mare over to him and went straight to bed, being too tired to take any thought for the morrow.

Before daylight the next morning I was roused from sleep by the noise of someone tumbling down stairs. I rushed out to find Jesse Stevens, who had returned to the house to obtain some valuables he had left there for safe-keeping, and who, in his haste to get away again, had missed his footing. He informed me he would lose no time in getting back to the North, and urged me to accompany him, which I felt very much inclined to do, but remembered I had given my parole not to leave without the knowledge of the Scouts. So bidding him good-bye and asking him to report the situation at Boston, I returned to my bed and slept for some hours, when I was again aroused, this time by Trennie calling me from the lower story to come down at once, as the men who had taken me away were below awaiting me. Since

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they had taken my revolver there was no chance of any effective resistance, and I had to make the best of it; so hastily dressing, I descended. Naturally I found them in a very different mood from that of the night before. They looked very ugly and sullen as I approached them, and I felt as if I would have been wiser to have taken Jesse Stevens' advice. My only chance seemed to be to put on a bold front and "take the bull by the horns." So marching straight up to the officer in command, I said I wished to apologize for my hasty leave-taking of the night before. I told him I was an invalid; that my physician had ordered me to avoid the night air; that I felt I owed it to myself to take proper care of myself, and, as I had promised them to remain upon the plantation, they could always find me there if they wished me, and wound up by inviting him to take a late breakfast with me.

The fact that I had not attempted to conceal myself was in my favor, and my appearance showed that I told the truth so far as my health was concerned. I was worn down and haggard, with the appearance of one far-gone in consumption, for I had a cough and frequent hemorrhages. I was very tall, fully six feet three inches, and weighed at that time only about one hundred and fifty pounds. Altogether I did not seem to them a very dangerous person. After some deliberation they made up their minds to accept my assurance, cautioning me, however, that it would be the worse for me if they found I was not what I represented myself.

I saw these men frequently thereafter and never had the slightest trouble with them; on the contrary, I am persuaded that I owe my life to their interference in my favor upon a subsequent occasion. They were from Arkansas, and decidedly the most decent and best natured of any of the Scouts I came in contact with. Apparently they were honest, just,

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kindly-disposed, raw country fellows, and the officer in command gave me back my watch without my asking for it when I came to leave.

Perhaps the most amusing circumstance connected with my acquaintance with these men was the sale of my boots to their commander. Although they had been well satisfied with the sum of money I had turned over to them on our first meeting, I later became convinced that they were doubtful if I might not have a larger amount at my command, so I studied out a scheme to disabuse their minds. If there was one thing the Confederates lacked it was decent footwear. Boots and shoes had a value beyond that of money in their eyes. Before leaving the North, I had taken care to provide myself with the very best pair of boots I could procure paying thirty-five dollars for a pair of cavalry boots, with double uppers and triple soles. I had frequently been aware of the eyes of the officer in command fixed upon them, and as I felt that my life was safer without them, to say nothing of my liberty, I made up my mind to try and "kill two birds with one stone," and get rid of this too enviable possession, while obtaining the best terms for my future safety. Accordingly, on one of these periodical visits, I accosted the senior officer, and asked him if he would not do me the favor to give me the price of a ticket to Memphis in exchange for my boots, at the same time extolling and exhibiting their merits, and asserting that, as I was a much larger man than he, they were sure to be large enough for him. I stated frankly that I had become convinced there was no hope of my being able to make any money down there, and was determined to get up the river as soon as I could arrange to get away. My plan succeeded beyond my expectations. He passed me over fifteen dollars of my own greenbacks with the utmost alacrity, and I put on

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an extremely shabby pair of worn-down shoes in their place. As our trade was witnessed by several members of his command, it quite sufficed to convince the entire body of my absolute need of funds, and I felt very much safer and slept more at my ease than before.

The nights upon the plantation were most trying upon the nerves. During the daytime I was occupied with one thing or another and the situation was endurable. The approach of strangers was almost certain to be announced by the negroes, always on the watch, giving me time to prepare myself; but after dark there was little to do, and we usually retired early, by or before nine o'clock. Frequently I would lie awake listening to the baying of a pack of hounds which belonged to the owner of the plantation. The young dogs kept up an almost continual barking, especially upon moonlit nights, the slightest noise sufficing to start them. There were two or three that never gave tongue except upon the approach of strange white men, since the negroes were going and coming all night long, and the older dogs were well used to them. I would start and hold my breath, however, if I heard the deep notes of "Old Maje," as the scarred veteran leader of the pack was named. Sometimes, after growling in a doubtful manner, he would subside into silence again, when I felt that I might venture to compose myself for sleep, but quite as frequently his doubtful and grumbling utterances would be resolved, and he would throw up his head and give a prolonged bay that would instantly cause the hair to erect itself upon my head, for I felt certain of the presence of midnight intruders.

After a time this sort of thing became intolerable, and as I felt absolved from my parole to the Confederates after the sale of my boots, I determined to get up the river, as I had informed them I proposed. My departure was, however,

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postponed by another promise I had made to the wife of Colonel Freeman, an ex-Union officer, who was attempting to raise cotton upon a plantation in that immediate vicinity. As the Southern ladies naturally held aloof, this lady had been in the habit of riding over to see my Swiss housekeeper, and during the absence of her husband (who had been upon General Grant's staff at the siege of Fort Donaldson) she asked permission to remain at our house, and begged me not to leave her entirely by herself. Accordingly I promised not to leave until I could find the means of taking her along with me, and I sent word to my friend Shannon, who at no little personal risk, procured a large covered wagon and accompanied us to Skipwith's Landing, the nearest point on the Mississippi river, where the presence of a Federal ironclad made it comparatively safe for us to await the arrival of one of the rare steamers which had accommodation for passengers.

My last night upon the plantation, which came very near being my last on this planet, sufficed to confirm me in the resolution to take no more chances. As nearly as I can recall the circumstances they were as follows: About mid-day I was seated at the large centre-table in the living room, where we also took our meals. I had been writing a letter home to inform my family of the change in my plans made by the news we had just received of the capture of Fort Pillow by General Forrest. This I imagined would prevent my getting North and compel me to take a steamer for home from New Orleans. I was in the middle of a very harsh and vigorous description of the Confederates when I was interrupted by the usual warning of the approach of "Scouts," and had only time to lift up the tablecloth and place my half-written letter under it, when I was confronted by two of the biggest desperadoes in that part of the country. They had come on

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purpose to make an end of the Yankee who had dared to take up his residence in the Southern Confederacy. Their names were "Tad Cooper" and "Jones." The latter had a price set on his head sometime later by the Confederate commander in that district, who, after the defeat of General Hood, made it his particular business to hunt Jones down, as a deserter from the Regular Confederate service, and shoot him dead with his own hand. This was a great relief to me, for there had been a tacit understanding between Jones and myself, after our first meeting, that the next time we saw one another it was to be a duel to the death. I owed my reprieve upon this occasion simply to the presence of the wife of the Northern officer, of whom I have before spoken. Shortly after the arrival of Jones and Cooper, the negro boy, whose duty it was to set the table for our dinner, came into the room and whisked the table-cloth from the centre-table at which I had been writing, displaying to the two men the incriminating letter which I had been inditing when they rode up. Except for the presence of mind of this lady my life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase, for Jones had already started to shoot me down on the hearth-rug, and had only been prevented by the entreaties of the two women present, who prevailed upon Cooper to interfere. Both men had warned me that it was only the postponement of a pleasure they reserved for the future, and Cooper added something bombastic, intended to indicate the superior chivalry of Southern "gentlemen," as to their actions in the presence of ladies. When Mrs. Freeman saw the letter she instantly comprehended my dilemma, and stepping forward, she picked it up from the table, remarking that she had been writing there when they were announced, and having had no time to arrange the room took this opportunity to make things tidy. Of course, after Cooper's recent remark about the Southern

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courtesy to ladies, made entirely for her benefit, they could hardly ask to see a lady's correspondence. These men were far better dressed, and had better education and address than the young fellows from Arkansas who had first captured me; but were infinitely more to be feared. Jones, to offset the promise that had been extorted from him by the Swiss house-keeper and Mrs. Freeman, that he would not shock them by my murder in cold blood, set himself to aggravate me by heaping every insult that he could imagine upon the entire Northern people, going so far as to say that "after the war was over" (of course assuming the victory of the Confederates) if he saw a Yankee wearing better clothes than he himself had on, he would shoot him. I had given up my revolver previously, as I have related, and was therefore entirely unarmed, while these valiant champions retained their carbines, even while conversing pleasantly with the ladies; but the venomous language which Jones aimed directly at me, and his insulting manner, at last proved too much for my prudence. I told him it was easy to talk; that he knew I was at his mercy and entirely unarmed; but if he would come outside and give me but half a chance, I would fight him with even a pocket-knife. It was in answer to this remark of mine that he tried to shoot me, but the two women and Cooper interfered, holding him back and getting between us. My nerves were entirely unstrung, so that I broke down entirely, crying with rage and mortification at having to endure such insults in the presence of ladies. The two men remained to dinner, while I went to my room in much bitterness of spirit, but Mrs. Freeman made herself so agreeable that she even secured from Cooper a written paper, which probably saved my life again that night. This paper was merely the address where the headquarters of their commanding officer might be found.

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She had been expecting her husband's return, and feared he might have been captured; so she asked permission to visit him if such should prove to have been the case. Both Cooper and Jones signed their names to this, promising her a safe conduct. Later in the day, after the departure of the two ruffians, Mrs. Freeman returned to the plantation leased by her husband, leaving only Jennie Meylan, the house-keeper, and Trennie, the son of the owner of "Carolina Plantation," leased by my father and myself. My friend Shannon had promised faithfully to be at our house shortly after "sun-up" the next morning; but what the night might bring forth no one could predict, and all three of us felt that danger was impending. In the lowest of spirits, owing to our approaching separation, after the last meal of the day had been served, we took up our accustomed places about the single large kerosene lamp that sufficed to light the living room at night, and, almost without conversation, awaited the customary hour for retiring. It had just arrived, and we were making the final arrangement of the chairs, when there came three distinct and deliberate knocks upon the front door. We all stood still for a moment, staring at one another, and I confess I felt that my final hour had arrived.

It must be understood that our every movement was plainly visible to any one from the outside of the house, which had neither blinds nor curtains; so that we were always aware of being in full view of any one disposed to spy upon us. There was no opportunity of hiding myself away, had I been so disposed, and I turned slowly toward the door, feeling how utterly hopeless was the situation. We well knew it was none of our friends or acquaintances who had knocked, since it was their invariable custom in those troublesome times to hail us at once from the outside, announcing their names. Jennie

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Meylan, with the self-sacrificing devotion of her sex, hastened to put herself in front of me, it being safer for a woman to confront a marauder in that country than a man. Trennie, too, placed himself close beside me, and holding the kerosene lamp so as to throw its rays upon the unwelcome visitors, we unbolted the door. Upon the door-step stood, so far as we could discern by their uniforms, three Federal soldiers. The foremost, addressing me in a most polite manner (which served to put me on my guard in an instant, it being the first time such a thing had ever happened to me), said: "Good evening, sir. Have you seen any Rebels around here lately?" Now, as I knew of no military post occupied by the Northern forces nearer than Vicksburg, I was absolutely certain these men were not members of our Northern army. I instantly comprehended their stratagem to get me to throw myself into their far from friendly arms; so I replied instantly in a tone of injured dignity, "Rebels?" "Yes, Rebels," said the man with a palpable sneer in his voice. "There are plenty of good Confederates about here, gentlemen, if that is what you are in search of," I responded. The answer evidently took them all aback, and they hesitated for a moment as to their next move. Then one of them pushed by me and went to the door directly opposite the front one (as the house was built like most Southern houses, with doors at either end of a main hall, so as to give the best draught in hot weather) and, unlocking it, three more men entered, and after them several others, making thirteen in all. These had been stationed at the various windows outside lest I should attempt to make a dash for my life.

I carried the kerosene lamp back into the sitting-room, then turned to confront the hardest looking set of unkempt, ragged, dirty and desperate characters I had ever seen. They stared at me in silence at first, and as I realized their lack of

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education I somehow grew cooler, and felt that in this at least I had the advantage of them. Presently one who appeared to constitute himself their spokesman (rather as being the leader in utter unscrupulousness, than by virtue of any actual official position) took up from the mantel-piece a briar-wood pipe that chanced to have been left there, hunted around for some tobacco, filled and lighted the pipe, as if he were in his own house, leaned up against the mantel-piece and commenced to interrogate me about my presence there and my intentions. I felt he was simply trying to find a sufficient excuse to make short work of me, so as to effect a sort of regularity of procedure in an event already decided upon. Believing that my last hour had come, I determined they should not again have the satisfaction of seeing me break down. I wanted Trennie and the Swiss woman to report to my friends that I died with my self-respect unabated. So I did not attempt, as I had before done, to argue the case with them, feeling it was utterly useless.

I answered briefly and truly every question put to me, stating that I was of Northern birth, and a "Union man" who had come South in the hope of making a crop of cotton; that I should *not* be pleased to have Southerners take possession of my own home for the purpose of making money; but pointed out to them that the proof that this was not a fair statement of my own position was the fact that the son of the owner of the plantation was then present and could assure them that his father had received his own price in good money for the leasehold. At last, evidently with the intention of wasting no more time about so plain a matter, the fellow laid down the pipe and said to me: "Of course, you would never have dared to come into this country and expect to be permitted to make money off of us, unless you had some protection." At this supreme moment I suddenly thought of the

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paper which Cooper had given to Mrs. Freeman, and which she had placed in one of the little vases upon the mantle-piece he was leaning against. Without making him any answer I stepped to the front, picked this paper out of the vase and threw it down on the table before him, as if it had been the personal guarantee of Jefferson Davis.

I had counted upon the very evident illiteracy of the men, but every one had a look at the paper, and some of them managed to spell it out, and, for some reason I have never been able to understand, it had quite an effect upon them, so much so that most of them presently withdrew to talk it over outside. This gave me the opportunity to pull myself together, and I hastily determined that the best thing would be for me to pretend that I felt quite at ease and go to bed, leaving them in possession of the lower part of the house. Before I could put my plan into execution, however, I was summoned outside, and did not dare to refuse.

At the corner of the house, one of them assuming an entirely different tone, said to me, "Now, Yank, what have you got worth taking? Don't lie, damn you." I answered, "what do you suppose your men have left me? They took money, mules, watch and my marine glass the very first time they had me." Of course, if they had killed me they could not hope to ascertain where I might have hidden anything that I had managed to retain, and this prevented their putting me out of the way at once. I learned later that on the way up to my place they had stopped at a neighboring plantation and demanded of its owner if he had any money, to which he had replied: "Only a few dollars." On his admission that it was "greenbacks" they had ordered him to go in and get it, and as he passed it to the man who had demanded it, he was instantly shot. The murdered man was a native Southerner,

so it can easily be imagined what my chance of escape was. However, fate must be fulfilled, and I was reserved for something different, for just as I had quite lost all heart and hope, I was saved for the moment by the arrival of the Arkansas Squad which had first captured me. Whether they had heard of the other gang and had determined to try and save me I never knew, but one of them hastily dismounted, and pushing between me and the "Texican" who had been interrogating me, whispered to me as he passed, "Get into the house, you damned fool." I did not require any urging, or need any stronger hint as to the danger I was in; and, while the two bodies of scouts were comparing notes, another diversion was occasioned by the unexpected return of Mrs. Freeman, who, failing to get any news of her husband, had determined it was safer to pass the night with us, and be ready for the early start contemplated the next morning.

In the momentary surprise created by her riding up, accompanied by an escort, I took advantage of the distraction to go inside and straight up to my room, calling Trennie, who shared my large apartment, to come also. I hastily took off my upper garments and got into bed. Trennie did the same; and, as soon as Mrs. Freeman and the Swiss housekeeper could get away, they came to our room, so that we were at least allowed to be together, and the two women passed the night in sewing all my papers and the money I had left with Jennie Meylan into the "hoop-skirt" worn by Mrs. Freeman. Several times during the night some of the gang ascended to the room and looked in at us, but the sight of two women busily engaged in sewing halted them, whatever their intentions might have been. The house being left open below, they took matches from the chimney-piece, set fire to a neighboring cotton-gin, and we could hear them rioting about as

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they made free with the liquor they found upon the premises. It may be imagined there was little sleep for any of us that night, but towards morning they appeared to have exhausted their energy, and by daylight all was as peaceful as if such scenes were unknown in that vicinity. The negro house-servants, according to the Southern custom, did not sleep in the house, but were in quarters, or little cabins, nearby. Their arrival next morning served to give us courage to rise and dress, while the two women completed the packing of the limited wardrobe it was possible to take with us. With the most sincere gratitude did I welcome the arrival with the wagon of my staunch and trusty Irish friend, Shannon. We started for the steamboat landing in nervous haste, after a hasty and tearful good-bye to Trennie, who, as he shook my hand, said: "Mr. Kelsey, I am ashamed of my countrymen." We doubted if it were not too much to hope to arrive in safety, and sure enough, we soon discerned the approach of men on horseback. Again our hearts sank with dismay, but this time it proved to be another Northern man, a Mr. Osgood, of Boston, the son of the well-known Unitarian clergyman of that name. He proceeded to detail to me the minutest incidents of what appeared to him a very great danger that he had just escaped. The river steamer which he had taken from Cairo, Illinois, having run aground a few miles above our place, he was forced with a few other "tender feet" to hire horses and take to the land on the way to their destination. In vain I warned him there were far greater dangers to be encountered, and begged him to make haste and get on to Skipwith's as quickly as possible. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," and until he had forced me to listen to the petty discomforts he had endured the past night, he would not credit the possibility of "Guerillas." However,

he was at last prevailed upon to join our party, and we proceeded on our way. Presently Shannon, who had insisted upon doing escort duty for us, made a signal to me to be on guard, and looking ahead I saw the barrels of rifles glistening in the sun through the branches of the trees. Mrs. Freeman, whose courage had never before deserted her, quite broke down at last, as we saw a small body of Confederates awaiting us in the road. We were not very far from where we should have felt out of danger, and to be detained and turned back, as we now believed would be our fate, was too dreary a prospect to be faced with composure. What was my delight, therefore, to find they were my Arkansas friends; for such I had come to consider them in comparison with the callous and desperate fellows in whose hands I had later found myself.

The officer who had purchased my boots got off his horse as we came up, walked over to the wagon to shake hands with me and wished me good luck. He gave me back my watch, apologizing for having taken it, saying he knew someone else would have gotten away with it, as was undoubtedly the case. We took a good-bye drink together, and the rest of his command all congratulated me on my great good fortune in having gotten off so easily the night before, informing me that the gang that had entered the house were not Confederates, but outlaws, members of "Quantrell's Guerillas," who had gone there with the express purpose of killing me. So we parted with the best of good feeling on both sides.

In the friendly leave-taking, the presence of Osgood had passed unnoticed; but before we had gone fifty yards, we heard the galloping of a horse behind us, when "Halt!" came the short, sharp order. "The man on the gray horse is to remain, the rest of you can ride on." Osgood's face was a tragedy, but what could we do? Thanking our stars it was

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no worse, we continued on our way toward the Mississippi landing, with many speculations as to what would be the fate of Osgood. Just as we were pulling up in full view of the Stars and Stripes waving from the ironclad "Louisville," anchored off Skipwith's, there came a thunder of rough riding behind us, and a most comical sight met our astonished vision.

When Osgood parted from us he was dressed like the spruce Bostonian he was, and now we really did not recognize him, as he was riding a mule in place of his gray horse, and wearing a cheap straw hat such as the negroes used. Neither did he stop to claim our acquaintance, but riding as near as he could get to the river bank, he threw the straw hat into the river and wildly hailed the Federal gunboat to immediately send a small boat to his relief. As I have said, Osgood was the son of a very eminent Unitarian divine, and this may have accounted for the inaptitude of his vocabulary, as reported to me by the officers of the "Louisville" after his arrival on board. It takes much more than ordinary profanity to cause the petty officers of a man-of-war to put their fingers to their ears, and it may be this was an exaggeration of the fact; but, if Jefferson Davis is to be punished in the next world in anything like the degree that Osgood then invoked upon his devoted head, we ought all to be permitted to pray for the remission of his sins.

I have also been informed on credible testimony that the seven tattered Confederates, for whose gentle and considerate treatment I am so grateful, have grown in numbers and differentiated in character as the years have rolled by, until, to hear the description given by good Mr. Osgood, of his momentary detention and almost immediate release, is to carry away the idea of something like the conflict of honest Jack Falstaff against the "Knaves in Kendal Green."

CHAPTER V.

RAILWAY RIOTS OF 1877

Special Order No. 27.

HEADQUARTERS CITIZENS' COMMITTEE,

ST. LOUIS, July 27, 1877.

Major A. W. KELSEY is hereby appointed to take command of the Compton Hill forces, now enrolled, and hereafter to be enrolled. Also all forces enrolled and to be enrolled in the Fifteenth Ward.

All officers of organizations in said district will at once report to him for orders. Headquarters at the Police Station in Lafayette Park. By order of

(Signed)

A. J. SMITH, *Gen'l Com'g.*

J. S. FULLERTON, *A. A. G.*

Circular.

HEADQUARTERS CITIZENS' FORCES.

ST. LOUIS, July 27, 1877.

MAJOR KELSEY, *Commanding.*

"Compton Hill Battalion" will detail ten men for guard duty at the insane asylum.

These men will report to Dr. Howard for assignment to such duty. By order of

(Signed)

General A. J. SMITH.

J. S. FULLERTON, *A. A. G.*

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HEADQUARTERS CITIZENS' FORCES.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 27, 1877.

Maj. A. W. KELSEY, *Commanding, &c.*

Sir: In reply to your communication asking for additional information, I regret to say that I am unable to comply with your request.

I hope to supply our stock of ammunition tonight.

Very respectfully, etc.,

(Signed)

RICHARD H. SPENCER, *Chief of Ordnance.*

I was living on Benton Place, in the city of Saint Louis, at the time of the memorable railway riots, in 1877, and became a participant by force of circumstances and much against my own inclination. The copies of official communications addressed to me, with which I have prefaced this chapter, suffice to show that I had been very informally placed in command of a Battalion of hastily equipped volunteers consisting of three companies. It would require the pen of a Mark Twain to do justice to the subject and properly describe the situation as it developed. Suffice it to say that as I was going down town one pleasant morning, with no more idea of involving myself in the complications that ensued than of taking service under the Sultan of Turkey, I saw upon the opposite side of the street one of the best known and most influential of the esteemed German citizens of Saint Louis, Karl Daenzer, editor of the daily *Anzeiger des Westens*. I had served with him at the "Reform and Reunion" convention in Cincinnati the preceding year, when Horace Greeley, the lifetime advocate of a protective tariff, had been nominated by the Democratic Free-traders. We had each lost no

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time in "bolting" the nomination, and had done everything possible in urging all good democrats to vote for Charles O'Connor and John Quincy Adams, as the best protest against the inconsistent and quite absurd action taken at the Presidential convention of the Democracy in 1876. This was duplicated many years later when Bryan, who was nominated for President, went to Washington to urge the Democrats to assist in the passage of the Philippine Treaty of Annexation; later donned a colonel's uniform and hastened to the front to assist in the war against Spain, and then posed as an Anti-imperialist!

As soon as Mr. Daenzer saw me, he made a quick gesture to induce me to cross the street, and, as I joined him, speaking most impressively and mysteriously under his breath, hastily remarked in the imperative mood: "Be at the Mayor's office at noon!" Then, as if fearing to attract the notice of the many people about, departed in so expeditious a manner as to impress me with the feeling that affairs of the utmost importance required his immediate attention. Our meeting had chanced to be before the entrance to the horse-car stables, not far from Lafayette Park; and as I stood there pondering what might be on the tapis for discussion at the Mayor's office, I noticed inside a considerable body of men in citizens' dress, evidently being addressed in a formal way by some one who was speaking as if by authority. Little dreaming how big with fate was my unpremeditated action, I turned into the stable to inform myself what was going on. I found the men were respectable members of the body politic, who had responded to a call from their employers to come forward and enroll themselves as being willing to assist the State and City authorities in the preservation of law and order—mostly clerks and bookkeepers from the larger wholesaling establishments, I

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judged. I saw no one present whose face was familiar to me; but, listening to the man who appeared to have been placed in command, I was amazed to hear him say that they were dismissed for the day, but were to report to him the next morning, each man with a musket or rifle, at the "Four Courts," not in a body, but each man coming separately.

I knew the "Four Courts," as it is called, had been surrounded by a howling mob of would-be Anarchists, and that the police of the city were having their utmost energies taxed to hold it against the crowd, and it appeared to me nothing less than insanity to suppose the mob would permit the men to penetrate through them singly, so turning to the Captain, I said, much to his astonishment: "By whose order are you acting?" He hesitated in his reply, and I saw that he was simply acting on his own responsibility. Turning to the men, who had remained to hear what I had to offer, I assumed the action and air of one accustomed to be obeyed, and continued: "I wish you everyone to remain here until I go down to the Mayor's office, and I will return as quickly as possible with more definite orders." I then turned to the leader and said, "Do you not know, sir, that your men would be disarmed by the mob, and their arms taken away to be used against us, if they should attempt to obey your order to report at the Four Courts tomorrow *singly*?" He stood confused, and I said, "Keep your men here until you hear from me."

Now at the time I had not a particle of authority, and indeed had I been able to get my family away in safety from the city, I should have left with them at once; but all lines of railways leading out of town had been stopped by the strike, and even the steamers were unable to obtain crews. It was merely the instinct of self-preservation therefore that led me to interfere. I had already ordered the bathtubs in my

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house filled with water (as it was rumored that the leaders of the strikers contemplated turning off the water), and I had provisioned my residence for a siege, going so far as to buy a large ham, which I had always forbidden as food in my household before, but I judged it would keep longer than fresh meat. The family had likewise been instructed not to undress at night, for fear of fire. The fact was that all the police had been concentrated about the jail and the law courts; and were already far from effective, owing to constant duty night and day. There were but three companies of militia at that time existing in Saint Louis proper, and these were composed of either ex-Confederates, Germans, or negroes, I believe. It appeared as if society was about to be resolved into its original elements, and I therefore hastened to the Mayor's office, where I had never had occasion to go before; nor did I know anything of Mayor Overstolz, the incumbent of that office at the time.

I found in the outer room no indication of any expected meeting. Two quiet and undemonstrative clerks were at their desks, and one of them came forward to enquire my business. I stared about in perplexity, and at last said, "A gentleman requested me to attend a meeting here." At once he opened an entrance to the large inner office, and, passing through the business portion I found myself assisting at a most solemn and portentous assembly of grave and reverend fathers, who bore upon their features such evidence of unwonted perturbation as gave me a chill. The Mayor was informing them, as I entered, of his reports from the various officials as to the dangers threatening the community; and, as I listened, I too was forced into a very serious state of mind. Mayor Overstolz went on to say that his information was to the effect that no less than "thirty thousand socialists" were

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fully armed and equipped, and had been long arranging for the overturn of the regularly organized forces of the city; that already his police force was worn out by constant service; and that his repeated calls upon the State authority at Jefferson City had been answered to the effect that, while the Governor had plenty of arms and ammunition, there existed no sufficient body of uniformed militia to cope with the force believed to be ready to overturn existing institutions.

It must be remembered that Missouri was at that time in the most chaotic condition, as the cessation of the Civil war had left the old-time leaders face to face with the minority of "Carpet-Baggers;" and these last had now come to understand that it was but a question of time when they should have to relinquish their offices to the ex-Confederates who formed with their sympathizers a very considerable majority of the legal voters in the State. I saw among the prominent citizens present, the Catholic Bishop Ryan (at the present time of writing Archbishop of Philadelphia), the principal Bank Presidents, the Police Commissioners, Editors of Journals, &c., &c., just a representative assemblage of the various classes, including the merchant princes and moneyed men of the city. Of course I had no reason to doubt the reality of the foundation of the reports I was listening to, although subsequent developments showed it was enormously exaggerated by the Mayor. When Mayor Overstolz sat down there ensued a moment of dead silence, as no one felt equal to the responsibility of proposing measures to meet so grave an emergency. A few questions were asked as to details, and almost everybody sat still, like myself, pondering in a dazed sort of way what possible course could be adopted. Then arose one of the Commissioners of Police, who chanced to be also a member of the National Democratic Committee for

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Missouri, and a well-known real estate operator. He took issue with Mayor Overstolz as to the gravity of the crisis, and proposed vigorous measures, by the united action of those present; and it was voted that a public meeting should be held that same night, to arouse the legal voters to a proper appreciation of the need for immediate organization of all the conservative forces of the community. But the great need was to gain the time essential to organize, arm and equip any body of volunteers we might be able to inspire with public spirit. The journals had already been forced to publish, under the terrorism of the leaders of the mob, an order requiring all men, who wished to assist in the hospital work it was assumed was imminent, to wear a certain prescribed badge upon the left arm, so that they should not be molested by the forces of the "Commune." Meetings were being held in all quarters of the city where the most radical measures were being advocated for the seizure and distribution of public and private property; but the mob itself had not waited for formal orders, and had here and there entered private dwelling houses and helped themselves to whatever they had taken a fancy to, principally food however; but it was plainly feared that all bounds to their moderation might be exceeded at any moment. The centre of the revolutionary propaganda appeared to be at the "Hay Market," where there was a large open space in the poorer portion of the city, which made it convenient to rally a numerous assemblage on very short notice.

We were about to adjourn, feeling that nothing much had been accomplished, when Bishop Ryan, who had shrewdly listened until he had learned all it was possible to learn from those supposed to be the best informed, got upon his feet and asked to be advised as to what had been actually demanded

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by the strikers in a regular and formal way. He was answered that they had given the railway officials until 9 o'clock the next morning to concede the increased wages they demanded; then he asked what action the railway companies intended to take, and the reply was that they could only refuse to comply with the demands of the strikers, and call upon the constituted authorities to protect their properties. Right here was shown the superiority of skilled mind over crude brute force. With a suave smile the Bishop demanded if anyone in Saint Louis was in a position to give a binding and conclusive concession to all the demands of the leaders of the rioters. The reply was, certainly not; that even if it were possible for the railway companies to make the concessions without bankrupting themselves, their boards of directors, for the most part, were in the habit of meeting in the Eastern cities, and it would require much time and reflection to take well-considered action in such important and complicated matters. "Yet," continued the Bishop, "the various companies have their local representatives here in Saint Louis?" "Yes, certainly," it was replied, "but they are not and could not be empowered to deal with such matters without action by their superior officers." "Then," continued the venerable Bishop, "any action these subordinates might take in such a direction could be disavowed and annulled by the subsequent action of the directors?" Such, it was replied, must inevitably be the case. "Very well," said Bishop Ryan, "why not instruct these subordinates to concede all that the men demand?" It was plain to be seen that this would deprive them instantly of all possible reason for any riotous or violent action; to draw their teeth, as it were; and, at all events, to gain the necessary time for preparing the dilatory forces of law and order.

If everybody present drew as deep a breath of relief as

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the writer, they must have been audible in the outer office. The meeting presently adjourned with something like a feeling of hope replacing the general despondency that had prevailed on hearing the Mayor's report. It was evident we had next to nothing to expect from the impotent and imbecile city officials. Something like the "Vigilance Committee" of the earlier California days was the requisite. Who should be required to "Bell the Cat?"

That evening, in compliance with the understanding had at the Mayor's office, a mass meeting of the law abiding citizens was held at one of the largest halls in the city; and, without any time for advertising it, the hall was crowded. The mere touching of elbows among good men and true, the knowledge that neighbors were united in perfect sympathy, and, more especially, the united action of the solid business interests in calling upon their employees to take arms, and rely upon the employers to care for their wives and children in case of serious injury, emboldened the promoters to the point of enthusiasm, so that there was a quick revulsion of feeling, to one of sanguine expectation of soon suppressing the anarchistic sentiment which had taken advantage of the railway strike to introduce ideas foreign to the habits of native born American citizens.

My residence being located in the southern portion of the City of Saint Louis, necessitating a ride of half an hour to the business centre, where the large hall was situated in which the citizens were assembled, I was not able to arrive so soon as I had intended, by reason of the delays on the route, since I had returned to the horse-car stables and found there many of the volunteers whom I had left some hours before, including their commander. I found they had been informed of my previous service in the civil war, and were

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desirous I should assume charge of that section of the city. The most insistent was the man I was to supersede, who told me he had not had any experience in the field since the Mexican war, and would gladly serve under me; and I may say here that he proved to be of the best material.

After arranging to give them my answer early the next morning, and advising that they meet me at the stable armed and equipped as well as they might find to be possible, I hastened to consult with those of my friends with whom I could come in contact, among them was General Cavender, formerly of the Staff of General U. S. Grant. I begged him to relieve me of my responsibility, explaining that my previous experience had been confined principally to the naval service, and that as he was greatly my senior, as well in rank as in years, it was rather his duty than mine to accept leadership in the crisis, especially as "he was to the manor born" and raised in Saint Louis, while I had only located there at the time of my marriage, in 1869. To this he demurred, and asserted—to quote him literally—"You are precisely the man for the place." As a matter of fact, I believe that his objection was rather to the load of possible obloquy he foresaw might be the only reward of the man who should risk his reputation, if forced to fire upon the rioters. Meantime, the rumors of utter social demoralization arrived from every quarter, and it was borne in upon me that if anything was to be done to stem the tide of rebellion, it must be done immediately. Now it so chanced that my father had commanded one of the "crack" companies of militia in the city of Boston, the "Washington Light Guard," and had been in command of the funeral escort given by the State of Massachusetts to the body of ex-President John Quincy Adams; and I had been raised, so to speak, in the atmosphere of his military experience, which had

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included the facing of mobs on more than one occasion. I well recalled the turning out of the Guard at the time of the murder of Parkman by Professor Webster of Harvard College; also the Court House in Boston surrounded by the militia, defending it against a mob led by Wendell Phillips, at the time the fugitive slave, Simms, had to be escorted through the streets of Boston, while the militia, under orders from the authorities to do their duty, had to remain quiescent under a rain of cayenne pepper flung upon them by the well dressed abolitionists and their sympathizers. I recalled especially that my father had often repeated in my hearing, that the thing to be done was to make an example in the first place; and that it would save much bloodshed *not* to use blank cartridges at *first*, but to load with ball, and *then* use the blank cartridges. So I determined that if Fate had made it necessary for me to head the movement in my adopted city, I would not forget his experienced advice.

After arranging with my wife that she was to be kept informed of any opportunity that might offer to enable her to take the children out of the city, and to get to her father's house in Wisconsin, I returned to town and made my way to the meeting, which had already been organized, and was boiling over with enthusiasm as I entered. Almost the first words I heard were, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate for the command of the southern part of the city, Mr. Albert Warren Kelsey." The question was instantly put, and before I had the opportunity of saying a word in explanation of my sense of my own deficiencies, in point of experience, &c., I found I had been unanimously and uproariously elected in town meeting to a position which I was just commencing to realize might involve me in all sorts of trouble, and for which, at the very best, there could scarcely be any hope of compensation beyond the

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sense of having done one's duty. I felt I must not dampen the spirits of the audience by declination—as it was not a time to hold back, when the tide was setting so strongly toward public sacrifices. The will of the majority was to be enforced, so I said not a word, if I remember aright, but merely nodded acceptance. General A. J. Smith previously, and in much the same way, had had forced upon him the supreme command of the city; and various other names were voted upon, and in nearly every case unanimously adopted by well-meaning citizens, only intent upon getting the load of responsibility off their own shoulders, as it afterwards appeared to those of us who had been honored!

I presently got away, that no time should be lost in finding out what were the plans of those who had organized the meeting, and to find out what was expected of me. It was evident, when the leaders elected at the meeting got together, that all that had yet been achieved was to devolve the evolution of the plan of campaign and the entire authority of the citizens upon our shoulders; but it was plain that we were to be supported heartily, and had only to submit any reasonable plan to have it immediately adopted; so we reluctantly took up our task.

As all authority from the state or city officials, invested in the Governor of Missouri and Mayor of Saint Louis, had already been exerted without effect, we were compelled to assume extra-legal powers, in the hope that any action taken would be later approved by the legislature. The first thing to be thought of was to ascertain where we were to procure the supplies of food and ammunition, absolutely essential to providing for the volunteers it was now certain we might depend upon, but whose subsistence must be furnished them, if they were to be kept together. The wealthier members of the

community had pledged themselves to furnish sufficient cash to provide the supplies absolutely required, and a paper was placed in circulation for subscriptions; but everything had to be done at once, and each commander of local forces was instructed to make whatever was most expeditious and practicable in the way of preparations for feeding his command; to levy upon tradesmen and marketmen for wagons and means of transportation, and to give receipts in the name of the Citizens' Committee. The more enthusiastic of the wealthier merchants were already providing the tinware and blankets, and we had been promised all the small arms we could find men to carry from the supplies held in store at Jefferson City and in the State Arsenal.

I had determined to make the headquarters of my battalion in Lafayette Park, as it afforded sufficient open space for the evolutions of the recruits, was central, and, above all, afforded opportunity for safely entrenching my men in case we should be forced to act upon the defensive. The public water supply was supposed to be in danger; but, as long as the mains were not cut, the public fountains in the park would afford abundant supply for all purposes. Moreover, there existed a small police station, with its telegraphic communication, in the park. Not the least of its advantages were the trees and shrubbery, affording grateful shade in the long, hot summer days. The strong and high iron fence surrounding it made it easy to exclude the crowd of loafers whose presence might easily become dangerous. Altogether it was an ideal place for the purpose and surrounded by streets whose farther side was lined by the residences of the better class of citizens and well affected to us. There was slight danger of these being used as cover for the revolutionary forces.

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As my men consisted of well-educated, law-abiding citizens, there was little danger of their doing much wanton damage to the beautiful and carefully kept grounds. My first thought was therefore to obtain from Mayor Overstolz an order to take possession of Lafayette Park. Accordingly my first business, on the morning after the rally of the law-abiding citizens at the public meeting I have spoken of, was to proceed to the Mayor's office for the purpose of procuring from him an order to the head of the police station in Lafayette Park requesting him to act under my instructions. On my way down town in the horse-car, I passed by several gunshops, and noticed the throng of purchasers about them, so my very first question to the Mayor was why he had taken no steps to close these shops at which the leaders of the mob could so easily supply their forces. He replied that he knew of no way of preventing it. I asked, "What was done during the recent civil war?" He hesitated still, and, disgusted at his timidity, I said, "Mr. Mayor, write out immediately an order closing every shop in the city where arms or ammunition are being purchased, without producing written authority from the Citizens' Committee." As obediently as if I had been his chief, he turned to his desk and I dictated the form required and took a copy for my own use, leaving him to disseminate the instructions to the police. Then, perceiving that he was in a compliant mood, I continued, "Now, be so good as to write an order to the Chief of Police placing the station in Lafayette Park under the command of Major A. W. Kelsey, commanding the Compton Hill Battalion, with instructions to the officers on duty there to take their orders from him until further notified." This was also done without demur, and in the language I desired.

Fortified with these orders I lost no time in calling upon

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the Chief of Police. I had last seen him on the train returning to Saint Louis after the "Reform and Reunion Convention" in Cincinnati the previous year, when he had beguiled the tedium of the weary hours between the two cities by singing a choice collection of Irish ballads; his favorite effort having been, "The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls." He was modelled after jolly Jack Falstaff, and could have sat for his portrait any time! Santa Claus himself might have envied his ruddy countenance, and he measured rather more about his waist than he did from feet to head. I found him quite as biddable as the Mayor; in fact both were evidently very pleased to have the responsibility taken off their shoulders. The fact to be noticed, however, is that *neither asked me for my authority, and each obeyed my suggestions without my having offered or produced any written instructions from the Citizens' Committee*; in fact, had I waited for this latter body to act, not very much headway would have been made, it is probable, since differences of opinion are sure to develop where there are "many men of many minds." *Exitus acta probat!*

It was a work of some days to get my men into proper shape and to ascertain just what the exigency required. To illustrate the peculiar conditions that prevailed: I had serving under me the Member of Congress from my district, carrying a musket in the ranks; Ex-Governor "Tom Fletcher," who had been in command of Missouri during the civil war time, was one of the three Captains of my Battalion; another was the veteran of the Mexican war, Capt. Hequembourg, whom I had first met at the horse-car stables, old enough to have been my father. The companies themselves were of the most dissimilar elements; one consisted mainly of the wealthy citizens of that quarter, who had enrolled themselves in a moment of very great enthusiasm, without regard to their

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manifest unfitness for the active service it appeared likely they would be forced to attempt. They had offered to give a bond in the sum of a million dollars for the safe return of their rifles to the state! Each member of the company had his own ideas as to the proper conduct of the impending campaign, and they had but one idea in common, apparently: each had convinced himself that the proper base of operations was in his own front or back yard.

The second company, commanded by Hequembourg, was quite without military experience, but of excellent promise and willing to submit to the long night patrol duty without a murmur, which my company of millionaires had been convinced from the first should be dispensed with. It was not the Patrician element that was to be depended upon, evidently, if operations should be prolonged.

One of the most amusing incidents I recall was in connection with the son of the wealthiest grocer of Saint Louis. Nature had endowed him with so much superfluous flesh that it actually required *two* waist belts fastened together to surround him. It chanced that his father's fine city residence was directly opposite the location of his company in Lafayette Park; and he could not understand why he should not be permitted to go home for his regular meals, and also to sleep in his own bed when off duty. At last, chafing under the restraints to which he was subjected, and the jokes of his comrades, he unwound from his ample person the aforesaid double waist-belt, and approaching me with all the energy of one who had made up his mind, announced in a loud voice his determination then and there to "resign from the service," and I had to accept the resignation, while the entire force roared with laughter.

My principal reliance and best company consisted of

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Germans, also from that section, and composed mainly of men who had seen actual service, either in our own civil war, or in their Fatherland; several had been at Sedan and witnessed the surrender of the third Napoleon. They needed no drill in the manual, and were thoroughly obedient and dependable. As they were from the wealthier class they were not infected with the Socialistic craze that had taken advantage of the railway strike to disseminate, among the German artisans especially, its peculiar doctrine in regard to the division of the gains of the thrifty and industrious among the lazy and extravagant. Indeed my principal fear was that these young and spirited fellows might be only too hasty in their action. I therefore cautioned their officers in regard to their subordinates, not to have their guns loaded without my personal order, but to rely entirely upon the bayonet, in case of any refusal of the members of the mob to move on when requested; not to permit their squads to be divided up into less than five men when on patrol; always and everywhere to insist upon perfect politeness in addressing any collection of laboring men; and to set an example themselves, in self-command over their tempers, in case of insult. Having fully determined myself to make an example upon sufficient provocation, it was all important that no blame should attach to our citizen soldiery in regard to the origin of the collision that at the time seemed inevitable. Our advices from the northern portion of the city showed that the leaders of the mob were so confident, in their great superiority in point of numbers, that they were making the most elaborate preparation for the disposition of events after they had disposed of the few hundred men (not exceeding three or four thousand altogether) we had managed to collect in different places, and to furnish with arms and ammunition.

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About the third day after the town meeting the moral atmosphere became very depressing; little headway had been made in getting things nearer a settlement, and the delay in asserting the authority of the law had greatly emboldened the leaders of the Anarchists. In the meantime we were getting news of the bloody conflict going on in Pennsylvania, where one regiment, near Pittsburg, was reported as having been forced to take the defensive, and to be in danger of actual annihilation. At night the populace was being harangued at the Hay Market by impassioned orators, declaiming against the bands of "hirelings" who were "holding the Four Courts and Lafayette Park in the interests of the capitalists, and against the future of the human race." It seemed impossible to permit affairs to continue as they were, and yet it would make confusion worse confounded to attempt to put down the mob in our present condition and fail in the effort. At this moment I recall demanding from Governor Fletcher what would have occurred the preceding night "if a force of four men, armed with bass drums, had advanced upon Lafayette Park from different points of the compass?" He very seriously replied that so far as his own company was concerned "he did not believe he could have mustered a Corporal's Guard!" To my enquiry as to where the rest of the men would have been, he replied, pointing to the high iron fence enclosing the park, "Climbing those pales in the hope of avoiding trouble."

Hequembourg, and the commander of the Germans, however, had no doubt that their men would do all that could be expected of them, and I determined, at all events, to test their mettle at the first chance. Late that evening I received what appeared to be authentic information that the crisis was about to be precipitated by the action of the mob in ordering

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that certain buildings should be destroyed by fire, that they might not be used by the forces under the Citizens' Committee; that all non-combatants had been instructed to hold aloof from participation with the fire department, and ordered not to give assistance in any way to the former authorities. It occurred to me that I must now or never decide whether chaos had come. I sent for the three captains and told, so far as I was permitted, what appeared to be the situation, and instructed them to order their respective commands to load with ball cartridge and prepare for actual hostilities. Pointing out the limited number of men at my command, and the extent of the territory we were supposed to be responsible for, I told them that it was quite impossible for us to take charge of prisoners, and that if it came to actual street-fighting, they "must not bring in any prisoners;" if they found incendiaries actually at work they must shoot them on the spot.

The Captains looked at each other in dismay, realizing that their responsibility would be very great, acting upon no other authority than my individual command. Finally Governor Fletcher voiced their united sentiment in saying "We prefer you should give those orders to the men yourself." "Order your commands to form in line in front of these headquarters," I replied. Presently the orderly reported that the Battalion was in position. I walked up and down the line and saw by the general aspect of the men, and their freedom from all their customary merriment, that they had some inkling of the gravity of the occasion. I then addressed them briefly, stating that the crisis we had been preparing for had arrived, and that the immediate fate of the city was in their hands; and repeated the orders I had already given through their commanding officers: that, wherever that night in their patrol they found an assemblage of citizens in the streets, their

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officer should first order the members of the mob to go quietly to their homes; and, if no attention were paid to his direction, he was to repeat his command, warning them of the danger of non-compliance. If they did not immediately disperse on the third demand, he was to order a charge with the bayonet, and I felt certain that would suffice; that if they came upon men with kerosene or other material for starting fires, in the immediate vicinity of a conflagration, or found men emerging from buildings that had been set on fire, they should take the testimony of any respectable citizens while detaining the men, and if two or more credible witnesses declared these men had been the cause of the fire, "Shoot them on the spot; do you understand me? *Kill* them; do not bring in any prisoners."

Now my headquarters consisted of the Police Station, previously mentioned, and this had been placed for convenience close to one of the main entrances to the park, and therefore not far away from the fence enclosing the entire grounds. About this fence a crowd of spectators had gathered, as no one was permitted within the park, after I had taken possession, but those having business of importance to the public weal. Sentinels had been posted at the few gates left open, and these had been exposed at first to the jeers and unfriendly criticism of the sympathizers with the strikers, and not altogether without reason, for the awkward squad had been much in evidence. For instance, on one of the first occasions of serving out the daily rations, which was done under my own observation (that I might see for myself if the quality of the food was satisfactory, and that there was no favoritism in the distribution), a Corporal had ordered his squad to "front face," and they had immediately responded by forming a hollow square about the bacon, coffee and bread they were to convey to their company. The roars of laughter from the loafers outside were far from

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inspiring to my command, and I had more than once determined to keep them at a greater distance, but awaited a proper excuse. In addressing my entire command on this occasion I had not raised my voice, but it had carried as far as the fence and, in the prevailing silence and nervous tension, almost every word I had addressed to my men had been plainly audible to the host of spectators.

Presumably it was not many minutes before my instructions "not to bring me in any prisoners, &c.," had been made known to the leaders of the mob. At all events, there was reported to me about midnight a most remarkable change in the attitude and behavior of the rioters. Instead of the insulting remarks which had been addressed to our patrols, and the disinclination to "move on" when ordered, a seeming alacrity and absolute civility was manifest; and as the night wore on no sign of any incendiarism appeared. Captain Hequembourg asserted that his patrol duty had for the first time been absolutely free from cause of irritation; that he had been frequently assured by respectable working men, on his rounds, that they had received intelligence that the crowd of sympathizers, with the leaders of the Anarchists, was very much reduced, and that in fact it would appear that the cat had jumped our own way.

It remained to quietly get rid of the loud-mouthed orators who had been trying to prove to the working classes that their duty consisted in flat defiance of the constituted authorities. I had communicated my ideas to the police official in charge of Lafayette Park Station, and had requested him to advise with his superior officers and obtain their consent to my plan, which was adopted. That evening a detail of trusty detectives, all in plain clothes and simulating the working men of the Hay Market section, were instructed to

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attend all the principal meetings and to carefully identify the really violent and dangerous orators, and to keep them in view after the conclusion of the speaking. Two or three were to follow up each of the speakers when they left the locality and await a proper opportunity to arrest them out of sight of the main body of their supporters. It was to be expected that they would wind up the evening, as was their custom, at some one of the many open-air parks, or German "beer gardens;" and when they should be found unaccompanied by any numerous body of friends, they were to be accosted civilly, but taken into immediate custody, and placed within our lines at the Four Courts, which had now become the centre of operations, and was at last free from the crowds of rioters who had at first gathered about. If the men retired to their own houses, so much the better, as time was to be given them to undress and get to bed before arresting them, that their friends should not be informed before morning of their detention.

Everything worked as well as could possibly have been expected. By daylight of the following day half a dozen of the most inveterate leaders of the Anarchists were inside the jail, and their friends hunting for legal advisers. By and by some cheap lawyer would make his appearance at the cordon of sentinels surrounding the big building, and, surrounded by a little knot of sympathetic friends of the detained prisoner, would demand if Mr. So and So was within our lines. Orders had been given to treat applicants for this sort of information with the most scrupulous courtesy, and the officer of the day would be sent for and, having listened respectfully to the questioner, he would suggest that the advocate should enter the jail by himself and see if the man he was in search of could be found there. At first this method of solving the matter was accepted, and some one who could identify the missing

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man was escorted formally until out of sight of the others, when he was either left in the cell with the man he desired to meet, or placed in another and left there. As the tracks all led in, and no one emerged who had entered, after a time whatever curiosity existed as to their treatment or condition was prudently restrained, and questions and references to *habeas corpus* were deferred to some better opportunity.

It now became quite manifest that the tide of public feeling was setting strongly against the disturbers of the public peace, and that it needed but a general turnout of the citizens' organized forces to end the difficulty. Accordingly it was decided to hold a general muster of all the men that could be spared from the protection of the Four Courts, and the Compton Hill Battalion was (for what proved to be the last time) marched through the principal streets of the city, and with the commands formed in the other wards, made the circuit of the business centre. Not only was there no resistance made to our unobstructed progress, but one might have supposed from the thousands of applauding spectators that lined all the streets and crowded the windows, from the beginning to the end of our triumphal progress, that the citizen soldiery had returned from a long and triumphant campaign. Governor Fletcher had made the nearest approach to obtaining uniforms for his company, and had turned them out in white shirts and wide-brimmed straw hats, such as are worn in the agricultural districts in field work. Wives and sweethearts vied in the proud recognition of the heroic defenders, and "Johnny came marching home again" with vast content to himself, and the greatest relief to his commanding officers who could proudly point to an absolutely clean list, so far as casualties in the field were concerned. In fact the only wound of which I was advised occurred through one of our men slipping off a window sill,

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where he had been sunning himself, and chancing to fall on his own bayonet. At the same time the trouble in the East, particularly in pusillanimous Pennsylvania, had not been tided over so easily. I have no doubt the adoption of the defensive policy, in attempting to manage the rioters in Pittsburg, caused grievous loss of life, and left behind lasting bitterness. In stopping a social conflagration there is no greater danger than manifesting fear of taking the responsibility. Bismarck has been credited with the apothegm "It is impossible to make an omelette without first breaking the eggs." Any attempt to avoid danger is apt to lead to greater risk, if it refuses to face the peril steadily. The public safety being the supreme necessity, the constituted authorities should never hesitate to adopt for their motto "*Salus populi suprema lex esto!*"

CHAPTER VI.

EUROPEAN AND OTHER ANECDOTES

Among the many pleasant incidents I recall, during our four years' residence in Europe, from 1878 to 1882, are the winters upon the "Riviera," especially when the late Queen Victoria occupied the "Villa des Rosiers," near our own "Villa David" at Garavan, on the East Bay of Mentone, in the Department of the "Alpes Maritimes," France. Very few Americans had the opportunity then afforded the members of our family of seeing the British Queen nearly every day, and at close quarters. The Princess Beatrice, who accompanied her mother, attended at the same school for the teaching of the manufacture of "artistic pottery" that counted among its most accomplished graduates my wife, who had attained to so high a degree of proficiency as to be named by M. Magnat, its proud proprietor, as his "best American pupil."

One day M. Magnat came to me in the greatest state of perplexity and excitement. He had just received from Sir Something Ponsonby, the Major Domo of the Queen's household, a letter which notified him that the Queen proposed to visit his works the same afternoon, and desired that he should exclude all other visitors. He confessed that he had not the most remote idea of what he ought to do, as he "never before had had the honor of receiving royalty." I never had myself, of course, and my experience, therefore, was of little use to him, but I had had some experience in the public reception of distinguished guests, and had read more than he of the

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ceremonial and etiquette that is still held to be essential to the fitting reception of such distinguished visitors. I told him to send at once for rolls of carpeting to be laid down from the carriage entrance of the road that led up to his manufactory, and to get everything into the best shape the short notice permitted; then to get Madame Magnat (who was far and away his most expert and accomplished operator in clay) to work upon his most attractive patterns of pottery, and to proceed quietly about the usual routine with his work-people, omitting only the attendance of the lady pupils. This he quite readily accomplished, and having seen everything in readiness for Her Majesty, I ordered a carriage and stationed it close beside the entrance to the plot of ground occupied by his buildings; and, with my wife beside me, took up our position in the high road outside, so that it would be impossible for anyone to pass in without coming within a very few feet of us. The Queen being so insistent upon having the manufactory to herself as to exclude the pupils (who paid high prices for the hours they were passing there), I held it was no more than fair that Mrs. Kelsey should be permitted to make the most of her opportunity upon the public highway.

The Queen was invariably preceded by one of the members of the crack French cavalry corps, who rode about fifty yards in advance of her carriage, and was supposed to halt at the place of her destination. He being French, and the driver of her carriage a burly, red-faced Englishman, they could not understand one another. The "Borrigo Valley" road, upon which the pottery works are located, is one of the favorite drives about Mentone, and when the Queen made the usual turn in that direction, the gorgeously uniformed Frenchman kept straight on, as he had been in the habit of doing, and the coachman followed. Knowing perfectly well the hour

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set for the arrival of the Queen, and her punctuality in keeping all her appointments, I could not doubt that I was only "doing as I would be done by," when I stood up in my carriage and shouted to the coachman, who had already passed at full speed, "Here is where you are to stop!" It never occurred to me that Her Majesty would take the remark as if addressed to herself, and, for some time I was puzzled to account for the very evident merriment and hardly-suppressed laughter manifest in the countenances of the Queen and the Princess Beatrice as they passed in beside us. The driver, being a sensible man, hearing the vernacular, glanced over his shoulder and recognized at once that I knew what I was talking about as I pointed to the sign above the entrance, the "Fabrique de Poterie Artistique." Later on I realized how absurd it must have appeared to the occupants of the royal vehicle to be told by a raw Yankee where they were going when they had stipulated in advance for the utmost privacy. The driver immediately pulled in his horses, turned the carriage about, and the two ladies were helped out. They passed an hour or more in witnessing the deft manipulation of the clay under the practised fingers of Madame Magnat, before the representative of the French nation returned to his post.

The amount of British gold resulting from the visit of the Queen to M. and Mme. Magnat, would scarcely be credited. In the first place, the Queen herself left an order which nearly cleared the shelves; but this was the least of the wind-fall, as every loyal English subject visiting the locality for the next few years felt it his or her duty to buy a souvenir; and as the prices were immediately raised not less than one hundred per cent. the result was beyond the wildest dreams of the worthy proprietors. So pleased was Her Royal Highness by the simple manners of good Madame Magnat that she

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extended her an invitation to visit her the next season; and the two Magnats actually passed a day at Balmoral Castle as guests of Queen Victoria. Mme. Magnat would have liked nothing better than to tell you how the "Prince de Galles," seeing her shiver in the chill Scotch air, took off his own plaid and put it about her shoulders! We were constantly meeting Her Majesty in the narrow streets of Mentone, and, as our carriage usually contained from four to six children beside ourselves, and Her Majesty was an avowed friend of large families, it soon became evident that she had become familiar with our faces, if not with our names.

Queen Victoria used to be driven about in the vicinity of Mentone in a sort of wagonette, where she sat sidewise, accompanied by several other persons, the celebrated "John Brown" being usually upon the box with the driver; he was ageing fast at that time, and was generally muffled up in Scotch plaid. The young Prince Leopold, who died shortly after, and his sister, Beatrice, were frequently of the party, with Ponsonby, Lady Churchill, and others of her dames of honor. The grocer who supplied the royal family was a well-known person by the name of Willoughby. He had served the English speaking colony at Mentone for many years, and once told me "Before Mentone was, I am!" He used to array himself in his idea of professional full-dress, which consisted principally of his best coat and a white vest with brass buttons, and go daily himself to the Villa des Rosiers for the Queen's order.

The then newest pattern of English ironclad, "the Inflexible," had been sent down to the Mediterranean as a sort of guard of honor to Her Majesty, and undertook one night to give a kind of exhibition in front of the little port of Mentone to show off her big electric "searchlight," at that time something new and strange. It was credibly reported

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to me that Her Majesty "ran around like a child" on the night in question in her anxiety to obtain a good point of vantage from which to observe the display. The Villa residents had determined to celebrate the occasion, and the half dozen or less Americans who occupied villas that winter were not behind Her Majesty's own subjects in their desire to do honor to the occasion, so a liberal display of fireworks was inaugurated. The "Inflexible" could be illuminated from her topmasts to the main deck by a system of electric lights, then suddenly becoming totally invisible, she would turn on the searchlights and sweep the crowds upon the stone quays with so intense a glare as to cause one to close his eyes or turn away. After about an hour of this, the entertainment came to an abrupt conclusion with the sudden sounding of her immense steam "syren." Many of the inhabitants of Mentone had never heard such a steam whistle before, and the tremendous bellowing, as of some strange sea monster out there in the darkness, so affrighted them that it started the more timid among the superstitious Catholic population into a sort of panic, and this extended to many who did not wait to ascertain the cause; among others I remember all my servants, and my oldest boy, returning in hot haste to our house, and actually tumbling over one another in their anxiety to get under cover.

I recall also a balloon ascension that was made about this time, when some of the gilded youth of the vicinity paid a fabulous sum to share the glory of the ascent. The "pilot balloons" sent up first showed the wind was from the quarter the aeronauts desired so as to take them back into the country, but when the party itself got up, the balloon started suddenly for Africa. There was a rush of the hardy fishermen for their boats, and some very pretty and expeditious work in launching

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and getting out into the bay before the men in the balloon should drown. They were forced to open the valves and descend at once, and it was great good luck that their rescuers were able to come up with them in season. How the young gentlemen felt who had paid so much for the opportunity of "extinguishing" themselves I was not informed.

The crowning gaiety of the winter season was the carnival. In those days the "confetti" were not the harmless paper pellets that people are now under the necessity of using, and it was essential to wear a wire mask if one wished to go out upon the public streets, and even then one's eyes were pretty certain to suffer from the fine lime dust. One of the "floats" that passed us in the procession, I remember, was an excellent caricature of the "pigeon shooting" at Monte Carlo, in which the sportsmen were attired as pigeons, and when the "trap" was sprung, out jumped a man who was instantly "winged" and fell over at the explosion of the gun, writhing and kicking in the most realistic manner. Not infrequently very large sums were expended in the preparation of these extravagant equipages, which were seldom used but for a single occasion.

To return to Queen Victoria. I chanced one day to be out walking with my daughter Mary, up one of the valleys which extend back from the sea until they terminate in steep mule-paths, for the most part, so they become impracticable for carriages. There is no outlet except to return by the road by which one enters when driving, and we were presently passed by the usual royal party on their daily airing. It is not good form to follow celebrities, but when one is overtaken by such a natural bit of good luck, it is pardonable to make the most of it. So I did not feel called upon to change my proposed ramble, and kept on in the same direction as that

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taken by the Queen. By and by we met the wagonette returning at a walk, without its occupants, who had descended for the opportunity of strolling along on foot. Noticing we were coming to a narrow bridge which was thrown across one of the frequent mountain torrents, I crossed the road, placed my four-year-old daughter upon the stone parapet of the bridge and instructed her to make her very best and lowest "courtesy" to the Queen when she passed. As soon, however, as the party discovered that they were no longer by themselves, they signalled the wagonette to stop and take them in, and as I stood there I was made fully aware of how infirm and old the Queen had already become, as it took several of the party, some pushing her up from behind, and others pulling her up from above, to get her into the vehicle. I was so near that I have always since claimed with perfect good faith that I was able to see more of Queen Victoria than was probably ever possible to any other American gentleman.

After the party were once more in their seats, the carriage approached us, and my little daughter performed that feminine accomplishment of the good old-fashioned times, known to our grandmothers as "making a cheese," as had been taught her by her mother, and is now only witnessed in the stately "minuet." The little old lady known to the nineteenth century as the "Empress of India," among her various other titles, was evidently pleased, and nodded her head and smiled, very much to my satisfaction; and I then and there impressed upon Miss Mary Kelsey that she was never to forget that she had once in her life been honored by the personal attention of the Queen of Great Britain. I may add that several of our children were one day playing in front of our villa, in their every-day costumes, which for economy's sake had been covered with black aprons, (usually in a very damp and muddy

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condition, as our villa fronted on the Mediterranean, and it was their favorite pastime to paddle about upon the rocks and shingle of the sea beach only a few yards from our front door), when the Princess Beatrice and several other ladies of the royal party, came and seated themselves on a wooden bench just outside our garden gate, where the children were very much in evidence, and, after observing them with evident disapprobation for a moment, the Princess was moved to remark, "What dirty Pinafores!"

To conclude my bunch of "royal reminiscences," with one or two others which occur to me, I recall one day having been very unfavorably impressed with the appearance of a loudly dressed individual at the Artistic Pottery Manufactory, who had on a suit of clothing of a "check" pattern, in which the checks were so huge that "it would have taken two of him to play checkers upon," as Mrs. Fred. Burnaby was said to have remarked. Many visitors were to be seen at the manufactory, and it did not occur to me to regard him as of more consequence than the others, and I took pains to emphasize my disapproval of his taste and style generally by turning my back upon him when he was brought up, as was the usual custom, to admire the particular piece of work upon which my wife chanced to be employed that day; and my conduct was sufficiently marked to be noticed by others, including Mrs. Kelsey; but, as I was just leaving the establishment, she had no opportunity to inform me at the time who it was. Some hours after, as I was on my way through the streets leading to the railway station, I met my wife just returning from her lesson at the "Poterie Artistique" in a carriage, and she called to me to stop for a moment, and as I approached she demanded, "Have you any idea whom you turned your back upon this forenoon at the Pottery?" "No," I responded. "Well," said she, "it was the King of Saxony!"

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My two older children had accompanied their mother and myself to Ems, in Germany, where we were to meet my wife's father; and it chanced that the old German Emperor, grandfather of the present Kaiser, was then taking the water there as was his annual custom, in company with the King of Sweden and Norway. The two monarchs were very great cronies, and passed many of their hours together upon the promenade. Quite early one morning I had gone out with my daughter, Charlotte, and we were looking in at the show-windows of the booths which line the public square, when I became aware of the presence of the two kings, accompanied by the usual crowd of fashionable attendants, mostly of the feminine persuasion, who followed them at a respectful distance. As they slowly sauntered up and down the sidewalk in front of the booths, they were at the extreme end of the very walk we were upon, but bound in our direction. It was therefore not disrespectful for me to maintain my position, and having my daughter's hand in mine, I told her to await their approach, and when I pressed her hand to make her most respectful courtesy to the venerable German Emperor, as it was an opportunity not likely to occur again, for there were no others near us to distract his attention. However, as he passed along, a lady stepped out from the throng in the crowded square, who evidently possessed his acquaintance, and he stopped for some minutes to converse with her; and I doubted if he would not turn and go back when he finished, as he was not far from the end of the promenade where I stood beside my daughter; but he was in the habit of going just so far, and he kept straight ahead for the spot where we were eagerly awaiting him. Lottie kept saying, "Shall I now, papa?" as they approached, walking in an extremely leisurely manner (as he was very old, already past 80, if I am not mis-

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taken), but I repressed her eagerness to exhibit her accomplishments until they were so near we might have touched them, when I squeezed her hand, and down she went with so ingratiating a smile upon her childish countenance that the old man grinned sympathetically, and threw out two fingers of his hand toward her, which was his invariable manner of saluting. So my elder daughter can say to her descendants that she was honored by the recognition of the first German Emperor of the Prussian stock, the man who had received the surrender of the last Napoleon at Sedan! He made me think of one of my former friends, Anson Burlingame, who has been raised to the rank of a god by the Chinese, who selected him to represent them as their first and special Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the various European powers. Burlingame had the same ever-smiling, placid expression, and wore his side-whiskers with much the same effect; both were inclined to corpulence, and were of much the same size and "build."

Speaking of Anson Burlingame, reminds me of the very happiest and most satisfactory portion of my entire life. The year 1866, which I passed mostly in California, or on my way out there, as I made two trips by the Isthmus of Panama that year, going out with Burlingame in the early spring, and returning overland, through the "buffalo country" in October, only to be prevailed upon by my dear friend, James Sturgis, the younger brother of Russell Sturgis, of the great house of Baring Brothers, to return again to California in December of the same year. I should name that period as quite the culminating point of my career, extending from 1864 up to 1869, inclusive. During these five years, after I had terminated my connection with the U. S. Naval service, and previous to my marriage, I enjoyed existence as I never had before. I had

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the good fortune to have satisfied my generous employers in the cotton-planting enterprise I have already described, and they sent me out to California to make a report upon the prospects of investments in the mines of that State, as well as Nevada and Colorado; and it was in the pure air of the high Sierras that my health came back to me, and existence became a boon for which to be very grateful.

In those days, before the completion of the first railway across the continent, San Francisco, or "Frisco," as its citizens were affectionately in the wont of abbreviating its title, was of far greater importance to the Pacific coast than it is now. It was the metropolis of the Occident. Its hotels boasted of placing before their guests fresh strawberries every morning for eight months in the year, to say nothing of vegetables whose very names had never been pronounced beyond the Alleghanies! The code of laws which obtained in the society of those whose memories went back to the days immediately succeeding "the fall of '49 and the spring of '50," would not be recognized as pertaining to civilized mankind at the present day! But to me the life was most fascinating, the climate seemed perfection, the mixture of individuals and different nationalities and races—English, French, Mexicans, Chinese and Indians—with Confederates, fresh from service under "Bobbie Lee," and general officers who had held high commands in the Union army—Rosecrans, Gregg, McDowell, "Duke Gwinn," "Alph. Ellis"—and numerous other local celebrities, formed a conglomerate such as the world is not likely to see again!

A party was made up for the Yosemite Valley, which included the American ministers recently appointed to China and Japan, together with Mrs. Burlingame and her two boys, Edward and Walter, who had occupied the same stateroom

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with me on the trip out from New York. There were also the Secretary of Legation and two attaches of the mission to Japan, young men of about my own age, "Hub" Stevenson, whose mortal remains now lie near Los Angeles, and myself. The mayor of Copperopolis had placed us in charge of his son, "Jo" Meader, and we started early in April while the snow was still deep upon the Mariposa Trail. Securing the services of Galen Clark, later the well-known "guardian" of the Yosemite, for our guide, we left his ranch upon the south fork of the Merced river, and followed the trail leading into the valley by "Inspiration Point." As we mounted toward the higher altitude the snow gradually became deeper, and the frequent falls from our horses, as they floundered through the crust, obliged us at last to abandon them and to try and make our way forward on foot. The train of pack animals, with our scanty allowance of luggage, could not keep up with the rest, and finally Mrs. Burlingame gave out and requested us to proceed without her and leave her there to die. It was a hard pull for the older members of our party, and General Van Valkenburg, the new minister to Japan, stoutly asserted his intention of remaining permanently in the Yosemite Valley unless some other route could be found by which he could proceed to his mission. When at last, in the gathering twilight, we saw far beneath us the spring-like meadows and fresh foliage of the most beautiful and wonderful of California's many marvels in the way of natural scenery, we were so fatigued and worn by our unexpected hardships that we had neither the enthusiasm nor the breath to permit our lingering upon the far-famed brink, but hastened on that we might get to much-needed food and shelter. We found very little of the former, as it was earlier in the season than any party had ever, up to that time, attempted to enter the valley, and no pro-

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vision had been made for visitors. Fortunately, I had the good luck to shoot a jack-rabbit shortly after leaving "Clark's," and some idea may be formed of the amount of nourishment to be derived from one of these large hares, when I state that it supplied us with most of the meat for our table for the next day or two.

Not for two or three days were the seniors in shape for the numerous excursions to the various points of interest in and about the valley, but the juniors soon recuperated, and when news was brought to Van Valkenburg that a friendly Indian had been found who professed his ability to take the party out by another trail that would enable us to entirely escape the snow; he rallied, and promised, if the good news proved true, that he would (beside paying the price the Indian demanded) fill him up with such a feed as he had never before enjoyed, and he kept his word, at the imminent risk of the red man's life! Those were days never to be forgotten. Years after, while making the tour of one of the celebrated Florentine palaces, I came upon an easily recognized bride and groom who presently came to the end of the picture galleries open to the public through which we had been making our leisurely way without our having noticed one another sufficiently to be able to more than recognize that we were compatriots. Mrs. Kelsey and myself were in charge of a "Valet de Place," who had previously secured for us from the authorities the right to visit the royal apartments, which are not shown to the casual visitors, and for which a special "carte d'entree" is required. As we crossed the corridor which separated the two suites of apartments, we were followed by the young lady in the conspicuous and tell-tale white bonnet, and the devoted and attentive husband. The haughty and richly-attired lackey who guarded the entrance to the Queen's boudoir, having

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read the order our valet produced, let my wife and myself pass, but halted the bride and groom, after having demanded from our cicerone if they were of our party. Noticing the pained expression upon the bride's face as she realized the splendors of the upholstery she caught glimpses of through the half-opened door, and feeling that sympathetic appeal we all make haste to respond to at such times, I asked our guide how the card read, and finding it was for "Signor Kelsey and party," I demanded if he could not by a slight fee arrange to take in the evidently disappointed couple. Turning to the grateful husband, I explained the situation, and succeeded in passing the far from implacable Cerberus; the two American ladies thereupon united in extolling the quality of the silken bed-hangings and criticizing the coarseness of the linen. Together we sauntered through the various rooms occupied by the royal family, and after a pleasant hour were ushered out again, and the young couple commenced to again thank us for the trifling favor, preparatory to a final leave-taking. Up to that moment I had scarcely paid any attention to the personal peculiarity of the gentleman (for my attention had been constantly occupied by the voluble explanations of our too assiduous guide), but, as I took his proffered hand, I was suddenly impressed by the familiar nasal twang and, looking closely at him for the first time, I recognized John Davenport, of New York, whom I had not met since we parted in San Francisco, fifteen years before. Instantly I recalled a certain joke we had played upon him one night in the old "Golden Eagle" Hotel, after our escape from the snows of the Yosemite on our outward trip. He was a confirmed "temperance" advocate, but had with great difficulty been persuaded to take one drink of whisky at a time when nothing else was available and nature was nearly

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exhausted; so turning again to him I remarked abruptly, "Do you remember when you had delirium tremens in Sacramento?" The expression upon both their faces at the remark was simply indescribable, but the lady was the first to get her breath, and pushing straight towards me she demanded, "Do you mean to tell me that my husband ever had delirium tremens?" "No, indeed," I made haste to reply, "but we once tried hard to make him think so!"

The circumstances will recall many similar stories, but they are strictly facts. We were seated late upon the night we struck "civilization," after emerging from the Yosemite valley, in the very primitive and outworn "bar-room" of the Sacramento Hotel, which had been left by the raising of the level of the city streets (in consequence of the frequent overflows of the Sacramento river) some feet below the grade of the more recently erected buildings, so that one had to go down a flight of steps to obtain admission to what had once been the imposing entrance to the largest and best hotel in that thriving town. The result of its age and position had been that a larger colony of rats than is usually to be found in strictly first-class hotels had taken up their residence in and about the "Golden Eagle;" and when the hour arrived for extinguishing the gas-lights, only those were left lighted near our own party, leaving the remainder of the huge apartment, which took up most of the ground floor, in semi-darkness. The rats recognizing that their hour had arrived, presently emerged, and it was Davenport (in whose brain the fumes of the unwonted stimulant had been working to our great merriment) who first discovered the unexpected presence of these vermin. Leaning forward suddenly, he pointed at a dusky group at the farther side of the room and exclaimed, "Look at the rats!" Old General Van Valkenburg, Davenport's

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chief, was one of the most inveterate and relentless of practical jokers. He saw his chance and instantly fixed John with his piercing black eyes, and said in a peremptory tone, "John, go to bed!" The Secretary of Legation was a young man named Will Rumsey. He took in the situation, and as Davenport turned a bewildered look upon the company, he rose and in a soothing tone, taking hold of Davenport as if he had been a delicate invalid, said, "Let me help you upstairs, John." By this time we were all ready and more than willing to assist in the bewildering process. I joined Rumsey and, in spite of Davenport's remonstrances, we insisted upon escorting him to his bed-chamber; and, in the most solemn and impressive way, and talking to him as if he were utterly irresponsible, we assured him he "would be all right in the morning," and that we had often seen persons in his condition before, &c., &c. After actually undressing him and putting him to bed as if he had been incapable of any such action himself, we sat down and talked in a subdued tone in the dark, until we had persuaded Davenport to doubt the evidence of his own senses; and when we stole out of the room, pretending we thought he was asleep, we left him more of a victim to remorse than the most hardened drunkard. The joke was so good that we determined to keep it up to the end, and refused to converse with him upon the subject the next day, treating him more in sorrow than in anger; and so it happened that Davenport had remained in doubt all those fifteen years, and his first demand upon me was to enquire if it had not really been rats!

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