

containing, besides the bed, a couple of rickety chairs, a bureau surmounted by a broken mirror, and a threadbare carpet on the floor. The room had but one window, and one door, the one at which we entered. I noticed all these things particularly, as there was a presentiment in my mind that "something was going to happen." The midnight hour; the suspicious character thrust upon me for room mate; the strangeness of the place, all tended to impress me very unfavorably. However, I removed my outer clothing, laying it across one of the chairs, and with the door ajar, crept into bed. Being greatly fatigued, tired nature soon found repose in refreshing sleep. How long a time elapsed I cannot say, perhaps a couple of hours, when my bed-fellow hit me a violent blow with his elbow, which roused me to perfect consciousness at once.

"I have lost my money," said he.

"How much had you?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I think you must be mistaken about the loss. I am certain no one has entered the room since we retired. You will probably find it all right in the morning."

"I tell you it has been stolen," and he fumbled about some time, but finally quieted down again, and I fell into another sleep, which lasted without further interruption until daylight, when he suddenly leaped from the bed, declaring that his money, amounting to over one hundred dollars, had been stolen. I also arose, dressed myself and went below. Meeting the landlord, I related what had transpired during the night, declaring my belief that the fellow was an impostor and a cheat. Crabbs soon followed me, and intimated that I had stolen his money. Would have me arrested, &c., on our arrival in Pittsburg. The boat was to leave at eight, consequently a half hour after breakfast found us all aboard, anxious to be under way.

The day proved to be a pleasant one, and the rugged mountainous scenery of the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers particularly attracted my attention. The boat had a fair load of passengers, both men and women, and it very soon became evident to me that the man Crabbs had quietly circulated the report among them that I was a thief, as all eyes were upon me with that peculiarly suspicious look that always attaches to a suspected character. Even the bar-tender, when I asked for a cigar, had the boldness to insult me with the remark, "You can afford to smoke good cigars, after making such a haul." It annoyed me very much, and I kept aloof from the other passengers as much as possible. I was standing at the stern of the boat leaning against the railing, admiring the beautiful landscape, that presented an ever varying appearance, when two Virginia gentlemen stepped up and publically accused me of the theft. Crabbs stood near me with his hand on the stock of his pistol. My first impulse was to spring upon and toss the scoundrel overboard. I could have accomplished the feat easily enough, but a second thought interfered in time to save me from committing an act that might have resulted in terminating the fellow's life. I patiently bore the jibes and insults, that continued to increase in volume with every hour. Knowing I was entirely innocent of the charge, I carefully avoided every provocation for a disturbance, that my accuser was constantly trying to fasten upon me. I was a stranger among strangers, and the circumstances were very much against me.

The conviction seemed to be firmly fixed in every mind that I was a thief. What could I do but wait patiently our arrival in Pittsburg, where I felt certain something would turn up to clear me from the foul aspersion. What that something might be I could not clearly define. I was a stranger even there. I could, however, telegraph home for references.

Time, with never-ceasing tread, at last brought us to high twelve and the boat to Pittsburg. I went directly to the Monongahela House, and after registering, entered the dining room for dinner. The meal being finished, I started to go out and was met at the door by a rough-spoken policeman, who at once placed me under arrest. He searched my person and baggage, but found only fifteen dollars in money, all I had about me, together with bills and receipts covering my recent purchases in New York.

I was immediately taken before the Mayor, and with the view of making the best possible defence, asked for an attorney. Colonel Samuel Black was recommended to me, who being present, consented to act in my behalf. A private interview was asked for and granted. We repaired to a small room, adjoining the Mayor's office, and the Colonel's first words after closing the door, were

"Are you a Mason?"

"I am," responded I, promptly.

It afterwards appeared that on entering the room he noticed a little gold clipper, which, though seldom wearing, I chanced to have attached to my vest on that occasion.

He proceeded to question me in a way peculiar to masons, but not being satisfied, sent out for a Dr. William Quail, who examined me further. I considered myself pretty bright in those days, and could answer readily almost any question asked relating to the lectures of the three degrees. Still undecided, the Grand Lecturer whose