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few fugitives, and many unl
accounted for, who died in t
rivers. The total Mexican force had been about 1,800. Of Texans there were just 783, of whom eight were killed and twenty-three wounded!

Santa Anna was captured next day, and, with him in possession, the war was over and the independence of Texas accomplished.

Old Sam Houston had not read Cæsar's masterly
splendid manœuver. He showed that he knew how to carry the shield of Fabius; and his forced march and the brilliant workmanlike manner in which he planned and fought the battle, his daring in staking all upon the hazard by destroying his only means of retreat, showed that he wielded the sword of Marcellus as well.

ON THE DRY TORTUGAS.

STORIES OF MILITARY PRISONERS AND OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

By Captain W. R. Prentice.

OF those who participated in the struggle which in American History will always be known as the Great Civil War, there still remains, North and South, a vast army of old men. Within a few years these will have followed their former leaders, nearly all of whom were mustered out years ago to take service in the great army of the dead. Much that is real history has been written of the campaigns that began in 1861 and ended in 1865; much more that is in danger of being counted historical has gone into print.

The bivouac, the camp, the march, the skirmish, the battlefield, the hospital, alike have given up their tale. Even the camps of "prisoners of war," those dreary confines of homesick men, have furnished material for volumes of thrilling narrative. There remains, so far as the writer knows, but one unwritten story—a humble and, for the most part, a sad one, to make complete the annals of the war.

The Tortugas islands, seven in number, were acquired by the United States along with the Florida purchase. They are merely the tops of coral reefs. The largest has an area of not more than ten acres, and all rise but a few feet above the surface of the ocean. They are practically barren, and entirely destitute of fresh water—hence the name, "Dry Tortugas." They are approachable only by deep, narrow, and tortuous channels, winding and turning among the sunken reefs which separate the islands. No ships undertake to approach them by night, and their inaccessibility long made them the haunt of Gulf pirates. Barren and swept by West India hurricanes, they are seldom visited; but, as they lie close to the track of all that Gulf commerce which passes through the Florida Strait, unoccupied, they were a menace to navigators. For this reason our Government early began there the construction of one of those old-time fortifications, built of brick and stone, of which Fort Sumter was a type. Fort Jefferson entirely covers Garden Key, and, at a distance of forty feet, is surrounded by a sea wall built up from the reef to about four feet above high-water mark. Between this wall and the fort is the moat, or ditch, always filled with water to the depth of perhaps ten feet. The fort is nearly a quadrilateral, but has many projecting angles, and was intended to mount more than 300 guns. In 1865 the work of construction was still going on, although a large part of the guns were in place.

Here, by the summer of 1865, had been gathered more than 400 men, sentenced to hard labor for every conceivable offense or crime, for terms from one month to "life." An officer could be cashiered, a private never. His offenses must be punished by the guard-house, death, or the Tortugas. It often happened that a poor fellow's term of sentence had expired before, in the slow process of transportation, he had reached his destination. Fort Jefferson's prisoners were the more numerous because of several

special features of our army. Our volunteers learned stern military etiquette very slowly, and volunteer officers, dressed in a little brief authority, were often inhumanly severe on ignorant or half-ignorant breaches of discipline. By the time that experience had modified this state of things, the draft was pouring into the army much depraved material, a portion of which quickly reached the Dry Tortugas.

The war was over. At Washington the "Grand Review" had passed; a victorious army had been disbanded, and the shattered remnant of Lee's and Longstreet's veterans had vanished. At New Orleans sat Phil Sheridan, watching that unfortunate European prince then masquerading in Mexico, on whom notice of eviction had been served. And, sweltering in their bivouacs among the sand dunes at Apalachicola, Florida, was one regiment of New York volunteers, who had been recruited in the summer of 1862. Their term of service had expired; their homes 2,000 miles away awaited their coming. They had celebrated the national anniversary, but, weary of questioning when their discharges were to come, they had grown sick at heart over hope deferred, until the hospitals were full of men fast losing their grip on life. The heat, day by day, grew more intense; the fleas and mosquitoes more ravenous. One night a trim ocean steamer worked its way inside the bar and dropped anchor. Immediately the cry went up "Home! Home!" and men began to pack their belongings for the long voyage, never doubting, not even questioning. A lighter came up the little bay and made the landing. An officer stepped on shore and made his way to the colonel's tent. Soon his business leaked out. "The ——st New York will pack up at once and take passage for the Dry Tortugas, there to relieve the ——th New York Volunteers!" One man deserted, a few wept, more swore; the majority accepted the disappointment with that stoicism which inevitably becomes a part of every good soldier's nature.

Long after noon the next day we saw dead ahead, rising out of the quiet sea, first the lighthouse and then the red brick walls of Fort Jefferson.

The officers of the regiment were quartered in large, airy rooms, and for the first time since leaving home, three years before, slept under a roof and upon beds. We were soon made acquainted with our duties, which were to guard every part of the fort and keep a close watch on the prisoners, who considerably outnumbered us. The regiment which had, in 1862, gone out nearly 1,000 strong, was now reduced to about 250 men present, fit for duty. The prisoners were lodged in the vacant casemates. They were shut in at night after a careful roll-call, and a strong guard was placed at each entrance to their quarters.

The routine of daily duty was soon established. After a crew had been detailed for the lifeboat, always ready for service, and another for two of the heavy guns, the remainder of our small force was separated into two divisions—one to go on guard each alternate morning. The prisoners were kept busy during the day; a part of them with the engineer corps in construction work, a part under guard in policing the fort until every corner of it was as clean as brooms and scrubbing brushes could make it.

Those prisoners! what a motley crew they were! Men from every State and Territory; men speaking almost every known tongue; old and young; college graduates; men who could neither read nor write; innocent-looking lads who would not harm a fly, and hardened criminals who would rob a wounded soldier or shoot a paymaster without a tremor.

THE PAYMASTER'S CLERK.

The first prisoner whose acquaintance I made was the son of a Brooklyn merchant. He was of Irish descent; he had enjoyed exceptional educational advantages; he was a fine penman, and was employed in the office as chief clerk. Having early enlisted in the navy, he had seen considerable service, and had earned his promotion as paymaster's clerk. Then his trouble began. His ship being in port, he secured leave to go ashore, met some friends, and with them started out to celebrate his recent promotion. He confessed to me that he got back to his ship in a "condition," but on time. Unfortunately, at the very hour of his arrival, it chanced that Admiral David D. Porter was on board on a tour of inspection. The "clerk," in his exalted condition, wanted to slap the admiral on the back and shake hands with him, for, like most sailors, he greatly admired the old sea-dog. The result can easily be imagined. It came in the shape of a sentence to the Dry Tortugas for ten years. Had this man arrived an hour later, he would have met not his admiral, but his captain. In that case his indiscretion would have been pardoned, but for overstaying his time he might have been required to remain in his

quarters on bread and water for two days. The navy would then have retained the services of a good man, and the Tortugas found another clerk.

A PHILADELPHIA BOY.

It was not many days before I made the acquaintance of a very different character. There were several inmates who, at the evening roll-call, were marched away and carefully locked in cells for the night. One of these was a Philadelphia boy, known on the records as "Charles Smith, No. 1." He was a slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed lad, whose bright, laughing face advertised him as an innocent, lovable fellow about fifteen years old. He was nineteen, in fact, and was the most expert thief I have ever known. This confused state of mind over the nature of property rights had cut short his military career and sent him to prison.

With the aid of a pair of blue trousers—borrowed from the quartermaster, without that officer's knowledge—he became a private soldier, and visited the officers' quarters on plausible errands. There he acquired a good stock of tobacco and cigars. Shouldering a broom, he entered the commissary department—"by direction of the officer of the guard." While he whistled and swept and talked entertainingly, as he could easily do, he appropriated everything movable. It seemed useless to watch him. If you examined his pockets, however, you were very sure to find some of your property there. He fooled the guards so often that it became monotonous. At length, one evening the quartermaster found that his storeroom had been broken open and twenty-four suits of uniform stolen. This was serious, as will be seen later. "Smith, No. 1," in his soldier guise, with his "merry whistled tune" and his magical broom, had committed the theft in broad day before the very eyes of a guard set to watch that identical door. When charged with the offense, Smith was wearing his Sunday-school face, and over it there spread a look of injured innocence rarely equalled. He always denied everything. The suits of uniform could not be found, and it was decided to put Smith where he would do no more mischief. On those slender wrists and ankles cruel irons were placed. These were securely fastened to a heavy ball and chain, and the whole anchored to an iron staple in the massive wall. To all who had a hand in it, this treatment seemed perfectly inhuman, for, even with indisputable evidence of his guilt, one's sympathies were always in favor of the boy. But Smith must be taught a lesson. The door of his cell was locked and a guard placed before it. Did the lad break his heart? In a couple of hours he handed the whole concern out through the wicket, with a pleasant "Here's your jewelry." A search of his bed revealed a pretty fair burglar's outfit, manufactured during his abundant hours of leisure. The process by which he was finally fastened seems to me, now, too terrible to relate here. It will be sufficient to say that at midnight he asked for me. I went to him at once, and found the poor boy lying on his cot, bruised and bleeding from his frantic efforts to release himself, and weeping convulsively. I washed his wounds—all self-inflicted—and at length quieted his grief and rage. Then the story of his life came out. It was the old story. He was the only child of wealthy parents. The father died early, leaving him to the care of a fond and too indulgent mother. The street did the rest. Before I left him that night he gave me his voluntary promise to make no more trouble. He was released, and, I am glad to say, faithfully kept his promise so long as I knew him. Within a month after my departure, however, he one night sawed the heavy bars to his little window, leaped to the ditch, swam to the breakwater, stole a boat, and escaped.

THE SEQUEL TO "CHARLES SMITH, NO. 1."

For many days nothing could be found of the stolen uniforms. It was well understood what such a theft meant. Twenty-four of the most desperate characters among the prisoners, disguised as soldiers, expected to pass the guard some dark night, seize a schooner, and escape. The plan looked very feasible. For days a quiet, but careful search was carried on. No clue could be obtained. The guard at the postern was doubled. Many of us felt uneasy. At last I took into my confidence a prisoner whose term had expired. He only asked if a certain cell had been examined. It had not. In it six well-known desperadoes were confined. That cell was visited. There were the four bare stone walls, some iron cots, and a chair—no other furniture. All the cells, like the casemates, were floored with heavy flag-stones laid in cement, but this one had also a good board floor laid above the flags. While I talked with the prisoners on various subjects, I examined that floor.

It seemed solid; and all the cracks were filled with dust. But there was one short piece. Hitching my chair nearer to it, I inserted my knife-blade under that piece. It came up. The search was over.

In an excavation made in the flagging were the uniforms and much more—cold chisels, hammers, and saws, stolen from the masons, and plenty of dirks made from chisels and case-knives—a most fortunate find. Smith had accumulated all these, and passed them into this cell. In case of failure to pass the guard, they intended to overpower it. What the result would have been is hard to imagine. That guard, always in charge of a trusty officer, was composed of picked men who had seen three years' service. Their guns were loaded, and they were not timid. There would have been a hand-to-hand struggle, and some one would have been hurt.

AN ENIGMA.

Occasionally, the work in the office became so great that more than the regular number of clerks was required. At such times we usually brought in some one of the prisoners. Among those frequently called upon was a young man known as Robinson. We liked him for his quiet, gentle manners. He worked steadily, never spoke except to ask or answer a question—and then in a soft, musical voice that was pleasant to hear. The strangest thing about him was that, although he did not seem strong, whenever he was sent for he begged to be excused, preferring to wheel sand and brick in the hot sun rather than sit and write in the cool, breezy office. On one of the occasions when Robinson was assisting us, the mail arrived. It came weekly by schooner from Key West. The four clerks—three prisoners and one soldier—were busy at a large table, while I examined and sorted the mail, of which there was a large basketful. At length I came upon a voluminous document which for a time puzzled me. There were many sheets covered with endorsements and fairly bristling with official stamps. Finally I had them in order. They began with a letter from Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister of England, to Lord Lyons, the Queen's ambassador at Washington. Of the original letter I have a copy. It was to this effect: "A little more than a year ago a young man left England and went to the United States. He was last heard of as having enlisted in an Ohio regiment under the name of Joshua Fielding. Can you obtain information of him?" This brief note was signed simply "Palmerston." To the original letter had been attached many endorsement slips. The first by Lord Lyons, referred the letter to William H. Seward, Secretary of State, for information. By Mr. Seward it was referred to Assistant Adjutant General Townsend, with a request that the matter be investigated at once. From General Townsend it went to General George H. Thomas, commanding the Department of the Tennessee, and then on down by corps, division, and brigade, until it reached the regiment to which the boy had belonged. Then followed the information that Joshua Fielding had twice deserted and reënlisted in another regiment—each time under a different name; that he had deserted from the third regiment and secured employment as a citizen clerk at General Thomas's own headquarters; that he had at last been arrested, tried by court-martial, and "sentenced to hard labor for ten years at the Dry Tortugas," where he was then supposed to be. It had afterward, in regular course, gone back to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, from which place it had been forwarded to Tortugas with an order for all the information possible.

What a collection of autographs! But I was not then a collector; besides, that singular document must receive my endorsement and be returned to Washington by to-morrow's mail.

As to which of our 400 was Joshua Fielding, I had not the slightest knowledge. It would be necessary to go over the files and discover him by the particular *alias* under which he had been tried and sentenced.

Requesting the four clerks to rest a few minutes, I read them the original letter. It was too late to look up "Joshua Fielding" that night, so we speculated as to his identity. In this discussion Robinson, according to his custom, took no part, but continued his writing as impassive as usual. When work for the day was done, however, and the others had gone, he came to my table and said, "What will you do with that letter?" "Return it to Washington with the information required, of course," I replied. "Must you do that?" he asked. "Certainly, I should be liable to court-martial if I did not." I was surprised at his interest and watched his face. He was visibly excited. "Can't you let me have it?" was his next question. "Why, Robinson, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am Joshua Fielding, and

I would rather be shot than have that document go back to England."

"Is Fielding, then, not your real name?"

"Of course not!"

"Who, then, are you?"

"Oh, sir, that I can't tell you." He pleaded, with tears in his eyes, that I would not return the paper.

We sat—he and I—while he told me of his experiences as a deserter. He saw no crime in any but the last, for in the first two cases of desertion he had reënlisted. Again I tried to get his name, but his only reply was, "If you knew who I am, you would not wonder that the Prime Minister of England has joined in the search for me."

As I write, a muster-roll of the prisoners at Dry Tortugas, in September, 1865, lies before me. There stands the name "E. Robinson," *alias* Joshua Fielding, and that young fellow's face comes up before me as plainly as on the day he begged the poor privilege of remaining unknown.

A month previous about fifty men had been recommended to President Johnson for pardon. As if to complete this little tragedy, at the bottom of the same basket of mail that had given us its first chapter, I found a list of the prisoners pardoned, and among the names was that of "E. Robinson." The pardon was to him a matter of no concern whatever. The next ship took him to New York—a free man. Who was he. Where is he to-day? I have never learned more.

THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

As may readily be imagined, interest in the fort centered chiefly about the four men who were then believed to have had some share in the assassination of President Lincoln. These were Mudd, Arnold, Spangler, and O'Laughlin. Mudd was a physician, and it was to his house that Booth had ridden on the night of his great crime. There his broken leg had been set, and there he had been secreted for one day. The doctor was an educated man of refined and dignified manner. He had never quite recovered from his surprise that any one should find fault with him for setting a broken bone for a stranger. He always asserted that he did not know Booth, and was not aware, at the time, that Booth had committed a crime. But Mudd had been an ardent secessionist. The boot which he took from Booth's foot—and which was left at his house—bore on the lining, in plainly written characters, "J. W. Booth," and the hurried manner in which the injured man was spirited away convinced the court that Mudd was an accomplice. He was accordingly sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It was a hard fate to be called upon for professional services by a wounded desperado, and then narrowly to escape hanging for it. The trial and sentence were a terrible blow, from which Mudd never recovered. He had left a devoted wife at his home in Maryland, and his mental sufferings were so severe that he seemed always on the verge of insanity. He had at first been put to work with a wheelbarrow, but, having never done any manual labor, he was rapidly failing under the combined physical and mental strain. For this reason I directed that he be transferred to the prisoners' hospital as nurse. There he made himself exceedingly useful, and there he might have remained had not his homesickness, in an evil hour, overcome his judgment. While a ship lay at the wharf, he contrived to get on board and secrete himself in the coal bunkers. He was of course discovered, and then he learned what he did not before know, that no ship was allowed to sail until it was ascertained that every prisoner was in his place. He was immediately placed in solitary confinement, where he remained several months. It was during this period that he wrote the following letter now in my possession.

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS, FLA.
September 19, 1865.

My Dear Sir:

I did not observe until this morning the token of your friendship and kindness. I accept, with pleasure, the volume ("Les Miserables")* and as often as my eyes shall scan its consoling pages, my mind shall revert with gratitude towards the donor for the kind consideration received. You will please excuse my present poverty for a more suitable reciprocation of good feeling, and accept a small medal—usually worn by members of the Catholic Church as a monitor and in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Christ.

With many regrets at your early withdrawal from the chief command of the post and contemplated departure homeward—a pleasant trip—a happy future,

I am very respectfully and truly,
Your obedient servant &c.,
SAM'L A. MUDD, M.D.

The second of the conspirators, Samuel B. Arnold, was to me a far more interesting character. He was a young man not long out of college. Nature had done much for him. He was tall, of good figure, of very prepossessing manners, and with all the instincts of a refined gentleman. He was the

* This book—just printed in this country—had been sent to me, and my sympathy for Mudd's sufferings prompted me, on my departure, to send it to his cell. I still have the little medal.

intimate friend and companion of John Wilkes Booth, whom he somewhat resembled. He frankly admitted that he had been in correspondence with Booth with regard to a scheme to abduct President Lincoln, convey him to the Confederacy, and hold him as a hostage until peace could be secured on terms which those two young men proposed to dictate.

Arnold talked with me very freely of this plan. It was one that naturally appealed to two romantic young men, neither of whom had very strong inclinations towards the privations and dangers of actual service in the Confederate army. How little those two hot heads comprehended the temper of the North is now clearly seen. Abraham Lincoln, no more than Regulus of old, would have accepted either life or liberty at such cost to his country, and the war would have been prosecuted with still greater vigor. Arnold always maintained that he broke off the correspondence with Booth because he became convinced that the scheme was impracticable. At any rate, the Confederacy fell too soon for their plan to be carried out. Arnold's letters were found in Booth's trunk, and these letters brought that young man so near the gallows that he considered himself fortunate in escaping with a life sentence to the Tortugas.

Arnold was an expert penman, and was constantly employed in the office. Unless questioned, he never spoke of himself, but his sensitive face showed how keenly he suffered. Upon Dr. Mudd's insane attempt to escape Arnold was also placed in close confinement, and then the bitterness of his spirit was poured out in a letter, written me after my departure, which I still preserve.

Edward Spangler was a very different sort of man. He had been the stage carpenter in Ford's Theater. He, it was claimed, had so arranged the doors that when Booth should obtain admission to the President's box and close the doors behind him, he could not be pursued. What the doubt was that let him off so easily, I do not now remember, but while Arnold was sentenced for life, Spangler was given but ten years. He was a German, fat and jolly. I think I never saw him when he had not a smile on his broad face. He seemed to treat the whole affair as a joke, and went about his work with as good a stomach as any free artisan working for top wages.

On the fatal evening of April 14, 1865, Michael O'Laughlin, an Irish shoemaker, had done his day's work, changed his clothes, and taken a stroll uptown. Chancing to be near the entrance to Ford's Theater, he had been given a dollar to hold Booth's horse. It was never proven satisfactorily that he had any knowledge of the crime until it had been committed and the perpetrator had fled.

If we consider the intense feeling, the supreme horror which the perpetration of this crime sent like an electric shock over the whole country—South as well as North—we may perhaps wonder that any one of these four men escaped with his life. O'Laughlin, like Spangler, received a ten year's sentence. He left behind him a family, to whom he was deeply attached, and, from the first he was a broken-hearted man, dying in prison within a year. O'Laughlin's case has always appealed very strongly to my sympathies, for I have never been able to divest myself of the feeling that he was the victim of a most unhappy combination of circumstances.

President Johnson's controversies with nearly all his early political associates fortunately soon toned down his often-expressed inclination toward punitive measures. The three living "conspirators" were pardoned within two years of their conviction, and the act scarcely excited remark. The death of Dr. Mudd, years ago, called out many extravagantly erroneous accounts of the small part he played in a fearful tragedy. Arnold, if living, is, I have no doubt, a good, loyal American citizen; while Spangler, now about seventy-five years of age, in all probability plies his carpenter's trade, and occasionally, over his evening pipe, delights his grandchildren with the story of "the time when I came so near being hanged."

A FALSE ALARM.

The belief that rebellion lurked in a thousand hiding-places all over the Southern States, and was liable to break out at any moment, was quite general during the summer of 1865. The two great armies had actually disappeared, and there was as much danger of a renewal of the strife from one side of Mason and Dixon's line as from the other, but men did not so understand it. The following incident illustrates this fact. In the month of August, General L. C. Baker, Chief of the United States Detective Bureau, telegraphed from St. Louis to General Sheridan at New Orleans that he had discovered a plot to surprise the garrison at Tortugas and release the State prisoners confined

there. General Sheridan, with his usual promptitude, immediately dispatched to Tortugas a staff officer in the swiftest steamer at his command, with a copy of General Baker's telegram and the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.
NEW ORLEANS, August 20, 1865.

Commanding Officer, Tortugas:

The enclosed telegram is forwarded for your information. You will at once take measures to prevent the accomplishment of such purpose as the surprise of your post and the release of the prisoners therein.

Report by return of the bearer the strength of your garrison.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen.

The same message was sent to General Grant at Washington, and at once from Fortress Monroe came another swift steamer with another staff officer, bearing a letter of the same import from the Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, General E. D. Townsend, written by "direction of the Secretary of War," Edwin M. Stanton. This account shows the importance which was then attached to the safe-keeping of the four State prisoners. At that time Dr. Mudd was quietly pursuing his duties as day nurse among the sick prisoners; Arnold was writing in the provost marshal's office; Spangler was enjoying life and whistling away the days as he wielded hammer and saw and plane; and O'Laughlin was pining to his death. Looking back to those days, I am certain that some one played a practical joke on General Baker, the Secretary of War, and General Sheridan, for it is not probable that the four men mentioned had any hope of release. However the rumor having been given such credence at headquarters, it would not do for us to be caught napping. A few extra guards were set, our muskets were kept loaded day and night, and the crews for the great guns were strengthened. It was all we could do. Indeed, we were very incredulous in regard to the alleged conspiracy.

But one quiet afternoon all our incredulity forsook us. We felt sure that the rescue expedition against which we had been warned was at hand. A large brig-rigged schooner was seen heading for the channel. Our glasses failed to reveal any flag flying at the masthead, nor were more than two men visible upon her deck. She raised no pilot's flag, hoisted no signal of distress. The breeze was very light, yet she had only one small foresail set.

After the warnings we had received, it was easy to imagine that she carried a heavy cargo of treason between decks. Until sundown she approached, and then, tacking northward, disappeared in the gathering dusk. That night no one was allowed to sleep. The men stood by their guns, the life boat's crew outside was on the watch, and the prisoners were doubly guarded. There came no alarm.

The following morning the schooner again appeared, approached, and tacked as before. Three times she repeated this manœuver, and then our trusty old pilot consented to go out to her. After several hours he returned with the intelligence that our mysterious brig was from Portland, Maine. She had been to Aspinwall with a cargo of ice, and was homeward bound in ballast. Every man on board was either sick or dead with Panama fever. The captain, only, was able to creep about on deck to change the course of his ship, but even he was too weak to run up a signal. More than this, his ship had sprung a leak, and had already nine feet of water in her hold. How we found a dozen sailors among our most desperate prisoners, put them in our great life-boat with as many soldiers fully armed, compelled them to row out to the brig, pump her out, and bring her into a safe anchorage, seems now a very ordinary tale, but at the time we thought it quite an exciting experience. The ship was cleaned, the dead were buried on one of the islands, and the sick were cared for by our good regimental surgeon.

Never since have I seen a man so grateful as that captain when one of our officers with his band of "pirates," as he called them, climbed aboard and took command of the sinking craft. The captain went to Havana, recruited a fresh crew, and proceeded on his voyage.

General Baker's party never came, and soon the memory of our "scare" faded away only to be recalled as one of the many incidents that go to make up an old soldier's yarns.