ment made me very angry. The idea of the commanding general of the great army giving orders that he was to be awakened under no circumstances when such vital interests were under his charge seemed to be simply awful. I was so wrought up over the matter that I thought I would go to the president and tell him about the Halleck order. In the first place, however, I decided to ask General Stager, who was, you know, my superior officer. I did so, and told him that I was going to see the president. He replied by asking me what business it was of mine whether the order was sent or not. Said he: 'My boy, you have nothing to do with General Halleck's orders. We have done our duty. It is our business to receive and deliver dispatches, and that is all we do.' I was still angry, but after General Stager's making such a remark, I could do nothing. He was my superior officer, and his answer was in the nature of an order."

"Was this the case with the other officers?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Rosewater. "Many of the officers watched things more carefully. Take General Burnside, for instance. He often remained up all night. I could not, in fact, tell when he slept, and I often wired him dispatches as late as 5 o'clock in the morning. I had known Burnside before I met Halleck, and I did not think much of a man who could not stay awake upon great occasions all night. General Burnside was in command at the battle of Fredericksburg, where he had, you know, such a disastrous defeat. He did not wish to be commander of the army, and he told President Lincoln that he was not competent to take charge of it. Lincoln insisted, however, and he at last accepted the place. Burnside maintained that there was treachery in the war department, and that the rebels got the orders sent out from the war department as soon as he did, and that in this way they were able to counteract his proposed movements before he executed them.

"Was Lincoln in the office at the time of the battle of Fredericksburg?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rosewater. "He came into the office at 8 o'clock that morning, and remained there until long after dark. He came over from the White House in his slippers, I remember. It was Sunday, and the dispatches were going and coming all day. President Lincoln stood behind me much of the time and dictated the dispatches to me, which I wrote and sent. I took the answers as they came from the wires and handed them to him. We were sending and receiving news all morning. At noon the dispatches were still coming, and instead of getting a lunch, Secretary Stanton sent his ice pitcher over to the Winder building and had it filled with beer, and this beer, with some crackers, made up the lunch of the party, General Eckert, Captain Fox, acting secretary of the navy, all taking their turn at the pitcher. President Lincoln took his share of the beer, and I am, I venture, one of the few men who have ever taken a drink of beer with President Lincoln."

"How did President Lincoln act at such times?"

"He was perfectly simple and unassuming," replied Mr. Rosewater. 'He did not seem at all nervous during the battle, though it was going against us. The result was, you know, an awful defeat, and we lost more than 13,000 in killed and wounded. Burnside did not want to make the attack, but he was overruled by Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln. After the battle it seemed to me that President Lincoln was very much depressed and worn. He was never, however, averse to a joke and a laugh seemed to relieve him. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg Burnside was released from command and Frank Leslie's newspaper published an illustration in which Lincoln was represented as the high chief executioner with a great big axe in his hand chopping off heads. On the ground near him in this picture lay McClellan's head, which had just been chopped off. Beside this was the head of Burnside and there were other heads at hand ready to be cut off. It was not long after this fight that one of these papers was lying on one of the telegraph tables when President Lincoln came in. As he was looking at it General Burnside entered. They discussed the picture together and both laughed heartily over it."

"I suppose there were many funny things happening even during the darkest days of the war, were there not?"

"Yes," replied Mr Rosewater, "there were many little interesting things which seemed silly to me at the time. The war was to me so serious that I could not appreciate that great minds like that of President Lincoln must have relaxation. I remember once when things looked the blackest Tom Thumb and General Nutt were brought by P. T. Barnum to the White House. President Lincoln and his cabinet gave up business for an hour and spent it in being entertained by them. This at the time seemed to me outrageous. I thought it was a very foolish proceeding to engross the attention of the president at such a time, but it was perhaps a needed relaxation. I remember Tom Thumb afterward and he told me that he rode to the White House that day in a carriage which was given to him by Queen Victoria."

"Did President Lincoln really know much about the operations of the war?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed. President Lincoln knew of every movement on the military chess board. He directed many of the operations himself. It was he who removed McClellan. I don't think the real story of this order has ever been told. It was just after the battle of Antietam in September, 1862. Both Lincoln and Stanton had been urging McClellan to move on after General Lee's army and capture it. I sent for President Lincoln message after message to McClellan, directing him to move on, and McClellan repeatedly replied that rapid movement was impossible. He held back on various pretexts, and finally sent a message which capped the climax. This last telegram was as follows:

"'President Lincoln.

"'We are still delayed. Cavalry horses' tongues are sore.

(Signed) "'GEORGE B. MC'CLELLAN.'

"The idea of stopping a great army because of the soreness of the tongues of the horses was more than Lincoln could stand. Within an hour after the telegram came McClellan's was off. An order was issued relieving him of the command of the Army of the Potomac."

"How did Secretary Stanton impress you?" I asked.

"Edwin M. Stanton seemed to me a man of great force," replied Editor Rosewater. "There was no joking about him, and he did an enormous amount of work. You must remember that there were no stenographers or typewriters then to write telegrams and letters. Stanton wrote the most of his dispatches, which were very numerous. I sent off many telegrams for President and Mrs. Lincoln, and it was a curious thing to me that Mrs. Lincoln's hand writing was so much like that of the president that you could hardly tell them apart. As for General Burnside, he wrote a worse hand than Horace Greeley. Secretary Stanton's penmanship was in a big, round hand."

"How about your work with the army, Mr. Rosewater? Telegraphing during a battle must be very exciting?"

"Yes, it is," replied Mr. Rosewater. "I was in a number of minor engagements, and I did all the telegraphing that was done for our army at the second battle of Bull Run. I thought our army was going to move right on to Richmond at that time, and I asked that I might be detailed to accompany General Pope so that I might be one of the first to arrive at the rebel capital. At Bull Run I had my instrument placed on the ground among the dead horses. There was shooting going on around me, and I could not tell whether we were whipping the rebels or whether they were whipping us. General Pope was sending dispatches all day, stating that he was beating the enemy, while in fact he was really being defeated. At the first battle of Bull Run, you know, there were a line of couriers, which brought the news to Fairfax court house, from where it was telegraphed to Washington. The wire was not carried to the battle itself, but the news was brought for ten miles to Fairfax station, and then sent. On the day of the battle the telegraph office, desk, chair, etc., consisted of a railroad tie, upon which the instrument was placed. The operator was a man named Rose. He sent dispatches up until 4 o'clock, stating that everything was going well, and then for a time there was no news, and finally came a dispatch stating 'Our army is in full retreat.' President Lincoln and his cabinet were in the war department office at the time, and the news was a great shock to them. That same night, however, orders were telegraphed over the country for reinforcements, and you know 60,000 men enlisted within two days."

"What kind of machinery did you carry with you to the field?" I asked.

"Not much," replied Mr. Rosewater. "During my service with General Fremont in West Virginia, as well as in the campaign with General Pope, all I had was a pocket instrument about three inches wide and six inches long. I could connect my instrument with any wire at any point, and could disconnect it when we were through telegraphing. Wherever the army was stationed for any length of time we would establish an office. Sometime we had a board placed on the ground for the instrument, and we sat on the ground to do our telegraphing. The war telegraphers were often watched by sharpshooters, and we had to be careful in selecting our positions. Sometimes the telegraph instrument would be placed in front of the army, and sometimes it would be away in the rear. The day before the second battle of Bull Run the wires had been