

that I went mad and was shut up in a mad-house for more than three years?

“When I was released I discovered I was in one of the Southern States without a penny. I found employment as a tinsmith and I worked faithfully, hoarding up every cent, denying myself everything but the necessities of life that I might save enough to wreak out my vengeance on Wilson.

“In the meantime the war broke out and I, being a Northerner, was forced to give up my position and hurry to safety. When I reached Washington everything was turmoil and excitement and I caught the fever of patriotism and enlisted. For the next two months it was drill, drill, drill, until I became sick of my bargain. Then came the news of the defeat at Bull Run and we were told to prepare for the front. Our company, however, was not ordered out till the beginning of October and we saw our first action at Ball’s Bluff. I well remember how we were led again and again to the attack only to be repulsed with heavy loss. My company went into action in full number and came out decimated. In fact the remnant was placed in an entirely different regiment and in command of that particular battalion was—Joe Wilson, Major Wilson.

“It would be folly to attempt to describe my surprise. I was in constant fear lest he should recognize me. Often he would pass me but I never let him see my face any more than was absolutely necessary. I was hoping for a chance to square my account but I wanted to see him suffer! He had caused me to lose my home and friends and I had suffered and I reasoned that he should learn to know what suffering was.

“He was overbearing and quick to call to order the least offence, continually making himself more and more unpopular. Wherever he went sullen silence greeted him. Every man in the regiment cordially hated him, even the officers, yet not one thing could we find about which to complain.

“In the Spring we were ordered back to Washington