
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

SKETCH

N. W. SAMPLE

NOVEMBER - 1926.

Born August 14, 1843
Died October 27, 1927

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CHAPTER I.

It has been suggested by a member of the family, now that my children have all married and gone from under the paternal roof, that some account of my ancestry as well as of myself should be preserved for their benefit and that of their children.

Much of what can be said on the ancestry subject is a matter of tradition handed down verbally by the older members of both grandparents' families to their children and so on down to my generation; but the main facts, however, concerning their lives are substantiated by Presbyterian Church and Government Records. The earliest recorded account obtainable of my mother's people is that of William Steele, a farmer of Drumore Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, who became a Captain of Colonial Troops from Pennsylvania in the French and Indian Wars.

William's third son, John Francis Steele (my great grandfather), studied for the Ministry under a noted Presbyterian, Divine Reverend James Latta, of Chestnut Level, Lancaster County; but before he completed his studies the Revolutionary War broke out and he gave up the Ministry for service in the Army, later receiving a Captain's commission in the 10th Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry, serving throughout the War. He was seriously wounded at the Battle of Brandywine and became a cripple for life, but recovered sufficiently to return to duty and was present with his command at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

Some years after his return to civil life he was appointed Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, which position he held for sixteen years, and in the meantime was commissioned Major General of the State Militia, and for this reason is known as General Steele in the traditions of the family, but his title was Captain while with the troops in the Revolutionary War. He was a devout Churchman, worshipped with his family at the old Presbyterian Church, 4th & Pine Streets, Philadelphia, and lies buried in the graveyard attached to that Church. A suitable monument marks his resting place.

After the death of General Steele, his son, John F., known as Captain Steele (my grandfather) who married Jane Porter of Lancaster County, removed from Philadelphia to his father's farm, known as "Harmony", about eight miles east of Lancaster City, where he devoted himself to politics and farming and merchandising. When the War of 1812 broke out, he was commissioned a Captain in the 32nd Regiment of Infantry in the Regular Army. Some time after the war he quit the Army, returning to the farm, where he died about 1854.

His family consisted of four sons and four daughters. The oldest daughter, Sarah Hamilton Steele, who married Dr. Nathaniel W. Sample, Jr., was my mother.

On the other side of the family, the first recorded mention is of my great grandfather, the Reverend Nathaniel W. Sample, who was graduated from the then Princeton Presbyterian Seminary about the year 1774; was shortly after licensed as a preacher and filled

the pulpits of a number of churches in Delaware and Maryland, and afterward called to the pastorate of the Leacock Presbyterian Church in Lancaster County where he preached for forty consecutive years.

There is no written account extant of his people prior to his graduation at Princeton; however, the Reverend Robert Sample (a distant relative of the family), has been in Scotland and Ireland looking up the name and tells me our worthy progenitors came from Brittany in France to Scotland, and their name was Saint Paul in Scotland. The name was metamorphosed into Samphill, and later in Ireland into Semple. From Ireland two brothers Semple came to America about 1683 and settled in Elkton, Maryland. They were stone-masons and built some of the first houses in Elkton which are still standing.

The next Nathaniel W. was a son of the Reverend Sample, a physician and farmer (my grandfather). He had a large family and a very exclusive practice. His son, Dr. Nathaniel W. Sample, Jr. (my father) graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia; married Sarah Hamilton Steele and settled in Soudersburg, Lancaster County, practicing medicine in partnership with the late D. Hayes Agnew. He died in 1849 at the age of thirty-three, leaving my mother with four young children.

Shortly after the death of my father, Grandfather Steele deeded the house (and about nine acres of ground) in which we lived in Soudersburg to my mother but she had no fixed income and living

conditions were pretty hard. Her brother, Uncle John Steele (an officer in the Navy) was always very kind and helped her out whenever he could, furnishing part of the funds for my education and much of the expense for clothing, etc. I have a very distinct recollection of Mother and Barbara (a blessed life-long servant of the family) cutting up Uncle John's civilian clothes and fitting them to me; as neither was an expert tailor, it can be readily imagined I would not be considered a fashion model on Broadway.

After the death of Grandfather Steele, Grandmother was left in the big house at Harmony alone, - her children having all married except Uncle John, who was not married but absent on sea-duty most of the time. It was then decided Mother should sell the Soudersburg property and, with her children, go to live with Grandmother at Harmony, which she did - remaining there until the death of Grandmother. My sisters, having married in the meantime, "Harmony" was sold and Mother made her home with my youngest sister.

The year after Mother moved to Harmony, it seems I began to loom up as an item to be looked after, so in my thirteenth year I was sent to Boarding School at Lititz Academy, Lancaster County, Pa. This was an adventure for me, - I had never been away from home before and never had what might be called a home after, until I had one of my own, some twenty-five years later.

At school I boarded with four others in the home of a Holland Dutchman named Fitzman, - very nice people - and here I began following bells, bugles and whistles, which I have continued almost up to the present time. We were routed out of bed by the School bell at six o'clock; breakfast at 6:30, which always consisted of doughnuts, apple butter and coffee - nothing else; dinner at noon, which from early in the Fall until late in the Spring was a meal of sauerkraut and speck, with mashed potatoes and a piece of very nice pie, - apple or raisin. I don't remember the supper, but it was not considered healthy to eat much going to bed.

I completed the three years in their highest grade, and some of the branches taught were well advanced studies, the same as taught students of 18 or 20 years now in high schools. Returning to Harmony for a few weeks (1858) I got a job in a country store in Gordonville where I dispensed salt mackerel, molasses, nails and calico to the neighboring farmers, and in November of 1859 Mother secured for me a place in The Baldwin Locomotive Works as apprentice.

I was then a few months over 16 years old, - had been away from home quite a while and boarding was not so disagreeable as it otherwise might have been, notwithstanding I was domiciled in a Presbyterian boarding house, 919 Market Street, Philadelphia, which I remember was full of Presbyterian preachers out of jobs. I remained in this house during the winter, but it was too far from my work and, as there were no street cars in those days, I had to walk.

Through the influence of some Y.M.C.A. people I secured board in the Spring with a good family at 1510 Callowhill Street, which was only two squares from the shops and, with a boy who was also an apprentice in a nearby shop, lived in this house until I went into the army in August 1862.

This family (named Dorff) consisted of a widow lady, one son and four daughters. One of the daughters worked in the Mint; two taught school; and the one next to the youngest (Mary) was the mother's helper at housekeeping and a splendid character she was. There was a curb market at that time in front of the house where the farmers backed up their wagons and sold their produce. Among them was a young Jersey man from about Gloucester named Joe Moore; he was always on hand with his wagon backed up in front of our door. My room was third story front and, as the market opened at daylight, there was always more or less talk and noise on market morning. Of course, I looked out as soon as I got up and Mary was always there with her market basket dickering with Joe for chicken or sweet potatoes and other things. When I came out after breakfast on my way to work Mary was generally still there, and I concluded Joe must be a terribly hard man to deal with, as I had never seen anyone else spend so long a time dickering for a basket of sweet potatoes. This was going on when I went away into the Army. When I returned three years later, I found Mary was Mrs. Joe Moore, and she was the mother of Philadelphia's present Mayor - J. Hampton Moore.

CHAPTER II.

The early part of 1862 was a very discouraging time in national affairs. The Confederate Armies had practically beaten us up to that time and President Lincoln was trying to raise an army of 500,000. The Baldwin Works had notified the apprentices they would release any who might wish to enter the Army and promised them employment when they returned. A number of the boys working in the shops with me enlisted and I began to think I would be considered a slacker or a coward if I did not go, so I notified the Superintendent (Mr. Parry) who gave me a good lecture opposing my going, but I did not take his advice, and when asked by Mr. Burnham what I had concluded to do he said: "Oh, he is going; he told me that if he did not go, when the other boys came back he could not hold up his head! What in Hades can you do with a fellow like that?"

So I wrote to my cousin, Jim Agnew in Lancaster County, and we arranged to go together in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry which was then being recruited in Philadelphia. He came to Philadelphia and we enlisted at the same time. The Recruiting Office was in the Pennsylvania Railroad Office Building, corner of 3d Street & Willings Alley (below Walnut Street) and is still standing; here we were duly stripped naked by the medical officers who made us jump and bend over and kick, also perform a lot of stunts necessary to comply with the then Army regulations; and were both pronounced physically fine and fitted to serve as soldiers. We were then allowed

a few days to bid our friends goodbye and arrange our affairs, on promise to report at Philadelphia in three days, which we did and were immediately sent to the training camp at Carlisle, Pa., which was then the headquarters of all Regular Cavalry (this in August 1862) where we were drilled very hard by regular officers until November, when we were moved to Louisville, Kentucky.

At Louisville we were furnished horses (having previously been given arms) and subject to mounted drill until the second week in December, when we commenced the march to Nashville, Tennessee, arriving there Christmas Eve and going into camp about two miles south of the city. Here our troubles began! On Christmas Day a foraging detail was ordered to go into the country eight or ten miles out and procure feed for the horses from farmers, - in other words, "forage". As the Confederate Army was then encamped at Murfreesboro and their outpost extended north to within a few miles of Nashville, this foraging party came in contact with some of them and had a skirmish in which one of our men was killed and several wounded, but the party brought off the wagons loaded with corn.

On the 27th our Army (about 70,000 men) moved out on three of the principal roads leading to Murfreesboro, and on this date what is known as the Battle of Stone River commenced and lasted for seven days, ending in the defeat of the enemy. On our arrival at Nashville the Regiment was brigaded with two Regiments from other

States; this made trouble and the larger part of the Regiment refused to move, as they had been promised special service. My Company (then "L") was the only Company that as a whole participated in the Stone River Battle. My cousin, myself and three or four others from Lancaster County, although only privates (in their rank) did everything we could to prevent any of our Company from joining the insurgents, and none of them did.

Company "L" (about 100 men, together with small numbers from other Companies who did not want to be considered insurgents - in all about 300 men) was all of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry that participated in the Stone River Battle. Of this detachment 12 or 14 were killed and wounded, including two Majors killed in the second day's fight. The next day was also a fighting day. Early in the morning we were sent off to the right of the Army with General Stanley's Division; enroute we were fired upon by our own artillery who mistook us for Rebels. The range was perhaps one and a half miles and the shells reached us easily; one man riding near me was struck by a piece of an exploding shell and killed. Before all the troops had passed in front of this Battery they discovered who we were and ceased firing. At noon the entire Division was drawn up in line of Battle partly in a semi-circle, but as no enemy appeared we were dismounted and put in the time as best we could feeding the horses and waiting. About 3 o'clock P.M. the Rebels appeared in small numbers and commenced a desultory skirmish fire which lasted perhaps an

hour; then their whole force appeared in line opposite us. We were hastily mounted and all guns made ready; however, we were soon ordered to put up the guns and draw sabres. An order to charge was then given, which was the first and only real sabre charge I was in during the war, - the sabre having soon after been superseded by the repeating rifle. In this charge, however, we were very successful, the enemy being without sabres and having only single fire guns, which after they had delivered one discharge could not be reloaded in time to prevent us from being up with them, so they retreated not in very good order. We got some prisoners and their battleflags. We then halted and occupied the new ground for the night. Some time after midnight we were relieved by a fresh Regiment and sent to the rear to sleep, - not having had any sleep worth while for two days, it did not take us long to go at it. Jim fixed down our blankets on the bare ground (that was our bed) while I attended the horses, and we were soon sound asleep and did not wake up until after sunrise next morning. Our resting place was made in the dark and no particularly favorable location selected; when I awakened I noticed I had been sleeping with my head barely touching a dead Rebel soldier who had evidently been killed the day before, having been stripped of nearly all his clothing and, as there was a heavy frost, he was frozen stiff.

My cousin made up the bed and attended to the horses while I took the canteens and went in search of water. I found a small pond in the woods about half a mile away; it was very shallow and the edges had a rim of ice; in order to get to water deep enough to fill the

canteens it was necessary to step on the body of a dead Rebel soldier, who had no doubt been wounded and died while trying to get water. When I returned with the water we saddled up and moved about a mile to the left; here we were offered breakfast by the head Commissary of an Infantry Division. The menu consisted of corn on the cob and horse steaks taken from the Artillery horses killed the afternoon before and of which there were a dozen or more lying all about us. The corn having ripened the previous September and this being the 2nd of January, it will be seen the corn was not as tender or as digestible as it would have been four months earlier; and those that indulged in the horse meat said it was good, - I did not indulge.

About 10 o'clock that morning we were moved over to the Murfreesboro and Nashville Pike and assigned to guard an empty ammunition train returning to Nashville for ammunition. The guard consisted of a Regiment of Infantry, 2 pieces of artillery, and a detachment of Cavalry from Stanley's Division in addition to our own force. We were attacked sometime about noon by General Wheeler's (Rebel) Cavalry who had been sent to destroy this train, and enjoyed a running fight the remainder of the day; but succeeded in saving the train, and arrived inside the fortification at Nashville after dark the same night. This was the first occasion where we did any considerable fighting dismounted. The Rebels followed us very closely and, as the Cavalry was in the rear of the wagons and Infantry, we had most

of the fighting to do. We made a stand about six miles south of Nashville, dismounted, and with the Artillery, held the Confederates while the wagon-train and the Infantry got out of the way. When Cavalry have to fight dismounted, one man in each set of fours remains mounted and holds the other three horses. In this skirmish I remember standing in the middle of the pike until I had used up all my ammunition. One Confederate officer mounted on a fine white horse came up to within fifty yards of us and was killed, which seemed to have stopped those following him; soon after we remounted and had no more trouble that day.

When we got inside the fortifications we were all dead tired and, as we found a few of our disabled men in camp just inside, we picketed the horses as best we could and crawled into any tent that would have us. Here a rather unusual thing happened! I had a very good horse; he got loose sometime during the night and, as was his custom, wandered about in search of something to eat. Outside of the tent in which I was sleeping there was a large box of musket caps, - loose; they could easily be mistaken for corn; and, as no other explanation of the disappearance of the caps and the horse could be suggested, the conclusion was reached that he had eaten the caps and that he afterward exploded, as he was never seen or heard of again.

We remained in camp on the outskirts of Nashville until late in March, awaiting the reorganization of the Regiment and meanwhile doing outpost duty every other night on the different roads leading into the city. When the reorganization was completed we moved to a camp on Stone River near Murfreesboro. I was promoted here and assigned to Company "K" as Quartermaster's Sergeant. In this camp I

contracted typhoid fever and pneumonia at the same time and, as there was no room in the hospital, I lay in a tent on four fence rails covered with hay and a saddle blanket, with my overcoat for a pillow; nursed by a fellow-soldier from Lancaster County, named Harvey Sherts, to whom, with the Chief Surgeon, Dr. Alexander, I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude. It was reported that I was entirely unconscious for two weeks. This was the only time I was ever off duty during my term of service in the Army and, when recovered, never had other sickness.

The whole army (about 80,000) were camped in this vicinity after the Stone River Battle, and moved out on what is known as the Chickamauga Campaign under command of General Rosencrans about the first of June 1863. The first engagement met was at Hoover's Gap, a pass in a low range of hills south of Murfreesboro, which was intrenched and defended by Artillery and Infantry. During the preceding winter several Infantry Brigades of our Army had been equipped with repeating rifles; these troops were in advance, and what had been expected to be a severe battle turned out to be a comparatively small affair. The Confederates retreated precipitately with the loss of a large number of prisoners. On this Campaign Companies "H" and "K" (the latter being my Company) were assigned to special service at the headquarters of the Commanding General and remained in that service until after the Battle of Chickamauga, which occurred on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863.

Our Army was defeated in this battle, driven back to Chattanooga and besieged there until late in November, when, by a large reinforcement of troops under General Sherman from Vicksburg, Miss., and two Army Corps from the Army of the Potomac, we drove the besiegers away in the two Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

While the siege lasted the two Companies mentioned were closely bivouaced to the City of Chattanooga; food became very scarce - for something over a week we had a handful of broken crackers and corn on the cob. The corn we grated on graters we made out of house roof spouting - punched with a nail, making a coarse meal which we made into cakes with water and fried without fat, as we had no meat of any kind. Our horses all died of starvation, and I am sorry to say that much of the corn intended for the horses was appropriated and eaten by the men. After this siege we soon began to fare better and remained in Chattanooga until May of 1864, when the Atlanta campaign (with a reorganized Army) was launched under General Sherman. On this campaign Companies "H" and "K" served at the headquarters of both Generals Sherman and Thomas, the balance of the Regiment having been sent into east Tennessee.

After the Battle of Lovejoy's Station, which won for General Sherman the City of Atlanta, he returned to Atlanta and organized his expedition "through Georgia" to Savannah and other Atlantic seaports. Here the Army that was the fighting force on the Atlanta Campaign was divided, - part sent North to Nashville under General Thomas; the other part, commanded by General Sherman in person, went South to Savannah; and Companies "H" and "K" were

ordered to return to the Regiment, which by this time had returned from east Tennessee and was encamped at Wauhatchie (near Chattanooga.)

On our arrival at Chattanooga I was presented with a commission as First Lieutenant - much to my surprise, as I had never solicited a commission and never heard it intimated that I was to have one. The commission was issued in July, four months before I received it (I was then 20 years old); but the fact was I had not been any place during that time where I could be officially discharged as an enlisted man and mustered in as an officer.

A few days after arriving at the Regimental Camp I was detached from service with Company "K", and assigned to command of Company "L", which for some time previous had been without officers. Wauhatchie is at the head of Will's Valley - five miles from Chattanooga; the Regiment was stationed here as part of the garrison left at Chattanooga by General Thomas when he went north to Nashville, and was charged with the duty of keeping off a considerable force of Rebel Cavalry known to be stationed at the West end of the valley.

As a sort of "try out", I was called to the Colonel's tent about ten o'clock a few nights after joining Company "L" and instructed to proceed with my Company to the lower end of the valley (about 60 miles) and ascertain the strength of the Confederates in that vicinity who were in command, and if regular or guerilla troops, as well as any other information that would be valuable to us; but

to keep out of a fight and not to wear out the horses. Well, I started out before daylight next morning and marched 30 miles that day on top of Sand Mountain; met no opposition (although the country was beset with guerilla bands) and went into camp for the night on top of the mountain opposite an ancient post-office called Valley Head. We started down the mountain early in the morning and on arrival at the foot ran into the rear-guard of a Confederate Regiment who were returning from a visit in the direction of our Camp at Wauhatchie; with this party we had quite a brisk skirmish; took two prisoners, who proved to be Regulars, and got them into camp, although the firing on their rear-guard brought down the entire Confederate force on us. They followed us up and made a running fight during the day; by marching all night we managed to escape and reached camp without casualties of any kind. The prisoners furnished the Colonel all the information he wanted; and, as several parties had been sent out previously on the same mission and returned unsuccessful, this was considered quite a feather in Company "L's" cap.

We arrived in camp about nine o'clock A.M. and that same day we had orders to march to Bridgeport, Alabama, where we would find a number of gun boats waiting to take the Regiment down the Tennessee River to Muscle Shoals for the purpose of intercepting Hood's Confederate Army which had been defeated at Nashville and were retreating south. The gun boats failed to appear and we marched to

Decatur, which took us nearly a week, and when we arrived at our destination we found the Rebel Army, or what was left of it, had crossed the river several days before. However, we were in time to capture and destroy their pontoon and supply trains, after which we returned to Huntsville, Alabama, where we remained about six weeks, visiting meanwhile the "moonshine" districts, taking everything eatable, and fighting guerilla bands. We then returned to our camp at Wauhatchie for only a brief stay, as within a few days we were transported by rail to Knoxville, Tennessee. During our brief stay at Wauhatchie I was summoned to the Colonel's tent; he said he sent for me to say he had an order from Colonel R. W. Johnson, commanding the post at Nashville, to send me to his headquarters, as he had arranged an appointment for me on his staff. When I heard this, of course I was delighted with the prospect of getting out of the firing line, which I had been on for over two years, and thoughts of what a delightful time I would have flitted through my brain like lightning, - but the Colonel proceeded with the following: "Lieutenant, our Regiment will be brigaded with the 10th Michigan and 12th Ohio Cavalry in a few days, and will constitute the 1st Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division, Military Division of the Mississippi, and will start on a long and hazardous expedition into the heart of the Confederacy. I know you would not want to miss this trip for anything, so I shall notify General Johnson that I am short of commissioned officers and it would be very difficult to let you go at this time in view of our expected movement." After this, I remember

stammering out: "Oh, certainly Colonel; I would not miss that trip for anything", - which was what might be called a "military whopper", and I did not get General Johnson's appointment.

The two Regiments before mentioned were at Knoxville on our arrival and we remained there only long enough to take on three day's rations and a supply of ammunition. Our Colonel had been appointed Brevet Brigadier General and put in command of the Brigade, - the whole in command of General Stoneman. While at Knoxville I was ordered to send Company "L's" Supply train (consisting of two pack mules) to the Quartermaster's Depot to get supplies. Of course, I expected it would come back loaded with sugar, coffee, bacon and "hardtack"; but when it came back to camp one of the mules was loaded with rifle ammunition and the other with picks and shovels. This arrangement left very slight hopes of provisions after our three days' rations which each man carried were gone; this was in March and we never saw another Government ration until June, but lived off the people of the country and left mighty little for them.

On leaving Knoxville, Tennessee, our line of march for several days was East parallel with the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad to Morristown, Tennessee; here we turned south following up the valley of the Watauga River to its source at the summit of the Smokey Mountains, descending into the valley of the Yadkin River on the south side as far as Wilkesboro and Elkins Mills; turning north-east from here, we reached the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad at

Christiansburg and proceeded to destroy the road in the direction of Lynchburg. On the morning of April 8, 1865, our advance encountered the enemy's Infantry three miles west of Lynchburg. This force had been sent from Lee's Army to oppose us. Lee was then on full retreat from Grant's front (this we did not know) and surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House only 20 miles away, the next day, April 9th. Grant did not know we were engaged with Lee's troops near Lynchburg on April 8th until after the surrender, and we did not learn of the surrender for ten days after, and then learned of it through Rebel prisoners. The presence of a large Cavalry force from the Army of the Cumberland appearing in Lee's rear no doubt had much to do with the surrender of the Rebel Army. The Rebel Infantry we encountered near Lynchburg was too much for us, so we swung off to the South, passing through the towns of Liberty, Rocky Mount and Martinsville, Virginia, and Danbury, Winston-Salem and Salisbury, North Carolina, with very little opposition until we reached Salisbury, where there was a large prison full of Federal prisoners, - the place defended by Infantry. Here our entire division (9 Regiments) was concentrated and a very spirited engagement took place, resulting in the capture of all Rebel Forces, 12 pieces of artillery and release of about 1,000 of our men who had been captured largely from Grant's Army. We also took large quantities of war material, ammunition, clothing and provisions - most of which (except the provisions) was of English make and had come in through blockade runners. I replenished my wardrobe here with a pair

of English wash-leather cavalry boots, of which I was sorely in need. They were very handsome, - laced up the front with orange cord and two orange tassels dangled from the top.

The engagement here took place early in the morning, and after it was over troops moved out of the town in different directions where feed could be secured for the horses. However, a battalion of the 12th Ohio Cavalry under Major Morrowell was left behind with instructions to destroy all property and army supplies belonging to the Confederate Government. I was detailed to remain with Major Morrowell as the General's representative until the destruction was completed. The prison buildings were burned first, and afterward the sheds and storehouses containing the war material; these buildings were in the heart of the city close to the residence section, and in consequence the women and children had to be taken out before the fires were started, which occupied the better part of the day, and it was midnight before destruction was complete so that the detachment could leave the scene to rejoin their Regiment.

Two days before the Salisbury affair, we entered Winston-Salem, North Carolina, about three o'clock P.M. and camped for the night. It so happened I was riding with the advance guard that day and on entering the town we encountered about a dozen Confederate homeguard drawn up across the main street to oppose us. They did not oppose to any great extent, but fired a volley at us and ran away. In following them through the town (it was raining), I noticed a man come out of a house, hoist an umbrella with a white handkerchief on top and advance to the sidewalk. I rode up to him and asked to what command the party that fired on us belonged; he protested they were

boys that belonged to the homeguard. He was very nervous and seemed much interested in my appearance and finally asked me what the letters 15th P.V.C. on my hat meant. I explained it stood for the 15th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry; his countenance changed at once and he said, "Why, I am from Pennsylvania!" I asked him what part; he said Lancaster County, - that he was principal of the girls' school here and had been detained in Salem by the war. I recognized him then as the principal of the girls' school at Lititz when I was attending the boys' school there. He asked me to protect his school, which I did by placing a safeguard about the buildings in which there was said to be 300 young girls from all over the South. We were the first Federal troops that Salem had ever seen, and when the people discovered we did not have horns or hoofs or forked tails and that some of us were from Lancaster County, Penna. and knew the Lititz people, they became very friendly and treated us to the best they had.

Salem is a Moravian settlement built up exactly like Lititz and Bethlehem, Penna., and many of the people are related to the Lititz people. I found three families I knew who communicated with their Lititz Friends at the close of the war informing them of the "great benefactor" I had been, and in consequence when I got home I had a very pressing invitation to visit Lititz, which I did and was treated like a "Prince of the Blood". The gentleman of the flag of truce (white handkerchief on an umbrella) was a cousin of the present celebrated eye-specialist, Dr. de Schweinitz. X

After the engagement at Salisbury we moved to Statesville, thence to Lincolnton where we learned for the first time (through Confederate prisoners) of the surrender at Appomatox. Supposing the war about over, the command moved North toward our base, or the starting point of the expedition; but were met near Ashville, North Carolina, by a messenger from General Head-quarters at Knoxville, instructing General Palmer (then in command of the Division) that the armistice proposed by Generals Sherman and Johnson was off and hostilities were to be resumed at once, and that Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, had taken flight with his cabinet after Lee's surrender and, as far as was known, was making his way to join the Confederate Army west of the Mississippi, and directing Palmer to so dispose his force as to capture the ex-President if possible, offering at the same time a large reward for his capture.

We therefore, retraced our course going southwest to Spartanburg, South Carolina, Athens, Georgia, Talledega and Guntersville, Alabama, having sent part of the command to Montgomery, Ala. in the hope of intercepting Davis, who kept ahead of us for over a week and finally ran into General Wilson's men (who had come East from the Mississippi) and was made prisoner by them.

We arrived at Huntsville, Ala., early in June 1865, where we received orders to fix up our accounts with the Quartermaster and Ordnance Department and get ready to be mustered out of the service; when this was done we were transported by rail to Nashville, Tenn.,

where we were paid off, mustered out and honorably discharged on the 21st of June, 1865.

I arrived at my mother's home in Lancaster County Sunday morning, about the 1st of July, and I imagine there never was a happier woman than my mother was that day, - first, because I was home, and next that her boy, who went away three years before as a private soldier, well and hearty, came back wearing the uniform of an officer of the Cavalry.

After visiting around among relatives and friends for a short time, I went to Philadelphia and commenced work in The Baldwin Locomotive Works (August 1, 1865, at the age of 21) where I left off to enter the Army. This was a hard job, not having done any hard work for so long; but I toughed it out, notwithstanding I was carried out several times in the afternoons while I was getting used to the work. In 1868 I left Baldwin's and entered the service of a Mr. Harkness in the oil business in West Virginia. After less than a year, this job did not suit me at all, and I returned to The Baldwin Works (who always appeared to have a job for me.)

CHAPTER III.

" In 1871 General W. J. Palmer, who was Commander of the Regiment in which I served during the war, purchased three narrow-gauge locomotives from The Baldwin Locomotive Works for a railroad in Colorado

called the Denver and Rio Grande in which he had become interested. By some good fortune I was selected by the officials of the Works to accompany the shipment of these locomotives to Colorado and to see that they were placed in service to the satisfaction of the Railroad. These were the first three locomotives purchased by this Railway and were delivered in Denver loaded on flat cars because they were of a different gauge from the tracks over which it was necessary to take them from Philadelphia and consequently they could not go on their own wheels.

The locomotives were duly unloaded and placed in service and began hauling trains over the road which was being completed to Colorado Springs.

Having some knowledge of locomotive and machine shop work, General Palmer and the railroad owners desired me to remain in Colorado and help keep the locomotives running and in repair. This was arranged and I began a term of service with the Denver and Rio Grande Railway which was to last for almost 30 years. The railroad began to grow and extend itself southward and westward into the gold and silver mining districts and soon serious operating problems arose on account of the steep grades and sharp curves which were necessary in the construction of the track over the mountains. The principal one of these was how to hold the long freight trains on the grades of 3 to 4%. Hand-brakes on the cars were found to be too expensive

because they required a brakeman on each car in addition to the steam and Le Chatelier brakes on the locomotive. The Le Chatelier brake is a simple device by which the locomotive is reversed while going down grade, the pistons working against air pressure thus created in the cylinders and causing a braking effect on the engine. Hand brakes were also unreliable because frequently the train would get a start down hill before the brakeman could get the brakes applied. This question reached a crisis and General Palmer called a conference to discuss the situation and see if something could be done about it as it was evident that the railroad could not be operated unless some device was found which would brake the trains satisfactorily. The question was put up to me by General Palmer for my suggestion and I recommended Westinghouse Air Brakes then a comparatively new invention. After much discussion it was decided to try these brakes on the freight trains and General Palmer advanced the necessary money from his private funds for their purchase. It took a lot of money and greatly depleted the General's personal fortune. The Westinghouse Company began to deliver these brakes in 1872; the first brakes to be applied to freight equipment in the United States. In 1877 I was appointed Master Mechanic of the railroad and in 1880 Superintendent of Motive Power. During these ten years much experimenting with the air brakes was done and some new devices perfected in connection with them still in general use on railroads all over the world. But the brakes were a success and their use was extended to passenger trains so that the road became as safe to ride over as any railway built over level country. The railroad

soon had 1600 miles of narrow gauge 3' track and about 1881 we built a new shop a few miles west of Denver and named it Burnham in honor of Mr. George Burnham of The Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, who had always shown much interest in our work on the Denver and Rio Grande. He presented us with a fine library of the best books for use of the employees. The Shops at Burnham were built almost entirely new and were very well planned and equipped and many high officials of railroads all over the United States and Europe paid frequent visits to Burnham. Over 1000 freight and passenger cars were constructed in these shops between 1880 and 1890.

After we started to operate the freight trains down the long mountain grades with the "straight" air brakes, we were presently confronted with another difficulty. The brake shoes on the driving wheels of the locomotives generated so much heat that the tires became loose and dropped off the wheels at the bottom of the hill. We fixed this by removing the driving wheel brakes entirely and applying the air brakes on the train only going down grade so that the train held the locomotive. This practice was followed for a long time without accident, but later improvements in air brakes and the introduction of the automatic brake made it possible to apply engine and train brakes separately.

Another source of anxiety was the heavy snows in the mountains in winter. Often the road was completely blocked for days but with the aid of steam rotary snow plows, eventually introduced, we managed to keep the trains going. Then in summer we were harrassed with

floods from melting snows and heavy rains which caused serious and costly washouts. Sometimes a wooden bridge would give way and let a train down into a canon or gulch. Streams which for months would be almost perfectly dry would in two or three hours become roaring torrents. Locomotives and cars have been washed away and sunk in the quick sands never to be recovered.

During these early days we had to contend with the rough conditions incident to the pioneer life of the West. Trouble with Indians, train robbers and desperate characters made it necessary to carry fire arms and frequently use them in defense of life and property. Labor difficulties were a constant menace in the mining districts and on the railroad and many times it was necessary to call on the Government for troops to stop the riots.

Many times my life was threatened by outlaws. Once in a town in South Western Colorado on the narrow gauge, a man who had been a locomotive engineer but whom I had discharged lay in wait for me all night near a saloon with a gun but when my train arrived, by some chance, I went up another street and didn't pass his way so he didn't get me.

For the most part however, I had a lot of fine railroaders working for me. Some of the best men from Eastern railways curious to try the adventurous life of the West came and got jobs on the Rio Grande and running the trains over the steep mountain grades gave the engineers, firemen and trainmen all the excitement they wanted and they got through without many accidents and always to their great credit.

These railroaders all commanded high wages and usually got them. Mr. P. M. Arthur, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers made several trips over the road with me and agreed that the job of locomotive Engineer on the Rio Grande was a great responsibility and should be rewarded by good pay.

Wild animals were numerous and buffalo herds were still about on the plains for several years after I arrived in Colorado. One day, riding horseback in the foothills, the horse suddenly shied with fright and stood still. I looked about to see what the trouble was and observed a huge rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike at the horse or the rider or both. I pulled my revolver and shot at the coiled serpent and when I got off the horse to see the results of the shot was surprised to note that its head had been shot off. It had evidently made a quick strike directly at the bullet as it flew through the air and caught it in its wide open mouth. Bear, deer, Rocky Mountain sheep, wild turkeys, ptarmigan, quail, grouse and wild duck furnished good gunning for our idle moments which were few and those who didn't hunt could always find very excellent trout fishing. These sports were not so good in later years as the country became more thickly settled, but I understand the trout streams have been restocked by the Government Fisheries Bureau so that they have almost their old-time attraction for anglers.

By this time I had two new jobs. In addition to looking after the motive power and machinery on the Denver and Rio Grande, I was doing this work also for the Rio Grande Western and the Rio Grande Southern, so I was kept continually on the move and couldn't stay at home very long at a time. This home consisted of my wife, who was

Nellie Town to whom I was married in 1880 and three children, Nathaniel Junior, born in 1881, William, born in 1884, and Caroline, In 1891 the Rio Grande was placed under new management and I was appointed General Superintendent, which job I held until 1900. Very little new railway was built under the new regime and it became a question of operating the existing road as economically as possible, especially since business in Colorado had been very bad for three or four years about 1893. This job got to be a very considerable strain for me along about 1899, and I was forced to take a long vacation in this year. After this I began to wonder if I hadn't been too long at this hard railroading business and with another change in the management I left the railroad but what to do next was the question. My friends wanted to elect me Governor of Colorado on the Republican ticket, but I declined as I am no politician. During the winter of 1900-1901, I was kept busy by Colonel Dodge of the Rio Grande Western on some consulting work. In 1900 my old friend, Mr. Samuel M. Vauclain, at that time General Superintendent and a member of the firm of The Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, came out to Colorado and invited me to return to the Baldwin Works. He desired to start an apprenticeship system so as to have trained men for the future demands of the locomotive building industry and wanted me to take charge of it. I decided to accept and returned to Philadelphia in 1901. We started a system based on the old indenture idea. We had a two years course in the shops for graduates of colleges; a three-year course for