

in a tranquil spot, with a distant view of the changing sea;" but it was hard to find. I did not take much interest in this search myself, having long before considered our success hopeless; and I felt sure that the loss of Richmond involved the fall of the Confederacy.

After the capture of Fort Harrison by the Federal troops, the *Patrick Henry* was ordered up to protect the bridge above Wilton. The enemy were making demonstrations on the north side of the river the entire winter, and not a day passed that we did not hear the booming of great guns and the rattling of musketry; yet the midshipmen pursued their daily routine. We had at this time sixty midshipmen, and these with their officers constituted a force of about seventy men, armed with rifles and extremely well disciplined and drilled. We had among them representatives of the best families of the South. I need not say that, under the circumstances, the care of these young gentlemen gave me many anxious moments.

Towards the end of March the *Patrick Henry* was moved up the river near Rocketts, and I was directed to prepare her for sinking in the obstructions. I commenced getting her ready, and rented a warehouse on shore to which to remove the midshipmen and stores. Many families were now leaving Richmond, among them the President's and Mr. Mallory's. The squadron under Admiral Semmes was at anchor between Chapin and Drury's bluff, and the naval brigade under Commodore Tucker was distributed among the batteries near by, as I have before said. Such was the position of affairs on the river on the evening of April 1st, 1865.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND—ORDERED TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE CONFEDERATE TREASURE—THE CORPS OF MIDSHIPMEN—THE NIGHT OF APRIL 2D—SCENES AT THE DEPOT—DEPARTURE OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET—ARRIVAL AT DANVILLE—GO ON TO CHARLOTTE, N. C.—GENERAL STONEMAN AT SALISBURY—RESOLVE TO CARRY THE TREASURE FARTHER SOUTH—MRS. PRESIDENT DAVIS AND FAMILY—LEAVE CHARLOTTE—PASS THROUGH CHESTER, NEWBERRY, ABBEVILLE AND WASHINGTON—ARRIVAL AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA—THE ARMISTICE BETWEEN GENERALS JOHNSTON AND SHERMAN—DETERMINE TO RETRACE MY STEPS—LEAVE AUGUSTA FOR WASHINGTON, GEORGIA.

On the afternoon of Saturday, April 1st, 1865, I went up to Richmond—not having left the ship for some little time before—intending to pass the night there. Wishing to learn the latest news I drove direct to Mr. Mallory's house. It was then near sunset. I found Mr. Mallory walking to and fro on the pavement in front of his house, with a revolver in his hand. I presumed he had been perhaps shooting at a mark, though I did not ask him. In reply to my question Mr. Mallory informed me that the news that day from General Lee was good, and that affairs about Petersburg looked promising. I told him I had proposed spending the night in the city, if nothing was likely to happen in the river requiring my presence on board the *Patrick Henry*. He said he knew of nothing to prevent, and after some further conversation I left him. I passed the night in the city. If I recollect aright our Home Guards were out on the Brooke turnpike to repel a threatened raid in that direction—but the night passed quietly.

The next morning I walked down to Rocketts, and went on board my ship. We had the customary Sunday muster and inspection, and as we piped down I observed a company of

Home Guards going out in the direction of Wilton, and I wondered at it. Shortly after I received a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy which read as follows: "Have the corps of midshipmen, with the proper officers, at the Danville depot to-day at 6 P. M., the commanding officer to report to the Quartermaster General of the Army."

Sending for Captain Rochelle I directed him to carry out the order and to have three days provisions cooked to carry. He asked me if I would go myself. I told him no; that he would go in command and I would remain and take care of the ship; that he would probably be back in a few days. While preparations were being made, it struck me that it would be as well to go to the Navy Department myself and obtain more definite information. I landed, and as I passed Rocketts (the landing-place of our river steamboats) I met a large number of prisoners on their way to the boats to be sent down to be exchanged. It passed through my mind at the instant that in the case of the evacuation of Richmond this was just what would be previously done, and it had not been the custom to send them off in the middle of the day—they were always sent off at daylight. However I pursued my way up Main street and in a few moments met a clerk who inquired of me how he could get down to Drury's Bluff. I told him, and observing him to be excited inquired if there were any news. "Why don't you know," said he with his eyes starting out of his head, "*Richmond is to be evacuated this evening!*" I at once returned to the *Patrick Henry* and gave orders for all hands to be at the Danville depot at 6 o'clock with the exception of Lieutenant Billups and ten men whom I left to burn the ship. I then went to the Navy Department and saw Mr. Mallory. He told me the news. The city was to be evacuated that evening, and my command was to take charge of the Confederate treasure and convey it to Danville. Everything was being packed up for carrying off about the departments, though a good many things had been sent away in March in anticipation of this event. In the city those who had anything to do were at work at it, and

yet in the midst of all the excitement there was a peculiar quiet—a solemnity—I have never ceased to remember; perhaps the pale, sad faces of the ladies aided to bring it about—they knew it was impossible for them to leave, and they prepared to share the fate of their beloved city with the same heroism they had exhibited during the past four years. The provost marshal had given orders to his men to seize and destroy all the liquor they could find in the stores, and they did so—a wise precaution. I went to the depot at 6 o'clock and found the treasure packed in the cars, and the midshipmen under Captain Rochelle in charge of it. So far as I know there was about half a million of dollars in gold, silver and bullion; at least that is what the senior teller told me, as well as I recollect. I saw the boxes containing it many times in the weary thirty days I had it under my protection, but I never saw the coin. The teller and his assistant clerks had charge of the money, and the corps of midshipmen guarded and eventually saved it. In addition to the Confederate money, there was also some belonging to the Richmond banks. It was in charge of their officers, and travelled with us for safety. I had nothing to do with it; but, of course, gave it our protection.

At the depot, the scene I find hard to describe. The President's train was to precede mine, which was expected to be the last out of the city; both trains were packed—not only inside, but on top, on the platforms, on the engine,—*everywhere*, in fact, where standing-room could be found; and those who could not get that "hung on by their eyelids." I placed sentinels at the doors of the depot finally, and would not let another soul enter.

And here I must pay a tribute to the midshipmen who stood by me for so many anxious days; their training and discipline showed itself conspicuously during that time—the best sentinels in the world—cool and decided in their replies, prompt in action, and brave in danger,—their conduct always merited my approbation and excited my admiration. During the march across South Carolina, foot-sore and ragged

as they had become by that time, no murmur escaped them, and they never faltered. On the 2d day of May they were disbanded in Abbeville, South Carolina, far from their homes. They were staunch to the last, and verified the adage that "blood will tell." Their officers I cannot say too much for. Our professors, as I have before said, had all seen service in the army, and they resumed their campaigning with alacrity. From the time we left Richmond until we disbanded, they set the example to the corps to obey orders, with the watchword: "guard the treasure." I am sure that Mr. Davis, and Mr. Mallory if he were alive, would testify to the fact that when they saw the corps in Abbeville, way-worn and weary after its long march, it presented the same undaunted front as when it left Richmond, and that it handed over the treasure, which had been confided to it thirty days before, intact; and that, in my opinion, is what no other organization at that time could have done.

While waiting in the depot I had an opportunity of seeing the President and his Cabinet as they went to the cars. Mr. Davis preserved his usual calm and dignified manner, and General Breckenridge (the Secretary of War), who had determined to go out on horseback, was as cool and gallant as ever—but the others, I thought, had the air (as the French say) of wishing to be off. General Breckenridge stayed with me some time after the President's train had gone, and I had occasion to admire his bearing under the circumstances. The President's train got off about 8 P. M.; but there was much delay with mine. Hour after hour passed and we did not move.

The scenes about the depot were a harbinger of what was to come that night. The whiskey, which had been "started" by the Prevost guard, was running in the gutters, and men were getting drunk upon it. As is the case under such circumstances (I noticed it, too, at the evacuation of Norfolk), large numbers of ruffians suddenly sprung into existence—I suppose thieves, deserters, etc., who had been in hiding. These were the men who were now breaking into stores and searching

for liquor. To add to the horror of the moment (I say horror, for we all had friends who had to be left behind), we now heard the explosions of the vessels and magazines, and this, with the screams and yells of the drunken demons in the streets, and the fires which were now breaking out in every direction, made it seem as though hell itself had broken loose. Towards midnight, hearing the rumbling of artillery crossing the bridge below us, I sent an officer to see what it was. He returned with the information that it was *Lightfoot's* battery and the rear guard of the army. I thought the name suggestive. Shortly after, to our relief, our train started and crossed the bridges; and after a short delay in Manchester we steamed away at the rate of some ten miles an hour.

I must pause here to say that the Federal troops under General Ord, upon their entrance into the city about daylight next morning, soon put an end to all disorder, and conducted themselves with much moderation and propriety towards the citizens of Richmond.

We went along at a slow rate of speed, stopping at Amelia Court House and other places, and arrived at Danville on the afternoon of April 3d. We found the Cabinet here; and President Davis issued a short and stirring proclamation. During the night, Admiral Semmes arrived in a train with the officers and men of the James river squadron. It seems he had but scanty notice of the evacuation; but he blew up the vessels, seized upon a train, and made his way to Danville under great difficulties. He was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and his force organized as a brigade. He was put in command of some batteries around Danville.

The sailors in the batteries below Drury's Bluff, under Commodore Tucker, had also very scanty notice of the evacuation, if any; but they got away together, and formed part of the rear guard of the army in General Custis Lee's division. They were in the battle of Sailor's creek and fought desperately. After the brigades on either side of them had surrendered, Tucker still continued to fight. The general in command

could get no word to him to surrender; and the Federals, not understanding why that particular body of men held out were massing a large number of guns upon it, when a staff officer finally made his way to Tucker with the order to give up. The commodore told me afterwards he had never been in a land battle before, and he had supposed that "everything was going on well." The Federal troops cheered the sailors after their surrender. The creek was not named for the sailors engaged in this fight, as some have supposed. It bore the name Sailor before—rather a singular coincidence; though, as Mark Twain says, every man must take this "at his own risk."

Lieutenant Billups faithfully carried out my orders, and burned the *Patrick Henry*. He then attempted to join me, but by the time he got to Charlotte, N. C., I was down in Georgia, and the war was over. I did not meet him until 1878. Happening to be in Barnum's hotel, in Baltimore, a gentleman accosted me. Seeing that I failed to recognize him, he exclaimed: "I am Lieutenant Billups of the rear guard." Said I: "report," and he did so accordingly. I am glad to say he is doing well in the merchant marine, and is recognised as a trustworthy officer and most estimable man.

We did not unpack the treasure from the cars at Danville, except that taken for the use of the Government at the time. How much was taken, or for whom it was taken, I never knew—it was not my business to inquire. The midshipmen bivouacked near the railroad station. We were very anxious to hear from General Lee's army as may well be imagined, and for some days had fears for General Breckenridge's safety, but he finally rode in with his staff. We remained in Danville several days, and I was then ordered to convey the treasure to Charlotte, N. C., to deposit it in the mint there, and then await further orders. I here requested Mr. Mallory to see the secretary of the treasury (Mr. Trenholm) in reference to the Confederate treasurer and assistant treasurer accompanying the treasure as its appointed custodians. It was their duty to be with it at this time. I did not think it right that it should be left with

a Teller as the senior civil officer. This was a source of annoyance to me from that time forward; not that I had anything against the Teller, (I did not know him) but I thought it was a time when every man should be made to do his duty. It was not a time to be falling sick by the wayside, as some high officials were beginning to do. I thought so then, and am of the same opinion now.

We left Danville about the 6th of April and went to Greensboro where we remained for a day, and then continued on to Charlotte. As we approached Salisbury we saw cavalry descending the hills in the vicinity and we stopped to reconnoitre—for the times were troublous; but it turned out to be some of our men and we passed on. We reached Charlotte about the 8th, and I deposited the money in the mint as directed, and left it in the custody of its proper officers. I thought I was rid of it forever. We remained here several days, and upon going to the telegraph office at the end of that time to telegraph the Secretary of the Navy I found the wires had been cut by General Stoneman who was then in possession of Salisbury, with his command. It was supposed he would obtain information there concerning the treasure, and that he would soon make his appearance in Charlotte where there were no troops to oppose him. I was the senior naval officer present on duty in Charlotte, and had to decide as to the necessary steps to preserve the treasure. After consultation with the treasury officers I determined to remove it farther south—probably to Macon, Georgia. Mrs. President Davis and family were in town, and I called to offer her the protection of my command. After some demur she decided to accompany us. I rather pressed the point as I feared she would be captured, and I could not bear the idea of that. We found in the naval storehouse here large quantities of sugar, coffee, bacon and flour, and I took enough to support my command several months. It was a most fortunate proceeding on my part as the result will show. The storekeeper rather objected to it; he wanted requisitions approved by the Secretary of the Navy, &c.; but I told him

it was no time for red tape, and that moreover I had the force and intended to have it—"Tom Collins whether or no." He gracefully acquiesced and rendered us all the assistance in his power in selecting the best of the stores. A company of uniformed men from the navy yard, under Captain Tabb, volunteered to accompany us. These men were principally from Portsmouth, Va., and they remained with me to the end. A better set of men I never served with. During the entire march I always found them cheerful and ready for any duty. They left me finally at Abbeville, S. C., after all was over, and I have a distinct recollection of their marching off in gallant array, with their field music playing Dixie, on their return to Charlotte. Just before they started a keg of cents was presented to them to be divided out—they indignantly refused to accept it—who authorized this magnificent donation I do not know.

We left Charlotte in the cars on or about the 11th of April, and arrived at Chester, S. C., the next morning. We here packed the money and papers in wagons and formed a train, having to cross the country to Newberry, S. C.. We were not ready to start till late in the afternoon; but I thought it better to get out of town and organize, and accordingly marched out about five miles, and went into camp near a "meeting-house," which afforded shelter for the ladies accompanying the party. I here published orders regulating our march, declared martial law, and made every man carry a musket. I had about 150 fighting men under my command, and expected, if attacked, that we could give a good account of ourselves.

Mrs. Davis came out in an ambulance and took up quarters in the church with the other ladies. I slept in the pulpit myself, being the head of the party. The next morning early we took up the line of march, with the Charlotte company in advance, and during the rest of the march the midshipmen led the advance one day and the Charlotte company the next. All hands were on foot, myself included, and I gave strict orders that no man should ride, unless sick.

The first night in camp I heard the midshipmen discussing the prospects of a long march, and the probability of "Old Parker's" breaking down; but I had walked too many mid-watches to have any fears of it. I had an idea that naval officers should be good walkers. It was so in my case, at least; for, upon our arrival at Washington, Georgia, I was almost the only officer who had not, at some time during the march, ridden in an ambulance or wagon. I did not have a blister on my feet during the whole time, and found I could make my three miles an hour with great regularity and without discomfort. One day we marched 30 miles, between our camp at Means' and Newberry; and, as I had to be sometimes with the rear guard and at others in advance, I did more walking than anyone else.

About sunset of the first day's march we went into camp, and I was arranging a place for the ladies to pass the night, when a gentleman came from a neighboring house; I found it was Mr. Edward C. Means, who had been a midshipman with me in the U. S. S. *Yorktown*, and who was then a Lieutenant in the Confederate Navy. He had lately had command of a gunboat on the James river. Means took all the ladies to his house and made them comfortable for the night. His plantation had fortunately escaped the ravages of General Sherman's army. Sherman's left wing had just cleared it; but he told me he had only to go a few miles to see the ruins of many houses burned by Sherman's troops, and most of them had been owned by his relatives. He was a descendant of Governor Means. He showed me that night a trap-door under his dining-room table, where a pit had been dug in which to conceal the family silver, etc.

We started very early the next morning, and about noon crossed the Broad river on a pontoon bridge. I was surprised to see so beautiful a sheet of water. It reminded me of something I had read of General Sumter or Marion in the revolutionary war. That afternoon we arrived at Newberry, after a march of twelve hours' duration. We had marched rapidly,

as we supposed General Stoneman to be in pursuit with his cavalry. I left rear guards at every bridge we crossed, to be ready to burn it if necessary to check a pursuit. I am not sure now whether General Stoneman (the present Governor of California) was after us or not; but we thought at the time he would get news of the treasure at Charlotte and follow us.

During the march I never allowed any one to pass us on the road, and yet the coming of the treasure was known at every village we passed through. How this should be was beyond my comprehension. I leave it to metaphysicians to solve, as also the fact that when an army meets with a disaster, mysterious rumors are circulated concerning it before one would suppose sufficient time had elapsed for the news to travel the distance. I had sent a courier on ahead to Newberry asking the quartermaster to have a train of cars ready to take us on to Abbeville, S. C., distant some 45 miles, and upon our arrival we transferred the treasure to the cars and left the same evening at sunset. We arrived at Abbeville at midnight and passed the remainder of the night in the cars. Mrs. Davis and family here left me and went to the house of the Hon. Mr. Burt, a former member of the U. S. Congress. We formed a wagon train again here and set off across the country for Washington, Georgia. The news we got at different places along the route was bad: "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." We "lightened ship" as we went along—throwing away books, stationery and even, as we heard the worst news, Confederate money. One could have traced us by these marks and formed an idea of the character of the news we were in receipt of. From Abbeville to Washington is about 40 miles, and we made a two days march of it. The first day after leaving Abbeville we crossed the Savannah river on a pontoon about 4 p. m., and went into camp for the night. We arrived at Washington the next day, and here I heard that General Wilson, U. S. A. had captured Macon, and was on his way farther north, so I resolved to halt for a time, to deliberate. We transferred the money to a house and put a strong

guard over it. The ladies were accommodated with rooms at the tavern. There were no meals served there; but we had an abundance of provisions. Our coffee and sugar was as good as gold, and by trading it for eggs, butter, poultry and milk we managed to keep up an excellent mess. All the men, teamsters and all, were allowed plenty of bacon, coffee and sugar, and if they were ragged they were at all events "fat and saucy." After a day's deliberation and a consultation with some of the citizens of Washington I resolved to go to Augusta. I knew there was a general in command there, and also a naval officer senior to myself, and I thought I would at least have the benefit of their advice. We left the ladies behind at the tavern in Washington for we expected now a fight at any time. Affairs were looking very threatening. We left Washington on the cars for Augusta on the 18th of April, I think. We were on a branch road, and when we arrived at the junction with the main road across Georgia—running from Augusta westward to Atlanta—we fell in with the train from Atlanta and stopped to allow it to pass.

Captain Rochelle went to inquire for news, and he soon returned with information that General Lee had surrendered on the 9th of April. To show how completely isolated we had been, it never entered my head that the news could be telegraphed *via* Nashville and Atlanta. Our lines I knew were down, and as I was the last to arrive from Danville, I supposed I had the latest news. I thought that some speculator on his way to Augusta was circulating this news for his own purposes, and I directed Captain Rochelle to take a guard and arrest him. Fortunately for him, and for me too, I suppose, the man could not be found. We followed on after the mail train, and I really did not believe the report until it was confirmed to me upon our arrival at Augusta that night.

We did not unpack the money from the cars in Augusta. The midshipmen bivouacked near by. I called upon General Fry who commanded the post, and upon Commodore William Hunter, senior naval officer present. There was a gunboat or

two in the river, which had escaped from Savannah. General Fry said he could offer us no hope of protection, that he had but few troops, and that the place must fall when attacked, which would be very soon. However, Generals Johnston and Sherman had just entered upon a convention, and I decided to take advantage of the armistice existing to look about me.

I found in Augusta one of the Confederate Treasury officers. I called upon him and requested him to take charge of the treasure and remain with it. This he seemed disinclined to do, but I insisted that he should do so for the reasons I have before assigned. I finally called upon him in company with General Fry and Commodore Hunter, and finding that they took the same view of the matter that I did, he consented to do so; with the *proviso* that I would continue to guard it. This I readily consented to do. I had no idea of giving up my control of it to any other command, even if there had been one to assume it, which there was not. In a letter to the Southern Historical Society papers, my paymaster, Mr. Wheliss, says that upon the return of the corps to Abbeville and the arrival there of the President: "Captain Parker, feeling the great responsibility of his position and satisfied that his command was wholly inadequate to the protection of the treasure, earnestly requested to be relieved." He is mistaken. He did not understand. I was anxious to be relieved of the *moral* responsibility of being the custodian of the money; but I considered my command the best protectors of it to be found at the South, and I never requested to be relieved, as I shall show. Paymaster Wheliss, (the present General Wheliss of Nashville, and a very gallant officer), of course only meant to describe the matter as he understood it. His account of our march, etc., is very accurate, and his views I most cordially agree with as to the final disposition of the Confederate treasure, so far as I know anything about it.

The simple fact is that I had made up my mind to hand that treasure over to President Davis, if it were in the power of one man to do so. I sought no advice on that point. The

money had been confided to my keeping, and I determined to hold it as long as the war lasted. The war was not over, as some in Augusta would have had me to believe. So long as an army remained in the field the war to me existed. I knew that it must be soon over; but what I mean to express is, that until I knew that General Johnston, under whose command I now considered myself, had surrendered, my duty was plain to me. If any man supposes that his opinion, or advice, had anything to do with governing my action in the case, let him disabuse his mind of it now and forever.

Whilst in Augusta, and afterwards, I was advised by certain persons to divide the money out, as the war was over, and it would otherwise fall into the hands of the Federal troops. I was told that we would be attacked by our own men, and might, at the very end of the war, fall by the hands of our friends. To this I made but one reply: The treasure had been put in my keeping, and I would hold it until I met President Davis; and that, if necessary, the command would be killed in the defence of it. My officers and men stood firmly by me in this, and all advances were met by a quiet reply to this effect.

The armistice continuing, I took up my quarters at the hotel, and there met, for the last time, the gallant veteran Commodore Tattnall. He was not on duty at this time, and during the few days I was in Augusta I was much with him. The Commodore preserved his cheerfulness, and I remember his telling me many incidents connected with his early naval career. One I recall: He said that in 1833 he was in Key West, Florida, and was taken ill with the cholera. His medical attendant was Dr. Bailey Washington, a character in his way. Becoming more and more ill, the doctor finally gave him up, and so informed him. He said: "Now, Tattnall, I have told you all; I can do nothing more for you—if there is anything you would like to eat or drink, take it; it can do you no harm." Tattnall replied: "Well, I believe I will take a mint julep." "You shall have it," said Dr. Bailey; "and I'll take one with you." The *julep* was probably just what was wanted to save Tattnall's life.

While waiting in Augusta I received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Mallory, directing me to disband my command,—but, under the circumstances, I declined to do so. At this time we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln; an event which gave much pain to all with whom I conversed, and which cast a gloom over all thinking men. It was universally condemned at the South; but “that goes without saying.”

On the 20th General Fry notified me that the armistice would end the next day, and he advised me to “move on.” I decided to go back, and try to meet President Davis in his retreat. I knew he would cross the Savannah river at one of two points—between Abbeville and Washington, or lower down. After much reflection, I determined to retrace my steps, in the hope of intercepting him at some point on the former route. Accordingly we left Augusta on the 23d in the cars for Washington, Georgia, again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RETURN TO ABBEVILLE—AN ALARM—ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT DAVIS AND CABINET—I TRANSFER THE TREASURE TO GENERAL BASIL DUKE, AND DISBAND MY COMMAND—INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT DAVIS—HIS DEPARTURE FROM ABBEVILLE—GENERAL JOS. E. JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER—AM PAROLED—LEAVE ABBEVILLE ON MY RETURN HOME—BAD TRAVELING—A DAY AT BURKSVILLE—ARRIVAL AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

WE formed a wagon train again at Washington, picked up our ladies, and started for Abbeville. On the way we met Mrs. President Davis and family, escorted by Mr. Burton Harrison, the President's private secretary. They could give me no news as to the whereabouts of the President. I have forgotten where they told me they intended to go. They had a comfortable ambulance, and two very fine led horses, which I thought they would very likely lose. In crossing the Savannah river I remember saying to Captain Rochelle that if the money were mine I would throw it overboard rather than be longer burdened with it. I had had it nearly thirty days; the midshipmen were suffering for shoes, hats and clothing, and the care and responsibility weighed upon me.

We arrived at Abbeville about the 28th, and here I stored the treasure in a warehouse on the public square, and placed a guard over it as before. I also kept a strong patrol in the town, which was now full of General Lee's paroled soldiers on their way to their homes. Threats were frequently made by these men to seize the money, but they always received the same reply.

Abbeville was on the direct route south, and all the trans-Mississippi troops passed through it, as well as others. The citizens had known but little of the sufferings of war. They were very kind and hospitable to us. On the night of the