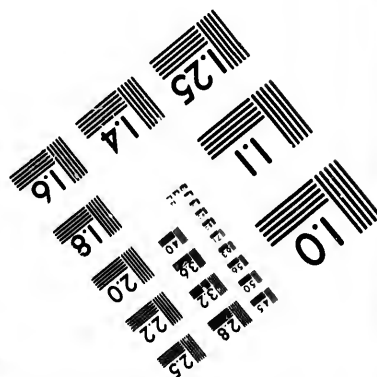
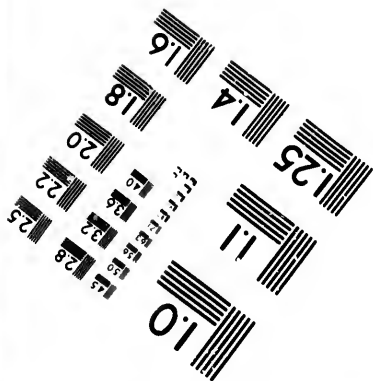
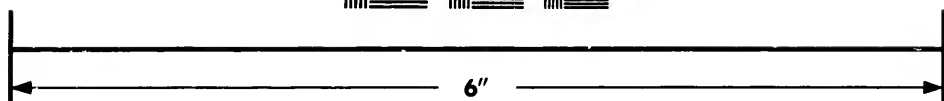
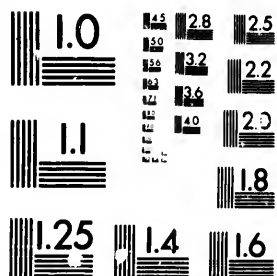


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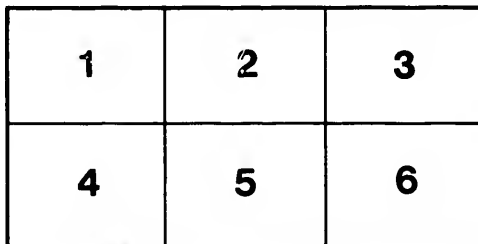
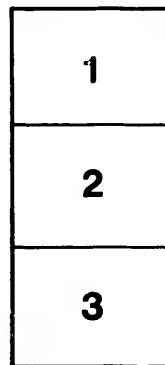
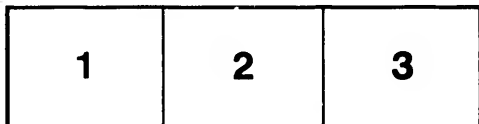
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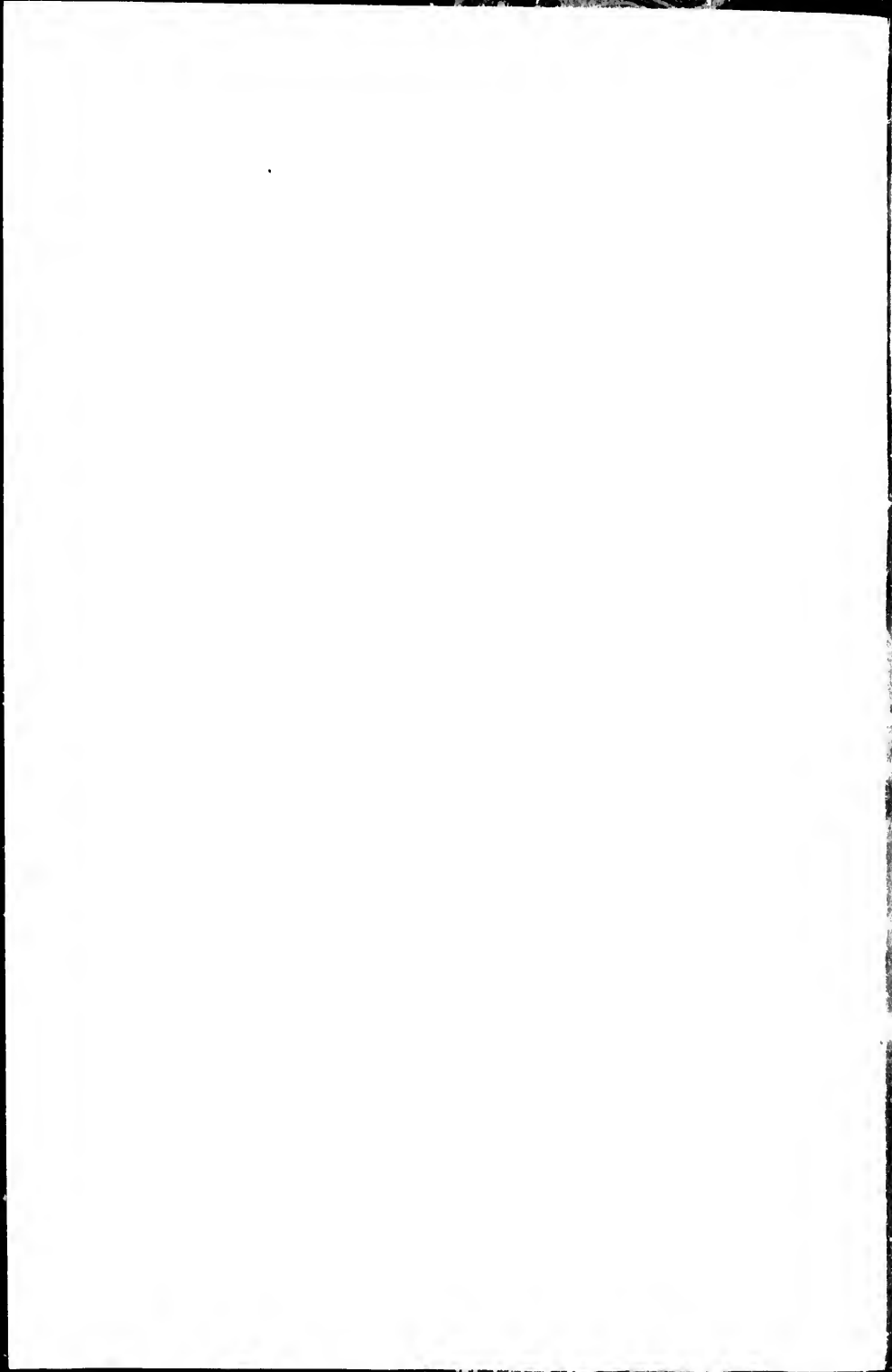
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THE LOST ONE FOUND;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF BRITISH SUBJECTS

DURING THE

CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

"It is meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

St. Luke xv, 32.

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1868.



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PREFACE.

IN drawing up the narrative which occupies the following pages, the Compiler's task has been a very simple one.

His part has been to take down from the lips of the two principal actors (both of whom he has the pleasure of numbering among his personal friends,) the details of that strange series of events which is here chronicled; and afterwards to arrange them in the form of a continuous narrative.

He has added nothing, or next to nothing of his own in the shape of comment or reflection. He has always adhered, as closely as possible, to the words of his informants.

He wishes that the story may convey its own moral, unaided by any comments that he might make.

He leaves it to the intelligent reader to trace the hand of Providence in bringing about by instruments so varied in class and character, His purposes of grace and mercy; and further to note the truth of a homely maxim which says: that "Heaven helps those who are ready to help themselves;" or in other words, that perseverance, energy and determination, when exercised in a good cause, and in subordination to the Divine will, seldom fail in attaining their reward.

F. J. B. A.

Drummondville Rectory, }
June 18th, 1867. }

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

PART I.

NORMAN MACKENZIE'S NARRATIVE.

I.—CRIMPED.

It was on the first day of August, 1863, that I left my home, in the Township of Wickham, County of Drummond, Canada East, with a view of seeking some remunerative employment abroad. I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age when I first left the residence of Mr. William Bothwell, my step father, and his wife, my mother. My first efforts to obtain a situation were made in the large and thriving village of Lennoxville, some fifty miles distant from home, where however, I found but little encouragement. On being told by a man whom I there met, that by going to the United States I should have a much better chance in attaining my object, I determined after a short deliberation to follow his advice.

Accordingly I found myself a short time after, at the Town of Island Pond, and here began that train of adventure, which but for the interposition of a merciful Providence would most probably have resulted in my premature death. In a refreshment saloon at this place I met with two men, brothers, of the name of Greeniaw. After a little conversation during which they promised to obtain for me the employment I was seeking, they invited me to visit them at their hotel.

Upon my doing so they stated their intention of going to Portland in a few days, and proposed that I should accompany them, renewing their promise of finding in that city an opening suited to

my requirements. In the meantime they (kindly as I thought) insisted that I should take up my abode with them at their hotel. In the course of a day or two we started for Portland; and now for the first time I became aware of the avocation of my new friends. They brought along with them several men whom they had induced to offer themselves as recruits for the Federal Army. This ought to have set me on my guard. However no proposition of this kind had as yet been made to me, and I went on. At Portland we remained some days, but no appointment being obtained for me I returned with the Greenlaws to Island Pond. Here at length they proposed to me that I should enlist as a substitute. This I flatly refused to do. Finding I was not to be persuaded, and having in the course of our acquaintance gained some degree of confidence in me, they made another proposal. This was that I should return to the neighborhood of my home in Canada, and endeavor to obtain recruits. After some deliberation I consented to this course and was by them supplied with the necessary funds. After an unsuccessful tour I returned by appointment to Island Pond, and thence to Lewistown, still accompanied by the Greenlaws, whom I did not even yet suspect of evil designs against me. One day, however, while in a refreshment saloon I was invited to take a glass of ale with them. I had no sooner done so than a dull dreamy feeling came over me, and in a short time I lapsed into utter unconsciousness.

When I came to myself which was not until the following day, I was in soldier's clothes, and the bounty, three hundred dollars, was in my hands. The Greenlaws who were still near me tried to console me. They advised me to leave my bounty in their hands promising to take care of it for me, and to pay me interest upon it; and engaging on my complying with their request, to obtain my release before I arrived at Portland.

Grasping at this as my only chance (though a slender one) of obtaining my liberty, and still partly under the influence of the stupefying draught, I suffered them to take my money into their charge. Shortly afterwards in company with about four hundred others I was conveyed to Portland, where we remained about a week stationed on Mackny's Island. Hence we were removed on

board ship to Boston and thence by an ocean steamer to Alexandria in Virginia. The voyage occupied three days and three nights. Between four hundred and five hundred recruits were on board. The state of disorder and license was something fearful. There was a gang of ruffians on board who had enlisted merely for the sake of the bounty, and for what they could afterwards add to this by theft and plunder, intending to make their escape when they reached land. These men were armed with "Slung shot," a weapon consisting of a strap of leather which is fastened around the wrist the end of it being loaded with a ball of lead which when not used is concealed in the coat sleeve. A little after dusk on the evening of the first day, one of the gang, attacked a man who was a little under the influence of liquor, struck him on the head with one of these weapons and robbed him of his watch and money. A search was instituted, but the robber could not be found. At night when all the rest were in bed these men put out the light that was left burning in our sleeping place, and then went round the bunks robbing the inmates in the most barefaced manner. They roughly aroused the sleepers, striking them on the head with their slung shot upon their offering the slightest resistance, and forced them to give up their money. The cries and groans of those who were thus assaulted were often heard. As for myself I had formed a sort of partnership with three others who knew something of the state of things which might be expected on board a vessel of this description. Accordingly we were provided for it. Two of us armed with revolvers took turns in keeping watch throughout the night. When morning dawned the cabin floor was seen to be strewn with empty pocket books, and purses, which the robbers had thrown aside after abstracting their contents. Complaints were of course made and on the next night officers were sent down to look around and preserve order.

While they remained below all was quiet, but when they had retired the same scene was repeated. My own party was left undisturbed until the third night when as two of us were watching we saw two heads raised above the level of our berth, which was a little more than a man's height from the floor. Seeing, however, that we were on the alert, and probably knowing that we were

armed, the heads were withdrawn, and we were left in peace. On the second night several of the gang had been discovered and taken into custody, and on the third night, the remainder were arrested. One, a boy of sixteen years, was caught with his hand in the pocket of an officer. On his person was found money to the amount of \$3,000, the proceeds of three nights pilfering. His punishment was severe. He was tied up in the rigging by his hands and feet, his weight being chiefly supported by his hands. After we had landed, he made his escape, and I never heard anything more of him.

From Alexandria we were sent by railway, for some distance, and then marched to our destination, the army of the Potomac.

II.—SKEDADDLING

I had nothing particular to complain of with respect to my usage, during my first soldiering experiences, but still I could not reconcile myself to this forced separation from home, and engagement in a service, and in a cause with which I had no sympathy. My only thought night and day was directed towards the possibility of effecting an escape, and before a week had elapsed since my joining the army, a fit opportunity seemed to present itself of carrying my cherished purpose into action. I made the acquaintance of two French Canadian youths of the respective ages of sixteen and seventeen. They were in the same position as myself, having being inveigled into the American service, by underhand means. They also entertained the same desire to effect an escape at all costs.

One dark night we set off together, to put our design into execution. Aided by the darkness and by the wooded nature of the country, we had no difficulty in passing the sentries, and in getting clear of the camp. Then we went on, and on, all through that weary night. Towards morning we stopped, and lay down to snatch a short repose. When it was light I climbed a tree to reconnoitre. What was my horror to see not two miles from me the American camp, which we hoped we had left many miles behind us. We were indeed yet within its limits, for on every side I could see the tents occupied by its outposts. We had been (as is

so often the case in this blind walking through woods) travelling the whole night in a circle. This was indeed disheartening. Nevertheless there was nothing for it but to try again, and try again we did; and by dint of dodging among trees, and occasionally climbing a tree to look out, we once more got clear of the army. Then we turned our steps northward towards the Blue Mountains which we could see before us. After a toilsome march during which we fed on Indian corn which we found in the fields, and the wild grapes and other fruits which the woods supplied, and slept in the best nook we could discover, we reached the foot of these mountains. Here we fell in with a party of scouts belonging to the Confederate army, who advised us to go up the Shenandoah Valley, and join the main body about forty or fifty miles distant. The French lads were, however, disinclined to this course, and we therefore determined to make for Harper's Ferry. We followed the Blue Mountains for some distance, and then having crossed the ridge near a pass called Snigger's Gap, descended upon the Shenandoah River, which at this place ran immediately at the foot of the mountains. The river was here very shallow and full of stones. We should soon have reached the other side had not an unexpected interruption occurred in the midst of our passage. The noise of the water had prevented our hearing the voices of men hailing us. A bullet from a revolver, however, which struck the rock upon which I was at that moment standing, brought us to a halt. Looking around I saw a party of men making towards us in a boat. I at once came to the conclusion that they were Federal soldiers, and that all was over with us. We had before this found an opportunity of changing our soldier's clothes, but one of the Frenchmen still retained his military cap. At a sign from me he now let it drop into the water. When the men came up we found to our great relief that they belonged to the Confederate army. When we had told them what we were, they advised us to go up the Valley to their camp. We nevertheless preferred to follow out our original plan. That night we slept in a haystack. Next morning in crossing some fields, we came to a house occupied fortunately by a family in the Southern interest. They received us kindly and gave us a good breakfast, the first regular meal we

had tasted since leaving the army. They refused our offers of payment and directed us on our way. Following their guidance we crossed the railroad, and after a walk of about two miles through some fields, entered upon a lonely road with woods on either side. On turning a sudden corner, we saw at a short distance before us, a little stone house. An impulse seized me to turn aside into the woods and avoid it in this manner. But it was too late. Two men were standing at the door and they had already seen us. Our only course was to go boldly forward. In order by a show of confidence to allay suspicion, I went up to one of them and asked him the time. He civilly informed me and we went on. We had just reached a turning where there were cross roads, when on looking back we saw the two men close behind us. They called to us to stop. We obeyed and on their coming up they asked us who we were, whence we had come, and whither we were going. We said we were Canadians, and were making tracks for Canada. They then asked for our papers. We said we had none: that we had come from Canada to learn a trade. "Were we soldiers?" We answered "No," satisfying our consciences by the plea that we were no longer soldiers since we had left the service. They then said that they were detective officers, and that it would be necessary for them to take us to the station. We submitted to be taken into custody, for although three against two, we were so wearied and enfeebled by the hardships we had undergone, that we felt neither fitted nor disposed for resistance. We were taken to the Railway station, about a mile and a half distant, and were there placed apart, and not allowed to speak to one another. We were soon afterwards examined separately by Capt. Brady, the Provost Marshal. Unfortunately our stories did not agree together. We were then placed in the guard room where we remained all night. Next morning we were taken to Harper's Ferry which was six miles distant and were there confined in the celebrated John Brown's house. We had not been here long before we were set to work, our occupation chiefly consisting in picking up fragments of old iron from among the ruins caused by a late fire. The hope of escape had not even yet left my mind, I was ever on the watch for some opportunity of giving my keepers the slip. At length after about a week's imprisonment, the much

desired opportunity occurred. One Saturday morning we had been employed in taking up an old target from the bed of the river. At mid-day when the other prisoners left their work I managed to be left behind, and to escape the observation of our overseers. When all were out of sight I took to my heels and got into a hole under the railroad track where I remained all day. Near me was a stone railroad bridge crossing the river. When it became dark I got on this bridge intending to try and jump on one of the passing trains. Four or five coal trains passed within a short time but all too fast to admit of my accomplishing my purpose, I accordingly gave up this design, and walked along the track to a place where I could get down to the river. By this time the moon was shining brightly and I could see the mounted guards riding within thirty or forty rods of the place where I lay. I therefore determined not to attempt at proceeding any further for the present, and getting into a pile of shavings I lay down and slept until after the moon had set, which was not until near daybreak. Being at length favoured by the darkness, I once more started onwards. I first crossed the river, leaping from stone to stone. I missed my footing once, and fell into the river, where the water was deep and the current strong; but by dint of considerable exertion, I managed to scramble on another rock. At length, without further accident, I reached the other side. Then I pressed onward with all the speed of which I was capable. After some time, however, I was brought up by a canal, the sides of which were very steep. Following its course for a little distance, I came to a lock, which served me the purpose of a bridge. Close by was a house—the inmates were fortunately asleep. Soon after the sun rose, and with it came a dense fog, which protected me from view, but, at the same time, prevented me from seeing whither I was going. At length a breeze sprang up and dispelled the mist, and I could now see that I had reached the foot of the mountain which overlooks Harper's Ferry. Above me, on the mountain, were batteries; and in order to avoid exposing myself to the view of those stationed there, I made a *detour* through a small wood at the base of the mountain. Here I sat down, and while there some negroes came up carrying baskets of cakes, pies, and sweetmeats. They

looked upon me with evident pity, and invited me to partake of their store. I told them I had no money, but this did not prevent their supplying me liberally with food. This refreshment was indeed welcome, as I had tasted nothing since the morning before. This was Sunday morning. Having eaten and rested, I once more started on my way. This now led up the face of the mountain itself. Fatigued with the exertion of climbing, I was sitting down to rest, when I perceived some soldiers coming up to me. They had seen me from the battery, had suspected what I was, and had come to meet me. Their captain asked me several questions, to which I returned evasive answers, which did not appear to satisfy them. I was taken into custody, and marched back to Harper's Ferry. Here I was stationed in my old quarters, but this time was confined to a dungeon, and placed on a diet of bread and water. In two days I was removed to Baltimore and lodged in the prison at Fort McHenry.

III.—DURANCE VILE.

The building used as a prison at Fort McHenry had formerly been a stable. The stalls still remained, and had been formed into bunks for the prisoners. Of these there were five tiers, one above the other, extending all round the building. The prison was one hundred feet long, by forty wide, and in it were confined between five hundred and six hundred human beings in a state of filth, vermin, and stench too dreadful to be described. Beds there were none of any kind. The food was of the worst and coarsest description. The coffee was a disgusting mess. I happened once to be looking through a chink in the floor and saw it boiling down below in a huge potash kettle. A negro was skimming off some filthy-looking scum. I could not taste it after that.

The prisoners were criminals of every class, and were a rough and violent crew. They were accustomed to make "fresh fish" pay their footing on being admitted to the privilege of their society. One of their favourite amusements was tossing new-comers in a blanket. This they did after a somewhat rough fashion. They were not at all careful to receive the unfortunate victim in the blanket, as he descended from his flight in the air. Some

painful falls and severe bruises were the consequences of this play. One poor old man, after being thus thrown up, fell with his head upon a brick and was rendered insensible. He lay for two days in a precarious state, scarcely able to speak. Continual additions were being made to the number of the prisoners. The detectives, excited by the hopes of reward, arrested men on the slightest suspicion. Many, also, had been thus wrongfully imprisoned, and they on being released took a terrible revenge on their captors. Seven detectives were shot in one night by men whom they had wrongfully arrested.

PART II.

MR. BOTHWELL'S NARRATIVE.

I.

In the meantime Norman's continued absence, and the absence, likewise, of any letter or communication from him, had caused the greatest anxiety to his friends at home. They heard of his having been seen at no great distance in search of recruits, but, after this, not a trace of him could be discovered. At length the suspense could no longer be endured, and Mrs. Bothwell started off in company with her brother, Ambrose Duncan, in the hope of finding some clue to his whereabouts. They went to Island Pond and to Portland, but could hear nothing of him. At Goreham Station, however, having made known their errand to the conductor of the cars, he suggested that it was possible the Greenlaws might know something about him. He said they were then at the station, two brothers, and offered to introduce them to her. Just as the train was moving off they came up to the window, and, in answer to her enquiry, they assured her that Norman was then employed in the Navy yard at Boston. This was an unqualified untruth, as Mrs. Bothwell, on her return home, ascertained by writing to a friend of hers who lived in Boston.

Determined to leave no means untried of gaining some information regarding the lost one, I arranged with a Mr. Wells, who

was going to Portland, that he should make every enquiry possible on the subject. In a short time I received a letter from him stating that, from information obtained from the landlord of his hotel there was no doubt but that Norman had been inveigled into the army, and that these Greenlaws were at the bottom of it.

On receiving this letter my resolution was at once taken. To pack a valise with a few necessary changes of apparel was the work of a few minutes; and in a quarter of an hour after the receipt of Mr. Wells' letter, I was on my way in quest of the wanderer. This was on the 4th of October, 1863.

I first went to Sherbrooke, with the intention of asking the advice of Judge Short with reference to the course I should pursue. When I arrived there he was charging the jury in a murder case. I therefore waited till he had retired to his private room, when, on expressing my desire to see him, I was shown into his presence. He received me very politely, listened to my story, and expressed his entire approval of my proposal to consult the British consul at Portland.

II.

On my way to Portland I stopped at Island Pond. Here I called upon Mr. Stone, to whom I had been directed, the landlord of the hotel in that place. To him I stated my case. After hearing all I had to say, he scratched his head and considered a while. At length, "Wal," said he, "these fellows are darned critters for money; I guess now that for twenty-five dollars I could find out all you want to know."

"Look here," I replied, "I have not come here to bribe these men, or any one else—I have come for my rights, and, what is more, I mean to get them without putting money in these rascals' pockets." With that I left him, and shortly afterwards paid a visit to the postmaster of the place, to whom I had been recommended, as being, like myself, a Free-mason.

He informed me that the Greenlaws were constantly travelling backwards and forwards between Portland and Island Pond, and that therefore I stood a good chance of meeting with them. After some further conversation I returned to the hotel.

In the evening I sat outside the hotel under the lamp, and, for want of something better to do, entered into conversation with a gentleman sitting near me. After a few casual observations, I enquired whether he knew of any Free-masons in that neighbourhood. He looked at me, and then answered, "Come, I will take you to one." We left the hotel and walked across the road, and there, in the darkness, he proved himself a brother mason. I then told him my story, and at once received his hearty sympathy, and his promise to aid me by all the means in his power. He knew the Greenlaws, and further told me that they were coming to Island Pond by a train very shortly due. We walked together to the railway station, and awaited the arrival of their train. As two men stepped from the platform of the car, my companion touched me to make me aware that these were the men we sought. He then introduced me to them. They said that they had already been informed by telegraph of my arrival, and proposed that we should repair to their hotel. Here they produced two letters from Norman, stating that he had been imprisoned for desertion, and desiring them to send him two hundred dollars. I afterwards went with them to the post-office, where we found another letter awaiting them. The following is a copy of the contents:--

"HARPER'S FERRY, September 30th, 1863.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I received yours of the 22nd this afternoon, and was very much disappointed to see that you did not send the \$200 that I sent for. If I had had the money two days ago I would not be in prison to-day. Whilst I was out in the yard on Monday, working with some other prisoners, among some old iron, one piece, weighing about fifty pounds, fell on my arm, nearly breaking it. I have done nothing since. I have it in a sling ever since. One of my fellow-prisoners writes this for me. Mr. Macfarlane, who has been released from here a week ago, brought my letter down for me. He has been very kind to me; any little thing I want to eat he brings to the prison. He says you ought to send the money by Adams & Co.'s Express, as their office is in this place, and direct it as before. The Provost Marshal has been trying to get me to tell him who enticed me to

enlist, but I would not tell him, for I know it would get you into trouble. They will never find out anything by me if you prove to be my friends. I shall expect the money in about eight days from this time. I don't mean to write to my mother till I get out of this trouble, because it would break her heart. I want you to answer this as soon as you get it, and send the two hundred dollars. There is no danger of it coming if you send it in McFarlane's name. He has been at the Express office every day, expecting it would come that way. He gave me five dollars to buy a pair of warm pants. Don't delay in sending the money. No more, but remain yours truly, if you prove my friends.

"NORMAN MACKENZIE."

My worst fears were thus realized. It was plain that Norman was now in captivity, in sickness, and most probably also, in danger of even a worse fate.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, turning to the Greenlaws who were evidently in perplexity, and in some dread of what my course might next be. "Well, gentlemen, this is a hard case."

They agreed that it was so.

"Why," said I, "when my wife questioned you as to our poor boy's fate, did you not tell her the truth? You might thus have spared both yourselves and us much needless trouble."

"The fact was," said one of them, "we had'nt the heart to tell her."

"Well," said I, "let that pass, the question is what is to be done now? Look here I left home with only \$45. Now it seems you have Norman's money. Your best course is to give me the \$200, and I will send it as the letter directs."

To this they agreed, and at once paid me the money. I immediately wrote out a telegram signing it John Adams, and addressing it to Macfarlane thus:—

"Look for \$200, to-day, per express, for Norman McKenzie."

On the following morning, I started for Portland. My first act on arriving there was to call on the British consul, and ask his advice. My interview with him was of anything but an encouraging nature. He assured me that applications of the same kind

were made to him by hundreds, and that success was all but impossible. He strongly advised me to desist from what he believed would only be labor in vain, and to return home. I described to him my conversation with the Greenlaws, and told him of the arrangements I had made for transmitting to Norman the \$200. He suggested that the letter containing the application might properly be a counterfeit, and advised me not to send the money by express. Acting upon this suggestion, I determined to alter the wording of the telegram, announcing that the money was on its way. Accordingly, I made out another dispatch which I forwarded in place of the former one. The wording of the latter was as follows :

“ The money will leave here to-morrow by a trusty friend.”

From Portland I went to Boston, and called on the British consul there. His opinion seemed to be the same as that of the consul at Portland, and that I had absolutely no chance of success. From Boston I took the cars for New York.

III.

Among my fellow passengers on board the cars was a very agreeable gentleman, with whom I entered into conversation. As our discourse assumed a friendly tone, I told him that I was going to New York, that I was a stranger there, and should feel much obliged by his recommending me to a respectable hotel. “ I keep a hotel,” he answered, “ I am not a runner for it, but I shall be very happy to see you there.” Accordingly upon our arrival in New York, I accompanied Mr. Sweeney (for that was his name) to the hotel of which he was the proprietor. The rooms were all occupied, but he very kindly had a bed made up for me in the parlor, and paid me every attention. On hearing my story he offered to introduce me to his lawyer on the following morning, and ask his advice as to my best course of proceeding. I preferred, however, to consult in the first instance, a friend of my own, Mr. N. S. Maloney. At an early hour, I visited Mr. Maloney, and laid my case before him. He took me to the office of Mr. R. K. Richards, who made out my affidavit, setting forth the grounds on which I claimed Norman's release, that he was a British subject,

and had been by illegal means, entrapped into the American service. This being duly attested, I accompanied Mr. Richards to the office of the British consul. We were unable to see him, but as we left the office, Mr. Richards said to me: "The consul leaves New York to-morrow. Now I am acquainted with the father of the vice-consul, and I have no doubt but that through his means we shall be able to induce the vice-consul to interest himself in your case."

We called on the vice-consul's father, a notary. Here my affidavit was again taken to the same effect as I have already stated, together with a petition to enable me to bring proofs of the correctness of my allegations. Next day I took my papers to the vice-consul, who forwarded them to Lord Lyons at Washington.

Before leaving New York, Mr. Richards gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Bates, Attorney General of the United States, with whom I had myself in former days been acquainted, asking him in remembrance of this, to use his influence in forwarding my suit generally, and in particular, in obtaining for me an interview with Norman.

Mr. Richards also introduced me to Mr. C. Gould, president of the New England Soldiers' Relief Association. This gentleman gave me the following letter to Brigadier-General Dan Tyler:—

MY DEAR SIR,—May I so far tax your over taxed time and patience as to ask you directly or indirectly, or through one of your aides to look at the papers, and view with a favorable kindness the request of Mr. William Bothwell in regard to his son.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES GOULD.

On the 13th of October, I took the train for Baltimore. After my arrival in the city, I went as directed to Barnum's hotel, and was shown to Brigadier-General Tyler's office. Here on passing the guards, I was ushered into the presence of Brigadier-General B. F. Tyler. This gentleman was sitting on one side of the fireplace smoking a cigar, a cocked hat with a black feather on his head, and his feet elevated on the chimney-piece. Two or three officers stood near. On being made aware of my presence he said

in a surly manner, and without turning his head, "What's your business with me, sir."—"I have a letter for you," I replied, presenting Mr. Gould's letter. Giving a side glance at it he took it, and immediately thrust it back to me, saying: "The letter is not for me, sir. It is for Brigadier-General Dan Tyler. My name, sir, is Brigadier-General B. F. Tyler." "Well, sir," I said, "you might examine this, and thereby greatly facilitate my business." I took the letter from the unsealed envelope and handed it to him. He looked at it for a moment, and then returned it to me, saying in a disdainful tone, and still without looking at me: "I know nothing about your business, sir." I departed in no very amiable frame of mind, and returned to Barnum's hotel. Here I related the story of my ill success to the landlord. He remarked that the treatment I had met with was just what might have been expected from such a "dog," as this B. F. Tyler was regarded in Baltimore. He advised me to apply at Brigadier-General Shanks' office, where at any rate I would be treated "like a white man." To General Shanks' office therefore I went. Here I saw some one whom I supposed to be General Shanks, dressed in a roundabout jacket, and busy delivering letters to different persons. Upon my enquiring if General Shanks were present, he said:

"What is your business, sir?"

"I have a letter of introduction to Brigadier-General Dan Tyler, and I made application at the wrong place. My business is to get a pass to Harper's Ferry." He replied politely: "If you will go to the Provost Marshal's office, at the corner of Utah street, you will get the pass you wish for." I thanked him for his courtesy, and told him that I was very glad to be treated like a white man, which was not the case at Brigadier-General B. F. Tyler's office. I then went on to relieve my feelings by stating pretty plainly my opinion of the manner in which I had been treated by the said B. F. Tyler. "In fact," I concluded, warming with the recollection of my wrongs, "I conclude that it is rather dignifying that gentleman than otherwise to grace him with the title of a 'dog.' I assure you, sir, that not only do I not hesitate in giving him this character before you, but I intend also to speak my mind of him to the members of the Cabinet at Washington; for I have the honor

of being personally acquainted with President Lincoln and the Attorney-General." The gentleman to whom these remarks were addressed, replied not a word; nor did he so much as lift his head from the desk over which he was bending. Courteously bidding him farewell I left the office, and returned to the hotel, where I again detailed my adventures to the landlord. When he had heard the whole, he burst into a roar of laughter. "Why; my dear fellow," he cried, "the man to whom you have been so freely giving your opinion of General B. F. Tyler—is General B. F. Tyler himself—General Shanks is absent, and Tyler is attending to his business. He has got his own for once, at any rate, and I hope it may do him good." I found that this was actually the case. It was Tyler himself whom I had thus been abusing to his very face. He wore a different dress, and this, together with my not having very closely observed him, had led to my not recognising him. However, the matter was done, and I could only hope with mine host, that it might do him good. The next move was to go to the Provost Marshal's office. Arriving thither, I was informed by the guards: "Busy to-day, sir, call to-morrow at three o'clock." At the appointed hour, I called again. "Busy to-day, call to-morrow."

"This won't do," I thought, "I must try some other plan." Mr. Richards had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. Comisky, a lawyer in Baltimore. To this gentleman I therefore repaired, and stated the difficulty in which I was placed. He offered to procure me—through Mr. Stockbridge, a friend of his—a letter to Mr. Fish, Provost Marshal of Baltimore.

Armed with this letter, I went to Mr. Fish's office. At the entrance I was stopped by the guard—"What's your business, sir?" "I have a letter of introduction to the Provost Marshal," I replied. "What is the nature of your letter, sir?" "The letter will show," I said, handing it to him, "you can read it yourself, if you think proper." "I don't wish you to talk so ostreperous," said he, looking somewhat crest-fallen. "I don't think I am talking in an over tone," said I, "will you hand in my card, or not, sir?"

Without saying anything further, he took my letter, and passed it in to the Provost Marshal. In a few minutes I was permitted

to pass through the file of guards to where the Provost Marshal was. He at once gave me the pass to Harper's Ferry, and I withdrew, satisfied with having at length gained this object. Next morning, anxious as I was to hurry on my journey, and gain an interview with Norman as soon as possible, I was obliged to remain in Baltimore, as no trains would leave that city, through fear of being cut off by the rebels. I had, therefore, to wait until next day, and even then, was advised not to risk the journey, as an attack was greatly apprehended. However, I was too impatient to be restrained by fears of this kind, and I therefore took the first train to Harper's Ferry.

IV.

The train was crowded with officers going west. One of these, to whom I had related my story, as was my custom at every available opportunity, told me that Provost Marshal Brady of Harper's Ferry was on board. I should know him, he said, by the black feather in his hat. Accordingly, in the next car I found Provost Marshal Brady. He was alone; and I sat down by his side, introduced myself to him, told him my story, and that I had heard Norman was in confinement at Harper's Ferry. He took a card from his pocket, on which was Norman's name, his regiment, date of his receiving the bounty, with other particulars. After glancing at this, he turned to me and said, "he'll be shot, sir." "No, sir," said I firmly, "there will not be a hair of his head injured." "You talk loud, sir," said he, looking at me with some surprise. "We have a little Queen, sir," said I, "who wears a large crinoline. The shade of it extends to Washington, sir, and my boy is under the protection of that shade. Lord Lyons has now got his case in hand." He seemed struck by my boldness, and said, with an oath, "I like your style, sir." He then went on to tell me that Norman had been removed from Harper's Ferry, but where he then was, he could not tell me. He said, however, he could ascertain this by examining the books. He advised me to return to Baltimore, very kindly promising that he would send me, by telegraph, information as to Norman's whereabouts. But to this, although thanking him heartily for his kindness, I objected.

"My fare is paid," said I, "to Harper's Ferry. I have started in chase of the lad, and I intend to keep in his tracks till I find him. I don't mean, sir, for a moment, to insinuate that you will forget to do what you have so kindly promised; but something might happen to prevent you. No, sir; with your leave I will go on to Harper's Ferry, and there see what is to be my next course." "Come," said he, with another oath, "I like your style still better;" and, as the best way of testifying to the sincerity of his observation, he went on to ask whether I ever took anything to drink. I replied by another question: "did you ever know a duck to swim?" "Yes," he said, laughing, "if it had water enough," and thereupon, taking a flask from his pocket, he remarked that to prove that he had no intention of poisoning me, he would first taste the liquid himself. After a lengthened pull, he handed the flask to me; it was genuine old Bourbon from Kentucky, and did me much good.

We were not long in accomplishing the journey. Along the whole line, at distances of about forty rods, guards were stationed to prevent the line from being injured by Confederate bands who were supposed to be in the neighborhood. On arriving at Harper's Ferry, Provost Marshal Brady told me to keep close to him as he passed the guards. They fell back to suffer him to pass, but closed again before I could follow him, and presented their bayonets against my body. The Marshal, however, turning round, caused them, by a wave of his hand, to allow me a passage. We found the whole place in consternation. News had arrived that the rebels were in great force at Martinsburgh, some twelve miles distant, and were about to make a "cavalry dash" upon Harper's Ferry. Everything was in the wildest confusion. All the inhabitants were flying from their houses and swarming up the heights where were stationed the forts which defended the town. Even the soldiers did not seem exempt from the general panic. I was surprised to see these latter appear such small, insignificant looking men. They thought struck me that the enemy might fire all day without hitting any of them, as they would never think of aiming low enough. The more composed of them were smoking huge Dutch pipes, but with the majority it

was a case of general skedaddle. Clouds of dust filled the air. Horses and mules, laden with all kinds of movables, were rushing from every quarter. Officers were endeavoring to form their men into ranks. From this scene of universal disorder, we escaped into the Provost Marshal's office. Here were seven or eight men busily engaged in packing up his effects. Provost Marshal Brady called for the prisoners' registers. These had to be unpacked from the trunks. When found, he hastily examined them, but without discovering the entry of which he was in search. I began to fear that my journey would prove a fruitless one; but at length, in a pigeon-hole over a desk, the Provost Marshal found the memorandum. It stated that Norman had been sent to Colonel Fish, at Baltimore. I had now, at least, the satisfaction of having gained the right clue. But at present other matters were to be thought of. I had laid down my overcoat on a chest as I entered the Provost Marshal's office, and now, as I looked around, I perceived that it was gone. Brady told me to leave a description of it, and if found, it should be forwarded to me.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said an officer who stood by. "What's that," said I. "I'll give you my bond for five dollars that you never get it," he coolly returned; and so it turned out. Fortunately, I had kept my valise in my hand the whole time, and thenceforth I stuck to it with double pertinacity. The Provost Marshal had now started off for the heights, and I issued forth once more into the streets. These were now nearly empty. Not half a dozen persons were visible in the town, but I could see them making their way up the heights, to the protection of the batteries. I went into the Express Office, and the clerk there told me I stood in no danger, not being in military clothes, if I only kept walking about, with my valise in my hand. Whilst I was standing in the Express office, a man came running in, and said, "is that money come yet?" "What money?" said the clerk. "The two hundred dollars to be sent from Portland for Norman Mackenzie, several days ago." Here he produced *my own despatch*. The clerk read it aloud, "The money will leave here to-morrow by a trusty friend." "Ah!" said the clerk, "that trusty friend has not got here yet."

I chuckled internally, but spoke not a word. This was the rascal who, as I afterwards found, had wholly, without Norman's knowledge, made use of his name, in order to appropriate his money. He it was who had written the letter to the Greenlaws, a copy of which has been given above. But thanks to the kind advice of the British Consul at Portland, his nefarious designs had met with a just defeat. He looked at me, and I looked at him, and then he went out and made off towards the heights. I now hurried to the Provost Marshal's office for a pass to leave the town. Luckily the clerk had not gone, and at once gave me the pass. I had to wait six hours for a train, but at length it was ready to start. I was in high spirits at having been so far successful, and as I presented my pass to a huge soldier, who was pacing up and down in front of the train, I said :

"I'm off for Canada," He whispered to me in a low tone "I wish I was going with you." A long Yankee officer who was standing near said in a gruff tone :

"Are you from Canada, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said I—Then "I am not," he answered. "Nobody will weep, sir," I returned, as I jumped on board, and the train moved off.

v.

I arrived in Baltimore that night, and took up my quarters at the Maltby House hotel. Next morning I went to the office of Provost Marshal Fish—on sending in my card I was admitted at once. I learned that Norman was now in prison at Fort McHenry about three miles from Baltimore. At my request I received a pass to admit me to the prison. I crossed the Potomac in a steamer to Locust point, on which Fort McHenry stands. I was, after my custom, relating my story to a fellow passenger, when a gentleman who stood by happened to overhear what I was saying. This gentleman was Mr. Francis McAvoy, a man whose after conduct has laid me under a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. After I had landed, this gentleman approached me and said "I cannot speak my sentiments aloud, but come to my house and I will show you the road to the Fort." I gladly acquiesced, and accompanied

him to his house where I was most kindly entertained. On reaching the Fort I produced my pass at the gate, and was shown to the office of Colonel Porter, commander of the Fort. At this office I enquired if there was a young man by the name of Norman MacKenzie in the prison. Those whom I asked could not tell, but called the guard, and sent two soldiers into the prison to enquire. I begged the soldiers to call his name aloud three times. It was well that I did so, for Norman did not answer until the third call, through the fear that this was only preliminary to his being ordered out to be shot. The third time, however, the thought struck him that he would answer. In a few minutes he came up walking between two soldiers with fixed bayonets. I was horrified at the spectacle he presented. He wore no coat, hat, nor vest, his sole covering being a ragged and filthy shirt, and a pair of tattered pantaloons. His face, haggard and ghastly, was besmeared with dirt, and his bleared eyes were devoid of all expression. His whole person was covered with dirt and vermin. Want, disease and ill usage had rendered him utterly stupefied, and scarcely alive to what was passing around him. Nevertheless through all this surface of misery, I recognized the poor boy.

"That's Norman," I said turning to Col. Porter. "Be kind enough not to mention to him who I am, but let us see if he will recognize me." He was brought close to me, but evinced no sign of recognition. I rose from my seat and walked twice around him, still he appeared not to notice me. At length I stood before him and called him by his name, "Norman."

He looked up at that word, the light came into his eyes, he knew me, and sprang into my arms. For a few minutes neither of us could speak. At length I strove by kind words to quiet his extreme agitation. "Don't be afraid Norman, it's all right, I am here—you shall soon leave this place, and go home with me!" Colonel Porter who had all this time been a spectator now spoke—"I see" said he, "there is no mistake here, this is a true case of recognition. And now" he continued, "I have something to say that may concern you. I have received a despatch from Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, desiring me at the request of Lord Lyons to forward to him the papers having reference to the case

of *Herman McPherson* supposed to be in this prison. Now I have just sent a despatch to Washington stating that there is no such person here, but it strikes me, having heard your story that a mistake has been made in the name, and that Norman Mackenzie is the man to whom Mr. Stanton's despatch really refers." The truth of this at once flashed upon me, but what was to be done? "The man who carried my despatch," the Colonel went on "left here for Baltimore about half an hour ago. But as he is on horseback he has to go a round of about four miles. If you start off at once and take a boat to Baltimore you may get there before him."

"Certainly, certainly," said I, "but when I get there where am I to go, and what am I to do?" The Colonel took a card, wrote his name upon it, and handed it to me.

"Go to Col. Don Piot's office. He it is who will have to forward the despatch to Washington. Show him this card, tell him of the mistake and ask him to correct it."

The next moment I was hurrying to the water side. The rain was pouring in torrents, and I had no over coat; but small thought did I bestow upon that.

"Here now which of you will land me in Baltimore the soonest?"

A dozen voices were raised in reply. I chose the sturdiest looking of the boatmen. "What will you charge to take me to Baltimore at the highest speed you can raise?"

"Five dollars!"

"Go ahead!"

I stood upright in the boat, and the moment it touched the shore, I threw the man his fare and was off.

I ran through the streets like a madman, the surprised pedestrians making way for me as I hurried along. Three separate street cars I overtook and passed on my route; and at length all breathless, I rushed into Colonel Don Piot's office. Passing the guard I asked if Colonel Don Piot was present.

"The next room!"

I entered, rather startling the Colonel by the apparition of a wild looking man, dripping with wet, heated, excited, and panting

for breath. Without speaking I put Colonel Porter's card into his hand.

"What of it," said he looking at me somewhat bewildered.

"I hardly know myself," said I, scarce knowing in my excitement what I was saying.

"You have said so twice," said he, his amazement increasing. I had now come to myself, and answered, "Well you know, sir, I have heard that an Irishman always has a right to speak the third time. Now I can tell you what I came for. Have you received a dispatch from Colonel Porter this morning?"

"No sir."

"Then it is all right. It is now on the way!"

"What of it?"

"There is a mistake in it which I wish you to rectify!"

"Well we'll see about that when it comes," with that the Colonel took me into the next room, and asked me to take a seat by the fire. Several officers were sitting in the room who did not at first notice my arrival. At length, however, as I was sitting quietly drying my wet clothes at the fire, I observed some of them eyeing me askance with an insolent air. I took no further notice of these glances, than to return them with a look of cool unconcern. After a time one of them said in a pompous manner, "Have you any business with us, sir?"

"None whatever, sir," I replied. "A moment afterwards Colonel Don Piot made his appearance. "Now sir let us hear about this correction."

"It is simply this sir," said I, "Instead of "Herman McPherson is not here," please to write "Norman McKenzie is here." This was done at once and my mind was relieved. I then returned to Fort McHenry, calling by the way upon my kind friends the McAvoy's, who had been afraid that something untoward must have happened from my long delay in making my appearance. Arriving at the Fort, Colonel Porter sent the guards for Norman, and I took down his statement with reference to the circumstances of his inveiglement into the American army. When this was done, I asked the Colonel's permission to accompany Norman to his place of confinement. I was horrified and disgusted in the extreme with the scene

of filth and misery which I there witnessed. On my way back to Colonel Porter's office as I came to the prison gate, bayonets were crossed against me, and I was peremptorily ordered to stand back.

"You cannot come through without a pass!"

"Did you not see me pass down to the prison with the guards?"

"No, sir." Three officers were standing under a shed near at hand, talking and smoking. These "gentlemen" saluted me with some of the most horrid imprecations that I have ever heard issue from human lips; their language, which we will not sully our pages with by repeating, being to the purpose that as they did not know me, I should not pass. At length one of them said, "How came you here?" "I came on my feet, sir." "By whose authority did you come here, sir?" "By the authority of your superior officer, sir." "Who is he, sir?" "Col. Porter, commanding this fort." "Let him pass." I narrated the whole circumstance to Col. Porter. "It was to be expected," he said, "that in a great country like this, some men should be raised to positions to which they are not entitled." Leaving the fort, I repaired to Mr. McAvoy's house, where I dined. After this I returned to Baltimore, and took the train to Washington.

VI.

Arrived in Washington, I established myself at Willard's hotel. Here, to my great joy, I met with one who had in former years been my intimate friend and associate. This was James A. McDougall, now United States senator for the State of California, whose acquaintance I had made in California. He received me with the greatest heartiness, and as soon as he had heard my story, set himself to work with the greatest zeal on my behalf. "Don't be afraid," he said, "in less than a week you shall have the order for Norman's release." It was now eight o'clock on Saturday night, but he insisted on taking me at once in his carriage to Lord Lyons' residence. We found that his lordship and family were at the opera, and to the opera we drove. General McDougall would have called him out, but I represented to him that nothing could be done till Monday morning, and we

thereupon returned to the hotel. On Monday, General McDougal accompanied me to Lord Lyons'. Lord Lyons gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. Mr. Seward, on my representing this letter to him, gave me a letter to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and sent Mr. Chew, his clerk, to accompany me to Mr. Stanton's office. Here I presented the letter to Mr. Stanton's secretary, who requested me to call the next day between two and three o'clock. I returned at the appointed time, and was ushered into Mr. Stanton's presence. He questioned me as to my business, but had utterly forgotten having received a letter from Mr. Seward, introducing me. This was rather awkward. At length he said, "Did any one accompany you here?" "Yes, Mr. Chew, Mr. Seward's clerk." "Will you be kind enough to step out and ask Mr. Chew to come here for a moment?" I did so, and brought Mr. Chew into the office. "Did you accompany Mr. Bothwell here yesterday, sir?" said the secretary of war to Mr. Chew; "Yes sir, I did." "Did he produce a letter of introduction from Mr. Seward?" "Yes." "Very well, that will do," said Mr. Stanton, "I merely wanted a sponsor in this case." I could not help remarking that I had been christened once, and did not know that it was necessary to go through that operation again. He smiled and said that what he meant was a reference.

He then began to question me as to Norman's personal appearance. I described him as well as I could, and he then said:—"There was a boy here yesterday who somewhat answers to your description—a Scotch or Irish boy. He has received a furlough of three days from Fort McHenry. I can do nothing in this case until you ascertain whether the young man is now in the fort or not." I went at once to the telegraph office and sent a message to Colonel Porter, asking if Norman was still in the prison, or whether he had received a furlough. As I was leaving the telegraph office, wondering what I should do with the time which must necessarily intervene before I could receive an answer, I met my friend, General McDougal. He took me to the office of Mr. Frederick Seward, and described to him my present position. Mr. F. Seward desired me to obtain two copies of Colonel Porter's answer to my despatch, and to leave one copy with him, promising,

himself, to take it to the Secretary of War, while the other I was to carry to Mr. Stanton's office myself.

The answer came in due time, and was to the following effect :—
“Norman McKenzie is still here, and has received no orders.”

I followed out Mr. Seward's instructions, giving one copy to him, which he took to Mr. Stanton's office at twelve o'clock the same day. The other copy I presented at Mr. Stanton's office, myself, at two o'clock. This was so far satisfactory.

“And now,” said General McDougal, “there is something else I must do for you.” He ordered his coachman to drive to the residence of Provost Marshal Fry. On arriving thither we were told that the Provost Marshal was absent “in the country.” “I know the country he inhabits,” said the General, as we re-entered the carriage, which he ordered to be driven to the Provost Marshal's office. Passing the guards, we entered and signed our names, as requested, in a book offered us for the purpose. We then ascended the stairs, where was another book awaiting our signature. The Provost Marshal, hearing General McDougal's voice, came out, and welcomed him heartily. The salutations being over, General McDougal entered upon the subject in hand. “General Fry,” he said, “I have never yet asked you a favor.” “No,” said General Fry, “I know you have not; I have often wondered that there was nothing in my line in which I could be of use to you.” “Well,” said General McDougal, “I am going to ask you one now. I want you to go in person with my friend Mr. Bothwell to the office of the Secretary of War, and introduce him personally.” “Well, General, I will; let him come here at twelve o'clock to-morrow.” At the appointed hour I presented myself at General Fry's office. The porter shook his head, when I presented my card. “No use, there are forty cards ahead of you!” I insisted, however, that my card should be taken in. In a few minutes the General came forth, and, to the amazement of the porter and the attendant throng, he took me by the arm and led me, as agreed upon, to Mr. Stanton's office. He led me to the Secretary's desk, presented me, and then left. The Secretary of War then began to question me as to the whole circumstances of my business. After he had done so, he pondered for some time, and

then said: "This seems to be a most singular case. You come to me asking for the dismissal of this young man, with a statement rather roughly drawn up, partly in pencil and partly in ink; but without any proof even that it is his statement." I replied, "I have not yet been required to swear that this is his statement, but I am ready to do so, if necessary."

"Can you bring no further proof?" he asked. "Most certainly, if you will kindly furnish me with a cheque on the treasury for the necessary funds. I left home with but a small sum of money. Travelling expenses and hotel charges are not to be defrayed without money. If you will furnish me with funds to go back to Canada I will furnish you with all the proof you may require."

"It is a hard case, certainly," he observed, "to get along without money. Well, call to-morrow between two and three o'clock, and your papers will be ready."

This was the most exciting moment of my whole journey. My papers would be ready! Could it be possible that the object which I had so long been seeking, and for the accomplishment of which I had hardly dared to hope, was now really attained?

It was not long after two o'clock the next day when I made my appearance at the Secretary's office. The papers were handed to me with instructions to present them at the office of the Adjutant-General, E. D. Townsend, No. 6, on the lower floor of the same building. I was desired to leave them there and call for them between three and four. At the appointed time I called, and the papers were produced. The following is a copy of the order attached:—

War Department,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, Oct. 20th, 1863.

Special order No. 470.

Private Norman McKenzie, 19th Maine Volunteers, now in confinement at Fort McHenry, Md., will at once be released from arrest, and is hereby discharged from the service of the United States.

(Signed,)

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Adj-General, U. S.

By order of the Secretary of War.

VII.

I went immediately to the office of Lord Lyons, to acquaint him with the success of my enterprize.—On handing the document to the Private Secretary, he opened a door and in walked Lord Lyons.—He looked at my papers and said :—

“Mr. Bothwell, you are entitled to a higher position.”

“Why so my Lord?”

“You are the first man who has ever presented me with official documents since I have been Minister in Washington, before I have been officially notified of the fact.”

He further observed that he expected to receive the official notice through the course of the day. I had only just left his office, when I again met my kind friend General McDougal. I told him of my good fortune, and expressed my warmest thanks for his kind exertions on my behalf. He congratulated me, heartily, and said, that he was at that moment out on my business, that he had been “pulling a string” on the President in case my efforts in other quarters should fail. My next duty was to go and offer my thanks to Mr. Frederick Seward; whither the General accompanied me. Mr. Seward seemed highly pleased to hear of my success.—He asked me :—

“Do you have such things as oak twigs growing in your Canadian woods?”

“No,” I replied, but we have beech and birch—pretty tough too.—But why, sir?

“It seems to me that if you have such things, and I were in your place, and could catch the men who kidnaped your son, I would wear out one or two of them on their backs.”

No, “said I,” “I hardly think I should do that.”

“And why not?”

“Why, sir, in Canada we are more in the scalping line; and I think I should be rather disposed to try that style of correction.”

General McDougal next drove me to the President’s House.—The President received me kindly, not having forgotten my acquaintance with him in the State of Illinois, twenty-six years before.

Passing through the east room in the White House, General

McDougal asked me how it would do to take a "cold lunch in Canada,"—I said if I had been having a hard day's work at splitting rails, I thought a lunch of pork and beans would go very well in it."

That evening I returned with General McDougal to Willard's hotel, and as the train started at five in the morning, I sat up to wait for it.

At about two in the morning, as the kitchen department of the hotel had been locked up for the night, I went, directed by one of the waiters, into an open coffee-room, a short distance down the street. I found therein several men drinking and eating oysters.—One of them immediately invited me to take some brandy, and on my declining, another said, "You are from Canada I think?"—Yes, I replied, somewhat surprised. "My father lives in Montreal," he said. At this he came nearer to me; whereupon two others placed themselves between me and the counter. As they came closer, and their attitude became more and more suspicious, I placed my hand in the breast of my coat, as though I had a revolver there, and said:—"I understand you now, I think you have come quite near enough." Just then a man stepped in from the street, and seeing my defensive attitude, said: "Have any demonstrations been made upon you, sir?" Not knowing whether he was not a member of the gang among whom I had fallen, I answered: "Well, I can't say that any demonstrations have been made yet, but I think there is every appearance that some will be made before long." He raised his over-coat and showed the official dress of the City Police. I found afterwards he was Col. Campbell, the head Police Officer. He remarked, that he wished some demonstrations had been made, as he had long had an eye on the party then present.—Asking me whither I wished to go, and learning it was to Willard's hotel, he offered me the benefit of his escort. He said that these men were in the habit of drugging and robbing the unwary guests, and that they frequented the worst dens in the city.

VIII.

At five in the morning I took the train for Baltimore. Arrived thither, I proceeded at once to Fort McHenry. At the gate of the

Fort, the sentry demanded my pass.—“I have not got one, I have been here pretty often, I think you ought to know me by this time.” Some officers under a covered shed, called out:—“No conversation!”

“Well,” I said aloud, as though to myself, “it is rather hard this, having to go back three miles.” At length producing my packet with the War Office seal affixed to it—I asked—“What do you say to that?”

“Let him pass,” said an officer,—“This could take me where you could’nt go,” I observed, as I passed on.

The papers were presented and Norman sent for, and delivered a free man, to my charge. I took him immediately to the house of my kind friend Mr. McAvoy, who, with his family had never slackened in their kind attentions to the poor prisoner, since my last visit. His daughter, Miss Annie McAvoy, had paid him daily visits, carrying him presents of fruit-cakes, and all manner of good things.

The poor boy was, indeed, in a melancholy condition.—The only garments he had were an old woollen shirt, once white, but now *perfectly black* with filth, and a ragged and dirty pair of trowsers. It was necessary to place him at once under the pump, and bury his clothes. After he had been brought once more into a state of decency and respectability, I returned with him to the prison to visit his companions in misfortune, the French Canadian youths, and to take them a little present of fruit and cakes.—They begged me to make known their condition to their parents.—I afterwards saw the father of one of them in Sherbrooke, C. E. The French portion of the population of this town assembled to consult as to the best means of obtaining his liberation. What was the result, I know not. I subsequently wrote to the father of the other boy, but received no reply.

A gentleman, (Major Turner,) on knowing that I had access to the prison, asked me to see a Confederate prisoner, named Alexander Randolph, and to enquire if he wished for anything. I was not allowed to speak to him, but only to see him from a distance, and communicate with him through an officer. Having written on paper Mr. Turner’s question, I gave it to an officer and

it was shown to Randolph. He asked that I should be pointed out to him, and when this was done, he bowed to me with a countenance expressive of gratitude. He then set his teeth fiercely, and shook his head.

The rest of my story may be told in few words. Norman and I started as soon as possible, on our northward journey, Mr. McAvoy and other friends accompanying us to the Baltimore Station. I was in high spirits, and my good fortune made me a little reckless as to my words, and actions. This nearly brought me into trouble. As I stood at the booking office waiting for my ticket, I carelessly observed, "Now I'll get rid of some of these greenbacks, they're not of much account where I came from!"

"You'd better be careful" said the clerk, "how you speak of our currency, you'll get taken care of in a way you won't like if you don't mind."

"He shall be taken care of," said a soldier who stood by, whereupon several soldiers flocked around me, consulting as to the advisability of taking me into custody. Meanwhile the clerk hesitated as to giving me the ticket, evidently waiting to see what the result would be. Mr. McAvoy now stepped forward to the window. "Lay down the ticket," said he, to the clerk; it is a legal tender that is offered, you cannot refuse it." Thereupon the clerk unwillingly produced the ticket. While this was going on I hastily wrote on a card, the address of my friend Mr. Maloney in New York, and gave it to Norman, in order that he might know where to go, in the event of my being placed under arrest, which I was now almost certain would be the case. However, as the soldiers still crowded around me earnestly discussing amongst themselves the advisability of arresting me, none of them ventured to lay hands on me. Having got my ticket I made my way through them towards the train, the engine of which was now puffing away, just ready to start. They continued pressing around me till I reached the cars—I mounted, however, and stood on the platform, waving my hat to my friends, as we moved out of the station.

From Portland, I wrote a letter to the Greenlaws addressing it to Island Pond, and gave it to the conductor of the cars, who saw one or other of them almost daily, on their frequent journeys be-

tween Portland and Island Pond. In the letter I informed them that I expected to be at Island Pond next day, and requested that they would meet me there. On my way to Island Pond, I stopped at Mechanics Falls, to transact some business.

While in the station a Frenchman came up to me, and entered into conversation. He asked me if I came from Canada, and being answered in the affirmative, said that he too came from there. He said that he was going to Canada next week, and was minute in his enquiries as to when I was going thither; enlarging on the pleasure it would give him to have me as his companion. I began immediately to "smell a rat," and answered that it would give me the greatest pleasure to be favoured with his company, but that having several friends to visit on the way, it was possible I might delay my return to Canada for a fortnight at least. After putting several other questions to me he retired behind a wooden screen which stood close by. In a few minutes he appeared again, and the pumping was resumed. The cause of his curiosity was soon made known. Whilst we were talking one of the Greenlaws suddenly emerged from behind the screen. He addressed Norman and myself with apparent cordiality and expressed his pleasure at seeing us. The Frenchman was an accomplice of his sent on to pump me, and discover what were my intentions with reference to the Greenlaws; whether I intended to bring the law to bear upon them for their nefarious dealings with Norman. I now took Greenlaw aside, and freely told him my opinion of his rascally conduct. I reminded him that I had been put to heavy expense in repairing the consequences of his villany, and demanded that these expenses should be re-imbursed by him. Feeling himself to be completely in my power, he acknowledged the justice of my demand, but said that he could not come to any decisive settlement with me before consulting with his brother, who was then at Berlin Falls. At his request we accompanied him to Berlin Falls, where we found his brother in charge of some twelve or fourteen French Canadian recruits, whom he and one or two other agents were keeping together, and watching over like a flock of sheep.

By dint of good feeding and cajoling they were doing their best to keep these unhappy youths in a state of satisfaction and contentment.

After some debate the iniquitous pair agreed to give me two hundred and fifty dollars, being one hundred and fifty over and above the balance of the bounty money of which they had defrauded Norman. This business transacted, we lost no time in pursuing our journey home where we arrived safely, just four weeks and one day from the time at which I had started on my eventful pilgrimage.

Upon the joyful re-union which followed I need not dwell. In the midst of our rejoicing I trust we did not forget to return our fervent thanks to that Providence which had in so marvellous a manner crowned with happy success an undertaking which seemed at first so utterly dark and hopeless.

NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME
GIVE THE PRAISE, FOR THY LOVING MERCY, AND FOR THY
TRUTH'S SAKE.

APPENDIX.

I.

Brig.-Gen. B. F. Tyler—Sometime after this became separated from his troops, and remained concealed in the woods for three days. At length, after being given up for lost, he emerged from his retreat, to the great joy of his friends.

II.

Col. Fish, Provost Marshal.—I afterwards heard of as an inmate of Sing Sing State Prison, where he was employed in making infants' shoes, having been condemned to a six years' imprisonment and a fine of \$6000, for defrauding the Government.

III.

Col. Porter.—This courteous and gallant officer was afterwards killed at the battle of the Wilderness.

IV.

The Greenlaws.—When I last heard of these men they were in prison for defrauding the revenue, having previously served a term for crimping young men into the army.

