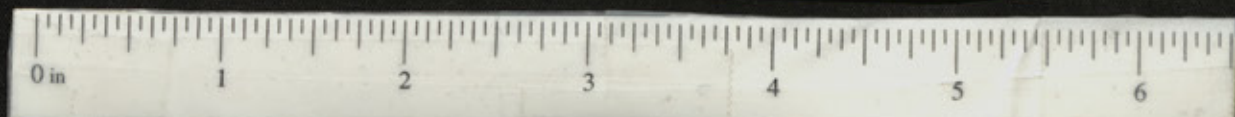
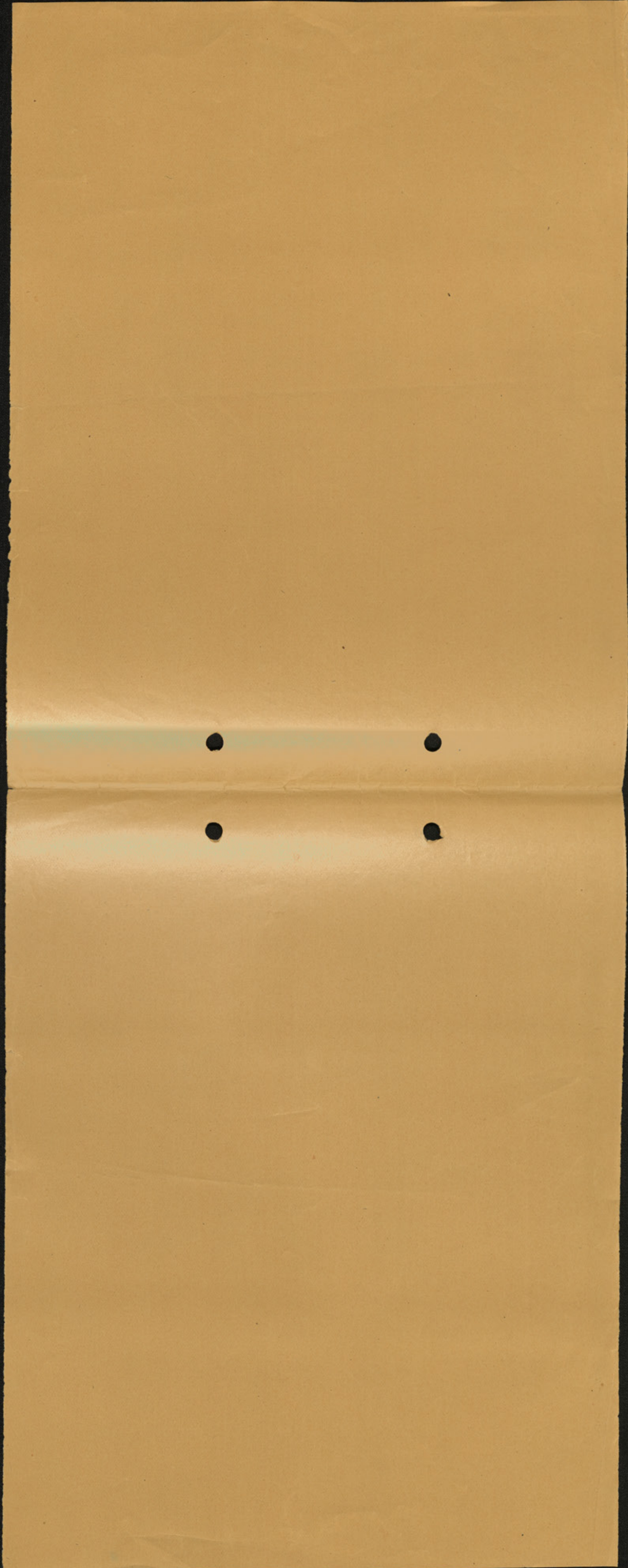


An incident of history.

No 25









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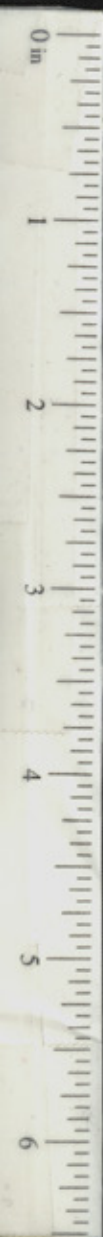
## An incident of history.

Last night, Lieut Symons read to us at a public gathering, an interesting paper on the subject of Tortured. After the reading General Monro & I. Chatting about the subject discussed, came together to my little back office where often the family gathers to the attraction of our only open fire.

After a few snatches of conversation, in which we were speaking of a friend whose feelings had been hurt. I remembered a brief article in my paper on "untimely words". It is full of wisdom & I read it aloud. I will enclose you a slip. On the same page of the paper I noticed the heading "Did it ever to grow up bad". This piece too, I read to Johnny Horner & General Monro. It will bear repetition. It is as follows;

"Of all the spectacles of neglect & want in a cold world, none is more pitiful than a child begging, not for charity,







"but for Christian care <sup>and</sup> moral training.  
A case of this kind was recently given by  
the N.Y. Times.

A bright little boy twelve years old  
who said his name was Tommy McCoy,  
went alone into the Jefferson Market Police  
Court recently. <sup>and</sup> said to justice Morgan,  
"Judge, You know, I want to give myself  
up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the Court.  
"Because" replied the lad. "I ain't got no  
home <sup>and</sup> I don't want to live in the streets  
<sup>and</sup> become a bad boy."

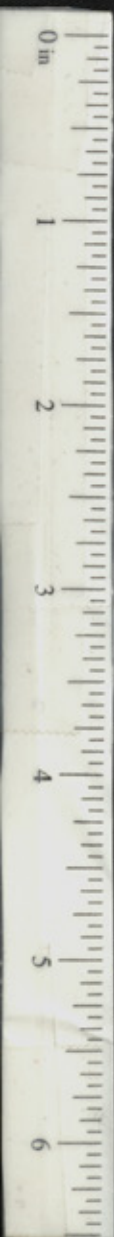
"Why don't you stay at home?"

"I ain't got no home. Father's been dead  
nine years, <sup>and</sup> mother died before that."

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my Aunt. She lives in Forty first  
Street, But she gets drunk, <sup>and</sup> won't let  
me stay in doors. Today she chased me  
out, <sup>and</sup> said if I ever come back, she would  
do something awful to me. I'm afraid of  
her, <sup>and</sup> so I've got no home."





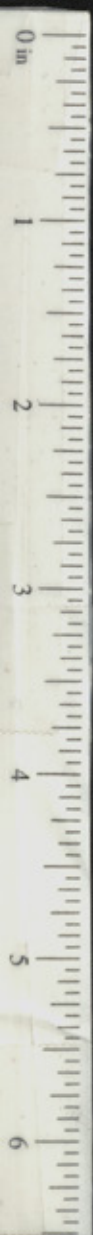


Nobody will take me in, because I ain't got good clothes, and don't look nice. I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it, then the cops'll take me in. I don't want to get arrested. I don't want to steal, nor to be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere, where I can learn something, and get to be a man? There's places like that, ain't there?"

The justice told the boy there were such places for good boys, and took the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.

When I had finished reading the above very touching story, General Morrow, who loves to notice children and give them a pleasure, said; Well, that is very beautiful, but I believe I can equal it by a story which occurred in my own experience. If Johnny would like it I will tell my story." The boy's eyes sparkled with interest as he responded







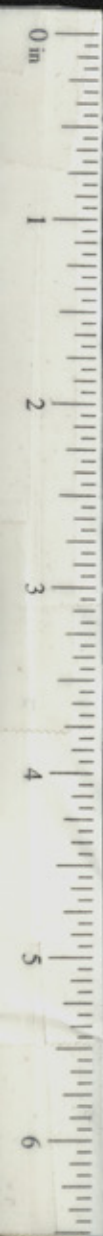
ed. "Yes, Yes, General, tell us your story."

The General began.

"It was many years ago, before the Great Civil War, when I was living in Detroit, that the following incident occurred. At the time I speak of, I was judge of the City Court, and saw a great many strange things - but or what I am about to relate was among the strangest I ever saw. I entitle my story "The lost boy, or the Son of an Earl."

One day I was passing down Jefferson Avenue, which is, or rather was the principal Street in Detroit, when I saw a small boy sitting on the curb stone and weeping quite pitifully. I went up to the little fellow and said kindly: "What is the matter my son?" "What are you doing here, and why do you cry?" The lad looked up, his blue eyes shining through his tears. and answered: "Sir I have no place to go, I came to this City a few days ago from Canada with Dr. — who now is dead in that house" pointing to a large brick house nearby. "No one

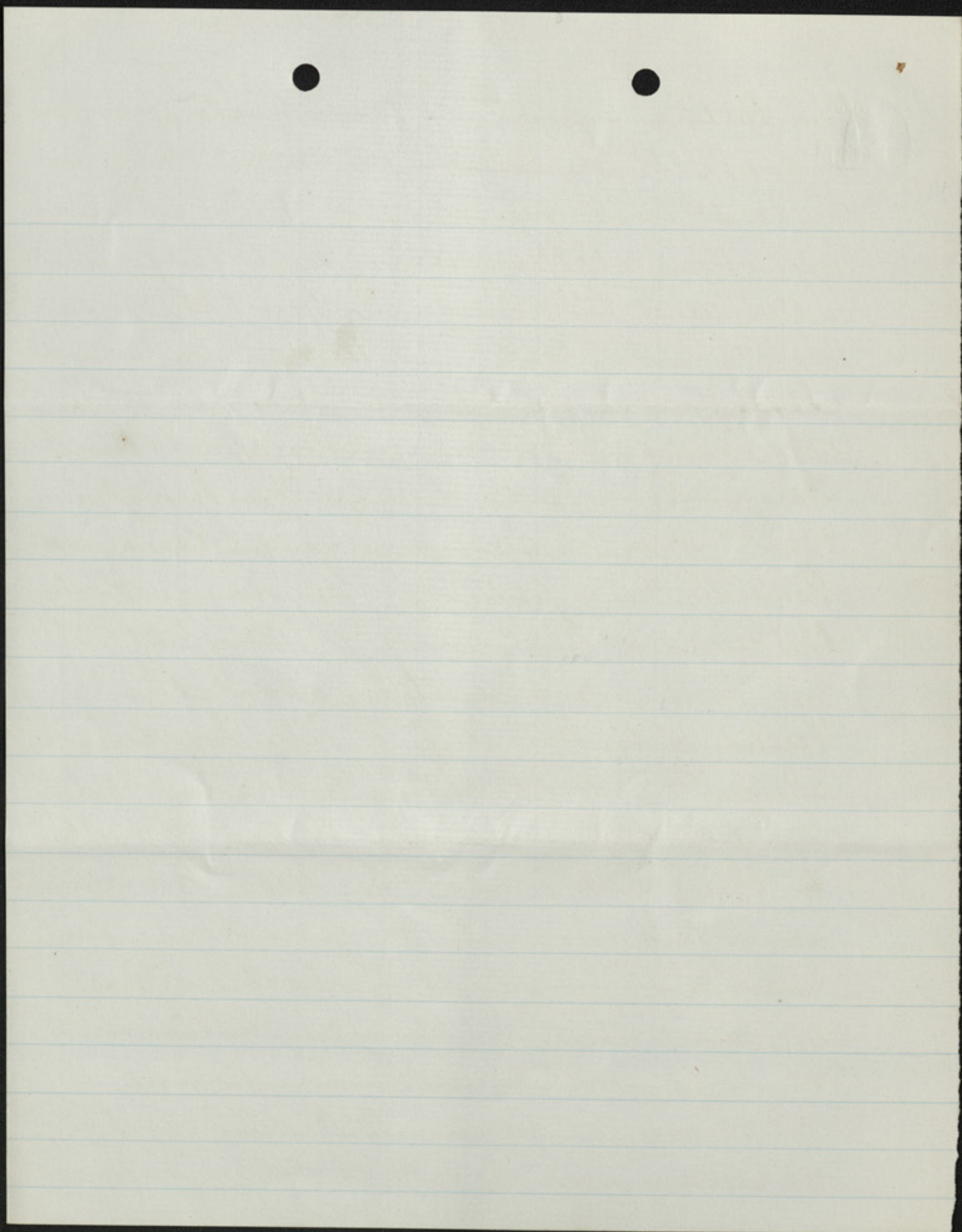
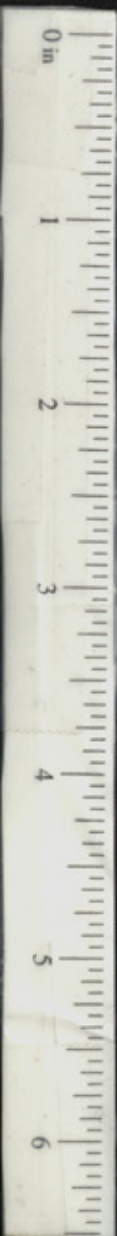






knows me, and I have no place to go." I was  
 touched by the sweetness of the child's voice, no  
 less than by his forlorn condition, and said at  
 once. "Come with me and I will take care of  
 you." The child followed me to a house near  
 by, where I had a friend who kept a sort of  
 Supply and Feed Store. I was in haste and could  
 only tell in a general way how I had found  
 the boy, and round up by asking my good natured  
 friend if he would give my protégé his break-  
 fast and keep him until I returned which would  
 be about noon. The matter was quickly ar-  
 ranged and I proceeded to my Court room, where  
 I found important business to engage my  
 attention. When noon came, I returned to  
 look after my enfant gâté, as the French  
 call a boy found on the Street. My friend  
 met me with great enthusiasm, declaring  
 that the boy I had left with him, was  
 a poet, a genius. "Why, fudge" said he,  
 "this boy can write better poetry than Mr  
 ——— referring to a gentleman who  
 sometimes indulged in a little atten-



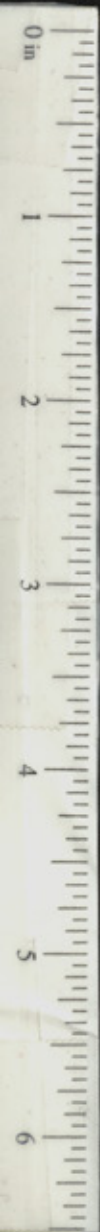




tion to the muses". "He can extemporize - try him". I walked into the Store and found my little friend pen in hand, perched on a high chair. After asking him a question or two, as to how he had spent the morning, I said "Now - tell me you can write poetry - Is it true?" "Yes Sir", was the response tho' very modestly spoken. "Do you know who George Washington was?" "Yes Sir, he was a great American General and a patriot. He was called the father of his Country." "Very well, now, write me something about the 'Father of his Country'." The boy crawled up on the high chair, and I soon heard his pen flying over the paper. I walked to the back part of the Store, but returned in a few moments, and found my little man had completed his task. The measure was almost faultless, and the sentiments, for a child, astonishingly fine.

I remembered he described Washington as having ascended to the skies where





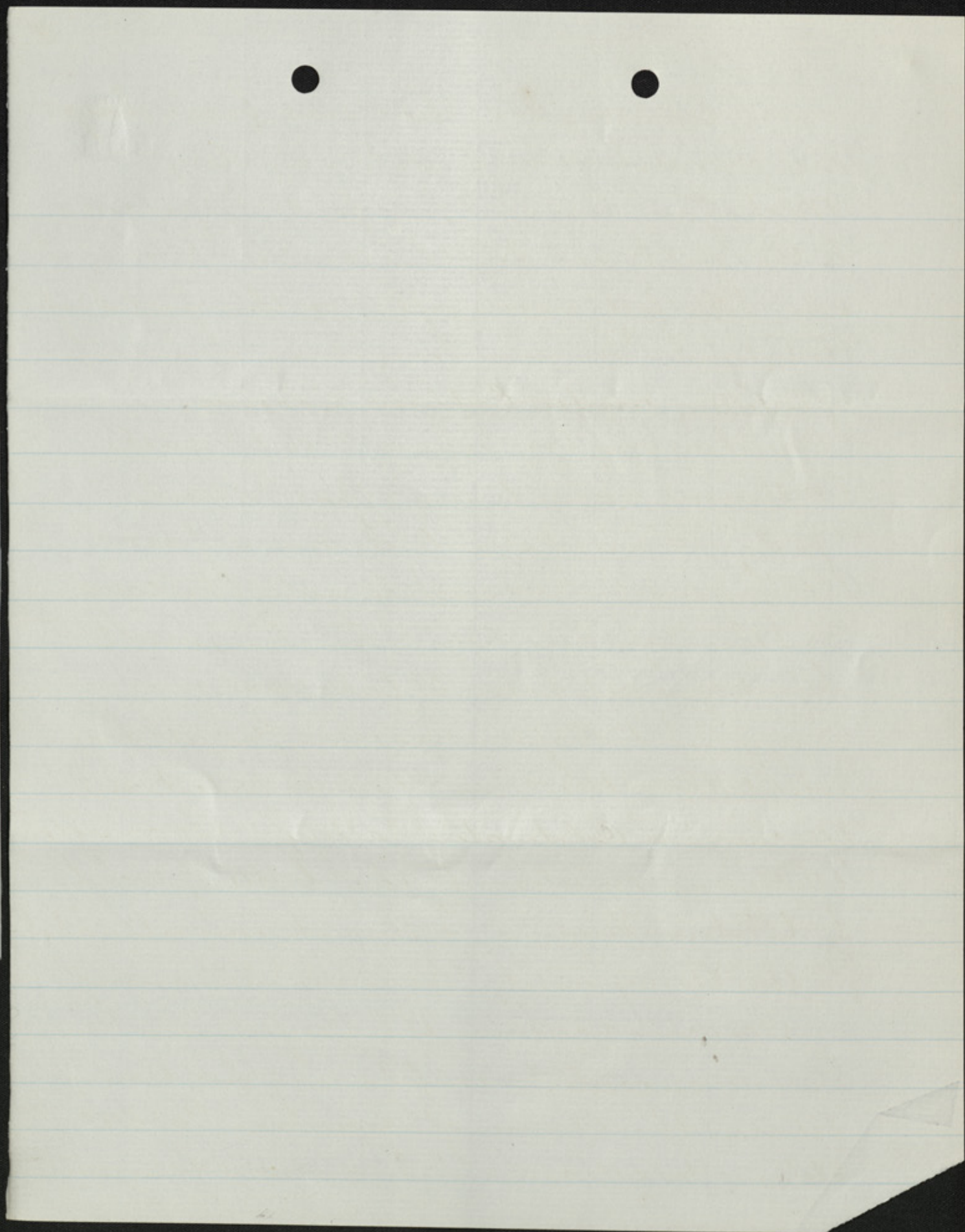
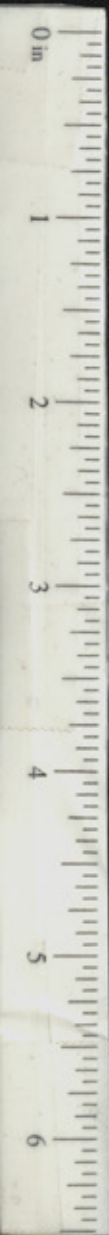


He was keeping watch over his Country.

Here indeed was a jewel; What was to be done with it? My friend M and his wife M and I had a secret conclave, which ended in the boy's being domiciled in the family for the time being. I must not make my story too long.

This was the year before the war - it was in 1860. In the Spring of 1861 the war began. The Rebels fired on Fort Sumter. M for the first time the American flag was made to trail in shame and defeat. ~~For~~ Johnny - was not born at that time. M can only know by report what a state of feeling there was all through the North when the news came that Sumter had fallen. The land was fearfully excited from Maine to the distant prairies of the West. Strong men wept like children. Nothing could be seen in towns and villages but seas of flags, and no other sound was heard than the roll of the drum and the tread of armed







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men. Ah! my boy, those were brave days.  
But I must come back to my story.

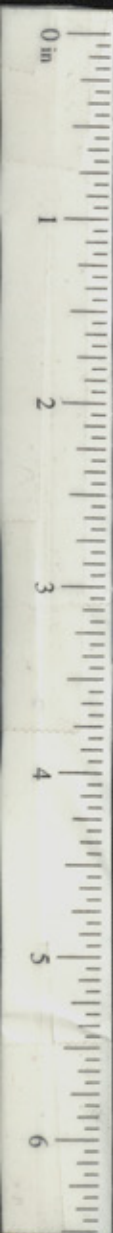
Michigan had sent her first Regiment  
to the field under the fearless Richard  
son, who fell soon after on the field of  
Antietam. We were recruiting a battery  
of Artillery under Captain Loomis.

One day my boy, whom I will call  
William, came to my office and said  
"Judge I want you to do me a favor."  
"What is it?" "I wish to go to the war  
but the Captain says I am too small.  
Won't you ask him to take me?"

I applied to Captain Loomis, and at my  
solicitation, William was enlisted in  
Michigan "Coldwater Battery". Soon after  
William's enlistment the battery went  
to Western Virginia, where it was attached  
to the Army under General Rosecrans.

On one occasion the Confederate General  
Garnett succeeded in placing his Army  
between the Armies of Rosecrans and Mc  
Clellan, and all communication between



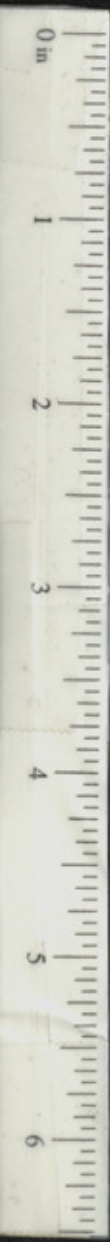




them was interrupted. It was of the utmost importance that a message should go from the former to the latter. The urgency was great, so great that the fate of one or both Armies depended on it. It was a wild mountain ~~lands~~<sup>trous</sup> region. Volunteers were called to attempt to carry the despatches. William volunteered and was accepted. The despatch was sewed up in the collar of his jacket. On a dark night the boy soldier departed on his lonely and hazardous journey. All through the night the little feet clambered over the rocky heights. He threaded their way through dismal defiles. The morning light found him in front of the pickets of McClellan's Army. He was conducted to the General, and ripping the collar of his jacket produced the all important despatch.

Where all was uncertainty a moment since, all was now bustle and preparation. A child's courage had







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decided the fate of a campaign. The Army moved on a victory crowned the Union Arms at Rich Mountain. Near this the Confederate General Garnett was killed. The name of William — was published to the Army in a complimentary order. Through all the war this boy was distinguished for courage and fidelity — and at its close he returned to Detroit.

Now comes the strangest part of this strange story. The boy here turned out to be of a most distinguished English family. I cannot enter into details but I may tell you that he inherited a large fortune and spent two years of his life in foreign travel, and that now he is an honored citizen in a Western City.

Johnny declares "that sounds like a made up story. So it does. Truth is often <sup>better</sup> ~~stranger~~ than fiction, or perhaps rather fiction is sweeter when it bears







portrays living pictures.

The kind judge doubtless did much more for the lonely lad than appears; the food for mind & body, the clothing, the money & the counsel which he has not counted. These all constitute the bread cast upon the waters, which change to day makes an abundant return.

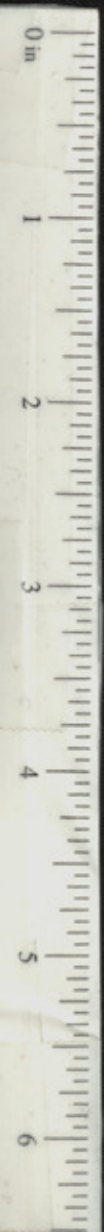
A little mystery hangs about this young nobleman, but the best of it is that he is noble in spirit. He is now honored as a citizen & beloved as a friend. May not the result of this story's teaching be to make us reverence the child & give him, be he, high or low, rich or poor, a good opportunity to grow into honored & useful manhood.

By General O. O. Howard.

Vancouver Barracks

Washington Territory





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