



WAITING FOR RELEASE.

A YANKEE IN ANDERSONVILLE.

THE following pages were written during the years 1866 and 1867, almost immediately following my release from the Southern prisons. It is my own personal experience, and was written while fresh in my mind that it might not be lost to memory. It is but the experience of several thousands of others who were comrades with me at Andersonville, Charleston, and Florence, only the half is not told; while if the experience of many others was told it would be greater and worse than my own.

After twenty years I revised the original manuscript, leaving out much of its bitterness, and nearly all the explosive adjectives and personal opinions.

My experience embraced three years of service, twenty-two battles, and ten months in different Southern prisons. I enlisted as a private soldier the twentieth day of May, 1861, in a company that was raised in my native town of Wrentham, and composed almost entirely of schoolmates and acquaintances. The following June, together with nine other companies from adjoining towns, raised in the same manner as our own, we were organized into the 18th Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment, with James Barnes of Springfield, a prominent engineer, for our colonel. He was soon promoted to command a brigade.

Our fortunes were soon cast in with the Army of the Potomac. The 18th Massachusetts Regiment took part in all its marches, and was present on every battlefield of that army. I was always present with my regiment till the event which is recorded below.

General Grant took the Army of the Potomac under his personal observation in April, 1864. The third day of May following we started for Richmond for the fifth time, in a

little different manner than ever before, as the sequel shows. Two days later, soon after noon, we entered the first fight of the campaign, the battle of the Wilderness.

My company, I, were deployed as skirmishers. Our forward movement was soon stopped by a volley from the concealed enemy, which brought down Charley Wilson, one of the first victims of General Grant's campaign.

This volley caused us to move back. We found our division drawn up in line of battle, with knapsacks and all unnecessary baggage stacked in a heap, and a guard detailed from each company to watch over it. The preparations did not seem to indicate that our generals apprehended much of a force in our front, but expected only a small skirmish. We were soon ordered to advance upon the enemy, which we did by moving slowly through the woods and underbrush, keeping our line as straight and compact as possible, about half a mile, when a dropping fire of musketry began.

The nature of the battleground was such that artillery could not be used to advantage, though I noticed upon the turnpike to our right that two pieces had been planted so as to command the road, but they were not used, as I shall explain, till nearly night.

The dropping fire did not check our advance. The order to charge soon rang along the line, and our slow advance broke into a double-quick and a run. The firing was rapidly becoming heavier and occasionally told upon our men, dropping one here and there, seeming to make no particular selections. Our line soon became very much disordered, owing more to the underbrush than to our reception at the hands of the enemy. One brigade of our division was two hundred yards in advance of us, hotly engaged upon the top of a wooded knoll,

while the brigade to our right was nearly half a mile in our rear. The enemy, no doubt seeing this disorder, took immediate advantage of it and pressed us harder than ever, when the order was passed along the line to fall back and re-form. We did so in part, but did not succeed in connecting with the brigade upon our right.

Again we charged through the brush upon the enemy, driving them more than half a mile, causing our line to become still more disordered and scattered among the brush, and again we were ordered to fall back and re-form.

The afternoon was very hot; the young growth of forest was so thick as to shut out any breeze that might be stirring outside, and the trees had not yet leaved enough to afford any shade. The powder smoke was stifling, causing exhaustion and extreme thirst. Some few were sunstruck, or completely overcome by the heat and smoke.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we had been fighting nearly three hours without any advantage to either side. Our loss was pretty heavy in killed and wounded. We had reason to suppose the enemy's loss equaled ours. As we moved back they charged upon us in turn. In trying to move across a miry place, together with several of my immediate comrades, we were held fast in the mud, and before we could extricate ourselves, in our partially exhausted condition, the "Rebs" were upon us, giving us no choice but to surrender or be shot down.

Of course we surrendered, and were ordered back to the rear of their line of battle, about two hundred yards, where we were considered safe enough without having any special guard placed over us. We busied ourselves for two hours in ministering to the wants of our wounded, who lay scattered about in every direction and every possible condition of suffering, bringing them water, and binding up their wounds to the best of our ability.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when I saw those two cannon, before spoken of as posted on the turnpike, do fearful execution. The turnpike was straight as an arrow, and crowded,—massed full of Confederate reinforcements coming to the front,—and these two pieces of artillery opened upon them, each firing only a single shot; but the shot skipped down and along the road, opening two distinct gaps through the rebel ranks for full three hundred yards. I had no means of knowing how many those shots disabled, but it must have been hundreds. In three seconds there was not a man left in the road, as far as the eye could reach, who was able to help himself out.

About dark all the scattering prisoners were

collected by our captors and marched to General Ewell's headquarters, a little to the rear of his corps. About nine hundred of us were collected in this way, and we found that the most of us had been captured by the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade."

Here I saw General R. E. Lee for the first and only time in my life. He sat upon his horse carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of the saddle, and leisurely smoking a cigar. He appeared a middle-sized man, with iron-gray hair and full gray beard, not very closely cut; as fine-looking a specimen of a man and soldier as I ever saw. He remarked, as we filed past him, "Am sorry to see you in this fix, boys, but you must make the best of it." His tone was kind, and spoken as though he really sympathized with us, as I have no doubt he did.

After dark a guard was detailed to march us to Orange Court House, distant twenty-five miles. We were all exhausted with the day's fighting and heat, and the march before us did not look very promising; for go we must, and that, too, at the point of the bayonet.

Our thoughts upon this lonely, tiresome march were anything but pleasant and comfortable. Only one month more and my term of service would expire. I had been thinking very strongly of the home I had left three years before, and during the whole of that time had not seen it, or even been outside the lines of the Army of the Potomac. Now we were marching the opposite way, towards the rebel prisons—of which we had already heard too much.

Our guard used us well, and I would say here that during our whole captivity we always experienced good usage from an old soldier—from all those who had fought and met us upon the many battlefields of the war. It was left for the "home guards" to maltreat and abuse the prisoners of war, and to heap insult upon injury. No truer statement was ever made than "A brave man is always humane and generous, while a coward is cruel and vindictive." The brave men of the South were mostly at the front with their armies.

We were told by our guard that we should be exchanged in a few days by way of Richmond and City Point. We believed it, and therefore none of us made any attempt to escape. We arrived at Orange Court House about one o'clock the next morning—to use an army phrase, "completely played out"—and were there crowded into the jail yard, our number just packing it full. Distributing ourselves upon the ground, we made the best of our circumstances, and generally slept till nine o'clock in the morning. Before noon we began to realize the meaning of the word "prisoner."

We had been used as brother soldiers by Lee's army, but at the Court House we fell into the hands of the dreaded "home guard."

We were searched, and robbed of everything valuable — watches, money, knives, extra blankets, and shelter tents, they telling us we should soon be exchanged, and could get more of the same kind. All that we were allowed to keep, except the clothing upon our backs, was our choice of an overcoat or a woolen blanket. Some of my comrades succeeded in secreting their money, and in some instances their watches. I saved my own watch by slipping it into my shoe under the sole and instep of my foot; and my money (about eight dollars) went into the lining of my jacket — both saved for a time. One poor fellow, with more pluck than discretion, tore his rubber blanket into shreds, but was rewarded by a blow upon the head from the sword of an officer. I saw the blow and was told that it caused his death in an hour.

About noon we started for Gordonsville, very much lighter loaded than the night before, and reached that place (about nine miles) in the afternoon. A train of box-cars was waiting, and we were soon hustled on board, packed sixty in a car. We rode thus all night, reaching Lynchburg early the following morning. General Longstreet was brought into the place on the train following ours, having been severely wounded in the second day's fight at the Wilderness. I just got a glimpse of him as he was borne from the train upon a stretcher.

We were marched outside the village half a mile, down through a steep gully, into a kind of natural basin containing perhaps five acres, surrounded on all sides by high hills, and overhead the blue sky. A brook, clear as the blue heavens above us, came leaping through it from the foot of the Blue Ridge; a prettier, more retired spot could not be imagined. Nature had done her best, and man absolutely nothing, for our convenience.

Here we remained one week, without any serious cause for complaint, except once they neglected to issue our daily allowance of hard-bread and two ounces of bacon. The weather was fair and warm, so we did not once think of shelter.

Additions were made to our number daily, so that at the end of a week we numbered three thousand. We had begun to congratulate ourselves upon having nearly enough to eat, and on the advantages of our prison over close confinement between brick walls. Many of my comrades were planning for an escape to the mountains, and were only waiting for a dark, stormy night to put those plans into execution, when it would have been a comparatively easy matter to pass our guard. But the chance was never given; instead, one morning all was

bustle and confusion, because we were going to be sent South for "immediate exchange," so we were soberly informed by the officers of our guard. Our exchange proved to be from the open air to the crowded, filthy rooms of a large tobacco warehouse at Danville, Virginia. For once, and the only time during our travels in "Dixie," we were crowded into the regular passenger coaches, instead of the box or baggage cars, and accommodated with seats, for our "exchange" to — Danville.

It took us two days and one night to make this journey of less than one hundred and fifty miles. The first day exhausted our provisions; the following thirty-six hours we subsisted upon faith and the beautiful scenery of the upper James River, where we saw substantial-looking plantations and a rich country, but thriftlessness was stamped upon it all.

Our arrival at Danville was not so much noticed by the townspeople as at Lynchburg. They had seen many a like deputation before, for we found several thousand of the "boys in blue" confined in the six different tobacco warehouses that the town contained. The prison selected for us was upon the bank of and overlooking the Dan River — a plain, brick, three-story building. Two hundred and fifty were packed upon each floor, giving each man a space of six by six feet, which made it very crowded. An approach to the windows was not allowed, and was considered to afford a legitimate target for the guard below.

Who ever saw a soldier that was not looking for something to eat? We had fasted thirty-six hours, and before examining our new quarters the first concern was for something to eat. Just before night corn-bread and bacon were issued to us in fair quantities.

This, then, was the exchange promised us at Lynchburg! To be sure, we were exchanged from the open air to close confinement between brick walls, our rations from hard-bread to corn-bread. The quantity of our rations was now sufficient, though the quality was doubtful; but quantity was the principal item with the majority of us, although the stomachs of many rebelled against the coarse corn-bread and fat bacon. The bacon had a habit of acting a little queer and lively at times, although we were repeatedly assured that it had been killed once more than two years before; the bread was never more than half baked; but the lack of fresh air during the heat of the day was the most unbearable. A barrel of water stood on each floor, and a detail was made from our number to keep the barrels full. I succeeded in being detailed for one day, and more fully appreciated the taste of fresh air obtained in going to and from the river than ever before or since, and would have esteemed it a privi-

lege to carry water the greater part of each day.

I met prisoners from the other prisons, conveying water, who had been confined in these tobacco houses for nearly two months, and they looked more like ghosts than human beings—hardly able to drag one limb after another, their skin bleached to a dead white, and their bodies thin with the appearance of transparency. I began to fear prison life more than ever. It was repeatedly asserted by the commanders of our guard that exchange or parole was not far distant; that news from our Government was expected every day of its readiness to receive us as fast as we could be shipped. We began seriously to doubt their sincerity.

The dispositions of old comrades were rapidly undergoing a change. They were not so ready to help each other, and do that for another which would in the least lessen one's own chances or advantages. If there was a selfish vein in one's disposition or temperament, that trait now began to predominate.

It is hardly right to call it a selfish trait; it was rather the instinct of self-preservation, an instinct that human nature will rarely resist to the death. I, for one, had great faith in the strength of human friendship, knowing from absolute experience what one friend will do and sacrifice for another; but here it would not do to reckon too much upon the amenities of our supposed friends.

Our life between the brick walls of the tobacco warehouses of Danville was of short duration, only six days, when the story was freely circulated, "to be exchanged by way of Charleston. Several of your transports already awaiting you there!" We had not heard of Andersonville, and did not then know that such a place existed. We had heard that some of our officers were very "pleasantly located" at Columbus, but were not aware of any place south of Virginia where private soldiers were confined. We knew that General Grant was pounding away at Richmond in a way that made it very unsafe for prisoners of war to be retained there. We were told by our guard that owing to the proximity of Lee's and Grant's armies they could not exchange us over the old route, by the way of City Point, so we were again made to believe and swallow the "exchange" lie. We left Danville rather elated with the idea of being able to see something of the Southern country as we journeyed to Charleston. I was among the first train-load, and learned subsequently that the prisoners were taken from Danville at the rate of one train-load each day. At that time there were seven or eight thousand in the different Danville prisons.

We were crowded, as usual, into box-cars,

sixty in each car, one sentinel posted inside at each door, and a number upon the top of each car. A special car was attached to the rear of the train for the use of the guard. This was the manner in which all our journeyings were conducted, forward and backward, while within the Confederacy. Lucky were the privileged few who could secure a standing-place by the open doors, or obtain a seat upon the floor of the car, with legs dangling outside. I usually obtained such a seat, reaching it in a quiet way, without any loud assertions as to my rights or superior powers, but squirming and squeezing myself into it in a very unostentatious but persistent manner. I wished to examine the country as we moved along, and it was impossible to do so except from the open door.

After riding a few miles we all left the train and marched sixteen miles over an unfinished section of the road. In going this distance we somewhere crossed the North Carolina line. We were marching to be exchanged, else the insufficient guard would not have succeeded in conducting us through this wild, unsettled country. As it was we took our own time, and on the whole made a comfortable march of it.

One evening we camped in a pleasant spot by the side of a clear stream of water. In the thicket of wild undergrowth that partly surrounded us the magnolia and sweet-bay trees were in full bloom, which loaded the evening air with a rich, sleepy perfume, very pleasant to the senses. We were hungry and our empty haversacks only laughed at us, but about nine o'clock a quart of flour was issued to each man; no salt to be had. Every other man soon had a fire of small sticks started, and by a careful inventory we discovered that about every third man was the owner of a tin plate, so we quickly formed clubs of three for baking purposes. A stick split at one end would grasp the plate like a pair of pincers, making a handle to our baking-dish. One kept the fire in operation by constantly feeding and blowing it; another procured the water and mixed the dough in our tin cups, and the third attended to the baking. In place of grease for the pan, flour was sprinkled upon it, which answered the purpose very well in preventing the dough from sticking to it. Owing to the unskillful handling of the plate it was frequently upset and its contents dumped into the fire, and the split stick would often burn off, causing a like result; but by eleven o'clock we all managed to eat a hearty supper of unleavened, unsalted cakes. Heavy as dough though they were, yet we hungry men never tasted food that relished better.

The following morning we were again

packed into the box-cars and journeyed south. The country in North Carolina through which we passed was desolate and barren in the extreme. It appeared to be a land that once was cultivated, but now worn out and left to grow up with what it would. Occasionally we passed through long stretches of the Southern pine; large, noble-looking trees, but all bearing the scar of the turpentine maker's ax, with here and there an old still, where a few years before the pitch obtained from the pine was converted into turpentine. About them were immense piles of resin. We met many negroes upon our route, but very few white men. The negroes had hardly rags enough about them to cover their nakedness, and when we met white men or women they were almost as shabby. Their houses were mere hovels, and bore no marks of distinction that would distinguish them from the huts of the negroes.

We stopped a few moments at one place that broke the desolate monotony — Charlotte. It was pleasantly located and contained some comfortable residences. Close by the depot, in a beautiful park, was located the female institute of North Carolina. The young ladies crowded the balconies and front yard of the seminary. They waved their handkerchiefs and flags of stars and bars. One young lady, evidently of the right stamp, cunningly grouped a red and blue ribbon with her white handkerchief in such a way as to catch our eyes, and one car-load of us honored her with three cheers. It was very soon hushed, however, by our guards, who inquired what we were cheering at. Of course they obtained no satisfactory reply. We knew that there was one young lady in the seminary who was on our side, and she acknowledged our cheers by a graceful bow, then quickly withdrew.

There were plenty of lone widows who gathered about the train, each with a fragment of something to sell. One had half a dozen ginger cookies in a peck basket for which the modest sum of ten cents each was asked; another had three-quarters of a sweet-potato pie, rather a doubtful compound, and asked only twenty-five cents a quarter for it, in Confederate money. One of my comrades, of the 1st Michigan, dickered with her for it, and finally obtained the whole three-quarters for five cents in silver. They seemed willing to take our greenbacks in exchange for their produce, but asserted that it was a prison offense to do so, and therefore dared not openly take them in presence of our guard. Another of my comrades sold his watch to one of the citizens of the place for \$212 of their currency, the watch being worth in ours about six.

Our stop at Charlotte was only about twenty minutes. We crossed the Catawba, and

several smaller streams, our approach to them being always anticipated by the swampy nature of the land on each bank. The rivers were sluggish, dark, gloomy-looking streams.

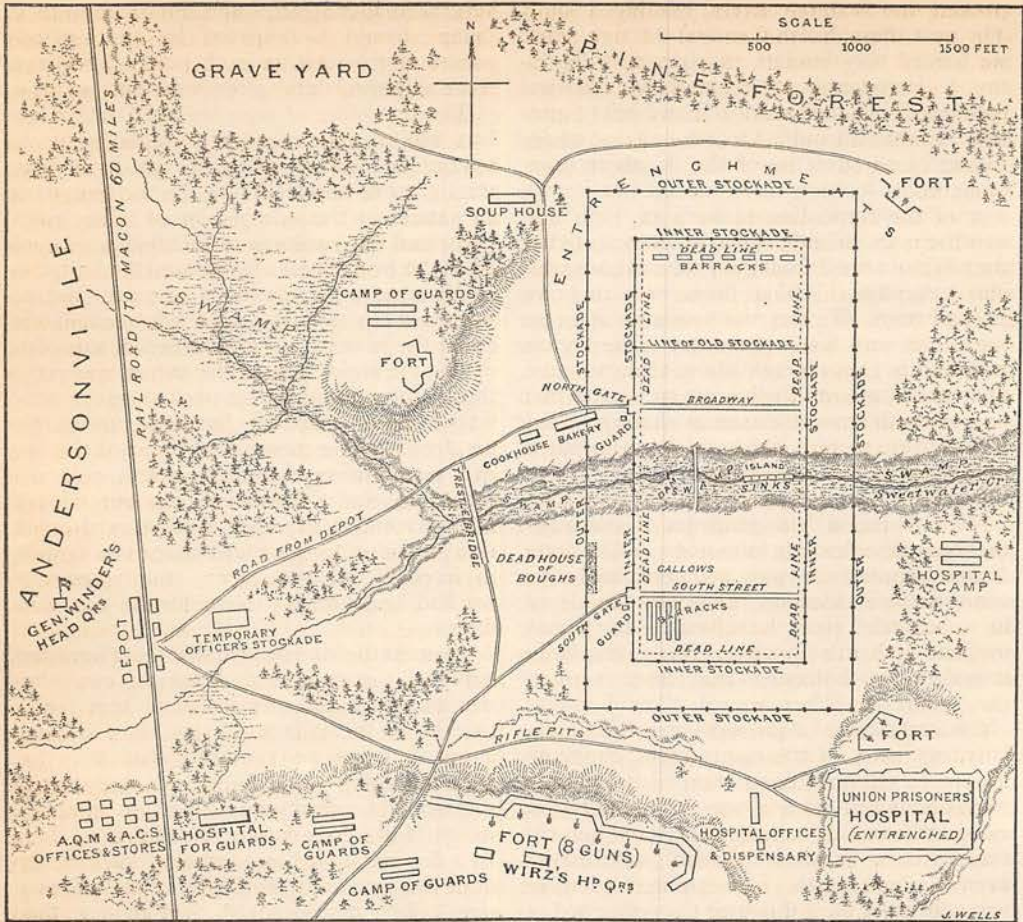
The first place of note met in South Carolina was Chesterville. We passed near the village just at nightfall, but made no stop until clear of its outskirts, when the train came to a stand by the side of a brook. The guard permitted our canteens to be filled with water from the brook, and also informed us that we would receive some rations of some kind before we were moved on. I never could discover the reason why we stopped at this place during the night, though the matter was pretty thoroughly discussed, for packed as we were, sixty in a car, there was but little opportunity for sleep. While moving on through the day new scenes were constantly opening up that served in part to help us keep our tempers in our crowded, cramped, and starved condition; but during this night there was nothing to interest, not even sleep, and furthermore we had had nothing to eat for the past three days.

As morning dawned we saw the officers and many of the men that composed our guard stringing back towards our train from the direction of the village. From their dogged, haggard looks we surmised that they had been indulging pretty freely in "pine top and sorghum," as whisky was called, so of course we got little consolation or relief from them. In a few minutes, however, we heard the cry from the rear end of the train, "Rations in sight! Rations in sight!" Sure enough, there they came. A single mule with a two-wheeled cart loaded down with rations of some sort in bags; their nature or quality we could not even surmise, although every guess of a Yankee was exhausted.

We were told by our guard that they would be issued to us after the train was under way. We saw the bags loaded upon the train, and immediately we started. Very soon the order passed along the train for a sergeant from each car to climb to the top and pass to the rear car for rations.

The sergeants soon returned and tossed a bag into each car containing — *corn!* There was a deal of muttering and cursing indulged in for a while, the import of which it is not necessary to repeat; but when we discovered that each of us would obtain nearly a quart, the growling and muttering subsided, or was confined to the unlucky few who had poor teeth. My teeth were good, my appetite was good, the corn tasted good; and, by diligent application, before noon my rations were well ground in the mill that nature provided.

All this time we were moving onward,



PLAN OF THE STOCKADE AND SURROUNDINGS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The stockade was formed of pine logs planted in the ground. The inner or main stockade was twenty feet high; outside of it were two other stockades not far apart (indicated by a single line in the above plan), the inner one sixteen feet high and the outer twelve. On November 27, 1864, the site of the prison was chosen by W. S. Winder, son of General J. H. Winder who arrived to take command in April, 1864. The first detachment of Union prisoners reached the prison on the 15th of the previous February. Winder's reputation in connection with the Richmond prisons was so bad that the Richmond "Examiner" said, when he was sent South, "God have mercy upon those to whom he has been sent." Winder died Feb. 9, 1865. Captain Henry Wirz, who commanded the stockade, was a native of Switzerland, a physician by profession and before the war was a citizen of Louisiana. In August, 1865, he was tried by a Union Military Commission, and executed.

In the summer of 1864 Lieutenant-Colonel D. T. Chandler officially inspected the Andersonville prison; his report is dated August 5, and in it he begged the Richmond government to send no more prisoners to that pen and to remove all of the prisoners then there, above 15,000; that is, he reported that 20,000 to 25,000 prisoners ought to be provided for elsewhere. He also said in his report: "There is no medical attendance provided within the stockade. Small quantities of medicine are placed in the hands of certain prisoners of each squad or division, and the sick are directed to be brought out by sergeants of squads daily, at 'sick-call,' to the medical officers who attend at the gate. The crowd at these times is so great that only the strongest can get access to the doctors, the weaker ones being unable to force their way through the press; and the hospital accommodations are so limited that though the beds (so called) have all or nearly all two occupants each, large numbers who would otherwise be received are necessarily sent back to the stockade. Many—twenty yesterday—are carted out daily, who have died from unknown causes and whom the medical officers have never seen. The dead are hauled out daily by the wagon-load and buried without coffins, their hands in many instances being first mutilated with an ax in the removal of any finger-rings they may have. The sanitary

condition of the prisoners is as wretched as can be, the principal causes of mortality being scurvy and chronic diarrhea. Nothing seems to have been done, and but little if any effort made to arrest it by procuring proper food. The ration is $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of bacon and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound unboltheaded corn-meal, with fresh beef at rare intervals, and occasionally rice. When to be obtained—very seldom—a small quantity of molasses is substituted for the meat ration. A little weak vinegar, unfit for use, has sometimes been issued. The arrangements for cooking and baking have been wholly inadequate, and though additions are now being completed it will still be impossible to cook for the whole number of prisoners. Raw rations have to be issued to a very large proportion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils, and furnished so limited a supply of fuel they are compelled to dig with their hands in the filthy marsh before mentioned for roots, etc. No soap or clothing has ever been issued. The present hospital arrangements were only intended for the accommodation of the sick of 10,000 men, and are totally insufficient, both in character and extent, for the present needs; the number of prisoners being now more than three times as great, the number of cases requiring medical treatment is in an increased ratio. My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post, Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, and the substitution in his place of some one who unites both energy and good judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as is consistent with their safe keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control; some one who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside of the stockade, a place the horrors of which it is difficult to describe, and which is a disgrace to civilization; the condition of which he might, by the exercise of a little energy and judgment, even with the limited means at his command, have considerably improved."

crossing the Wateree River, making a short stop at Columbia, the capital of the State, but hardly long enough to get a sight of the city. I noticed, however, that it wore a deserted appearance, and contained many fine buildings. I obtained a glimpse of the prison, where several hundred of our Federal officers were confined.

After leaving Columbia we passed through no other town of any note in the State, and the same night, after crossing the Savannah River, which divides this State from Georgia, we reached Augusta. Here we remained through one night, and were permitted to leave the train and to camp in an open field outside the city. Extra guards were sent out to care for us, and about ten o'clock in the evening rations of hard-bread and bacon were distributed among us in fair quantities.

We were here informed that the reason of the lack of rations along our journey was the fact that the officers in charge depended upon chance supplies for the prisoners along the route, without sending any notice ahead of our approach; that the inland towns could not get together enough to ration us all without at least a day's notice. The trains that followed ours fared better.

Up to the time of our arrival at Columbia it had all been "exchange." Our guard and officers in charge talked "exchange"—exchange by way of Charleston. We talked "exchange." It was all "exchange." At Columbia a revolution took place. Many of us knew the lay of the land, and were aware that we must now take the Charleston and Columbia Road in order to reach Charleston. We gently hinted this fact to our guards, making eager inquiries regarding another fact, that we were taking the road to Augusta instead of to Charleston, but we could get no satisfaction from them.

The earnest discussions among ourselves soon reached the ears of the commanding officer, and he very quickly set the report into circulation that Charleston was so blockaded, in such a state of siege, that we could not be exchanged by that port; that he had received a telegram while at Columbia to take us on to Savannah for exchange. The majority were ready to believe and swallow this new dose, but several questioned whether we were now taking the most direct route for Savannah. The majority ruled, however; therefore it was voted, exchange by way of Savannah.

At Augusta there was a branch road for Charleston, but we did not take it. Our cramped condition in the box-car prisons was becoming unendurable.

We finally reached Macon. This was the point where the doubting ones were to decide the matter of exchange. Here the

road branched again, one section running to Savannah, and the other continuing south and terminating at Americus. At Macon we saw another prison where Federal officers were confined.

It had become a settled question in all our discussions that if we took the road from Macon to Savannah it was for exchange; if the other road, then a prison of some sort.

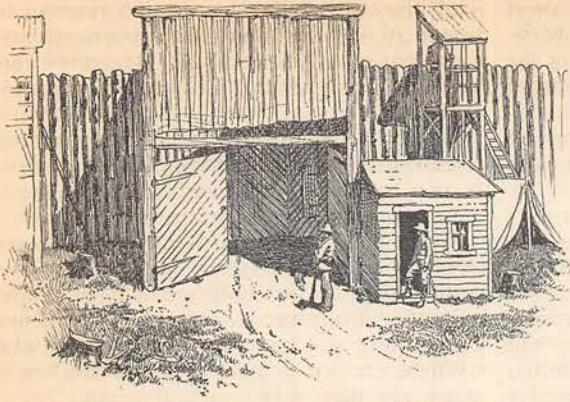
We took the road towards "a prison of some sort." The officers in charge, well knowing our destination, put a double guard over us and ordered a closer watch upon our movements. The inquiry was in every comrade's mouth, "Where are we going?" "What kind of a prison are they going to find for us?"

Our guard soon had an answer for us, because instructions were sent along down the train from the commanding officer that our destination, for a short time, was within a few miles of Americus; that the prison grounds were pleasantly located, well shaded by nature's forest trees; the "fence," as they termed it, inclosing two slopes or hillsides that were richly carpeted with grass; on the whole as pleasant a spot as the Confederacy afforded, and "too good for you Yanks anyway!"

It was near noon of the 20th of May, 1864, that our train came to a stop, in a clearing of the pine forest. We had been all expectation for an hour or more, straining eager eyes to catch some glimpse of our stopping-place. It was here before us. Looking from our position upon the railroad towards the southeast, at the extreme end of the clearing, some three or four hundred yards away, a cloud of smoke was curling upward from a rectangular, substantial-looking pen. Upon inquiry we were told, "That's where you Yanks will put up!"

We had little time for thought before a round-shouldered, blustering little man upon a white horse rode the length of the train, and with many a curse and oath ordered us all out. During our exit from the close, cramped quarters we had occupied so long a fresh guard came, in the wildest confusion and unmilitary order, from the direction of the smoke, and after much blustering and more cursing we were formed into two lines, giving room for us to pass between, four deep. After some more swearing the officer on the white horse placed himself at the head of the column and ordered us to march. This was Wirz, our prison-keeper, and unhappily our first introduction to him was not our last. Upon reaching the inclosure we halted while a part of our number were formed into a detachment, and the remainder were ordered to be placed upon the rolls of the older detachments already in the pen.

I have hesitated thus far to pronounce the



VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE SOUTH GATE.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

word Andersonville. We knew nothing, or had heard nothing, of the place, so we had not a moment's notice of the life we were about to enter upon. These many years after, the word "Andersonville" excites the same curiosity that it did before we entered upon the months of suffering that cannot be told. This, then, was Andersonville, or, as it was called by the guard, "Camp Sumpter." We entered it by a swinging door or gate, large, heavily ironed, and guarded.

As we passed within the doors were closed behind and heavily barred—closed upon me for five long months, and upon one-half our number for life. Our hearts sickened as we first looked upon the misery before our eyes. The attempt to picture our mental depression, as we took in, with one quick, swift glance, the condition of those who had entered before us, would be futile.

We joined inside the inclosure thirteen thousand of our comrades in arms, but they were not to be recognized. They seemed a different race of the human family, and vastly more squalid than any I ever had seen or heard of—emaciated forms, half human and half spectral, black with filth and smoke, and swarming with vermin. As we were driven like sheep into the stockade they crowded about us, making inquiries faster than they could be answered.

I think we were the first detachment of fresh prisoners that had reached Andersonville for two or three months. Those that we met there were immigrants from Belle Isle, Libby, and Danville, and all of them prisoners of from three to sixteen months' experience.

For convenience in drawing rations and being counted each morning they had been divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy men each, and one of their own non-commissioned officers placed over each company. Each detachment was subdivided into sections

of ninety men, with a non-commissioned officer over each, but we found the numbers of the detachments diminished fully one-third by deaths. I was placed in one of the old detachments, together with a number of my more intimate comrades—"Detachment 13, Squad 3."

The sun was giving us the benefit of its direct rays, which soon roused us, in a degree, from the stupor into which we had subsided as a partial realization of the situation crept upon our senses; and we began to make a move towards forming some kind of shelter to protect us from the scorching heat. My stock consisted of an overcoat—nothing more.

Richard Lovell, Richard Williams, and Charles Wilmarth, who had associated with me thus far, now proposed that we unite our stock, and thus build a common shelter. Our combined effects consisted of two woolen blankets, two overcoats, two case-knives, an apology for a pocket-knife, two tin cups, one tin plate, and three canteens; nothing superfluous, as can be readily seen, in necessary material for four men to build a house and begin keeping it with. We selected the best unoccupied spot for a location; with our case-knives and hands we scooped a level place upon the hillside barely large enough for our number to lie upon. It was necessary that we should have two upright poles and a cross pole, or ridge pole, in order to stretch our blankets in the form of a roof over our heads. We thoroughly searched the whole interior of the stockade for material enough for the purpose, but could obtain none without purchasing; and we finally bargained for three poles, each of them smaller than common bean-poles, by paying a dollar and fifty cents in greenbacks. Towards night we had finished our shelter, so far as lay in our power, but were obliged to leave both gable ends open, using our coats for protection between our persons and the ground.

We were very hungry, having had nothing to eat all day, but about the middle of the afternoon rations began to come in. They were loaded upon wagons, each wagon drawn by two mules, and consisted of coarse corn-bread and old bacon. Each wagon was accompanied by a guard while being driven within the stockade and distributing its load at the headquarters of each detachment. The detachment sergeants issued it in equal lots to the three squad sergeants, and they again, dividing it as equally as possible, gave to the ninety individual men.

I was somewhat curious to see the operation

of issuing the rations to so many men; how it might be done fairly, so that each would be satisfied. The sergeant in charge, seeing me looking on with so much interest, called upon me to assist. After the bread and meat had been divided into the requisite number of pieces they were placed upon a log, which I was informed was the property of the squad. One piece of bread, about half the size of a brick, and a piece of meat, as large as two of my fingers, was the ration for each man for a whole day.

It would be impossible for any man, however nice his judgment, to divide the bread and meat into exactly even pieces; some would have a mouthful or a mouthful and a half more than others, and some pieces would be better in quality than others: in either case an item not to be overlooked by starving men.

We were all numbered, and so soon as the rations were ready for delivery I was asked to turn my back to them; then the sergeant would place his hand upon one of the rations, at the same moment asking me what number should have it. I called out what number I pleased; and, not being able to see what particular ration the sergeant had his hand upon, no one could complain that any favoritism was shown. This was, in substance, the manner in which our rations were dealt out from day to day throughout the whole stockade.

As night came on I repaired to the shelter we had improvised, but not to talk with my comrades; neither did they show any disposition to converse during this first evening and night spent in Andersonville: our individual thoughts were too busy with themselves. I was trying to comprehend the situation, to weigh the probabilities of life or death.

Whatever other scenes or experiences may be in store for me, none can leave the deep mark of despair or the dark forebodings which took possession of my mind that evening. It was not the confinement within the stockade. It was not the fear of starvation. It was not the fear of exposure to heat, cold, or midnight dews. It was the spectacle presented by the thirteen thousand comrades whom we first found within that inclosure: it required no prophetic powers to convince us that they could never be men again.

Our prison was an inclosure of fifteen acres; the stockade was built of pine logs, hewn square, set into the ground about five feet, with fifteen feet above the ground, and set side by side so closely that no space was left between. Upon the outside of the stockade, and near the top, sentry-boxes were placed at short intervals completely around the whole.

Inside the stockade, fifteen feet from it, a slender railing was run, known as the "dead-

line," the sentries being ordered to shoot any person who set foot over it or in any manner interfered with it. Every night large fires were kindled of torchwood, or "lightwood" as it was called, forming two lines of these fires, one on each side of the stockade, some thirty or forty feet outside, and intended to light up the prison, so that no secret movement could be made under cover of the darkness of the night.

Upon two sides of the stockade, and some two to four hundred yards distant, were two earthworks, one upon either side, and each mounting four cannon. These were manned at all hours of the day and night, ready at a moment's notice to pour a destructive fire of grape and canister into the crowded pen.

The stockade inclosed two side hills, a brook, small and muddy, running through the valley between, dividing the inclosure into nearly equal halves. About three acres of this valley, most of it upon one side of the brook, but a part of it upon both sides, was a swamp, and uninhabitable, it being the upper part of miles of impassable swamp which stretched off to the eastward below us.

The cook-house, where all the bread was baked and meat boiled, stood upon this very brook, above and outside the stockade, so that all the greasy scum, refuse, and dirt from it came floating through the inclosure that we inhabited, upon the surface, or mixed with the water we were obliged to drink and to use for washing. The camps of our guard were so located that all their sewerage came down through our inclosure.

In building the stockade every tree within it had been cut, and although made within a heavy growth of the beautiful Southern pine — and this same pine was not worth here the labor of cutting it — not a tree was left for a shade from the scorching Southern sun, or to furnish us with material with which to build our own shelters, to say nothing of firewood for cooking purposes.

No provision was made, until near the very close of our incarceration at Andersonville, towards carrying off the refuse and sewerage of our prison, and no sanitary regulations had been put in force. The filth that accumulated through those long summer months can neither be described nor imagined. Most of it collected in and about the three acres of swamp, and I have seen that three acres one animated mass of maggots from one to two feet deep, the whole swamp moving and rolling like the waves of the sea.

We had no books, papers, or pamphlets; only a few Bibles brought in by the prisoners. I was fortunate enough to possess a copy, which was so well read by my comrades that nothing remained of it to bring away.

The thirteen thousand prisoners that we found in the stockade upon our arrival in May had, almost to a man, given up all hope of exchange or of ever reaching home again, and were every day and hour simply lying down to die. There was hardly a half-hour during the whole day and night but that at least one was passing away to his everlasting home. They had ceased to care for cleanliness, or to take any precautions for their health, though upon the arrival of our fresh-looking men they seemed to show a little more regard for their personal appearance and health. Upon our rallying them, some would brighten up and appear more hopeful, so that for a few weeks the death rate was materially reduced; but as the heat of summer advanced and the number of prisoners increased to thirty or thirty-five thousand, our death rate rapidly grew, and it was soon a common occurrence to carry out a hundred dead men from the stockade in one morning. Two hundred and twelve were carried out one day in August.

During the month of June the sufferings of myself and comrades were comparatively light; but about the first of July one of them, Charles Wilmarth, was taken sick, and very soon died. In his place we took a John Brown, another member and one of the recruits of my own regiment. Brown was about fifty years old, had served out his time in the English navy, had been several years a whaler, had been three years in our own navy, and knew nearly every important port in the world. He was the only man in the whole prison coming under my observation who did not seem afflicted by prison life. It did affect him, but in the form of a blessing rather than an evil. At the time of his arrival in the prison he was a mere brute, crazed with whisky; and his intellect, which was naturally strong, even brilliant, was nearly destroyed. After one month's abstinence he seemed stronger, healthier, and improving rapidly every day. His conversation, stories of his life, and brilliant qualities of mind were very entertaining to our immediate circle, and were of assistance towards keeping our spirits good. With all our sufferings this man proved to us, beyond a doubt, that there was one condition in this world that a man might reach worse than Andersonville.

We began to dig wells, as much for employment as anything, but yet for the purpose of procuring more and better water. We used an old tin plate or a split canteen for a shovel, and our haversacks for buckets to elevate the dirt. The soil was hard red clay, yet with our meager tools several wells were dug over eighty feet deep, and one that reached one hundred feet in depth. But the supply of water thus

obtained was very small, only satisfying the wants of the few who had the courage and pluck to dig.

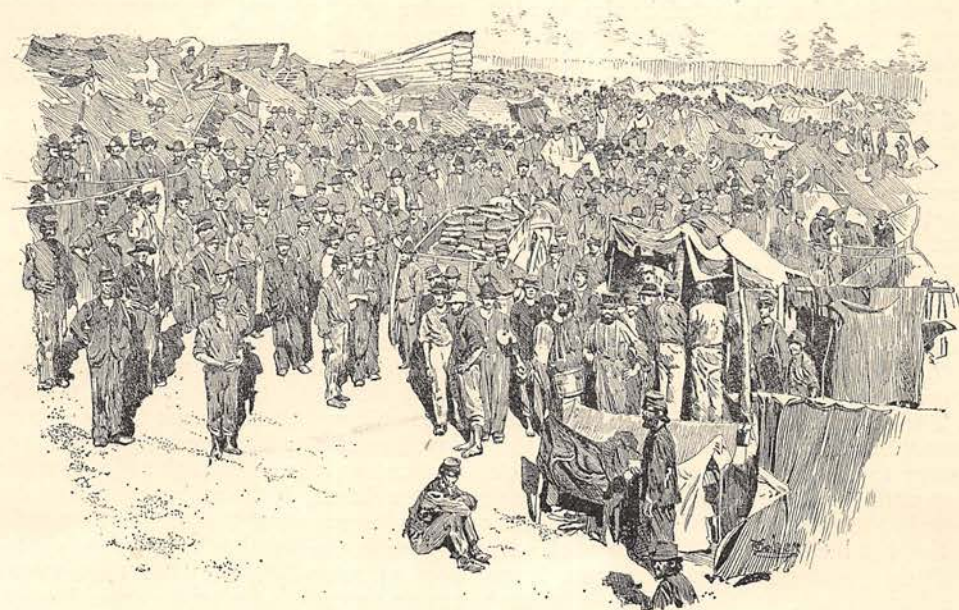
Another industry was the digging of tunnels, which required great outlays of labor and cunning, with little inducements, and only a slight hope of escape. I engaged in a number of these operations, and there were forty or fifty tunnels in process of construction at one time. In several instances the operators were successful, and made good their escape from the stockade for a few days or weeks perhaps, but were almost invariably recaptured by the hounds and hunters. The majority of the tunnels were a total failure, except that they served to give employment and to keep hope alive. They were pretty sure to be discovered by our keeper Wirz, who had the aid of traitors among our own numbers, or of spies sent among us.

The mode of operating in one tunnel, in which I was engaged, and which came the nearest to a success, will be a fair sample of operating with them all.

One of the members of my company, who was brought into the stockade several weeks later than myself, had built a shelter of blankets and rags very near the "dead-line," which also brought his stopping-place within the shadow of the stockade as it was cast by the night fires from the outside.

This made a very convenient and safe place to begin operations from. Several of us made a social call upon this comrade, William Moore, late one evening, and broached the subject of beginning a tunnel from his domicile. He fell in with the proposal very readily, and we concluded to begin operations the next night. It was about the first of July, for I remember that upon the night of the Fourth of July, when the whole North was supposed to be celebrating the birth of our nation, I was five feet under ground, upon my hands and knees, in a hole barely large enough to crawl in, working inch by inch with an old case-knife and my bare hands, trying to find the liberty that the North was celebrating.

We first dug directly down into the ground a hole large enough for one to work in and about seven feet deep; then we began to dig in a horizontal direction, from its bottom, towards the stockade. Our mining operations were upon a small scale and very simple, our ingenuity being all engaged in keeping the work a secret from the guard and from the general mass of the prisoners. The shaft was only large enough for one to dig at a time, and that upon his hands and knees. The operator would loosen the hard clay with the case-knife, scrape it into one of our haversacks with his hands, and a comrade at the



SCENE NEAR THE NORTH GATE — DISTRIBUTING RATIONS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

entrance to the shaft would draw out the filled haversack by means of an improvised rag rope, replacing it with an empty one by pushing it in with a slender pole, this pole being spliced from time to time as the tunnel proceeded.

Now came the most particular part of the job: this dirt must be scattered upon or about the heaps of dirt thrown out from the numerous wells; and these wells were invariably near the center of the inclosure, not being allowed very near the dead-line. Several haversacks of dirt might be carried from our excavation without attracting the attention of the vigilant guard, but to carry them at regular intervals throughout the entire night seemed almost impossible.

But the stockade cast a shadow of thirty or forty feet, and in this shadow the sentinels could not distinguish objects in a dark night; therefore the comrade employed as carrier did not leave this shadow to approach the center of the stockade twice in the same place, and always with his load underneath his overcoat or blanket of rags. Twelve of us were thus employed upon this tunnel, six working every night. After the shaft had been carried beyond the first few feet it was impossible for one to remain within it longer than half an hour at a time without being overcome and rendered insensible from lack of sufficient air. Several times we had to drag a comrade from the tunnel in this condition.

We worked patiently and steadily nearly four weeks without detection, though several other tunnels were discovered and demolished

during this time. To keep the secret of its location safe, we made a shoulder upon the mouth of the shaft, and after nicely fitting some boards into it, the whole was covered six inches deep with dirt that corresponded with the soil at the surface of the ground, kept constantly ready for the purpose; then our comrade Moore and his chum spread their overcoats over all, and slept thereon the greater part of each day.

One night, after careful measurement, we ascertained that our shaft was eighty feet long. It was commenced twenty feet from the stockade; therefore we were sixty feet outside the stockade, and ten or twenty feet outside the usual line of fires. This was deemed sufficient; and we voted to suspend further operations and await the advent of a dark, stormy night the better to favor our escape through the tunnel.

About this time—the latter part of July—there was more loud talk of exchange. Reports of the resumption of the exchange of prisoners were common enough, evidently put into circulation by the authorities outside for purposes of their own; but this one, in particular, came so well recommended that it was pretty generally believed, for the following reasons.

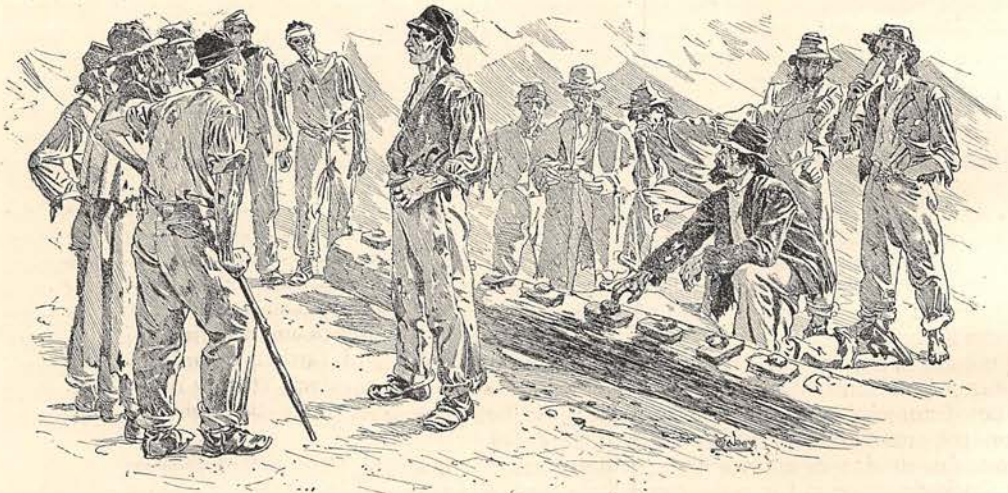
The only authorized representative of the Christian religion who possessed enough of it to visit the thirty thousand men in the prison pen was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who came in quite regularly, at least every Sabbath, for several weeks. He talked kindly to us, displaying much sympathy

for our condition, and administering the last rites of the Church to all the dying men who would accept, without any regard to individual beliefs. He stated that strong efforts were being made to bring about an exchange by both the North and South, and that their efforts would probably soon be successful. Upon the strength of this report we concluded to let our tunnel remain quiet for the time, thinking that if exchange failed we could have final recourse to it. The exchange did fail; and a heavy thunder shower loosened one of the timbers of which the stockade was composed, so that it settled into the shaft, discovering to the authorities our tunnel, and they quickly filled it up.

The sentinels and guard at Andersonville were "home guards," composed of boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, and of old men unfit for active duty. The older sentinels were not so rash or bitter in performing their duties, but the boys would often embrace the slightest opportunity for maltreating us. It was a common rumor that a premium — a furlough of thirty days — was offered for every prisoner shot by a sentinel while upon his post, and his

twelve acres of land. That was the highest number reached; and after July 1 the death rate equaled the recruits, the number being kept at about 35,000 by the frequent arrival of new prisoners in squads of from 50 to 500 each.

Until our numbers had been nearly doubled there was pretense of cooking the rations of corn-bread and bacon; but before the 1st of July they were issued to the majority of us raw — about one pint of coarse corn-meal and two ounces of bacon per man. This would have been preferred, only there were no adequate measures taken to supply us with fuel to cook it with. Loud and repeated complaints were made to the authorities, until they finally allowed small squads to go out each day, from two to four hundred in all, to carry in their arms the fuel to cook rations for thirty thousand men. If the rations could have been cooked in messes of hundreds or thousands, it is possible the fuel thus brought in might have been of some little use; but there were no cooking utensils in the prison larger than quart cups and tin plates, and the cooking by messes was an utter impossibility. These squads would



ALLOTING SQUAD RATIONS BY NUMBER.

positive orders were to shoot any one who encroached upon the dead-line in any manner. So well were the orders obeyed that hardly a day passed without some unlucky prisoner being shot at from a sentry-box, and I never saw or heard of the slightest fault being found with any sentinel for this shooting.

Although many were being carried to the burial-ground each day, the prisoners increased very rapidly till the 1st of July, when our number reached 35,000, all crowded upon about

rarely bring in any more wood than they used individually, and if any passed from their hands to that of a comrade it was by purchase at the rate of from twenty-five cents to one dollar per stick. The only way in which the great mass procured even the smallest amount of fuel was by hacking to pieces the stumps which were left within the stockade, generally using their case-knives for this purpose. In three weeks every vestige of a stump had disappeared; then the roots were dug; and



THE SOUTH HILLSIDE OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

within a very few weeks every foot of the ground inclosed by the stockade was cleaned of roots to the depth of six feet. In spite of all our complaints and begging, all our grubbing for roots, after exhausting all our ingenuity, thousands ate their corn-meal raw every day, and it certainly was not strange that so many perished in Andersonville from diarrhea alone. Add to the raw, coarse corn-meal the warm, filthy water which the great mass were obliged to drink, and one of the causes of the fearful death rate in Andersonville is explained.

About the middle of July the stockade was enlarged by an addition to its north end of about ten acres, which doubled our space, yet the fact was hardly noticed. It gave us for fuel the old section of stockade, which was rendered useless by being inclosed within the new, and ten acres more of stumps and roots, thus affording for three or four weeks some relief for the fuel famine.

There was a sutler located within the stockade, whose establishment contained a little flour, soda, salt, cream of tartar, pepper, sweet potatoes, onions, etc. The whole contents of the store could have been swallowed, at any one time, by ten of our hungry men in an hour. He charged one dollar per pint for salt, one dollar per quart for flour, ten cents each for very small onions, forty cents per pound for sweet potatoes, four to ten dollars per pound for tobacco, and everything else in proportion. A lemon did occasionally find its way within our prison, but I never saw one sold. I saw a few very small Irish potatoes that sold for five cents each, and were advertised to be excellent for scurvy.

Some time in July "cow peas" made their appearance, a vegetable that seemed to be a cross between a pea and a bean, and about the 1st of August they commenced to issue rations of these beans to some of the prison-

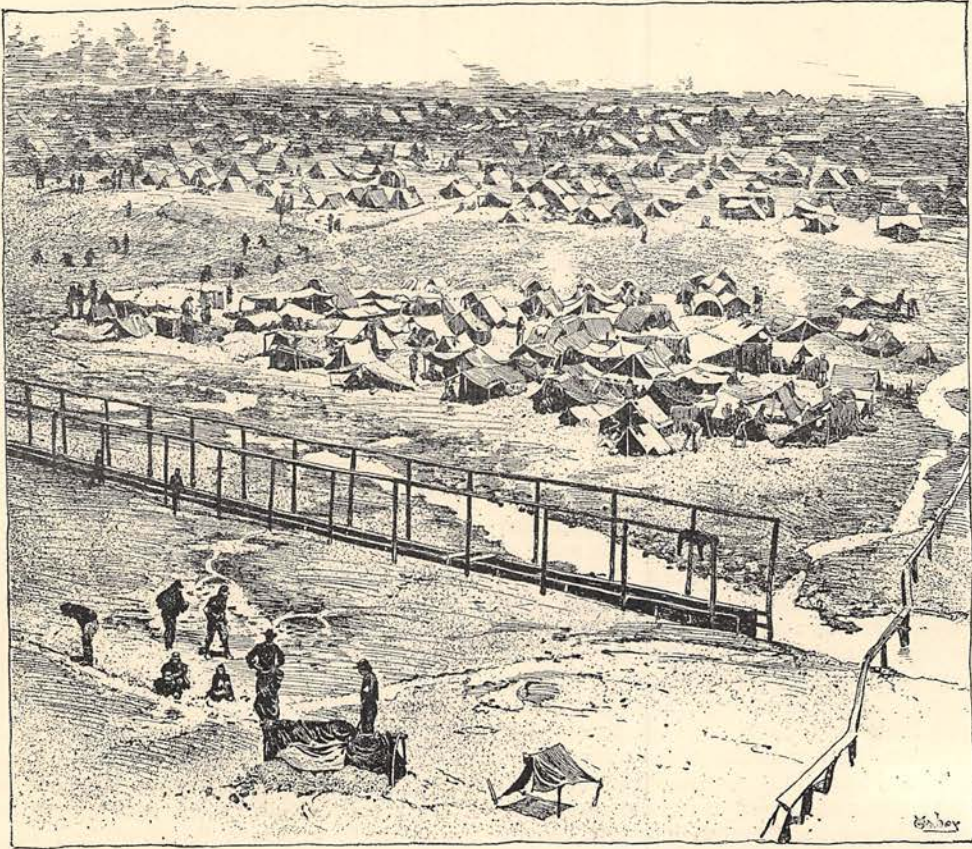
ers. The beans took the place of the corn-bread and bacon, and were issued to some raw and to others cooked; about half a pint of the raw being a day's ration, and two-thirds of a pint of the cooked.

About this time commenced the great mania for trade. One had two spoonfuls of pease which he would trade for half a ration of corn-bread; another offered half his ration of raw pease for a small morsel of bacon to cook with his remaining half. For a short time after pease began to come in as rations those who received them could readily exchange them for a double ration of bread. Trade grew rapidly among us, and soon one-half our number were trying to better their own condition by trading with one another and selling to the other half.

The Western troops, captured from Sherman's and Thomas's commands, were not robbed of their money and valuables, as were the Eastern troops, so there was considerable money floating within the prison among the privileged few; but it was constantly changing ownership, and finally it all got into the hands of the very few, except the greater part that found its way outside by passing through the sutler's shop.

A few, by sharp trading, commencing with a dollar or two, were soon worth their hundreds. Little stands were erected in all parts of the prison, those who could not erect a stand using their knees, upon which they would display perhaps half a dozen sweet potatoes, a pint of salt, two or three pounds of flour, a quart of pease, etc., all well covered with dust and flies.

The only living things that seemed to thrive at this place were the flies, and they swarmed. Everything was covered with them, and they were responsible for the maggots that kept the swamp a moving mass of corruption.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NORTH END OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

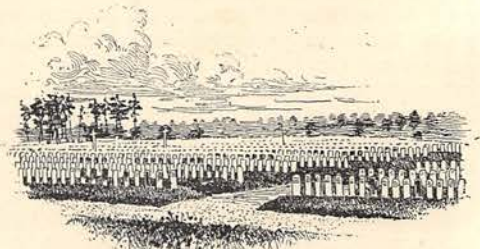
In the middle-ground midway of the swamp is the "Island" which was covered with shelters after the higher ground had all been occupied.

"Main street," as it was called, the driveway for the teams that brought in the rations, soon became the center of trade — our "exchange." Hundreds crowded it from early morning till late evening with their rations of bread, pease, or bacon to exchange or sell for something they had not got; and although tobacco was more plentiful than any other article in the Confederacy, it would take two days' rations of food to buy enough tobacco to satisfy an ordinary chewer or smoker for a day. I have seen one of these tradesmen sit within the "exchange" and cry out the good qualities and cheapness of less than half a pint of stewed pease for three long hours, and finally exchange the whole stock for three quids of tobacco; though not exactly satisfied with his bargain, all his murmuring would cease upon getting a taste of the precious weed.

"Here 's your fresh-stewed pease, well seasoned with salt and pepper, only fifteen cents a plate!" "Here 's your nice boiled bacon, only ten cents a piece!" "Here 's your pure, clean salt, only five cents a spoonful!" "Who 'll

trade a ration of pease for a ration of bread and bacon?" These were the constant cries from hundreds of lips along our "exchange" during the whole day. At the same time there was not food enough in the whole prison pen to give one-third of our number one meal in quantity, to say nothing of quality.

Several enterprising individuals commenced to manufacture beer. They procured a keg or barrel from the sutler, in which would be



NATIONAL CEMETERY, ANDERSONVILLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

placed four or five quarts of corn-meal and as many gallons of water. After remaining in the hot sun for a day or two the mixture would become very sour; then the keg would be filled with water and the whole allowed to work itself clear, when it would be drawn as beer and sold for five cents per glass, or half-pint. At first it sold well, and tasted good; in fact, it was the only sour thing we could get; and it really seemed to check the ravages of scurvy for a time.

MILFORD, MASS.

(To be concluded.)

¹ In the official "Report on the Treatment of Prisoners of War" in the South, are printed several reports of Confederate surgeons and inspectors to the Richmond authorities, on the condition of Union prisoners at Andersonville. It is impossible, on account of the horrible nature of the details, to quote generally from them. The following, which is the report of J. Crews Pelot, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., for Sept. 5, 1864, inasmuch as it does not refer to the appearance and sufferings of the prisoners and to the worst features of their surroundings, may properly be quoted without omissions. It gives an idea of the destitution in the hospital, where it would be supposed special efforts would have been made to alleviate hunger and distress:

SIR: As officer of the day, for the past twenty-four hours, I have inspected the hospital, and found it in as good condition as the nature of the circumstances will allow. A majority of the bunks are still unsupplied with bedding, while in a portion of the division the tents are entirely destitute of either bunks, bedding, or straw, the patients being compelled to lie upon the bare ground. I would earnestly call attention to the article of diet. The corn-bread received from the bakery, being made up without sifting, is wholly unfit for the use of the sick; and often (in the last twenty-four hours) upon examination, the inner portion is found to be perfectly raw. The meat (beef) received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day, and for the past three or four days no flour has been issued. The corn-bread cannot be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the diseases of the bowels, from which a large majority are suffering, and it is therefore thrown away. All their rations re-

ceived by way of sustenance is two ounces of boiled beef and half pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances, all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical officer will avail nothing. Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the deficiency of medicines. We have but little more than indigenous barks and roots with which to treat the numerous forms of disease to which our attention is daily called. For the treatment of wounds, ulcers, etc., we have literally nothing except water. Our wards—some of them—were filled with gangrene, and we are compelled to fold our arms and look quietly upon its ravages, not even having stimulants to support the system under its depressing influences, this article being so limited in supply that it can only be issued for cases under the knife. I would respectfully call your attention to the above facts, in the hope that something may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick.

T. H. Mann, M. D.

In the above-mentioned volume may be found a "return" "for the month of August, 1864," signed Henry Wirz, which shows that on August 1 the prisoners numbered 31,678, of whom 1693 were in hospital. During the month 2993 died; 23 were sent to other places; 21 were exchanged; 30 escaped, 4 of whom were recaptured; but the depletion from death and other causes was more than made good by the receipt of 3078 new prisoners, so that on August 31 there were 31,693 in the prison, 2220 of whom were in hospital. Wirz says: "Perhaps 25 more (prisoners) escaped during the month, but were taken up by the dogs, before the daily return was made up, and for that reason they are not on the list of the escaped nor recaptured."

BURIED THOUGHT.

HERE in this four-cornered verse,
As within funereal hearse
Consecrated unto death,
Lies a thought that ne'er drew breath.

Curious mortal, ask not why
This fair thought was doomed to die;
All thy asking cannot reach
Thought that never grew to speech.

Guess not at the fitting guise
It would wear to mortal eyes—
Whether it were like a flower
For a maid to wear an hour;

It might have made you weep or laugh;
Now you see its cenotaph!
Go your way, whate'er it be,
And forget my thought and me!

Or a breath upon the air
That should faint none knoweth where;
Or a shaft at random flown
Into depths of skies unknown;

Or a clear and stirring note
From a trumpet's silver throat,
For the signal of a deed
That should meet a royal need.

This world, maybe, was not wrought
To the measure of the thought,
That the one who spoke its doom
Gave it silence for a tomb.

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

A YANKEE IN ANDERSONVILLE.¹

(CONCLUSION.)



VISITORS IN
A GUARD HOUSE.

ALL classes and grades of society were represented within our prison—a few negro soldiers, that were captured at New Berne; New York Bowery roughs, the worst class of all; mechanics, clerks, farmers; gamblers and light-fingered gentry; back-woodsmen and hunters. For several months we formed a community of ourselves, representing as well the different grades of humanity as the whole North, only upon a smaller scale and in a very wretched manner. Here were displayed the finest sentiment and feeling that ever actuated the human heart. The passions were but slightly cloaked, and were exhibited in the form of the highest virtue attained by man, and all down the grade to the lowest vice. Until about the 1st of August there was absolutely no check to rascality of any kind, except our own individual physical strength; the authorities outside concerned themselves but little in regard to what was going on within the stockade so long as trouble was not made for them.

I saw a very sharp dodge played upon the unsuspecting by one of the numerous sharpers. The sharper had a friend, or brother shark. Working their way into a crowd where some little excitement had called the prisoners together, the one would have a pocketbook in a side pocket partly in sight; the other would crowd up behind, and, with all the pretense of being very sly, take the pocketbook. At first he would examine the contents of the wallet secretly, yet making sure that several others did really see him; and finding only one copper cent, he would affect to become so disgusted as to change his mind completely from being a pickpocket to playing the rôle of friend and adviser to the one whose pocket he had picked, as well as to make some fun for the crowd at his expense. After pocketing

the one cent from the pocketbook, and shaking it well to assure the crowd that nothing more was in it, he would approach the apparent stranger and replace the pocketbook. Then tapping him on the shoulder, he would remark, "Stranger, don't you carry your pocketbook rather carelessly in such a crowd as this?"

"No," the pal would say; "there is nothing in it worth stealing. It contains only one cent."

"But are you sure, stranger, that it contains a cent?"

"Yes, for I placed it there but a short time ago."

In this manner they would discuss the pocketbook until the crowd became interested, when the one who had pocketed the penny would offer to bet any amount that there was no penny in the pocketbook at all. The other would exhibit a watch, and offer to put it against anything of equal value that there was a cent in the pocketbook. It would soon turn out that the one who took the penny had nothing to bet with; but the crowd, thinking there was a sure chance to obtain a watch, would offer their bets. Finally the highest bet would be accepted by the owner of the pocketbook, who would open it, and take penny number two from under the lining of one of its compartments; then he would pocket the bets and move off to another part of the stockade to play the same game again, while the one who played the pickpocket was nowhere to be found.

There was a class of skulkers and gamblers brought into Andersonville from both the Eastern and Western armies, captured in the rear by the rebel raiders. Those from the Western army were brought into the prison with their ill-gotten gains upon their persons. Another class included a thousand or more of Sherman's veterans who were captured while on their way home on furlough, each with his many dollars of bounty.

As the "greenbacks" thus increased within our prison, villainy advanced with rapid strides. An organized band of over two hundred members, selected from the most unprincipled and healthier prisoners, bound together by oaths, and armed with short, heavy clubs, overran the prison-pen. They committed their depredations every night, and became a terror to us all. They finally grew so bold as to knock down and rob men during the day. They robbed me of a pair of shoes one night, taking them from under my head, where they were

¹ For the first paper see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE of last month.



THE HOMES OF ANDERSONVILLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

placed as a pillow, and I never got even a glimpse of the thief. I went without shoes for four months.

The gang were known as the "Raiders." They had everything their own way for nearly three months, when it was discovered that several of our number had been murdered by them. This knowledge stirred us up a good deal, and we soon sent out a petition to the authorities praying for some interference in our behalf. They granted our request at once, and sent in twenty or thirty of their best men, armed with revolvers, to assist us in hunting out the desperadoes.

In the course of three hours some two hundred of these raiders were pointed out by the different prisoners, who could easily do so as

soon as all fear of the consequences was removed. They were placed under a special guard, and marched outside that they might receive a fair trial. In fact, the captured raiders were taken outside at their own request, as the multitude of prisoners were so excited and enraged that they could expect but little mercy at our hands.

Wirz informed our leading men within the prison that he dared not proceed against these men, either by court martial or by any civil law that could be had in that vicinity; but that he would allow us to organize a court, judge, and jury, and try our prisoners, as he called them, by a court of our own; and that he would render all the assistance in his power in guarding the prisoners for us, and in furnishing proper facilities for executing the sentences that the court might impose.

This court was quickly organized. The judge to preside was selected by ballot, and the jury was drawn from a panel of a thousand. The prisoners had the privilege of pleading their own case, or of employing any one within the stockade to plead for them. Two attorneys were selected, from a number of that profession among us, to proceed against the prisoners. The trial continued six or eight days. It was conducted as fairly and honorably as was possible under the circumstances; and

forty or fifty of the two hundred arrested were convicted of crime of some nature, and sentenced to punishment by the "cat-o'-nine-tails," to be "bucked and gagged," to restore property where possible, or otherwise punished, as the nature of the case seemed to require. Six of the number were clearly found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung within the stockade upon two days' notice.¹ Wirz furnished the material for a scaffold, and guarded the six unfortunate ones until the appointed day, then delivered them over to us for execution without further assistance on his part.

¹ The murderers were given the privilege of rejecting jurors, and they exercised that privilege till they were tired of it, and allowed a jury to go on.



ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PEN, LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE SOUTHWEST CORNER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Of the two hundred men who were thus tried there were probably a few entirely innocent of any crime, while nothing could be absolutely proved against one hundred and twenty of them; yet as their trial ended, and they were set at liberty within the stockade, they were obliged to run the Indian "gauntlet"—a thousand or more emaciated human beings standing ready to administer a blow, a kick, or at least a curse and muttered execration, to those who in a measure had added to our sufferings, even though no act could be proved against them by the court.

Two days later a scaffold was hastily erected near the south gateway, within the stockade. The six condemned prisoners were delivered by Wirz to a posse of our own number, and amidst a breathless silence which pervaded the thirty thousand who watched the ceremony five of the number were quietly swung into eternity. The sixth man, who weighed nearly two hundred pounds, broke his rope and escaped into the crowd, and was only captured after a long chase and after being knocked senseless with one of the executioner's clubs; then he was brought back to the scaffold, and made to join his five companions.

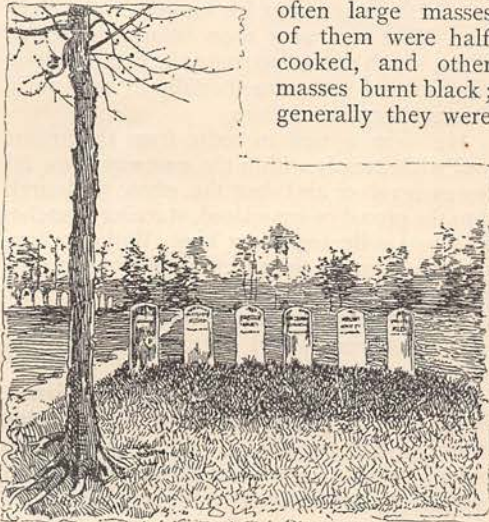
As the prisoners were brought to the scaffold they acted as though they hardly expected an execution, but supposed it a farce to frighten them, or that they would be rescued by their comrades. These executions effectually put a stop to plunder and murdering. In order to induce twelve men to take the responsibility of executing these six murderers they were promised by Wirz to be paroled and sent within the Union lines. This promise I think Wirz kept, because I never saw them afterwards.

A league had been formed by the better class of prisoners, several days before the executions, for the purpose of protecting our lives and scant property; and it was by the aid of this league, headed by a character known as "Big Pete," that these raiders were brought to justice. This league, or "police," as they were called, was ever after kept up, and constituted itself into a complete government for the stockade within the dead-line. "Big Pete," always its chief, exercised absolute authority to punish all offenders against the public peace. After the executions above mentioned, he was judge, jury, chief of police, and often he executed his own sentences. He settled all

disputes between individuals, applied the "cat" freely in punishment of petty thieving, bucked and gagged for graver offenses, appointed the night and day patrol within the prison limits from men of his own selection, and was generally a terror to the evil-doer but respected and a blessing to the great mass of prisoners. "Big Pete" had a kind heart, and there was many a poor fellow who could speak of the acts of kindness received at his hands.

During the last part of our stay nearly all of the rations issued consisted of "cow peas"

stewed to a mush; often large masses of them were half cooked, and other masses burnt black; generally they were



GRAVES OF THE SIX RAIDERS HUNG JULY 11, 1864.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

issued without salt. These rations were brought in large dry-goods boxes drawn into the pen by four-mule teams. Each team was driven by a negro who always rode upon the nigh wheel-mule, and each wagon received a guard of four to six men as it entered the stockade. The guard evidently sought the opportunity thus to enter the stockade for the sake of a chance to trade, in a small way, with the prisoners, generally for the brass buttons off our coats, needles, jack-knives, knickknacks, and very slyly for greenbacks.

When the guard were thus occupied by anything but their business, some of the more enterprising of our number would crawl under the dry-goods boxes, as they were emptied and loaded back upon the wagon, and ride safely out of the stockade. The fact that the guard left the teams at the stockade, and that the teams had to go nearly half a mile to reach the cook-house, away from the immediate neighborhood of all the guards, gave those who rode out an excellent chance to come from under the boxes at their leisure.

There were also about two hundred of our men paroled out of the prison-pen who were acting as cooks, waiters for the Confederate officers, etc., so that the enterprising prisoner, as he emerged from his hiding-place, could stroll around during the day and with a little shrewdness not be distinguished from the paroled men. This trick was played very freely for several days, until too many men began to be missed at roll-call, and several were finally caught in the act. Many escapes were also made through the tunnels, and by straggling from the squads sent out after wood. Over one hundred men went out one night through a single tunnel, but within ten days they were all brought back, killed or badly torn by the hounds—a pack of eight or ten bloodhounds being kept by one or two experienced negro-hunters in the vicinity of the prison. No doubt a very few did finally make their escape good to the Union lines, but I have never been able to learn of one well-authenticated case from Andersonville.

There was one tunnel which was the innocent cause of much fear and alarm to our guard. I knew nothing about the tunnel being under way till the following accident betrayed it not only to ourselves, but also to the guard.

Sometime in August one of those sudden and terrible thunder-storms so common in hot countries occurred, and it so swelled the small brook running through the stockade that its outlet, hewn between a few of the timbers set in the bed of the brook, would not allow the immense volume of water to pass; consequently the stockade acted as a dam, so that the water rose within an hour nearly to the top of the timbers, completely flooding the four acres of swamp. Some fifty yards along this part of the stockade, each side of the brook, the soil was more sandy than the common red clay of the remainder of the prison, and the tunnel in question was in this vicinity. The water soon found it, and undermined the stockade, so that in a few moments a large breach was made, and with a rush the flood immediately passed through.

This frightened the guards so that they jumped from their posts and left the stockade, to collect about their two batteries. Within five minutes several shots from the cannon were fired over the prison, and warning shouted to us that if there were any signs of a crowd collecting anywhere within the prison they would pour into that crowd grape and canister. It was at first supposed by both prisoners and guards that the stockade had been purposely undermined.

At the time of the flood which caused the break in the stockade the lightning, which was almost incessant, seemed to strike in several places within the stockade, at one spot

killing several of our number. It struck, or seemed to strike, at one place about fifty yards from my own shelter and just within the dead-line. I noticed that several were prostrated by the stroke, and I immediately walked over to the spot, with many others, to see what damage was done. I found an ugly-looking rent in the ground, out of which was flowing a clear, copious stream of water between the dead-line and the stockade, perhaps three feet within the dead-line, on the east side of the inclosure and fifty or sixty yards above the spot where the brook entered.

The general belief among all the prisoners in that vicinity was that the spring was opened by the lightning, and the fact that it was so opened was not questioned till years afterwards. It looked as though the electric fluid had found vent at this place from the overcharged earth. Be that as it may, this spring gave us pure, sweet water, and in sufficient quantity, from this time out so long as the place was occupied as a prison; and I have been told that it was still a living spring twenty years afterwards. The prison authorities fixed a wooden trough to conduct the water over the dead-line within our reach—about the only act I ever knew them to perform spontaneously that had the slightest leaning towards mitigating our wretched condition.

We knew that a league was just being formed, termed the "Union League," composed of the ablest men, mentally and physically, within the prison, but it had not become sufficiently organized for work, or even to take advantage of the breach after it occurred. But the incident opened our eyes to the possibilities with such a league in working order and properly officered, so we exerted ourselves to perfect it; but it was not long before the authorities seemed to have become aware that such a league was forming or had already formed, and strict orders were circulated within the prison forbidding the prisoners to collect in any crowd, under penalty of being fired into from the batteries, except under the orders of the prison authorities for the purpose of roll-call. Further to check this league formation they sent in spies, disguised as prisoners, with the new batches that were brought in. These spies were so shrewd as to become members of the league, and, with

the information they gave, completely broke it up.

The question has often been asked of Andersonville prisoners, "Did the commander of the prison, Captain Henry Wirz, ever really murder a prisoner?" Yes, and under my own personal observation. On one occasion he rode into the stockade accompanied by two or three attendants also on horseback; the object of his visit was to demand that the chief of the Union League be delivered up to him. Of the crowd that collected about him not one in fifty knew that such a league existed, and of the actual members of the league but few knew who the chief was. Wirz was very soon informed to that effect, which seemed to rouse the demon within him, so that he swore fearfully at the crowd that gathered about him.

He soon turned to retire from the prison, and while nearly within the gateway drew his heavy revolver and shot the whole six barrels into the crowd of emaciated, starving wretches who had collected about him. Without stopping to discover the effects of his shooting, he put spurs to his horse, sprang out through the gate, and galloped away from the stockade. Two men were killed outright by his shots, and several others were wounded.

Soon after the 1st of September we learned, from some of the prisoners brought in, that Sherman had captured Atlanta;¹ and it was evident from the actions of our guard that they were growing uneasy. Reports were circulated with increasing vigor that we were soon to be exchanged by way of Savannah. Many believed it; others did not. Sometime after the middle of September, one day everything was bustle and confusion, as one detachment after another was marched outside the stockade, and again loaded into box-cars,—as always, sixty in a car,—and each car provided with rations that we were informed were all we should get for three days. The rations were of the old style, simply coarse corn-bread, and I could easily have disposed of my own in one day without satisfying my hunger or injuring my digestion.

My detachment was one of the first, if not the first, to leave the stockade, and occupied, with several others, the first train that left for Savannah. The anxiety to be the first to leave

¹ In his memoirs, "Advance and Retreat," General John B. Hood says, with reference to the fall of Atlanta, "The presence of thirty-four thousand Federal prisoners at Andersonville rendered it absolutely incumbent to place the army between Sherman and that point in order to prevent the Federal commander from turning loose this large body, ready to wreak its ill-will upon our people."

On July 27, before the fall of Atlanta, General John H. Winder issued the following order to the officers at

Andersonville: "The officers on duty and in charge of the battery of Florida Artillery at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy have approached within seven miles of this post, open fire upon the stockade with grape-shot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense. It is better that the last Federal be exterminated than be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens, as they will do if allowed to make their escape from prison."

was displayed in many ways, as it was the general impression that those who did leave were to be exchanged. I did not share this anxiety, perhaps because I chanced to belong to one of the first detachments taken out, but I think more because I did not believe we were going to be exchanged. It was quite apparent to Dick Williams and myself, as we discussed the question in all its bearings, that Sherman was getting too near our sylvan retreat to make it at all pleasant for the authorities that held us, and that they, fearing for their ability to hold us there any longer, determined to remove us to safer quarters.

We left the stockade, however, very willingly, knowing that no worse place could be in store for us. Many were foolish enough to leave behind what few possessions they had, such as tattered blankets, shelter poles, cooking tins, etc.; but the good sense of the level-headed ones among us prevented this suicidal business to any great extent, and with the majority my mess of three took with us all we possessed.

I crept out of that filthy sore spot on God's earth for the first time in four months, with but little ambition to speculate upon where next, but with the determination to make a desperate attempt to escape from my guard whenever the slightest opportunity offered. I left behind me the greater number of all my immediate acquaintances, more than half of them among the thirteen thousand dead in the cemetery I never saw. Thirteen thousand dead in a period of a little over four months!

About every third man who entered Andersonville was dead in four months. As many more were rendered physical wrecks forever after. There were a few over forty thousand different men who entered Andersonville. Not quite one-third of that number were alive twenty years after.

Our train moved towards Macon, and after leaving there kept the road towards Savannah. Only one of the slide doors to each box-car was allowed to remain open to give us air, and within that were posted two sentinels. It was but natural that every prisoner within the car should desire to obtain a place near the open door. Of course the most persistent and enterprising obtained the places that could only be occupied by four or five at most. Sometime, while about midway between Macon and Savannah, I succeeded in grasping the long-sought and persistently worked-for place at the open door; and the sentinels had so relaxed their discipline as to allow about four of us at a time to sit upon the edge or floor of the car with our feet dangling out. This was the situation I had been striving for during the last hundred miles of

our travel, and so completely had my attention been occupied with that idea that I had noticed but little of the country through which we were traveling.

About nine o'clock in the evening we came to a stop at a place where the train passed within the station, which was dimly lighted. On another track stood a regular passenger train, well filled with passengers, and among them better-dressed people than I had seen for four months.

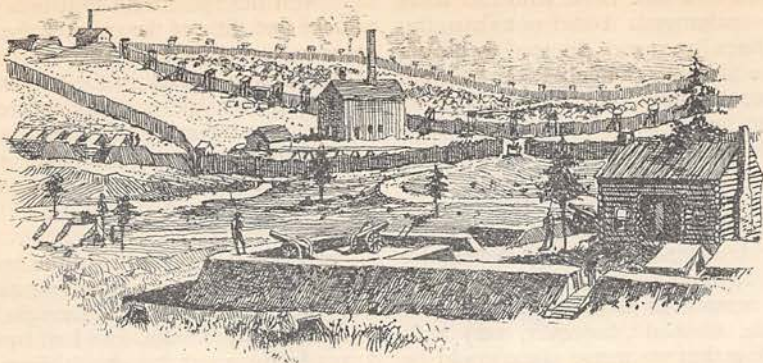
I wondered if I should ever be one of a civilized community again, traveling as I pleased and where I pleased? The thought quickened the action of the brain, and I whispered to the comrade by me that I should jump from the train as soon as it had left the depot and before it had got fully under way; that leaving the lighted depot and moving out into the dark night would blind the sentinels for a time, so that we could not be seen. I urged him to jump with me, but he could not be induced to take the risk.

When the train reached a distance of two or three hundred yards from the station I simply slid down from the car and out into the black night—so black and dark that not the shape of an object could be seen. I landed in some bushes which only scratched me and tore my clothes, adding a trifle to their already tattered condition; while the sentinel standing in the car door fired his musket out into the blackness, and a number of the guard upon the top of the train followed his example. The moment I struck I crawled up alongside the track, which brought me under the projecting sides of the cars as they sped on, and there I lay like a log till the train was half a mile away.

I first tried to recall my school-boy knowledge of the geography of the State of Georgia, and that part of it that might appertain to a spot on the Macon and Savannah Railroad about sixty miles from Savannah. Meantime I kept walking mechanically in the direction my train had gone, and soon found myself upon trestle-work in a swamp. The night was dark, though starlight, and there seemed no alternative but to keep along upon the trestle.

I walked through the long night till I could barely drag one leg after the other, frequently stopping to rest in the damp air of the swamp. The only sounds I heard were the occasional hooting of an owl and the frequent splashing of alligators. I was getting very lonesome, and even tired of my freedom. It seemed a swamp without end, with only alligators and owls for companionship. Doré must have seen some such place, else he could never have drawn his illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

At the first signs of morning I reached higher land where the railroad left the trestle.



VIEW FROM WIRZ'S HEADQUARTERS OF THE STOCKADE AT ANDERSONVILLE.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

Leaving the track, I started off through a scattering growth of bushes, seeking an opportunity for a bath and for water to drink. While in the act of bathing, only a few minutes before the sun rose, two men came suddenly upon me, each armed with a double-barreled gun, and informed me that they were out quail-hunting. It is possible they were on the watch for me, as I learned later that my train made a stop about half a mile from where I left the swamp, which gave the guard an opportunity to inform the natives that there were stragglers about.

They questioned me pretty sharply, and I must have made some very uncertain replies, for our consultation ended in their taking me in charge. They conducted me to a building, in the midst of a little settlement, that seemed to be used as a carpenter's shop. They gave me all I wanted to eat,—fried egg-plant, hominy, and pork,—and a bed of shavings which was royal. I did not feel very bad over my recapture, so after eating my fill I fell asleep, and was only awakened by my captors about three o'clock in the afternoon in order to place me aboard the next train-load of prisoners, which they flagged for my special benefit. They very kindly gave me a parting ration of pork and hominy. I found several of my Andersonville acquaintances in the car upon which I was placed, and shared with them my generous allowance of pork and hominy. My full stomach and night's experience had roused my spirits wonderfully.

I reached Savannah only one day behind my proper train. Sometime in the night we were marched a short distance into an inclosure of high brick walls, which I soon learned was the jail yard of Savannah. Here I found the car-load of prisoners from which I had escaped, and regained my privileges and share of our mess of three.

At daylight the next morning the jail yard

was eagerly explored, and among other things I discovered a small patch where there had been some Irish potatoes, evidently gathered several days before; but in carefully scratching over the loose sandy soil with sticks, in common with hundreds of other prisoners, I obtained six or seven small potatoes as large as walnuts, which were eagerly devoured raw. They relished better than anything I had eaten for four months, probably because I had begun to feel the creeping on of scurvy.

We remained in the Savannah jail yard four days. Personally I had enough to eat while there. The fifth day we again took box-cars for another jaunt at the expense of the Confederacy. The old story of "exchange" was told by our guard; and this time we moved towards the north, which made the story so plausible that none of us made any attempt to escape, though several good opportunities offered.

We reached Charleston sometime during the afternoon, and were unloaded from the train within that part of the city which had been shattered and partly burnt by the shells from the Union batteries upon Morris Island. We had heard much from the Confederate authorities of the cruelties practiced upon the pet city of the South by these batteries, and more particularly by the single Union gun called the "Swamp Angel." We were also told that the whole city was so incensed by the ruin and suffering imposed upon them by the blockade, as well as by the shattering of their beautiful city, that we were in danger of being mobbed unless strongly guarded and protected. We were thus made suspicious and timid about our reception, and our astonishment was great when we found the treatment exactly the opposite of what we had been led to expect. Instead of being obliged to protect their prisoners from a mob, our guards were obliged to use all their faculties to prevent the inhabitants from giving us an ovation. They

crowded upon us, particularly the women, and slyly passed us eatables of all kinds, clothing, and in some cases even money—of the Confederate stamp, however. In fact, we found very much real sympathy displayed for us in every possible manner. Those who were the most forward in showing us kindness were generally of the working classes, and of Irish or German nationality, whose sympathies were never very strongly with the South.

We were marched outside the city to an open park, called the Washington park or race-course, by the side of the Ashley River. Here they corralled us to the number of seven or eight thousand. A plow was drawn around our camp, turning a single furrow, which constituted the dead-line. It was as near a circle as the plowman could make it. Fifteen feet outside this circle the sentinels paced, each one having a beat of thirty feet. Our camp was without form or comeliness, each prisoner being at liberty to occupy whatever space he chose within the circular dead-line. Its location was fine, even picturesque, and with tents for shelter and sufficient rations would have been all that could be desired. Wood enough was furnished for fuel to cook with, and the rations were the best ever issued to us while in the Confederacy. We labored under great disadvantages from lack of cooking utensils or vessels for holding water, and not being upon the immediate bank of the river, we were obliged to dig wells or holes in the ground for water. This was not difficult, as it was only necessary to dig three feet to find water, though it was a little brackish. From the number of holes dug it seemed as though every other prisoner had a well of his own; and these wells added to the uncertainty of moving about in the night. It was an hourly occurrence night and day for some hapless prisoner to step into one of them, though with but little harm. Usually fires were kept burning in the camp, which rendered it fairly lighted during the night. Our treatment gave us no particular cause for complaint, and for the first ten days I bore it philosophically; then an uneasy feeling took possession of me. I soon succeeded in interesting George A. Ray, Dennis Short, and James B. Snow in an attempt to escape, provided I should succeed in the plan we had been discussing. Frank K. Bonney, the comrade that I should have preferred to all others, being the most fertile in resource and wide awake for any undertaking, was too much out of health to take part in our schemes except to advise. He and James Snow occupied the same shelter of blankets with myself, located as near the dead-line furrow as was allowed by the guard.

I had observed that after midnight the sen-

tinels would frequently get sleepy, and instead of following their rigid instructions, that all should pace in one direction at the same time, they would occasionally come together, set down their muskets, and chat for a while.

One-half of all our number were without shelter of any kind and slept in the open air, so that the sentinels were accustomed to see the prisoners sprawled upon the ground in all manner of positions. This fact saved me from attracting any particular attention as I thus lay for several nights, so near the dead-line that my hand could reach it. As I watched, our plan seemed to grow very simple—to make a quick dash by the guard, out into the dark. I was willing to lead, as it was much safer, to my mind, to be the first to cross the line than to be the second; and the very night following our agreement, just before midnight, when the sentinel whose beat I was watching shuffled by me half asleep, with his musket held in the most unhandy position possible for quick use, I dashed across his beat as fleet and still as a fox, and out two hundred yards, where I lay flat in some tall, rush-like grass to watch and wait for the coming of my comrades.

My dash across the line aroused the sentinel somewhat, also the two adjoining sentries, but not sufficiently to make them realize what had taken place. I remained in the edge of the darkness, whence I could view the sentinels and my comrades, yet entirely out of their vision, watching every movement made, expecting every moment to see one of them start to join me. After waiting nearly an hour, it was evident they had given up the attempt.

My disappointment was so great that I seriously thought of trying to return to the camp, but upon rising to my feet the sense of freedom was too strong to permit my voluntary return. Upon turning my back to the camp the night was not so dark but that I could see the objects about, and within thirty minutes I was in a patch of sweet potatoes, where I dug with my fingers and ate till tired. The most feasible plan of escape that seemed to offer was to work down to the lowest point of the city nearest the Union batteries, and trust to circumstances for a small boat, or even a large plank, and to Providence for a favorable tide to float me down the harbor. Stowing away sweet potatoes about my clothes, I started to execute the brilliant idea.

About three o'clock in the morning I reached a shed-like structure, near the lower part of the city, where two old negroes were evaporating sea-water from large vats made of sheet iron—a very slow process of obtaining salt. The negroes made me welcome, and said I would be safe there for an hour. At their

suggestion, I boiled my sweet potatoes in one of the vats.

I learned that my plan of floating with the tide out to the Union batteries was a very dangerous one, though it was tried every dark night when the tide was favorable by some of the black men, many of whom were successful in reaching the Union lines, but many were shot or recaptured by the pickets constantly patrolling the whole harbor.

My enthusiasm was a little dampened, but I concluded to take the risk the next night provided I could secrete myself during the day just dawning. A large pile of lumber upon one of the wharves appeared to be the best hiding-place, and I easily crawled well into the pile. Sleep must have overtaken me almost immediately, but my dreams were brought to a sudden termination by a large gang of negroes, under the direction of two white overseers, who were overhauling the pile of lumber and loading it upon drays. I was taken out and questioned by the overseers as to the nature of my business in that vicinity. Hailing one of the mounted patrol, they delivered me to his care, and he marched me to the provost marshal at the city jail; thence I was returned to the prisoners' camp about two o'clock in the afternoon.

The officers of the guard questioned me sharply as to the means of my escape, and more particularly as to the identical beat that I crossed. On my refusing to tell they threatened to place me in the stocks, and even to use the lash upon my back. But underneath all their bluster I could detect a lurking respect for my boldness, and for my sense of honor in not implicating any who might have aided me.

The next two days were spent, with the assistance of Frank Bonney, Dennis Short, and George Ray, in mapping out a plan for reaching the Union lines after leaving the prison camp, which we fully decided to do on the first favorable night. My easy run past the guard had so emboldened my comrades that I was confident one or more of them would accompany me next time. We finally settled upon the plan of traveling nights across the State of South Carolina, making our objective point the mountains of East Tennessee.

The third night after my recapture I ran the guard in the same manner as before, only without attracting the slightest attention from the sentinel, and I have no doubt he was quite asleep, though standing upon his feet and leaning on his musket. George Ray followed within five minutes, also without attracting any attention, and in a few minutes more Dennis Short followed, but without the same success. A few days before the camp had been contracted a little, so that many of the holes dug for wells

were left outside the dead-line, and even outside the sentinel's path.

When just passing the sentinel's beat Dennis stepped into one of these holes, which caused him to measure his full length upon the ground, making a noise like the falling of a heavy log. Instantly he sprang to his feet and kept on, though a little wild with fright from his mishap. The noise aroused the sentinel whose beat we had crossed, and also several of his nearest comrades, and they quickly fired their muskets, though at what I never could guess, as the shots were aimed in any direction but at us. This aroused the relief guard, who came running to the scene of action. It required several minutes of persistent effort to attract Dennis's attention to us. He was a good deal excited, and I finally crept out towards him and drew him farther away from the light.

When the camp had quieted down we took a road leading, as we supposed, across the narrow peninsula that joins Charleston to the mainland. After following this road for over a mile we brought up on the bank of the Ashley River. Well knowing the hounds would be after us as soon as our absence was discovered, we waded and swam down the river a mile to the camp left at the race-course, and emerged from the river two or three hundred yards below it, and then went straight for the only road leading out of Charleston over the peninsula.

We were all barefooted. The picket-post, by the side of an earthwork thrown across the peninsula from river to river, was safely passed about three o'clock in the morning, and we felt comparatively free. We pushed rapidly on for about four miles, the greater part of the distance being through a swamp which obliged us to keep to the road till day began to lighten; then, leaving the road, we struck away from it through the woods, in spots through a tangled undergrowth of palmetto and kindred shrubs, to the rear of a large plantation a mile away. Here we slept soundly till the sun was nearly down.

I awoke very hungry, and sore and stiff in every joint. Keeping well screened from observation behind the brush, and in the full-grown corn which reached to the edge of the wood, I succeeded in getting near enough to the quarters to attract the attention of an old white-headed black man who seemed very busy about nothing in particular. He did not seem to take that interest in us which I supposed he would when told who we were, but I learned later that he was much more interested than his manner showed. He promised to do what he could, and cautioned me that we must not stir from our hiding-place till he, or some one whom he would

send, could find an opportunity to come out to it. Our waiting was very patient during the first hour, but very impatient the second. We began seriously to doubt his ever coming. Not having any means of knowing the time, we were quite sure it was near midnight when a slight cough indicated the presence of some one, and without further signal the old black man stepped noiselessly in among us, followed in a moment or two by another somewhat younger man. He produced a boiled chicken, and his comrades several large corn-pones. As we were eating, the old man "allowed," "You 'ns war hungry, sure!" We learned that it was not quite ten o'clock; that we were only about seven miles from Charleston; that the whole county was constantly patrolled by men too old to do service in the army, and that with our limited knowledge of the county the only way for us to travel was upon the county roads, always keeping a sharp ear for the patrol, and not allowing ourselves to be seen by a white man. He said we need not be afraid to make our wants known to the old men among the blacks, and they would help us to the extent of their ability. With a hearty "God bless you!" we started on, rested and enthusiastic.

Our tramp was not molested during the whole night. Towards morning a deer crossed the road, so near as to be distinctly visible, which was the only live thing seen. As it began to grow light we again took to the woods, away from the traveled road, selecting a resting-place half a mile from three negro cabins seen in the edge of the woods, which seemed to be inhabited, as smoke was issuing from the chimneys.

We had tramped without resting for five hours. Sleep overtook us speedily, but about noon I was awakened either by the hot sun shining full upon me or by the sound of chopping near by. A short and whispered consultation decided us that it was necessary to investigate; so, creeping cautiously through the brush, I soon came in sight of a middle-aged colored man, stripped to the waist, and splitting rails. After assuring myself that he was alone, I hailed him.

He answered immediately, in a low tone, informing me that he had known of our presence all the morning; that his only object in being in that particular place splitting rails was to watch for us and give warning in case of danger; that I must go right back to the other two and keep quiet till he came for us after dark. He did all this talking without once looking up from his work, as though talking to himself.

After dark the black led us into one of the three log-built cabins. They were short of corn-meal with which to make the universal corn-pone. To supply the deficiency the ne-

gro's child, a girl about fifteen years old, took a peck of corn in a bag upon her head and traveled through the woods three miles: with the aid of two other girls she ground the corn in a hand-mill. She returned alone with the meal within two hours, and said she was glad to do it for "Uncle Lincum's men." It was soon baked for us, and, with plenty of boiled eggs, made us happy again.

During the three hours' conversation with our host and a neighbor that he had invited in we got and gave much information. As we were about starting again upon our tramp our host said that the colored folks wanted to get just a sight of "Uncle Lincum's soldiers," and, sure enough, they were all waiting for us outside the cabin, to the number of twelve or fifteen. We shook hands with them all, men women, and children, resuming our tramp about eleven o'clock. We still kept the main traveled road, which led in the direction of Columbia.

Not much worth noting occurred during this and the two following nights and days. The country seemed to be sparsely settled, though it might have appeared different by daylight. Towards morning of the sixth night of our tramp we dodged back into the woods as usual, half a mile or so from the road, found a comfortable camping-place, and immediately dropped asleep. We were awakened, however, very soon, by the sound of chopping so near our hiding-place as to discover the chopper to us as soon as our eyes could be fairly rubbed open. He was a mulatto, not over twenty years of age, stripped to the waist, and cutting wood for the Charleston market, as it proved. In less than an hour we reckoned him one of us. He had quickly decided to go with us and seek his freedom at the North by acting as our pilot.

Our misfortunes began with his acquaintance, although through no particular fault of his. About noon I killed two large snakes called the "pilot-snake," from the fact that they are generally found in the vicinity of rattlesnakes. The mulatto said that my killing them was a bad omen; it would be followed by meeting my deadly enemy next. As night approached we decided to cross the Congaree River on a small flatboat that the mulatto knew where to find; keep well round and away from the city of Columbia; then take a general northwest direction, which had been our direction thus far, and we calculated that seven more nights of travel would take us to the Tennessee line.

The mulatto returned to us about an hour after dark with a large bag well filled with ham, meal, and sweet potatoes, which he proposed to take across the river and on a mile or two to a secluded place where there were

friends of his who would cook the food for us. Just before dark we were made uncomfortable by a cold rain, which decided us to start about nine o'clock.

At the cross-roads near which we found ourselves was a settlement of perhaps eight or ten houses, only one of which was lighted. From that the light streamed through an open door directly across the road which we must pass. As we moved across this streaming ray of light it made us all fearfully conscious that we could be plainly seen if by chance any one was looking that way, and this uncomfortable feeling could not be shaken off. The sequel proved that this ray of light was the trap set for us or for any straggling darkies or Confederate soldiers. It was in one sense a picket-post well guarded, as we learned afterwards was the case at every important cross-roads in the Confederacy.

Before we had gone a mile we were conscious of the barking of dogs in the road behind. The mulatto said our game was up, and that he would be killed if caught with us. I assured him that we would stand by him and not see him punished because he happened to be caught with us. I advised him, if caught, to plead that he was going to see his sweetheart with the rations in his bag,—which was, in fact, the place we were making for to get our cooking done,—and had just happened to fall in with us a mile back. The above was all planned in three minutes, for in that time the dogs, seven or eight of them, all leashed together, and accompanied by eight horsemen, were upon us. We quickly dodged into the thick brush by the side of the road, while four of the horsemen stopped, and the remaining four rode on fifty yards beyond and halted.

Immediately the one who seemed to have charge of the horsemen and dogs called to us to come out into the road and give an account of ourselves. The mulatto was afraid of his life, and we advised him to improve the opportunity to run, thereby obtaining a good chance to get clear of the whole business while we engaged the attention of the dogs. Our parley lasted for a half-hour or more, after which we encountered the dogs and beat them off with our walking-sticks. From swearing and cursing the men changed to entreaty, and begged us to let the dogs alone and come out and we should be treated like gentlemen. We knew that we must, sooner or later; and when they had succeeded in securing their dogs, and we were satisfied the mulatto had got a fair start, we three dilapidated-looking specimens of humanity stepped out into the road. The leader inquired for the fourth man, and I immediately knew we had been seen and counted while passing the lighted doorway

at the cross-roads. I replied that he was a negro we had fallen in with a half-hour before, but that we did not know where he was going or where he came from. This answer seemed to satisfy them partly; nevertheless a man was sent into the brush, with two of the dogs, to pick up his track and find him. The mulatto instead of making the shortest track for his master's place very foolishly ran in the opposite direction and was caught upon the bank of the river, and within an hour was brought to join the rest of our party.

Our captors gave us comfortable quarters, and we were soon on very good terms with them. The mulatto was brought in shortly before midnight, and, without any waste of words, was stripped to the waist and securely lashed to the trunk of a tree, with his arms about the tree and so elevated as barely to allow his toes to touch the ground. Then his master was sent for and the mulatto sharply questioned. His master had not missed him, which was in his favor, and he told substantially the same story agreed upon before our capture, and stuck well to it. They did not make out much of a case against him, but concluded to whip him on general principles; yet on my intercession he was let off and sent home. One fact, perhaps, had as much to do in saving the mulatto's skin as my defense: he had not quite got beyond the two-mile limit from his master's place within which he had the liberty, in common with all the negroes, to roam.

The next morning a mule-team drew us to the nearest railroad station, seven or eight miles distant, where we were placed on board one of the regular passenger trains. Our captors, upon parting with us, cordially wished us well and a final and safe return to our homes, and expressed the honest wish that our next attempt to reach the Union lines might be more successful. We were placed in charge of a guard that I was told traveled with all the trains within the Confederacy. The Confederacy was truly under martial law throughout its length and breadth.

Our journey to Charleston was unimportant. We reached the city about dark, and soon learned that the whole prison camp had been broken up and our comrades taken to Florence, in the same State. We were taken to the city jail for safe-keeping. The provost-marshal, in whose charge we were placed, made some effort to see if we could not be exchanged and sent to the Union lines at Morris Island, but without success; so we were placed in a large room on the third floor, already occupied by fourteen Confederates "absent without leave."

I devoted the first hour to making a critical survey of the premises, and discovered that there

was but one window to the room, and that not barred; that it overlooked the jail yard, on the opposite side of which was the building in which the "Charleston Courier" was printed; that the presses were going all night (the windows to the press-room being thrown wide open); that the jail yard was wholly unguarded, so far as appearances went; that an iron trellis was built up to the top of the second-floor window for a grapevine and under the window to our room; that the only sentinel or watch discoverable was the one in the hallway at the head of the stairs outside our room.

I communicated the result of my inspection to my comrades and the disconsolate rebels, urging upon them the feasibility of escape that night. Dennis was ready to assist in the execution of any plan offered. George complained of being sick and too tired to keep his eyes open. A number of the Confederates "allowed" they would follow if we succeeded in what they considered a desperate undertaking. I was anxious to get one or two of the Confederates to join, because they lived in the northwestern part of the State and were used to a hunter's life.

Borrowing a jack-knife from one of the rebels, I cut away the sash of our window overlooking the trellis and the jail yard,—the racket from the presses drowning all the noise I could make,—and succeeded in a few minutes in removing four lights. Dennis assisted me, but George slept soundly through it all, and not one of the Confederates would bear a hand. Without losing any time in reflections or further urging my room-mates, I crawled through the window, feet foremost; hanging from the window-sill with my hands I easily reached the top bars of the trellis with my feet. With my hands on the top bars of the trellis I dropped down through to the ground. Being in the shadow of the jail I could not see the ground, and it seemed like a fall of twenty feet, though it was probably not more than six. I crouched upon the ground for a moment or two to assure myself that the slight noise made had not attracted attention, then shot like an arrow across the yard and around the corner of the "Courier" building, in the shadow of which I was comparatively safe from observation.

From there I could see the form of Dennis crawling through. He scrambled down more like a frightened cat than with the well-trained nerves of an athlete.

We patiently waited half an hour for the others to follow, but they never came. We ended-up an old plank, taken from a pile by the side of the "Courier" building, against the twelve-foot brick wall, and in less time than it takes to tell it were once more free upon one of the back streets of Charleston.

It was somewhat after midnight, and we sought the road that had led us out before; but this time we were not so fortunate. As we attempted to pass through the opening left in the earthworks for the road we were seen by a sentinel, and in answer to the ominous click of the lock to his musket we surrendered.

During the morning one of the guard marched us back to the provost-marshal's office at the jail, which we reached about ten o'clock. After the provost-marshal had done his regular routine of swearing we were handcuffed and bound together with ball and chain. I told the provost-marshal that some day we should be able to tell our children of our confinement in the Charleston jail; of our being shackled together because we had removed four lights of glass from one of the jail windows. I told him how we had escaped from the "Washington race-course," and of our run through the country. Finally, at his own instance, he removed the irons on our word of honor not to attempt another escape so long as we were in his charge. We were well fed, had the liberty of the office, corridors, and jail yard, but our first parole was of short duration, for in three hours we were placed on a regular passenger train to follow our comrades to Florence.

Our arrival there was sometime during the night. We were turned loose into the stockade like two lost sheep returned to the flock. This was about the 1st of November. My health was good, but the weather was growing quite cold, and my clothing, for many weeks very scanty, was now in tatters. It was made up of the dilapidated crown of the army regulation hat, without brim, a thin fatigue blouse, which also did duty as a shirt, without buttons, but tied together with strings, and an apology for trousers, so frayed at the bottoms as to reach only half way from the knees to the ankles; I had no shoes or stockings. And as our rations were not sufficient by half, and included no meat, the winter prospect was rather discouraging. My own physical condition on entering the stockade at Florence was superior to that of nine-tenths of my comrades, which was in a great measure due to my frequent escapes.

LIFE IN THE FLORENCE PEN.

THE stockade at Florence was so similar to the one at Andersonville that it needs but little description. It inclosed about eight acres, upon the two slopes of a valley through which ran a large stream of water of six times the volume of the one at Andersonville. This stream was bordered upon both sides by a swamp comprising about two acres, which in wet weather was almost impassable. At such times it was necessary to wade above the knees in the black

swamp muck in order to reach the stream to procure water. Much of the time during the winter the frost was an inch deep and ice formed over the stream, but never, I think, sufficiently thick to bear one's weight. The ice rendered the wading very disagreeable; besides, few possessed dishes or cups that would hold over a pint or quart.

During the winter hundreds of starved, half-naked, emaciated prisoners stood at the edge of the swamp, with their trousers tucked up to their hips, or, in many instances, without any at all, soliciting the job of filling the cups of those in want of water, for a quid of tobacco, a mouthful of food, or a stick of wood.

Very soon after my arrival within the stockade I clubbed my all together with James B. Snow and Frank K. Bonney, who had preceded me but a few days. Aside from what we had upon our backs—and Snow and Bonney were no better clothed than I—we mustered a dilapidated army blanket; a regulation overcoat worn very thin and rotten; three haversacks; one canteen; two tins used for plates, made by splitting a canteen; one tin cup that held a quart; one pail, holding about two quarts, roughly made from old tin that had once done service upon the roof of a baggage car; one case knife; one iron spoon; an apology for a jack-knife; and one tobacco pipe.

The nights were growing very cold, and we had already experienced a cold storm of several days' duration without any shelter. Many had burrowed into the ground from the hillside, covering their burrow with a blanket; but we decided that our shelter must be on the top of the ground if we wished to live.

It required one full week to finish the shelter, which, except the roof, was built of mud from the swamp. This swamp muck had considerable clay mixed through it, and when baked dry in the sun it would retain its form very well, and even withstand much wetting before it would break down. We brought this mud from the swamp in our hands, about one hundred yards, to the site selected for our building, mixing it to the proper consistency at the swamp, so that it was ready to add to the walls as soon as brought.

It was necessary to build slowly, that one layer of mud might dry to a certain extent before another was added. The molding was all done with the hands, and the mud pressed as compactly as possible. We built the walls about ten inches thick and three feet high to the eaves, while the gable ends brought the ridge five feet from the ground. Its size had to be such that the woolen blanket would cover it as a roof. This gave us a hut about six feet long and four feet wide inside. One end, facing the south, was about half taken up with a

mud chimney built about seven feet high, leaving the remainder for an entrance. The chimney furnished us with a fireplace about twenty inches square. Snow, Bonney, and myself occupied this mud hut for two months. It sheltered us from the cold, but eternal vigilance was necessary to keep it even comparatively dry during stormy weather.

About the time it was finished I managed to get out one day on the regular detail sent for wood, and I brought back the overcoat stuffed full of pine needles, which were spread upon the ground for bedding. When the weather was very cold, the overcoat was used to close the opening left by the side of the chimney. It was a snug, comfortable nest in dry weather, even without a fire; though much of the time we managed to obtain wood so that a fire of splinters could be kept going during the long, cold evenings.

The rations throughout were delivered to us raw. For the first two weeks about one-half our number obtained from one to two ounces of fresh beef on every alternate day, the other half taking it the other day; but this was soon stopped, and during all the winter months no meat was issued. The rations for three-fourths of the time were about eight ounces of corn-meal for each man per day. Occasionally about half the quantity of flour, "cow peas," or rice would be substituted. The ration of "cow peas" was always very acceptable in exchange for the meal, being a fair substitute for it in sustaining qualities, but the flour and the rice were not so satisfactory, a ration of either containing much less nutriment than the corn-meal or the "cow peas."

There were days when our scant rations failed to appear at all, through some flimsy excuse, and once none were delivered for three days. The occasion of this failure was Lieutenant Barrett's difficulty in counting us.

This Lieutenant Barrett was an ignorant man, supposed to be a renegade Yankee, whose occupation was that of a "negro driver" before the war. I was told by Adjutant Cheatham that these Yankees, who usually came South to make money, were very apt to become negro traders.

Every Sunday a thorough count was made of our numbers by driving every man who could hobble to one side of the creek, then counting them as they returned over a foot-bridge so narrow that but one man could cross at a time.

We were obliged to take all our movable possessions along with us; for if left behind, some of our needy ones would return before the owners and transfer them. Some poor scamp of a prisoner did appropriate a good share of our pine-needle bedding before we returned from one of our weekly pilgrimages. One Sunday

Barrett could not make his count agree with the reported number of prisoners. He declared the count must tally, or the missing ones be accounted for, before we would receive any more rations, and he kept us moving backward and forward across the creek for three days before he was able to discover his own mistake, or consent to issue the regular rations. When the ration did come it was for only one day. No back rations were ever made up to us.¹

This period of three days without rations caused the most acute sufferings, broke down more men mentally and physically, and in all my prison life of ten months was the climax of cruelty to which we were subjected. I had been three days without food after the battle of Chancellorsville, but the deprivation followed immediately upon plenty. In Florence the three days' loss of food followed immediately upon a starvation diet of months. Several hundred deaths were the immediate result.

Our numbers within the stockade at Florence varied from five to nine thousand. Whatever record may have been kept by the prison authorities never came to light. One-third of this number, or about three thousand, died during the four months that this place was used as a prison.

Details were made from the ablest of the prisoners, about one hundred and fifty in all, to cut and bring wood from the heavily wooded swamp in the immediate vicinity of the stockade. I belonged to this detail for about two weeks. It was divided into about fifty choppers and one hundred carriers. We were marched out every morning, except when it was very stormy, about nine o'clock, and paroled each day. This parole amounted to taking an oath to keep within half a mile of the stockade and not to commit any act, by word or deed, against the Confederacy, and was considered binding for twenty-four hours, but we were usually returned to the prison each day about four o'clock.

Each squad of eight men was required to bring out of the swamp one cord of wood during the day. Other squads took it within the stockade, while still others were required to cut a definite amount each day. Being one of a squad to carry the wood out of the swamp after it was cut, I remember that part of the work very well. Some of the squads were sharp enough to have their full complement made up of able men, and the result was

that their task of bringing out a cord would very frequently be accomplished in two hours, while for others it made a serious day's work. We received for our labor an extra ration, which was usually a more generous one than those issued within the stockade; besides, I always carried in an extra stick of wood, begged a little tobacco from some Confederate, gathered some scattering "cow peas" left in an adjoining field, with an occasional stray ear of corn, and also plenty of pine-needles for bedding, thus keeping my messmates in better condition than the average. After about two weeks of wood carrying I contracted a severe cold, and was too ill to keep upon the detail, but managed to have my comrade Snow take my place, so that during the gloomiest, dreariest month of all, December, my mess managed to obtain about two-thirds of a proper supply of food and wood to cook it with.

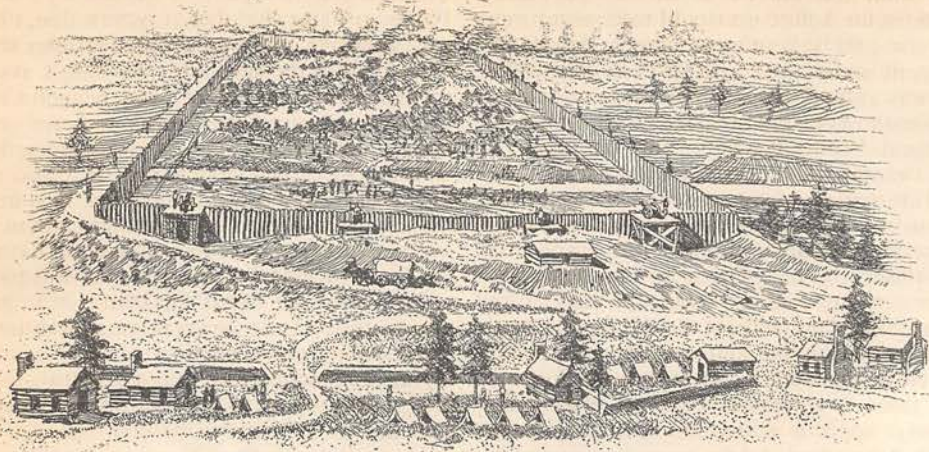
During the month of November, while confined within the stockade at Florence, the presidential election occurred at the North; and although it was spoken of and lightly discussed by some of my prison comrades, yet no great amount of interest was taken in it till we discovered that it was the absorbing topic of the authorities outside, and for days was the only thing that seemed to interest our guard. To a man, their anxiety seemed to center in a desire for the election of George B. McClellan. I believe that underneath their hatred of the Yankee there was love for the Union and that they thought the election of McClellan would open a way for their honorable return to the Union without an "unconditional surrender"; also that Lincoln's election meant a prosecution of the war to the bitter end.

A vast majority of the prisoners were lovers of McClellan, but they also felt that it would be unwise to change leaders. Perhaps we had unconsciously adopted the sentiment, as given by one of our dying comrades in the last words he uttered, that "to love those things the rebels hated, and hate what they loved, would assure any man a safe entrance to heaven."

When election morning dawned great preparations were made by the prison authorities to take a test vote of the prison. Knowing we represented all parts of the great North, they thought our vote would be a fair index of that cast at the North, and in fact it was.

A bag was procured, and presided over by some of our own number, and also supervised by some of the prison authorities. Beans were used for ballots, and we were instructed that a black bean would count for Lincoln and a white bean for McClellan. The intense desire for the election of McClellan was displayed by the prison authorities in their offer of an extra ration to the whole prison if a majority

¹ In his testimony before the congressional committee, Thomas A. Pillsbury of the 16th Connecticut stated that the rations were withheld for three days because Lieutenant Barrett was not able to find out who of the prisoners were digging a certain tunnel. "The man who dug the tunnel," he said, "went out and told him, and then we received our rations."—EDITOR.



THE PRISON PEN AT FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA. (FROM A SKETCH MADE DECEMBER 8, 1864, BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

of white beans were found in the bag, so that every incentive was held out to vote for McClellan; besides, we knew that our vote would have no influence upon the real election.

The result was a great disappointment to our captors. About five thousand five hundred men voted, being marched to the polls in squads of a hundred. Four thousand votes were cast for Lincoln, and one thousand five hundred for McClellan. There was some flanking and repeating, but the above was a fair indication of the prisoners' choice.

The general conditions within the stockade were much the same as those at Andersonville. We retained the same "chief of police," as he was termed, that did such efficient service at Andersonville in suppressing the "raiders." "Big Pete" was the only name we knew him by, a big-hearted, generous fellow, but rough upon those disposed to make our lot any worse than necessary by petty thieving or abuse of any kind. All disputes were referred to him; and the fact that he was thoroughly respected, and even loved by the great mass of prisoners, was sufficient proof of the fairness and justice of his decisions. He was a godsend to us.

Tunneling was indulged in but very little; personally I did not know of an instance. A deep, wide ditch was dug outside the stockade, and the soil from it, thrown against the stockade, was heaped high enough to form a walk for the sentinels and to allow their heads and shoulders to reach above the timbers.

This ditch effectually checked tunneling, and the few escapes that were made from Florence were accomplished by members of the working squads while outside on parole. Under the rules of civilized warfare enlisted

men, or all that part of the army below the rank of the lowest commissioned officer, which is a second lieutenant, are not considered competent to give a parole; and if an enlisted man is paroled it is at the risk of the captor. But an officer who breaks his parole and is recaptured may be put to death.

But those prisoners who did break their parole and were recaptured were usually punished in some manner during the first months of our prison life, by "bucking and gagging," stocks, ball and chain, or were tied up by the thumbs, till the authorities at Washington began to take notice of this treatment and retaliated or threatened to retaliate, which put a stop to it.

My comrade George Ray, who was left behind in the jail at Charleston when Dennis Short and I crawled through the window, escaped by breaking his parole, and succeeded this time in reaching the Union lines, but he had a rough experience, as he has since related to me.

It was sometime in January that General J. H. Winder dropped dead upon the platform of the Florence depot.

This Winder had full charge and control of all prisoners of war. The lack of provisions, shelter, medicines, and all was believed to be the direct result of orders from him. There is no evidence that he acted under the orders or advice, or even sought the advice, of any authority higher than his own, nor was he ever made to answer for his treatment of prisoners of war till he was suddenly called to judgment. The hundreds of complaints of Winder's inhumanity that were made on all sides to the Confederate authorities at Richmond

were simply referred to Winder without comment or advice from them. Wirz and Barrett were his willing tools, and even added to Winder's cruel orders a little cruelty of their own invention; but the fact remains that to Winder belongs the disgrace of Belle Isle, Andersonville, Florence, and Salisbury, with all their horrors.

I have several times spoken of Frank K. Bonney. We were schoolmates for a time before the war, and comrades of the same company when taken prisoners, and his home was about two miles from my own in Massachusetts. He had an uncle, an elder brother of his father, who had settled at Camden, S. C., when a young man, and there married a Lee, a near relative of General R. E. Lee. Some two years before the war Frank's elder sister visited her uncle at Camden, and remained there.

Frank's health was precarious during the whole of our prison life. Much of the time his hands were so crippled with sores as to make him helpless, so that while at Andersonville I wrote one letter for him to his sister, and still another while at Charleston, but he received no reply. We doubted whether the authorities allowed the letters to reach their destination. At Florence Frank became almost helpless from scurvy, and at his request I again wrote to his sister, informing her of his condition, in hopes that she might succeed in reaching and helping him before it should be too late. To make sure, if possible, that the message should reach her, I resolved to place the letter in the hands of Cheatham, the adjutant of the post at Florence, who did all that lay in his power to ameliorate our condition, even going so far as to receive a reprimand from Winder; so that he was something of a favorite with the prisoners. When I asked him to forward the letter the astonished look he gave me made me hesitate. "Do you know Miss Bonney?" he inquired in his sharp, quick way. "Yes," I answered; "her family and mine are near neighbors in Massachusetts." "Go get your traps, and come right out of here!" he said. "But," said I, "her brother is my chum, and I wrote the letter for him because he is so crippled that he cannot write." "Miss Bonney's brother in here? Go bring him out; I want to see him!" was the imperative order.

I went back to Frank, who cleared up the mystery by saying that Adjutant Cheatham was from Camden, and probably knew his sister.

Prospects began to brighten just before total darkness was about to shut in. Frank was unable to travel to the gate, seventy-five yards away, without assistance, and I had reached my lowest condition, weighing only ninety-six pounds as tested by the commissary scales a day or two later, but we were not long in finding the adjutant at the gate, waiting for us.

He immediately took us to his own quarters, and questioned us closely in order to prove our identity.

It soon transpired that Adjutant Cheatham was intimately acquainted with Frank's sister; that she had received the two letters previously sent, the one from Andersonville and the other from Charleston; that she had charged him to look for us as soon as she had heard of the arrival of prisoners at Florence; that she had made repeated efforts for our release from Andersonville, and was about to succeed when we were moved away; that she had visited Charleston in search of us, only to arrive a few days after the camp had been broken up, and was now anxiously waiting to discover our whereabouts.

We were immediately given good quarters, being attached to the "burial squad,"—as it was against all orders to have any of the prisoners paroled outside except for the purpose of performing definite work,—with plenty to eat and some few articles of clothing, which we learned was a part of the supply sent from the North for the prisoners' use; and the adjutant informed us that Miss Bonney would visit us as soon as we were presentable.

No doubt we were hideous-looking objects. Frank's weight was about the same as my own, and he was covered with sores from head to foot. Both were black from the grime and smoke of the camp, with hair uncut for a whole year; but baked sweet potatoes and bacon very soon began to make a change for the better, and a small piece of soap that I obtained one day by chance made a change in our complexion. My own health and strength came back very rapidly, but Frank's never fully returned.

Miss Bonney visited us a few days after our exit from the stockade, bringing Frank a complete suit of homespun with cap and shoes, and for myself some underclothing and a pair of shoes. For the shoes she paid \$80, and in like proportion for the other clothing. She made every effort to take Frank to Camden with her, but Adjutant Cheatham could not obtain official consent; so he was made comfortable at Florence, while I, in a few days, was able to do my share of duty with the men who buried the Union dead.

Nine men, all paroled prisoners, composed this "burial squad." It was our duty to receive the dead as they were delivered from the stockade each day, bury them, mark the graves, and keep a register of each name, company, and regiment, with a number, corresponding to the number against the name in the register, placed at the head of each. The only articles furnished by the prison authorities to assist in giving this last sad rite to the long-

suffering dead were a two-mule team with a negro driver, shovels, and an ax.

We made every effort to give decent burial, but there were between twenty and thirty to be placed away each day, and only nine men, not one of whom was able to do more than half an able-bodied man's work, to perform this duty.

The headboards, upon which were cut the numbers that corresponded with the register, we split from pine logs. This work was performed conscientiously, so that at any future day a body could be reclaimed with the certainty that it was what the headboard with its number represented it to be.

All this time it was evident that the Confederacy was fast falling to pieces, and our deliverance not far distant. The tone of the prison authorities began to change, particularly to those of us who were enjoying the outside parole. The guard began to fraternize with us, showing a disposition to be neighborly. One of them made the burial squad a present of a very fine ham, such a ham as they at the South only know how to cure, and a bushel of sweet potatoes. They began to lounge into our little log-hut and chat with us during the evening, and play cribbage, chess, and checkers. We were invited into their camp. The last two or three weeks of our stay at Florence we could go and come pretty much as we pleased after our day's duties were done. At last we were told that they could hold us no longer, and that we would be placed on board the cars as fast as they could be obtained and run into the Union lines at Wilmington. Adjutant Cheatham requested all the paroled men to remain to help off the last train-load, which would consist of the sick and totally disabled.

I watched for my comrades as the prisoners filed out of the stockade. I took Snow, McCullom, and Short by the hand as they emerged from this gate to Hades, and assured them that they were really bound for God's country this time. The last load left the fourth day after. We worked till near midnight in loading the box-cars with their half-living, half-dead human freight, the remnants and dregs of the Florence prison. Seven died on the way to the train, and more than twenty while en route between Florence and Wilmington. We placed aboard the train nearly a hundred cases of small-pox, and two hundred cases in the last stages of scurvy—whose condition I dare not describe. The excitement and efforts to revive the almost dying kept my nerves and muscles strung till the last man was

on board; then I felt faint and deathly sick, and could not ride inside the cars with the loathsome sick and dying. I climbed to the top of the train, and rode for the first fifty miles in a cold northeast rain storm, until so thoroughly wet and chilled that I shook from head to foot like a man with ague. Then I crawled along to the engine and over the tender into the cab, where I found four of my comrades, who had preceded me to get warm, and we rode here the remaining distance to Wilmington. We supplied the tender and fire with wood, and, in short, pretty much ran the train as we pleased. Soon after daylight of March 1, 1865, I saw the first free Union soldier in ten long months, in the form of a foraging cavalryman. Our whole train-load cheered him with all the noise we could make, and waved some kind of a rag. I never saw a more astonished soldier. Evidently he did not comprehend the situation. About noon we reached the Union lines, upon the opposite side of the river from Wilmington, where we were met by ambulances, surgeons, and everything possible to make us comfortable, and there we saw the glorious God-given flag, the Stars and Stripes of a free people!

I could not eat during the three days we spent at Wilmington, but did drink a little coffee, that we had longed for so much.

We were taken from Wilmington on a small steamer over the bar, and transferred to the ocean steamer *Livingston*, that was waiting in the offing. I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and when I woke again it was to find myself in the Jarvis General Hospital, at Baltimore, with three weeks of lost time to be accounted for. The surgeon told me that I had been delirious during that time; that I was now on the fair road to recovery, and must remain quiet several days longer.

In response to my importunate appeals, I was promised a furlough as soon as I should be able to walk to the office. This I attempted every day till the fourth day I succeeded, but it took me to the end of my rope. The surgeon tried to persuade me to remain a few days longer; but I was bent on going home; I claimed his promise, and the furlough was written. A hackman took me in his arms to his vehicle, and from that aboard the train in the Baltimore depot. The journey to Boston I do not remember. Somehow I got there, and another hackman carried me to my uncle's house and placed me upon the lounge in his sitting-room. The next morning I was carried to the cars and rode out home, twenty miles, and was borne into my father's house.

outer walls and almost level with their tops. Fragments, not too large to be moved with comparatively simple machinery, and the proper position of which could be accurately determined by their inscriptions, lie everywhere; heads of statues, and even parts of obelisks, could be put in place. No one who sees the results of the work done in excavating the columns of Luxor, and in some cases reconstructing parts with brick and plaster, can doubt that similar labor put upon Karnak would repay a hundred fold in our day, and it might be the means of preserving to the world its grandest ruin. A recent commission has estimated that \$15,000 spent upon Karnak will make it safe from immediate danger and practically restore it, and \$42,500 is asked for by this commission as the minimum amount imperatively needed for the preservation and protection of all the most important temples.

Egypt must be aided in guarding her treasures. There is already a system of surveillance, and a tax of one pound is levied upon every Nile traveler to contribute to the preservation of the temples. But the ignorance and cupidity of the Arab guardians is apparent to every tourist: for a sufficient *bakshish* they can easily be induced to leave the traveler while he gratifies his own private bump of acquisitiveness by chipping away a piece of sculpture or cutting out a cartouche. A trustworthy man, of some education, should be in charge of each temple, and held responsible for damages to its walls. To such a man might be intrusted the work of continuing excavations and clearing away rubbish by slow degrees, as at Pompeii, so that no great amount of money need be spent at once; and, as at Pompeii, a new element of interest would constantly be added for the tourist.

The government does all it can with the limited means at command, but Egypt is "a nation meted out and trodden down," and the movement to preserve her monuments and to keep them within her own borders as the common heritage of all nations must come from without.

William W. Ellsworth.

COMMENT.

THE original spoiling of the Egyptians history considers to have been a creditable act; but the "spoiling" by our nineteenth-century vandals in Egypt is not only discreditable but barbarous. The Egypt Exploration Fund, whose vice-president for France is Maspero, is in hearty sympathy with the English society for the preservation of the monuments of Egypt, and some of its officers have started a fund for that purpose. Its managers have repeatedly called attention to the terrible mutilation of sculptures by relic fiends or by those who fill their orders. Professor Sayce, of our Fund, and Colonel Ross write earnestly from Egypt, extracts from their letters appearing in my letter on "Civilized Barbarism," in the "Boston Post" of March 19, 1890. Mr. Ellsworth does not express as much indignation as I then expressed. I closed with these suggestions:

I hope our American press will disseminate these painful facts as to the destruction of precious historical monuments at the instance of vandals who visit Egypt, or who pay gold for monuments that must be had at any and all sacrifice. First, I hope thereby our people will be more careful how they give *carte blanche* orders for mon-

umental remains, without regard to how they are to be obtained. Secondly, that that perfection of pleasure-giving, instruction-imparting tours, a trip up the Nile, may not lose, at least in part, its infinite charm—that of the inscriptions, pictorial representations, ethnographic bas-reliefs of a great people and contemporaneous races of 2000 to 6000 years ago—to all educated people who would profit by their inspection of the remains of ancient Egypt. Lastly, that the importance of exploration and research, such as the Egypt Exploration Fund carries on, may be strikingly emphasized—and more decipherments be made ere it is too late. For its work is above as well as under ground. Professor Sayce declares that "it is evident that whatever inscriptions there are above ground in Egypt must be copied at once if they are to be copied at all."

Brimful with general sympathy for Mr. Ellsworth's views, I must yet touch judicially on a few of his special ideals and intimations. Egypt as a colossal Pompeii means a colossal and impossible fund to preserve absolutely intact her monumental treasures. Hence the museum at Cairo, to preserve the portable treasures, has a grand mission aside from its value as a great museum. Such is the greed of the Turk, Egyptian, Arab, that the greater the fund the greater would be their steals; such is iconoclasm in Egypt that it is religiously bound to deface statues and inscriptions. The most that we can accomplish, with a liberal outlay annually, will be the protection of the chief temples and sites. Let us spend \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year for this purpose; but who will give the money?

The most valuable of the portable sculptures discovered at Bubastis were removed to save them from certain destruction. There was no money for guards to protect them by night and day; much less for building a museum "for the delight and instruction of visitors for all time." The best pieces were reserved for the Cairo Museum, which always has the pick of all "finds" in Egypt, and whose director grants the right to explore for science and his museum's benefit. Most of the objects taken from Egypt by the Fund, by permission of the director, are duplicates which he does not wish, but which are of great value to other museums. Comparatively few people can see Egypt; but hundreds of thousands of people can and do see the collections elsewhere, to their great profit in many cases.

Greece is not a typical case: with fifty fold its monuments and every Greek an iconoclast, the cases would be parallel perhaps. No little triangular jealousy exists between English, French, and German savants in Egypt,—the natural *odium archaeologicum*,—some of whom are sure to let the tongue wag under the influence of the green eye. I notice that sometimes tourists' letters unwittingly catch the glitter of that eye. Let us save the monuments of Egypt; let us explore; let us use the duplicates to make our own "Egypt at Home" for study and profit; all of which is consistent and may be accomplished.

Wm. C. Winslow.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND, BOSTON.

General Lee and the "Yankee in Andersonville."

As a constant reader of THE CENTURY, "A Yankee in Andersonville," by Dr. T. H. Mann, comes under my observation in the July number. The article in

question seems a fair and faithful relation of facts; indeed, as I was in Lynchburg at the time he mentions, I know his account of his experience there is as he states it. Any one who experienced the necessary and often unnecessary horrors of many of the Northern "pens" where so many suffered and died can readily believe, as I do, all he says of Andersonville. But in speaking of seeing General R. E. Lee "for the first and only time in my life," he is evidently inaccurate. Dr. Mann says:

He [Lee] sat upon his horse carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of the saddle, and leisurely smoking a cigar. He appeared a middle-sized man, with iron-gray hair and full gray beard, not very closely cut; as fine-looking a specimen of a man and soldier as I ever saw. He remarked, as we filed past him, "Am sorry to see you in this fix, boys, but you must make the best of it." His tone was kind, and spoken as though he really sympathized with us, as I have no doubt he did.

It is kind in Dr. Mann to think and speak thus of our Lee, but it is plain he never saw General Robert E. Lee. All who knew him will say this picture is not true to nature. "Jeb" Stuart's favorite attitude, sometimes indeed under fire, was to sit "carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of his saddle," and maybe "leisurely smoking a cigar,"—though I never saw him smoke,—but General Lee never did so undignified a thing as this in his life. If there was any trait of his character that was always conspicuous it was dignity, and while on duty he was the sternest man I ever saw. In the social circle he was most courteous and affable. That he should have addressed Federal prisoners gratuitously at all was very unlike him; but if he had, it certainly would not have been in that free-and-easy, glib style quoted. It would have been very much more like him to have used the term *men*, but to have called them "boys" is altogether inconsistent. That he "sympathized" with the prisoners no one will doubt who correctly estimated the goodness and noble-heartedness of the man. His humanity and sympathy for his suffering "people"—a term of his own that he always used in speaking of his soldiers—in my humble judgment alone prevented him from being what Stonewall Jackson was, the greatest general of either army. I was connected with General Lee's army for four years nearly, and I believe if he had been a smoker I would have known it. And I am informed by one who knew General Lee better than I could that he never smoked a cigar in his life.

Very likely Dr. Mann really saw one of the many bogus counterfeits of General Lee, as I have many a time seen them attitudinizing in the conceit that they resembled him in personal appearance, which would explain some inconsistencies of an otherwise interesting and very likely faithful war reminiscence.

Dr. Mann, in speaking of his two-days' railway trip to Danville from Lynchburg (a two-hours' ride now), mentions that it was his only experience of riding in a passenger coach, "box-cars" being used on all other occasions. If he had known how few coaches there were in the Confederacy he would not have been surprised. Our troops, and indeed the sick and wounded, were from necessity nearly always transported in box-cars; and on one occasion as early as 1862, when our resources were not nearly so exhausted, I saw Jefferson Davis get out of a box-car at Gordonsville, having rid-

den from Culpeper, the only other occupants of the car being Federal prisoners captured from Pope's army.

And if Dr. Mann had known how scarce "raw corn" was as late as 1864, he would not have commented on its being issued as rations to prisoners, when very likely our soldiers in the field (many of them) were suffering even for raw corn. I could give some personal experience here in point.

One more item, which I must say with all respect is beyond my understanding, how it was possible for the prisoners at Andersonville to dig wells (not tunnels),—perpendicular wells, and a number of them,—eighty and even a hundred feet deep, in the hard clay soil, with only pieces of old canteens as digging implements. I can believe that the "mass of maggots" was "from one to two feet deep," but there must be some mistake about the depth of the wells or the pieces of canteens.

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DR. MANN'S REJOINER.

It is possible, of course, that I did not see General Lee, but the picture he made sitting upon his horse in the twilight of May 5, 1864, has not yet been effaced from my mind. Dr. Craighill will agree with me that the men of either army, who stood up for four years and took the brunt of battle, were not in the habit of seeing apparitions.

The Confederate army did suffer much from lack of rations, and no doubt at times from lack even of raw corn, but the cause was lack of transportation rather than of such supplies within the Confederacy. There was corn enough rotting in the fields ungathered, and in the bins, within twenty miles of Andersonville to feed properly every prisoner in that stockade.

Why could not a well one hundred feet deep be dug with a split canteen for a shovel and an old case-knife for a pick as easily as could a tunnel? No doubt it puzzled a Virginia planter in ante-bellum days to imagine how a New England Yankee could obtain a living from the bleak and rocky hills he inhabited; yet he did it by digging away, in sunshine and rain, every day in the year except Sundays, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Fast Day, and "'Llection."

*T. H. Mann, M. D.,
MILFORD, MASS. Late of Co. I., 18th Regt. Mass. Vols.*

"The Builders of the First Monitor."

As one of the executors of the late Captain John Ericsson, I feel called upon to correct some of the statements made by Mr. G. G. Benedict in his article in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1890. From documents in my possession, and facts of which I have personal knowledge, it is clear that Mr. Benedict is seriously at fault in many of his statements.

It is not true, for example, that Mr. C. S. Bushnell had less "practical experience and wealth" than his associates. His practical experience in vessels dated from his boyhood, when at sixteen years of age he was master of a large vessel, and a large owner and extensive builder in sailing and steam ships up to the time when he became contractor for the ironclad *Galena*,