

Original carbon copy now in possession of
Mrs Clarence F. Gilman (Laura Pope) daughter
(Jenkintown, Pa) *Manay water*
a ^{great} grand-niece of SWR

Original probably owned by his daughter
Lucy E. Richards White

This was returned to him by Mrs. Lindblad
101 West 84th St., New York, N.Y.
by his nephew William P. Richards, Architect, of
112 Water St., Boston
son of Joseph Ruggles Richards, elder brother of
Samuel Weyatt Richards and of
William Whetzig Richards

Reminiscences of the Civil War, 1861.

Samuel W. Richards, U. S. Corps Eng'rs, Co. "C", U. S. A.

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For many years the two sections of the country, North and South, had been wrangling over the subject of slavery until the year of 1861, when the subject came to a focus; Fort Sumter was fired on by the Southern Confederacy, and war was declared by the North.

I had always said that if war ever came I would go to it.

Father was an old fogey, hunker Democrat, who had always believed in slavery. One morning at the breakfast table before mother, Bill, and me, he said that his boys would never live to see the day when there would be freedom for the slaves. I said, "Father, you don't know about that." It was not many months afterward when the President proclaimed the Edict of Emancipation, freeing all the slaves throughout the United States.

Mother and I were Abolitionists. I enlisted in the regular army, U. S. Engineers, Co. "C", for three years, not because I was an Abolitionist, but because someone must go for the cause of his country and save the divided Union. Father was lying on his bed with a bad cold. I said to him, "Did you know I was going to enlist?" He replied, "If you want to get shot, go!" I said that if he would not enlist I would. Not long afterward President Lincoln issued his proclamation freeing the slaves. I was reading the news to mother, as I had been doing for a few years, since she was almost totally blind,

and I read in the evening paper of this proclamation. I was tickled with the news, reading it out loud to mother; she threw up her hands in delight. Father came home before nine o'clock and was reading the paper when I said, "Father, don't you remember one morning at the breakfast table you said your boys would never live to see the freedom of the slaves." "I don't know anything about it," he returned, and mother laughed right out. Mother said, "Wyatt, that is true what Sam has said; I remember it very well." Father was so discomfited that he would not speak all the evening. I asked what his old cliques had got to say now. Not a word.

Mother subscribed for the New York "Standard" and I subscribed for the Boston "Liberator". I was very well acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and had a chat with them many a time.

It was not long before the proclamation was issued by President Lincoln calling for 75,000 troops to defend the country. At that time I did not enlist, but later on I saw a public notice posted, "U. S. Engineer Corps Wanted Immediately", and that was exactly my choice. I went down to the enlisting office and saw Captain James Birdseye McPherson, and told him that I had come to enlist in the Engineer Corps. He was glad to hear of it and ordered the Sergeant to give me a pass to Fort Independence in Boston Harbor, where I was to be submitted to examination. I went down to "T" Wharf and to my surprise met Dr. Calvin C. Page, an old school mate. "What, Sam, you enlist? You are very foolish! You will have to come under my examination; I won't accept you." That was the first I knew that Dr. Page was an appointed examiner for the United States Government. I got down to the Fort and all the applicants were ordered into line, most of them enlisting in the 11th U. S. Infantry, the remainder in the U. S.

ineer Corps under West Point Officers. My brother Bill came down to see how I succeeded. Dr. Page met Joe and Captain McPherson the next day and consulted about my deafness. Dr. Page knew in my school days I was deaf. Captain McPherson wanted to know Dr. Page's opinion about it. Dr. Page did not think I would be any worse, and on that ground I was accepted. The Captain said I was the only one who could lay out his work. The next day, September 30, 1861, I signed the papers and was given my uniform.

We would have gone to West Point for our quarters had there been room enough. But now, after many years have passed, Congress has made an appropriation of nearly five million dollars for the enlargement of grounds and for more ample quarters.

As I have said, I enlisted September 30, 1861. I lost at Yorkton, Virginia, my private memorandums of the dates when I left Fort Independence for Washington to comply with the orders of the War Department, and all other dates from various points, through carelessness of comrades in taking wrong knapsacks.

We marched through the streets in our uniforms in company with the 11th U. S. Infantry to Worcester depot, and there met father, Joe, and Bill, and several of my friends who had come to see me off for Washington. We arrived there two days afterward, in the afternoon. We marched from the Baltimore and Ohio depot to 4 1/2 Street, near the Capitol and adjoining the Government Arsenal grounds, where we were quartered in four houses on Confederate Corporations, private property confiscated by the United States Government. There the U. S. 11th Infantry went to their camp quarters I never knew.

We occupied all the floors of the two-story buildings. We slept on the bare floor on our rubber blankets with double woollen blankets over us.

Our first lessons were in marching in line and the further use of muskets. We had drilling, saber, foil exercises, and pontoon exercises on the Potomac River. The second day we had the same drilling again until we were more proficient.

Several queer incidents occurred. One day we had bayonet exercises in the form of charging the enemy. An order was given to charge and not to stop charging until we had orders to halt. Not hearing well, I charged across the road, over a fence into a yard, over another fence into another yard, when one of the privates came running to me saying, "Why in the devil didn't you halt? Captain Godfrey Weitzel gave you the order to halt long ago!" When I got back in line the boys laughed at me, asking if I was going on to Halifax. Seven and eleven sound alike to me; so, when orders are given, it is right face, I do not hear about face. Some of the privates on my right and left did as I did, thinking I knew more than they; and in the meantime Captain Weitzel said if they made the same blunder again he would send them to the guard-house to perform police duty for two days, which means all sorts of dirty work whether they like it or not.

It made me disgusted. The next morning I went across the road to the Captain's office and asked if I could be transferred to the Government's drafting, in the city. He told me to come to the office in the morning, saying he had a letter about me from Major General McPherson, in Missouri. He wanted me to lay out plans for some bridges, etc. etc., and he would tell me what to do. The morning came and he had orders to report to Major General B. F. Butler in New Orleans. That upset me. I went back into line again. Major McPherson was our first Captain; then Godfrey Weitzel and C. B.

Reese. It was then that Major General McPherson wrote to Secretary of War Stanton, asking that I be transferred to his department in Missouri for duty. The request was not granted because we did not have the full number of one hundred according to Army Regulations. There were ninety-six in the company; subsequently it was brought up to the full number.

I was promoted to Artificer, and was commissary clerk. It was my duty to go to the Capitol every morning with a requisition, signed by the Captain, for one hundred loaves of bread, under cover of the company's caravan. In the basement of the Capitol was an immense bakery, built purposely for the supply of fresh baked bread every morning for any regiment within the city. Commissary supplies for other articles, such as beans, rice, coffee, sugar, potatoes, soap, desiccated vegetables (compressed in cakes of beets, carrots, etc. for soups) were at the commissary department in the city. The Government allowed one hundred pounds per week for every comrade. I ascertained how much food was wanted and what was saved, that is, not consumed; this, subtracted from one hundred pounds Government allowance, left me credit for so much cash to be drawn from the Government; this cash I paid in to the Captain. A company's fund was saved up to provide for our tin plates, knives, and forks, tin cups, kettles and pans, and whatever might be required. We started our fund in this manner at Fort Independence and had quite a fund in Washington. All these requisitions were drawn according to Army Regulations and signed by the Captain every morning in Washington City. But in the army we had hard tack instead of bread. I have no recollection now how we were supplied with provisions after we broke up and left the city on our march for Yorktown, the battle ground. I was not commissary clerk then but there was a cook provided for us.

We marched from Washington for Yorktown in the morning and had made thirteen miles; we bivouacked in a corn field, the toughest sleep I ever had, with corn stalks stuck up in my back, no way to stretch myself, with a rubber blanket under me and a double blanket over me. We had a roll call at 4.30 A. M. and after breakfast we continued our march to Yorktown. We bivouacked on the edge of the woods; it rained all night and my blankets wet through, my face getting a clean wash. We had not many yards to go where we pitched our tents in front of the fort. The next day we had orders to make all the gabions we could for a fort nearby, nearly 1400. The gabions are of poles, eight of them to a gabion, cut in the woods as well as willow stems. These poles are about 3' 6" long by 2' 6" wide on top, the ends cut to a point inside and outside alternately; they are placed on a line, one gabion placed on top of another until it reached five or six courses high; they are filled with solid earth from the bottom to the top, or built as high as dictated. There is another row behind, about 3' or 10' in depth, which leaves solid earth in between and leaves a parapet on top of the wall a little less than the width at the bottom. On the inside of the wall are placed gabions again about 4' wide to allow for steps to get up to the parapet, and where the cannons are placed. Forts are built according to circumstances; it is a hard laborious work. When necessity arises pits are built in the shape of a saw tooth, laid out in the night time. We are in line, each one has a shovel and pick-axe on his shoulder, digs a hole 4' square, 4' deep, about 10' apart. The regimental general is notified, all troops stepping in these squares, heaving the earth towards the enemy. In this manner a trench a mile long is made before breakfast. But in my case I was not allowed to go out in the night time. In the day time I still continued the trench as I was better protected. In the afternoon I put down a cable wire in the ground with a white tape around it, to

continue my line to the next wire, about 15' apart, proceeding towards the first wire to take up. Just as I stepped over the tape a great shell from the fort passed over my head, which turned me and my cap three-quarters of the way around by the force of the air; the shell burst below me, and one piece struck the ground 14' from me, buried in the ground 4". Remembering the locality, if I ever come back to Yorktown again, I will find that buried relic and take it home. I had my castle on the front of my cap which told the gunners that I was of the Engineer Corps and to get us out of the range quickly. The next morning we diverted the attention of the gunners by building a damaged military road in the rear.

It had been raining for two days; at night a new guard mount was formed. I happened to be named as one of the guards. My post was from post two to post one. We all knew General Porter was to reinforce us with ten thousand troops. While on my post, two, my orders were to allow no one to pass my line. I was wet through, the night was very dark, and my musket was reversed under my arm. As I was walking from post two to post one, I felt a great splash of mud hit my face. I suddenly reached out my hand and unexpectedly grabbed hold of a horse's nostrils and commanded, "Halt! Who comes here?" The Colonel spoke his name. I told him he could not cross my line, but if he turned to the left and up about 300 feet he could bivouac where he had a mind to. I called for the Corporal of the guard, post two. But the mischief had already been done. I did not know what the trouble was until my two hours were up and a relief guard came to take my place. I was soaking wet through and unable to take off my coat, a chilly and dark night too. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. The Corporal of the guard told me what I had done and said I would get reprimanded for this. I told him I obeyed orders. I then explained to him and asked him how I

could call out any sooner. He was going to report me. I told him I wished he would report me and he would see what would come of it. I met Sergeant Yeager and I asked him for permission to speak to my Captain, C. B. Reese. He ordered me to the guard-house. I told him, "Go to the devil! I will take my own responsibility."

~~"Well, Artificer Richards, you said exactly right. You go back to your tent. But here is the guard behind me."~~ I hurried to my Captain's tent. The Captain came out. I said, "Captain C. B. Reese, I came to speak my mind!" *Here the Captain smiled broadly.*
 "Why, certainly, Artificer Richards, say what you please."

"It was I who made this mischief so early this morning; I was on post two to post one, knowing General Porter was to reinforce us by ten thousand troops. While I was on my post, two, a great splash of mud came in my face, and I commanded, "Halt! Who comes here?" The Colonel spoke his name. I told him he could not cross my line but to turn to the left and up about 300 feet where he could bivouac where he had a mind to. Already 400 or 500 troops had crossed my line, alarming General McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, yourself and others. What more could I do. It is not my fault. That's all."

What General McClellan did with Sergeant Yeager is more than I know. But certainly I was never put on post again at night time. I obeyed orders.

The next day there was some relief from duty; those who had had no opportunity for their laundry did it then.

Sometime during this week it was suspected that the rebels were going to evacuate the fort. Early the next week, at four o'clock in the morning, there was great hurrah around our tent; the rebels had evacuated the fort, as expected, and had gone to Williamsburg. We followed shortly afterward, and I had my ear blistered at Williamsburg. We slept on our rubber

blankets in the mud, and the next morning I could not turn my neck. I was sent to the White House camp, remaining there three weeks. I was refused three applications to return to my Company, and this was the last I saw of them. They called me a five cent barber because I cut hair or shaved faces for five cents.

We had one deserter, a German, at Yorktown. Only a few of us were on the sick list for any cause, chiefly bowel complaint. Our food was good, except yellow bacon; the Government was imposed upon, but this was speedily rectified. I threw away my bacon, but had pork as a substitute.

The Army is the best place to bring out one's nature and character exactly as one is.

One week's service exposes your aptitude.

Never complain of food at home.

My esteemed comrade, William H. Foss, Civil Engineer in the Surveyor's Department, Boston, was taken prisoner and marched to Libby Prison; subsequently he was taken down with typhoid fever; after his recovery he was exchanged.

At the river were our pontoon boats. I was standing three feet from John Carr, when he was shot in the hip and badly wounded. It was strange I was not shot. I have never been wounded, or any time sick, except for the blister.

While the battle was going on at Williamsburg I had no news of where our Company were at that time; but I heard that we were retreating from Richmond. In the meantime I was ordered from White House Camp back to Yorktown. I was rejoiced over my good luck to leave the camp. I stayed in General McGruder's old prison house, so called, occupying the attic. Surgeon Sevanee of Boston attended me through I was well and happy.

I was told to stop up my ears every night with cotton wool. There were plenty of earwigs and centipedes crawling on my bed every night. There were dogs literally covered with woodticks.

It was Dr. Sevance who brought my name up to Surgeon Wheaton, in charge of Yorktown. An orderly came to my chamber with orders to report at Headquarters. He asked if I was Artificer Richards. I replied that I was. He ordered me to sit at the desk, as a clerk, to keep all papers and answer all correspondence. I declined. He asked if I meant to disobey orders. I told him it was not an order. He asked my authority for it. On the mantelpiece was the Army Regulation which says: "no privates, or subordinate officers on the sick list shall perform any duty". He then ordered me back to my quarters. Had I not heard frequently complaints of insufficient food, particularly of meat, I would gladly have occupied the position, but I did not want to be drawn in as a witness; it would have given me eighteen cents a day extra pay.

Then I had an opportunity to see Yorktown, the fort, magazine, ammunition, and guns. I tried to find the gun that shot the shell over my head, but I could not in which angle the gun was fired. I had ample time to locate the lucky shell for a relic buried in the ground when I was laying out the rifle pits. But the rifle pits laid out during the present time of war in Europe are altogether different.

I saw a number of "contrabands", a term which General Butler originated. The father of a family was sold to a United States Senator from South Carolina for \$1200; the mother was sold a short time after for \$400 to some other state. At the time we were there they were still living in Yorktown, after a separation of seven years. How they ever got back there again I could not understand.

We foraged out one day for what we could find and see. In a deserted cabin we found several sacks of corn. I stole four sacks, and for twenty-five cents had a darky cook me four hoe cakes out of one sack; and he kept the balance for his service. That was his calculation. But who stole my two sacks!

When we heard that General McClellan was evacuating Richmond, word was sent to Surgeon Wheaton to pack up and vacate; but where we were going to nobody knew. There were 1700 invalids to sail on two large steamers. It was here I lost my knapsack, plainly marked, losing all of my sketches, private papers and memorandums. Everything was in a hurried bustle and confusion, and we were on board the steamer S. S. Lewis, sailing first, before sundown. At last we arrived at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, Narragansett Bay, Providence, Rhode Island. I slept on deck for three nights and two days. I was the second one to get off the steamer to help pitch up the tents for the invalids. There were a great many suffering. Several amputations were to be performed; but they were deferred until we had landed early in the morning, in twelve new barracks. I was in one of them for the present. I had not been long pitching tents when I was ordered to Headquarters. Soon afterward a roll was called and I was put down as a deserter, my order to Headquarters not being reported soon enough. The Surgeon in charge, Dr. I. A. Edwards, ordered me to occupy a desk and take charge of the description lists of all invalids arriving and to arrive, and of their effects when requested. In three weeks I vacated my barrack and was given an attic of a private building all to myself. I had been there only four weeks when a large steamer appeared and I was notified to go on board and take all descriptive lists of six hundred and fifty invalids, to be assigned in the new barracks. I did not retire to my attic until two o'clock in the morning, completely tired out. The next day

was taken up with the arrangement of the lists and the assignment of wards and beds. On all descriptive lists were given the man's residence, State, County, and City, in case of his demise. In case of death the man's families were notified and their effects were sent by express. A majority of the expense was paid; the rest was paid out of my pocket. Most of the deaths came from chronic diarrhoea, as was the case of Dr. Calvin G. Page. I was present at the post mortem of many of these cases, with Dr. Coolidge, of Boston, one of twelve surgeons, one to each ward. As fast as the patients recovered they were sent to their regiments.

Some smart tricks were played. One patient pretended he could not bend his leg at the knee. He had such a raving appetite every day and looked so rosy that the surgeon doubted his story. The surgeon then suggested the idea of putting him under anaesthetic, and the steward thought that would be good. While under treatment the surgeon said out loud, "All who can, run or hop when I say 'Fire!'" When the man was about to come to his senses the surgeon pulled the clothes off, the leg was pulled out straight as ever. Then 'Fire!' rang out, the men scattered, and the patient ran with them. The doctor told him he had played that game long enough; he would send him back to his regiment the next morning.

Another trick was played on "heart failure". Somehow the patient got hold of some iodine, and put some on cloth to his left side. On examination day for discharge of patients when his turn came the surgeon asked him what his trouble was. The patient said that he had pain and heart trouble. The surgeon lifted his shirt, pulled off the rag, finding no swelling or color. The surgeon said: "I know where the pain is; it is your regiment; I'll send you back to-morrow morning!"

There was Major Warner, an architect, who had charge of the grounds, and the favor was to be asked of him for permission to boil our laundry in a hospital tent, from a stove we raked up somewhere. The grounds were regularly policed, and there were properly mounted guards. We were in a quandary how we could manage to cook our meat. We were to observe ground regulations, but how to keep clear of Major Warner's perspective! We watched his hours at night and found them invariably from 10.30 to 11 o'clock. Then it was clear road to us. We had a list of the guard mount and knew who was on the post so that we could run the gauntlet. Not all the guards were in the ring. After 11 o'clock, turns were taken to go to Newport, about six miles, and bring back what provisions and meat were needed, letting our boiled clothes go. There were such restrictions placed on food that there was great dissatisfaction. Many visitors brought so many delicacies that they interfered with the regular diet list under the physicians' orders. That is the reason we got up this ring for ourselves, unknown. We baked our roast beef and tied strings under coats close enough to lay thick slices on. We had everything we wanted, and it was never known.

Episcopalian ministers went on to Washington, D. C., at the instance of a committee from Providence, Rhode Island, to lay before the War Department these grievances of poor food and insufficiency of beef. The aggravation was so great and alarming that the War Department ordered a thorough investigation at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, Narragansett Bay. Two officers came on from Washington to arrest him for court-martial. The result was that he was convicted, discharged from the Army, and fined \$5,000.

A letter was written to me by Mr. Park that Dr. Henry G. Clark, formerly City Physician of Boston, requested that I should call and see him as

soon as possible. I showed this letter to Surgeon Edwards in charge, and applied for a furlough for three days. The request was deferred for a whole week. I called to see Dr. Clark the following week. I was to take the place of a Canadian, as a clerk, who went out for his beer often. Dr. Clark was Inspector-in-Chief of all the hospitals in the Army, and held his appointment from the Sanitary Commission in Washington; he appointed me as his private secretary. His contract with the Commission was for seven months at \$1000 a month, with the privilege of returning to Boston every two weeks. I was held by Dr. Edwards, as he was responsible to the Government for my presence. After several communications I induced Dr. Clark to interview Surgeon General Hammond and Secretary of War Stanton and ask that I should be discharged from the Army as of no further use. In a few days I was informed of my discharge from the Army by Dr. Edwards. Another steamer arrived with three hundred and sixty invalids, which took me five days to enter on the list, including their descriptions and addresses. I received eighteen cents a day extra service. I was discharged from the Army January 31, 1863.

From Boston I proceeded to the Sanitary Commission at Washington. I was obliged to undo most of the Canadian's work. The duties were very arduous.

The Sanitary Commission was incorporated in Washington and controlled by the Reverend Dr. Bellows, the Reverend Dr. Burcher, Dr. Douglass, and Frederick Law Olmstead, of Central Park fame, and others for the welfare and interest of all hospitals in the Army.

My first duties were to enlist all the principal and leading physicians in the United States in their respective localities to undertake, at their pleasure, the task of examining hospitals and answering forty-seven questions according to lists provided for each physician. For those accepting credentials

credentials were made out to give them authority to make reports. Some physicians would have as many as six hospitals to report on as to condition of ground, ventilation, food, service, labor, etc.

For their services and an honor to themselves, they were provided with \$125 for each two weeks service, each paying his own expenses. These reports were written on foolscap paper, containing sixty to eighty pages; some reports would excel others in their merits. Four reports came in one week. There were about forty-five physicians engaged for the service, which occupied nearly the whole time of the commission. For seven weeks I did not retire until after twelve o'clock. When I caught up with the bulk of the work I then had more lax time for myself; thereafter I quit my labors night-time.

Thomas Starr King, of Hollis Street Church, Boston, in his public patriotic addresses in San Francisco did more for the welfare of the soldiers in the hospitals than any man or society. The first week I was in the Commission, \$100,000 was contributed for the Sanitary Commission; in three weeks \$300,000 more was contributed.

I went to the theatre every Saturday night. The theatres were crowded, mostly with military officers and privates. Here was my fun for me after so many nights of hard labor. Patrol guards were on each side of the street. The theatre opened at eight o'clock. An officer, with twelve guards, stops at the theatre and enters; he goes to the front and asks each one for his night pass; if the pass is not countersigned after nine o'clock the man is ordered out in charge of a guard at the door. The officer files out of the theatre with his prisoners into the ranks of the guards on the sidewalk to the guard-house. Regimental officers are notified of the prisoners taken in, and they return to their regiments.

Alottlow's Hospital is a small-pox hospital for deserters from the Army. Architects, engineers, and draughtsmen had refused to make plans for this hospital for fear of catching small-pox. Dr. Clark had a sure conviction that there would be no danger for me, and had me make plans of it for file on record. When I got through, the house physician gave me "four fingers" of high Bourbon whiskey to counteract all ills. This spot was situated about four miles from the city. The only regret I have was that I did not visit Mount Vernon while I was there.

There is one more escapade I can record. In the rear of our four houses where I slept was a large field pasture. The posts were from one to three. One night I was on post one, and was placed where I could guard part of the field and the front of the building. It was so dark that I could hardly see my hand. The guard on post two approached me to know what was the racket about. I had walked against and stumbled over a cow's horns; it was the musket falling on the cow's hoofs that made the racket.

On another occasion I walked from the quarters with a comrade for exercise when he forgot something. I still kept on walking leisurely when I found I was so near "the" Avenue, as they call it (14th Street), that I kept on the Avenue until I came to a residence where I was acquainted. A servant who was on the sidewalk went into the house to say that I was outside and the guards were coming. The servant was told to have me come in. After shaking hands with one of the ladies, I was told to go right in the closet, way back, and cover myself with the clothes there. Presently the officer of the guard knocked on the door and was admitted. He asked if there was any private here. She said she didn't see any. Then the officer disappeared. I was almost suffocated from hiding so long behind petticoats. I was somewhat relieved. The two ladies were sitting at the

table quietly sewing. I sent the servant out for two quarts of ice-cream, leaving there at 11.30. If I had thought beforehand that I was going so far as the Avenue, I would have asked for a pass, countersigned. I got out of it.

I finally closed up that part of Dr. Clark's contract and came home. I stayed in his office all winter, finishing up odds and ends.

There was no night but what arrests were made. I went to a Masonic Lodge one night and my neighbor was a United States Government spy and detective. At Headquarters he was told that three men and a woman, coming from Baltimore, would ask for a pass on a boat for Alexandria. The spy went on ahead. Early in the morning I went down to the Potomac River for a bath. About five o'clock, on my way back to my room, I met the spy on Pennsylvania Avenue; he was handcuffed to two men, a sergeant to another man and a woman following, all on their way to the central guard-house. They were locked up from seven o'clock to four o'clock without any meals. This spy, of course, was not known as a spy. That's the game. The way of it was as the spy explained to me. The spy got ahead to Alexandria; the sergeant was told to watch the three men and the woman. When the spy dropped his handkerchief was the signal to handcuff them; they were then marched to the boat to the central guard-house. While in the spacious cell, the three men would tell of their tribulations and the spy would listen to all that was said. Then the spy puts in the story that if he had only known this before he could have got them a pass, and knew the man he meant. The spy was very artful to bring out further information for another catch. The Corporal of the guard came to the gate then and asked if Mr. So and So was here; pretending he didn't hear he was asked again; he then steps up to the gate and is told, "Lord Lyons wants to see you". Then

the gate is opened and the spy goes down-stairs, out of the building about his business. The amount taken from the prisoners was \$10,000 and \$1,000 from the woman. The same spy came to the Sanitary Commission to see Dr. Douglass, the Superintendent of the Commission, inquiring for Dr. Miller. Presently he came into the room; they stepped aside. The doctor was asked to put on his hat. Then they went to Headquarters. I came down-stairs just in time to see Dr. Miller arrested.

My task is finished. After leaving Dr. Clark's office I returned to my legitimate business. persevering for a permanent position, I was employed with the Empire City Subway Company. During vacation season, in October on my return from Cambridge, there was published a pension fund for all employed, each one having a copy of its conditions and signing it.

The principal point was that no one should be employed after the age of 70, but should be retired. At that time I was to retire I was 79 years old, but I managed to retire one year later for further necessary earnings. I retired January 1, 1913. I had been there 25 years and 5 months, receiving a pension of \$21.16 per month.