

E

61.2

ASM 1985





Class E 6.2

Book L 56 050

40
100

The Life and Adventures of



Sergt. C. W. Murray,

A Soldier in the Army of the Potomac: and his long Confinement at Andersonville Prison, Georgia. Also, the Starvation and Death of his three Brothers.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

MINNEAPOLIS:

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1872.

E 612

· A 5 M 985

213973

10

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1871, BY
GEORGE W. MURRAY,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS :
PUBLISHED BY MANLEY & DADA,
1872.

P R E F A C E

READER; In writing this little book, I do not intend to bring before you a work of style or language, nor a history of the war. I intend simply to present to you a short narrative of my life as a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, and while a prisoner at Andersonville. Having lost the use of both my right arm and leg, which excludes all possibility of doing any work to assist in supporting a wife and three children, I have, therefore, taken this method of raising means for their support. It is also right that you should know of the sufferings of those who fought for your country. Little do you know, unless you have experienced it as I have.

The horrors of Andersonville cannot be exaggerated. We may look back among the dark ages, and even there you will not find a parallel. With them, we could say that ignorance and superstition was the cause of their brutality, and that they did not think that it was wrong, because their religion often demanded it of them. But what excuse can be offered for such conduct in the present age, where ignorance is only the exception, and not the general rule among us? There is none that can be offered. It was pure viciousness that had been engendered by the evil influences of Slavery.

With these few remarks, I throw myself upon the generosity of the public, and crave its aid and assistance in supporting my little family.

Yours Respectfully,

G. W. MURRAY.

HISTORY.

My father was, by occupation, a master mechanic, and resided in the State of New York, where he reared a family of six children—four boys and two girls—of whom I am the youngest. When I was but two years of age, my father removed to Springfield, Mass., and took charge of a branch of the shops, which are known as the “North-Western Shops,” and where, under his direction, I learned the trade of Engineer and Machinist. At the age of thirteen our family was visited by a great misfortune, viz.: the death of my two sisters, which so preyed on the minds of my parents that they soon followed. My mother was the first to leave us, and when I was but twenty years of age, my father also died. As is usually the case after such an event, our family was broken up, and my brothers and myself scattered over the world to seek a livelihood. I went to Boston and took charge of the Norway Iron Works, at which place I remained about eighteen months. My mind became unsettled, however, and my fancy led me to rambling, as is the case with most young men. I must here admit that I was very unsteady, as far as staying in one place long at a time. I was fond of adventure, and very desirous of seeing the world, and becoming acquainted with its customs. I have in my ramblings visited most all the Western States, and worked in most all the principal cities of the far West. But, after a very severe attack of the typhoid fever, I was led to think seriously of providing for myself a home. Acting upon these convictions, I returned to Boston, where I married and provided myself with a comfortable home; and at the outbreak of the great Rebellion was the father of three children.

At this time our country was greatly excited; the two great factions, North and South, were preparing for a great contest, and only awaited the signal which was to precipitate us in a bloody struggle. At length the first gun was fired at Sumpter, and the call went forth for men to defend and uphold the honor of our country and its flag. As I stated before, being fond of adventure, it was not to be wondered at that I eagerly seized upon this opportunity of gratifying my desire, as well as for the protection of my

country and home. Myself, in company with three elder brothers, put down our names to assist in filling up the Eleventh Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, under the command of Col. Clark, who, after the first battle of Bull Run, resigned on account of ill health, and his place was filled by Lieut. Col. Ilston, who had rendered assistance to our country in the war with Mexico.

The regiment was soon filled up, and we were ready to take our departure for the Sunny South; and bidding adieu to my wife and family, I went in defense of our National Liberty. No one can tell, except those who were with me and experienced the same trials that I passed through, the pain of separation. Imagine, if you can, how I must have felt, when obliged to leave those I loved, to meet with privation, danger, and probably death, in a strange land. But should I remain inactive, and see those liberties which I had so long enjoyed ruthlessly plucked from me? I had an uncle who lost his life while struggling to establish this good and glorious Government; also a father who participated largely in the bloody contests of 1812.

Under those circumstances, I deemed it my duty to go and follow the example of my predecessors. So, bidding adieu to home and friends, we took our departure from Boston, via Providence, R. I. and New York, for the seat of war, passing enroute Philadelphia and Baltimore, and receiving marks of enthusiasm and kind greeting throughout our journey, with the exception of the city of Baltimore, which was not altogether as loyal as it might have been, judging from the reception given the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, who preceded us and were mobbed in the streets of that city on the 19th day of April, 1861.

Arriving at Washington on or about the first of June, 1861, we encamped at Camp Green. Camp Green derived its name from the beauty of its situation, and was, at this time, considered the most pleasant locality for a camp around the suburbs of Washington. It was laid out in the most systematic and military manner, and its streets and surroundings were kept in the most perfect order, both in regard to cleanliness and comfort. Here our duties were con-

fined principally to camp and garrison duty—drilling, guard-mounting, parade, as well as the necessary fatigue work incidental to a soldier's life; all of which served to keep us well employed, and to fit us for the more arduous duties soon to follow. We remained at Camp Green until near the time of the first battle of Bull Run, when we received orders to march forward under the command of General McDowell.

I will not attempt to give a description of those battles, as they are so familiar to all, and also because they have been commented upon by abler writers than myself. But only wish to give you a faint idea of army life. I will state to my readers, that I was not accustomed to the life of a soldier or hardships connected therewith. As I have already stated, we received orders to march, and on the 19th of July, 1861, we packed our knapsacks and camp utensils, and made our way toward the memorable battle-field of Bull Run. On the night of the 20th, we halted about two miles from Stone Bridge, and after taking some refreshments, we began to make preparations for the coming day. After all things were put in order, the officers and privates collected themselves together in groups, and were soon busily engaged in conversation, which was kept up the remainder of the evening. Some talked of their homes they had left, others of their wives and children. My three brothers and myself separated ourselves from the rest of the company, and were talking of home and loved ones left behind. Our thoughts were solemn indeed. What would be the morrow's result? In all probability some of us who were conversing together would never behold our friends and homes again. While pondering over the probable results of the future, we were startled suddenly by the sharp crack of a musket on our front, which was immediately followed by several shots all along the picket line, which created not a little excitement in the camp, and caused many to think that the coming struggle was indeed near at hand. Who of us would survive the morrow? Promises were made by comrades, that whoever should fall, the survivor should bear the sorrowful tidings to his friends and loved ones at home. A few remarks were passed

between my brothers and myself concerning the coming struggle: but they, unlike many, did not think of home or family, for all that was left of the family were with us. But with me it was different. I had a home, and those in it that I loved. But all that I could do was to pray that I might, at some period not far distant, see them once more.

We made our beds and were soon in the land of dreams. Day dawned, and it was one of the hottest days that I ever experienced while in the army. About eight o'clock the long roll was sounded and the command was for every man to fall into his place. We soon formed in a line and marched forward to meet the foe. This was our first battle, and therefore the one which was to test our courage, and as we marched forward, the sharp crack of the musket foretold us that our dreadful work was about to commence. We soon reached Stone Bridge, and then we beheld the dark clouds of smoke. With a loud cheer, which issued from the lips of every man, we started on a double quick until we reached the main line of battle, and joined Hooker's division, and supported the right center. No charges were made by our men until about twelve o'clock, when we were ordered to charge. The rebels fell back for half a mile. Several charges were made to our left by the Sixty-Ninth New York Regiment and the Elsworth Zouaves, but the results were of no great importance. The rebel cavalry made several charges on our left, but were repulsed with great loss of life. About two o'clock the rebels were reinforced by about thirty thousand men, who took the place of their nearly exhausted comrades. The day was very hot, and we could get neither water nor food, and many of our men fell from exhaustion; still we held our position at every point. We were cheered by our officers and told to hold our position until reinforcements came to our assistance: that Gen. Halleck was coming to reinforce us. But time rolled on and reinforcements did not reach us, and the forces were fast becoming exhausted, and it was plainly to be seen that victory for us was hopeless, unless we were reinforced soon. Our wearied line must give way to the impetuous charges of these fresh troops

that were hurled against us. In vain the officers tried to rally our drooping spirits and flagging limbs. At about half past five o'clock our lines gave way, and a general panic was the result. Men threw down their arms, and left the field over which they had so gallantly fought for nine long, weary hours.

All was excitement; artillery and cavalry dashed over infantry, and our destruction seemed inevitable. In the meantime the Sixty-Ninth Regiment was outflanked and cut off from retreat. "Surrender or die!" cried the foe, when up rode their giant commander who flourished his sword and exclaimed, "Die before you yield!"

Hand to hand the battle raged, when, by force of superior numbers they were compelled to yield, leaving their Colonel in the hands of the enemy, a prisoner. We became scattered in all directions. We lost in this battle many brave men, among whom might be mentioned Col. Cameron, son of the then Secretary of War. Among the prisoners taken by the rebels were Congressman Ely and wife, of New York, and many others, who, thinking it a matter of impossibility for our army to be defeated, had followed for the purpose of viewing a battle. We learn, however, that on their return from Richmond, they had formed the opinion that the South was not to be trifled with. Whether the rebels were afraid that we would be reinforced, or that they were as badly off as we, I am not prepared to say. At any rate, they did not follow up the advantage they had gained by our retreat, for if they had, I think Washington would have fallen into their hands with but little exertion. No efforts were made to re-organize the demoralized troops until the next morning, when they were occupied three days before the re-organization was accomplished.

All was excitement and confusion in Washington. The three months men whose time had expired, were being sent to their respective homes, and in their place new troops were constantly arriving, and it was seemingly a laborious task to place the army again on the offensive.

Nothing of importance was done, on account of bad weather, until after General McClellan took command.

Oct. 21st, was fought the battle of Edward's Ferry, which resulted in no great loss to this side. Shortly after this, Lieut. Gen. Scott resigned and Gen. McClellan was appointed in his stead, on the 1st of November, 1861, after which, nothing, with the exception of a few skirmishes, took place until Jan. 7th of 1862, when the battle of Blue Gap occurred and on the 19th the battle of Mill Springs, which were followed by another engagement with the rebels at Winchester, on the 24th of March, 1862. Upon Gen. McClellan assuming command of the army, he went to work to thoroughly re-organize it, in every particular. Generals of known merit and skill, were chosen to command the several Corps-de-Armie, into which the army was divided; the men were thoroughly drilled in every detail of army discipline, and what might have been formerly called a disorganized body of men, on the opening of spring, presented the appearance of a magnificent, and well trained army of Veterans.

Everything being in readiness for a move, early in May, the Army of the Potomac left its old position around Washington, and under the command of its idolized Leader, was embarked on transports and conveyed to Fortress Monroe. Disembarking at this point, they were pushed forward rapidly to Yorktown, Va., where Gen. McGruder was found to be in full force, and strongly entrenched. Gen. McClellan finding the rebel position to be too formidable for attack, at once commenced preparations for a siege. Earth-works were speedily thrown up, and in a short time the enemy's position was surrounded with a cordon of works, which might well be deemed impregnable. McGruder finding his position untenable, evacuated Yorktown, and was followed up by the army of the Potomac, who attacked him at Williamsburg, and Gaines Hill, with success, and steadily drove his army back into Richmond. The army of the Potomac now took up its position on the banks of the Chickahominy River, its right wing extending to White House, where Gen. McClellan expected to form a junction with Gen. McDonald's Command, operating from Fredericksburg, and thus form a force sufficient for the capture of Richmond.

Contrary, however, to McClellan's expectation, McDowell was ordered to remain at Fredericksburg and to be prepared to protect Washington in case of a rebel attack, the authorities becoming alarmed for the safety of the Capitol. This left our right wing unprotected, and the rebels immediately took advantage of our position.

June 25th, 1862, was commenced the seven-days battle before Richmond. These battles were fought in the midst of heavy timber, and at times it was impossible to see the position of the enemy. The fighting on both sides was very fierce, and every inch of ground was stubbornly contested. Many of the rebels were killed by the falling limbs which were cut off by our shells. July 1st. was fought the battle of Malvern Hills, which was the close of the seven days conflict. Thus after six nights spent in retreating, and seven days hard fighting, the army of the Potomac was again in a safe position at Harrison's Landing, and although the men had endured unknown sufferings during all this time, the severity of the marches, oftentimes through swamps and dense woods, did but little to sustain them, they were still unsoldiered and confident of victory, and ready at any time to follow under the leadership of their Beloved Commander.

The battle at Malvern Hills was a severe blow to the rebel hordes: the terrific fire of Fitz John Porter's Artillery, had moved them down in great numbers, and they were no doubt glad of an opportunity to escape from further disaster.

On the 11th, Gen. Heileck was appointed Commander-in-Chief. About this time the President issued a call for three hundred thousand men in order to fill our broken ranks. After this, we marched on and fought that bloody and bitter battle of the second Bull Run, on the 30th of August.

The next battle that I was engaged in was that of Antietam, fought Sept. 16th, 1862. This was one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the West, and the losses in killed and wounded on both sides, frightful. It was here that Gen. Burnside, commanding the Ninth Army Corps, first displayed his military skill

to advantage. His storming the bridge over Antietam Creek, was one of the most fearful contests of the day; his men, subject to a raking fire of grape and canister, advanced and charged the bridge, and, although repulsed at first, finally succeeded in driving the enemy from their position and in capturing a number of prisoners: this in fact insured victory for our arms on this memorable day.

After the battle of Antietam our army, nearly worn out from fatigue, decimated in numbers, and also in the need of supplies, were granted a few days respite, although a watchful eye was kept on the movements of the enemy, who still remained in our front.

The enemy, however, finding that our army was being reinforced, and expecting an offensive movement at any time, hastily abandoned their position, and took up their march southward. Our army as soon as possible, started in pursuit, and had nearly overtaken the retreating foe, when on the 7th of November Gen. McClellan was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. Burnside appointed his successor.

This was a great blow to both the officers and men of his army, and but few dry eyes were to be seen among the tried veterans when the news of the removal of their beloved Commander reached them. No General who succeeded McClellan gained the same confidence from the men that he did, and when his farewell address was delivered to them, they felt as if they had lost a friend indeed, but as soldiers who knew their duty, they murmured not, but were ready to follow their new Commander through severe and bloody conflicts.

Upon Gen. Burnside assuming the command, he continued the advance; the enemy, however, made a successful retreat, and took up their position at Fredericksburg, Va., which they at once fortified. Our position extended along the Rappahannock river, and directly opposite. Although the season for active operations was far advanced, our work was not done. Contrary to the judgment of our Generals, another bloody battle was to be fought, and with like prospects of success. Orders were received from the War

Department for an advance, and nothing remained for us but to obey. Accordingly, on the 12th of December our army marched to the river, and although subject to a murderous fire from the enemy's riflemen on the opposite side, we succeeded in throwing our pontoon across the stream. The Seventh Michigan again led the advance, and by them the battle was opened; the enemy's riflemen retreating behind their works on Mary's Height.

After a greater portion of the infantry succeeded in crossing over, the Corps commanded by Gen. Hooker, charged upon the works three times, and were as often repulsed with great loss. A great many of our heavy guns, and field artillery, owing to the miserable condition of the roads, were left on the other side stuck in the mud, so that we were forced to depend almost entirely on our infantry, and receiving no other support, we were obliged to recross the river, which we succeeded in doing without further loss, and in good order. Thus ended the campaign of 1862. We then went into winter quarters, and all remained quiet with the exception of now and then some little firing between the opposing pickets. The men had now a comparatively easy time, but little being required of them, except the necessary guard and outpost duty; a repose which, after so many hardships, was very much needed before renewing the trials of another campaign.

Gen. Burnside, upon being relieved from his command was succeeded by Gen. Hooker who, on the 28th of April, crossed the Rappahannock in three columns and prepared for a general engagement. May 2d, 3d, and 4th, the battle of Chancellersville, was fought between the armies of Gen. Hooker and Lee, which resulted in the defeat of our army, with great loss. The rebels also sustained a great loss in this battle; one of their ablest Generals, Stonewall Jackson, was mortally wounded, and died soon after. June 13th, Gen. Millroy was surrounded by Lee at Winchester, Va., and on the 28th, June, Gen. Hooker was superseded by Gen. Meade. The rebels becoming elated at their successes concluded to turn the theatre of war from Virginia to the loyal states; Maryland and Pennsylvania were invaded, Frederick City occupied

and some supplies they needed for their army levied from the inhabitants of that city. Our army followed and on the 1st of July, the contending armies again met, and the battle of Gettysburg commenced.

We succeeded on the first day in checking the rebel advance. The second, the battle was renewed with great fury, without any perceptible advantage to either side, night finding the contending armies holding the same position. On the morning of the third, the final struggle commenced, and after a bloody and obstinate day, our army was crowned with victory, and the rebel army annihilated. The following day several corps of our army were ordered forward in pursuit of the retreating enemy and a large number of arms of all sorts and numerous prisoners fell into our hands, while the remainder of the army of Lee were driven back to Virginia. The Ninth Corps to which I belonged, as well as several others, were now detached from the army of the Potomac, and ordered for temporary duty with the army of the Cumberland, commanded by Gen. Thomas, who was then engaged with Hood's army in Ohio and Tennessee. On the 24th of November, we stormed and captured Lookout Mountain, after a very hard fight. We were obliged to march up the steep side of the mountain under a raking fire of the enemy, who were sheltered by their earth-works, yet in spite of their galling fire we marched steadily up to the cannon's mouth, and by a rapid and sudden dash we became masters of the position, but not without losing a large number of brave men.

My first term of enlistment having expired, my three brothers and myself, returned to Washington. The Eighth U. S. Infantry which had been on parole for some time in this City, having been captured in Texas at the outbreak of the rebellion, were now declared exchanged, and were again filling up their ranks preparatory to taking the field. My three brothers and myself, again concluded to try the fortune of War, and on the first of February, 1862, we re-enlisted in the Eighth U. S. Regulars, after which the re-organization and consolidation of corps took place. After all

the hardships and the many battles I had passed through, I, like many others, became fearless of the dangers that yet awaited me. After re-enlisting in the Eighth U. S. Regulars, we joined the second Division under Gen. Wadsworth, of New York, who lost his life in defense of his country, on May 19th, 1864, and the fifth corps, under command of Gen. Warren. March the 9th, Gen. Grant was promoted Lieutenant General. On the 12th he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, a position which he occupied only on condition, that he was to have full control of the armies, without being interfered with by the politicians, and those who were in power at Washington.

This was accorded him, and therefore he was master of his position, and had the handling of the armies as he thought best for the interest of the country. I cannot but express the opinion, that if the same power had been delegated to McClellan, the war would have terminated at an earlier date, and much blood and treasure been saved.

May 2d, Grant's army moved across the Rapids, and were desperately attacked by Lee with undecisive results. The next day Lee resumed the attack at dawn, and continued all day, but was finally compelled to withdraw. Our troops held their own position. The loss on this and the day before was about fifteen thousand men on each side.

After this we marched on to the Wilderness, a dense forest of heavy timber, and in which it was impossible to bring artillery to play, consequently the battle or series of battles which took place here, was fought with infantry alone. It is almost a matter of impossibility for me to describe this battle; I must leave that to an abler writer than myself. It was however the greatest musketry fire I ever listened to or witnessed. Volley after volley from the whole line of battle was discharged simultaneously, and the cries and groans of our wounded heroes were terrible in the extreme. The rebels were driven up in the woods, and for a while it was impossible to know their position or in which way they were endeavoring to move. Several times they hurled their forces on

our right flank, but were beaten back again to their own shelter: trees were cut down by bullets alone, such was the terrible and enormous fire from both sides: and finally, when the rebels found it was impossible for them to hold their position longer, they set fire to the woods in which some fifteen thousand of our wounded lay, nearly all of whom perished. It is needless to say that many of our bravest and best officers fell in the engagement. On the seventh the railroad from Petersburg to Richmond was cut by the cavalry under the command of Gen. P. H. Sheridan, and a great number of our prisoners re-captured.

The rebels having retreated from the Wilderness, our army was again ordered forward, determined to press the enemy and force them to another combat. After clearing the dense woods, we found them drawn up near Spottsylvania, evidently prepared to give us a warm reception, and dispute our further march southward, and on the 10th, the great battle of Spottsylvania, was fought: the loss on this day was over ten thousand men on each side. This was the hardest and bloodiest battle that I had yet experienced: our artillery, now that we had gained the open field, was again brought into position, and did terrible execution. The enemy fought with desperation and seemed determined on death or victory. About two o'clock in the afternoon our right wing was ordered to charge the rebel's left, but it was unsuccessful, and we were compelled to fall back, and a large number of our forces were taken prisoners. My three brothers and myself were among the number.

I received a wound in my shoulder, severing the sympathetic nerve of my right arm, leaving it to this day almost powerless. I also received a ball in my breast, passing through the breast-bone, and lodging in the back. I then started for the rear, and had gone but a short distance when a shell was thrown from one of the rebel batteries, and on exploding a piece of it struck my right foot. This last shot excluded all possibility of reaching the rear. The Captain, standing near, saw me fall, and thinking I was dead, no effort was made to carry me to the rear, and consequently I was left in the rebel lines. As soon as an opportunity offered itself, the

Captain wrote to my wife that I had been killed at the battle of Spottsylvania.

I cannot say that I suffered much pain at the time, although badly wounded ; yet I felt very weak, faint and thirsty ; the last caused me much suffering. Water ! Oh, water !

What would I not have given for a few drops of that, then priceless liquid ? But it was not to be had for either love or money. There was no friend near me to moisten my parching lips and throat. Brother had forgotten his brother, the father his son, the son his father, though at any other time they would gladly have done all for each other they could, but excitement had swept away those tender thoughts and affections. No thought was taken of the brother who might be shot down at his side. "Victory or death," was the cry, and often from the lips of dying heroes you would hear the exciting cry of "give it to them boys ! give it to them !" All was excitement.

Thus the battle rolled on. Charge after charge was made, but to no advantage to either side. Night came on and found the two armies still struggling for the mastery. My wounds had become very painful, and I tried to crawl, but I could not. I then thought of my wife and children. I felt that I should never see them more. Then my mind swept back to my three brothers, who fought side by side with me through so many battles. Where are they ? Dead ! O, my God ! Can it be ? Not one left to return home with the sad tidings ? Thus I sank in a state of complete exhaustion. How long I remained thus I do not know, but when I awoke I found that my wounds had become very painful, so much so, that I could control myself no longer. I madly called for the assistance of some kind friend. My screams of agony brought an answer.

"Who is there ?" came from out of the darkness.

"A friend, a dying friend," I answered. "Come to me and assist me. I will pay you well, only come."

At that moment I heard another voice, "Advance men." Then I discovered a squad of men approaching, and as they advanced I saw

that they were rebels. They came near where I was lying, when the leader said:

"What do you want? and what is the matter?"

"Oh, I am wounded sir; please give me some water," I cried.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"The Eighth United States Regulars, Sir," I replied.

"Well, we will see to you. Where are you wounded?"

"In my arm, breast and foot," was my answer.

"Are you able to walk?"

"No."

"Take hold of him men, and bring him to the ambulance."

They picked me up and carried me according to orders, the ambulance being but a short distance from me, but it had been hidden from my view, by the thick bushes and shrubbery. On reaching the spot they began to search me. I had some money which they took, also my watch, belts, cap and coat. Then they put me in the ambulance and went for the rear, a distance of about three miles, where we had an nice pleasant green and found about one hundred prisoners made a guard, among whom were my three brothers, who had been taken as prisoners too. They gave me some water, and bathed my wounds. The Surgeon came at last, and dressed my wounds as well as he could, and left orders for my brother to bathe them in cold water, and gave me some brandy to soothe my pain. I suffered considerably during the night, and in the morning the surgeon again dressed my wounds, and the boys made me some coffee. Orders came to move to the south as fast as possible, for the Union forces had been reinforced, and Grant was just making his way in the direction of Old Springs, so the wounded were soon packed into an old lumber wagon and started for Andersonville. We were carried in wagons until we reached the Petersburg Railroad, then, by rail to Macon, Georgia, where we halted for a few hours for refreshments, and then returned to the cars and started for Andersonville prison.

LOCALITY AND DESCRIPTION OF ANDERSONVILLE
PRISON.

I will now attempt to give my readers a description of the prison. At the distance of about eight hundred paces from the railroad which connects the town with central Georgia on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, was the memorable prison. It was built on the suggestion of Howell Cobb, in 1863, and was completed in February, 1864. It is situated about fifty miles south of Macon, Georgia; its longitude is 78 degrees 38 minutes west from Washington; latitude, 3 degrees, 29 minutes, 10 seconds north of the equator. This piece of ground had been thickly covered with pines, but they were cut down and formed into a palisade over twelve feet high, side by side. This formed the boundary line inside of which forty thousand human beings were herded at one time. There was neither bush nor shrub left, not even a shed or shelter to protect them from the storm, or the burning heat of the sun. Such was the condition of this horrid place, where many of my brave comrades suffered the pangs of misery, pain and death. The prison was watered by two small branches, which connected at about one thousand paces distance from the outer wall, and passed directly through the middle of the prison. On either side of the branch the ground was descending. On one side was the hospital; on the other the sinks were erected, and the filth of both passed directly into the water that was to supply the inmates. It became so filthy that in the month of July, it was filled with animal life, which made it nearly impossible for man or beast to use it. This was the first time we had the opportunity of beholding the notorious tyrant, Capt. Wirtz. He was about five feet, seven inches high, dark hair and dark complexion, and I should judge between thirty-five and forty years of age; he had the appearance of a coward, but a man capable of practicing all manner of cruelty, as I will show in the following pages.

Our arrival having been reported by the Office, in command of us, we were drawn up in line in front of Capt. Wirtz's Headquar-

ters, and our several names enrolled by the clerk among the other unfortunate sufferers of that horrible den of infamy. At that time my wounds were in a most horrible state, having received no care from the time I had left the front. The commanding Officer requested that I be taken to the hospital, which privilege was denied, Wirtz stating "that there was no more room until some of the yankees now there died." I was then conveyed to the thirty-third detachment at the old Stockade, and there I laid, exposed to the burning heat at day and the chilly dews of night, without blankets or shelter of any kind. My brothers were also assigned to the same detachment. A detachment consists of from eighty to one hundred men. There is an officer appointed from among the men to assist in drawing rations and reporting the number of sick and dead. This report is generally made out each day and reported to the officer-of-the-day at roll call.

I will now attempt to state to my readers some of the horrors, as far as I have experienced at that accursed, and I might also say that damnable hole of sorrow; for there are many mothers that even weep to-day, when they hear the name of that prison mentioned. Yes, many are the wives who mourn the loss of an affectionate husband. Many are the orphans to-day who were made so by starvation and death at Andersonville. As I have before stated to my readers, there was no shelter, with the exception of a rampart of logs, rising from fifteen to eighteen feet in height above the surface. It measured ten hundred and two feet in length, and seven hundred and seventy-nine feet in width. It was lengthened in the Fall of 1864, to sixteen hundred and twenty feet. I think that was the last time repairs were made in it by order of the rebel Capt. Wirtz, who took command of the prison in the Fall of 1863, and remained there until its evacuation in the latter part of March, 1866, when his career ended. During this short period, he had seen the bodies of not less than eighteen thousand brave soldiers, (who had been the victims of cruel and barbarous treatment) laid in their graves. Did they die with those diseases which nature inflicts upon man? No. I can safely say that out of that

number, over twelve thousand deaths were caused by starvation or ill-treatment. Shortly after our arrival at this place, a dead line was established, eighteen or twenty feet from the outer walls of the palisades, and orders read out that whoever should cross it, would meet with sudden death. In order to ensure the prompt execution of this order, notice was given to the guard that whoever shot one of the d——d Yankees, would be granted a furlough of thirty days. The rations issued at this time consisted of raw meal twice a day; having no fire or wood we were obliged to eat it in its raw state mixed up with the filthy water before mentioned. It can be plainly seen by any intelligent person, that such food and water as I have described could but engender all kinds of contagious disease, which was the means of carrying off so many of our brave soldiers to an untimely grave.

My wounds having become so painful by exposure to the weather, that my brothers set to work and erected a sort of mud hut in order to ward off the rays of the burning sun, and it answered very well for that purpose; but when the rain came, we were compelled to abandon our little cottage, as it was not water-proof. I had come to the conclusion that I should be obliged to remain here until I died. I never expected to behold the faces of my dear ones at home, nevermore to inhale the sweet breezes of the Free North; for I felt I never could recover from the condition in which I was now placed. But how true it is that "man proposes and God disposes." My eyes could not penetrate the future; neither could my mind understand His will. At the time we entered it did not seem possible that I could survive the sufferings through which I had to pass. Having three wounds to contend with, and no medical assistance, I could cherish but little hope of ever being at liberty again in this world. I tried to forget those happy days of the past, and if I thought of them at all, it was but as a dream. I prayed that my wife and children might be well cared for, and that the promises of those benevolent friends might be fulfilled.

Day after day wore away. One by one my comrades passed to

that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." I was terribly startled by discovering a change in the countenance of my brothers. They were becoming thin, pale, and haggard. Oh, how plainly was despair and hopelessness pictured upon their faces. Reason taught me that we must soon part. I tried to cheer them up, and pointed out to them the pleasures that yet remained for them, but it was of no avail. They had become despondent of the future. Sorrow and homesickness had struck deep into their hearts, and it was evident that starvation was accomplishing its bitter work.

Many of my readers may wonder how I survived so many of my fellow soldiers who were not wounded. The only reason that I can give is, that I did not allow my thoughts to dwell upon my present condition. I had often heard eminent surgeons remark that homesickness was the worst disease in the army. Was it surprising that it should be prevalent in such a place as Andersonville?—Want of nourishing food and privilege of proper exercise would naturally tend toward melancholy and depression of spirits. Time wore on, and the wound in my breast had nearly healed over; the one in my arm was not so painful as it had been, though I was threatened with the prospect of losing my arm, and probably my life, being attacked with gangrene. I watched it closely, and kept it clean. Gangrene, as a general thing, is caused by allowing filthy matter to collect in the wound. On the 16th day of August, 1864, one of my brothers was taken with spasms, and died the same night. On the following morning, he was put into an old cart and carried to the burying ground which was situated on the north side of the prison, about one hundred yards distant from the stockade. My two brothers were permitted to go to bury his remains, under a guard. While looking upon his worn, emaciated countenance, it seemed that I could almost hear him say:

"Oh, weep not for me, when I am gone, weep not for me brothers, though in prison I bid you adieu, I hope you will meet me in heaven. I have got my discharge, and am going home."

This was the first of the four brothers, but not the last whose re-

mains were borne to the grave in this manner. Had we passed through these battles to meet such a fate—doomed to be starved to death at Andersonville?

After the return of my brothers from the burial, Capt. Wirtz passed through the prison, armed with revolvers on every side, and as he passed through our detachment, a young man who had become so weak that it was utterly impossible for him to arise on his feet, looked up to the Capt. and spoke in a mournful but kind manner, saying: "Captain, please give me some bread or some thing to eat for I am dying of hunger."

The fury of the cowardly dog was kindled on one who could not help himself, or offer any resistance, he sprang forward like a demon with his revolver in his hand, struck the young man on the head near the temple, inflicting a terrible wound; the young man sank senseless to the ground. After Wirtz passed on, my brothers went to the insensible man and bound up the bleeding wound, but it was of little avail, as he fell into spasms and soon after died.

Our rations at that time had been reduced to one pint of meal per day, and another fiendish order was issued, that no man should be entitled to rations, unless drawn by himself. At that time there were many in the prison who were not able to crawl, much less walk to the Commissary's for their rations. You could hear cries for bread all over the prison yard. Some spoke of luxurious homes which they left others cried for their fathers and mothers far away from their hearing and said: "How can you let us lay here and starve in this horrid den of cruelty." A man with the heart of a Pharaoh, or of stone, could but be melted at hearing the cries of those dying mortals, as the cry for bread, bread, bread, from the lips of every man, was borne off on the winds.

I beheld one after another carried to their last resting place from out our number. What was the cause? Answer. Starvation.

I had become very weak at this time, and I found that, in spite of all attempts to be courageous, I was failing daily, while the death of another brother only increased my despondency.

On the 24th of August, 1864, another of my brothers was taken to the hospital, and on examination the doctors inoculated him to prevent small-pox, which acted as poison ; the flesh became black and swollen, and after the severest suffering he departed from this life. This was the second brother that had fallen a victim.

Many others in the prison were inoculated with the same matter, and I can safely say that not one of the number ever recovered. This cruelty must have been inflicted for a purpose.

INTERVIEW WITH WIRTZ.

I finally came to the conclusion that I would see Capt. Wirtz, have a talk with him, show him my condition and state to him my misfortunes. So, with that purpose in my mind, I made my way to the gate leading to Headquarters, and there I met a rebel sergeant, by the name of Wilson, from Jackson, Tennessee, who was on duty at the time. Although a rebel, I must say, he acted gentlemanly towards me, and it was the first kindness extended since I had become a prisoner. He looked at me with pity, and told me to advance, which I did. He then enquired of me my wants. I informed him of my intention of seeing Capt. Wirtz, and explained to him my condition; for I had already lost two brothers in the prison, and one only beside myself, remained subject to his barbarous treatment, and that I wished to leave the prison and find my way homeward by the aid of some kind friend.

He then inquired what regiment I belonged to, and my rank in the army.

I told him I belonged to Company "B," Eighth United States Infantry, and at the time I was captured, was Orderly Sergeant of the same, and was captured on the 10th day of May, at the battle of Spottsylvania. He wondered at my being captured, wondered as I was, and said it was not right to capture men in my condition and hold them as prisoners of war. He then said he thought it useless for me to see the Captain, as he did not think he would do anything for me, and concluded by saying:

"Sergeant, I would gladly let you go, myself, but you know the duty of a soldier is to obey his superior officers; but to gratify your desire I will do all in my power; I will send a guard with you to headquarters." I thanked him, and he called a guard and told him to accompany me to Captain Wirtz' headquarters.

We started, and on approaching headquarters, Capt. Wirtz had just emerged from the door of his office. He turned and looked at me, and the guard, who was supporting me to keep me from falling. He then turned to the guard and said, in a rough man-

ner, accompanied with a volley of oaths which I will not repeat.—
 “What do you want here with that miserable, d—d Yankee?”

The guard saluted him and replied, that he had brought me for the purpose of seeing him. He then turned to me, cursing and swearing terribly, and demanded of me what I wanted.

I then said: “Captain, I am a cripple, as you can plainly see; unable to render service either for or against you, and I have come to see if you would not let me go from this horrible place. I will even venture, weak as I am, to find my way back to where I came from. I have already lost two brothers in that prison pen, and it is evident that I must soon follow, having no medical treatment, and no nourishing food to sustain me. I wish to go, and once more behold the faces of the dear ones at home. Pray, Sir, grant me this request as a friend—a dying friend.”

He looked at me and laughed, as one who had achieved a great victory, and said: “You did not think of that when you came to rob us of our homes, and niggers, you d—d yankee nigger thief.”

“No Sir, I did not come for that purpose. You are mistaken in me; I came as a soldier, and to protect the rights of my country, and to establish the laws of my forefathers; I came for what I would go again for, if I was able, but I am not, I wish to go from here, Captain, hold me no longer to your persecution.”

He then answered me still more abruptly than before, saying: “You mean you came here to destroy the rights of your forefathers and the laws they fought to establish, and as for your going away from here, you cannot. Not even one of you that are confined inside of that prison pen shall escape, if it was in my power not one would live to see the setting sun.”

I then turned to him and said: “I sincerely thank God that he has even held that small portion of power from you, but it is not in your power, and I trust it never will be.” I had become driven to desperation, and no longer continued my mild tone of language toward him; but I told him I did not think there was a demon like him on earth—not one of bravery, but of cowardice. He then drew a revolver and, pointing it at me, said: “Do you see this?—another

or word, and I will blow you through. I have heard enough of you, you miserable Yankee, nigger thief."

Calmly, I stepped aside from the guard, and thus said, looking at him as disdainful as a serpent :

"Do so if you wish ; to die by a bullet is an honorable soldier's death, but to starve to death is not."

Face to face we glared at each other, until his cowardly hand began to lower.

"I do regret, Captain, that I should die defenceless by a coward's hand."

He started with passion and again withdrew, for he had met the countenance of one who feared not death. He then said ; "Go back to the prison, (also cursing the guard) and never permit one of those d—d Yankees to come so near me again." And as I left, he cursed and said : "You are too willing to die, therefore, I will hold you."

I replied : "Captain, you may hold me too long, until I rise to a more honorable position than you now have ; a position, I would not exchange for the world ; for I may yet see you brought to justice."

Wirtz replied : "Yes, I have often heard of drowning men catching at straws."

"Yes, and I have heard of a hanging man gasping for air.

We parted, and this was the last time that ever I spoke to him, until I beheld him at the Old Capitol at Washington, where he received his just deserts, for God had granted my prayer,

I returned to the gate, and there I met the Sergeant. He eagerly inquired of me what success I had ? I answered him "none but to remain here and starve."

"Just as I expected," he replied, "but I cannot help it."

"Well, then I suppose I must remain here until I starve to death, for my courage has died within me ; my only hope is now blasted, and my courage is gone. I feel that I must indeed give up, and be numbered among the dead, with my comrades at Andersonville.

So saying, I went back to prison, to meet my fate, and there I

found my last and only brother, lying in a state of unconsciousness. I hastened to bring him water and wash his face and temples. He recovered, and looking up at me, said : "Is that you George," (and after recovering sufficiently he continued) "I came down here, and not finding you, I supposed you had been carried out in the dead cart, and think it would be full as well if we were both with our brothers in that grave-yard."

I told him of my interview with Capt. Wirtz, and the treatment I had received. He then flew into a passion and exclaimed :

"Could I just get my hands on that villain, I would crush him beneath my feet as I would a serpent."

I told him to stop, that he must remember he was unarmed, and would have no chance against such an enemy.

He then wondered where our army could be, and why they did not send men to exchange us ; "I only wish to live until I can see the capture of this prison, and its chief officer brought to justice."

But little did he think that his time indeed was near at hand. For that very night he was taken sick, and after lying several days without aid or assistance, fell into a state of idiocy, and finally insanity, in its worst, and most revolting form.

Hunger does not attack all persons alike ; Some sink down with complete exhaustion, and seem to sleep themselves to death, while others become insane. My brother was one of the latter class. Oh! imagine how I must have felt, when obliged to stand by him and see him thus suffer. It was worse than death to see him eating the flesh from his arms, wholly unconscious of what he was about. Oh, God! can I ever forget that terrible sight of horror! No pen or language is able to depict such scenes at Andersonville. Many a soldier, when he reads statements like these contradicted, feels again the fire kindle in his breast, and imagines himself carried back into the battle's fury once more, for many there are who blindly deny the cruelty of Capt. Wirtz either from want of knowledge, or sympathy with his cause.

After the death of my brother, I was left alone. I had now lost three brothers who had become victims to the cruelty of Wirtz

and his followers. Well might my courage fail me, and my hope die within me. I felt that I should never go home to my native state, and inhale its balmy breezes. The wound in my breast had now entirely healed and that of my arm was much better, but my foot was in a sad condition.

After the 26th of February, 1865, I lost all recollection of what passed around me. I understood, though, that on or about that time, the long expected army of Sherman, made its appearance in the distance, that the rebels evacuated the prison, and hurried the prisoners southward, leaving myself and many others who were not able to stir, upon the field to perish. We were carried into the old Hospital, and there remained until the arrival of our troops.

My weight at this time was ninety-three pounds. I had formerly weighed one hundred and sixty.

My first recollection of anything was in Washington, June 16, 1865, making in all over three months that I had been in a state of unconsciousness. I found myself, at this time, an inmate of Douglas Hospital.

This Hospital was situated in a pleasant locality in the city of Washington, and was a present from the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas (whose name it bears) to the government, for the use of the sick and wounded soldiers of the war. It was admirably adapted for this purpose; and was fitted up with every convenience for the health and comfort of its unfortunate inmates. The wards were filled with neat, single iron bedsteads, and the bedding of good quality and scrupulously clean. The walls were tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreens, and the perfume of numerous bouquets of flowers; together with every luxury that could be obtained to tempt the taste, gave evidence that our sick and wounded heroes were not forgotten.

Those noble women, the Sisters of Charity, attended to the wants of the inmates, and could be seen like ministering angels, going from patient to patient, speaking words of comfort and cheer.— This was indeed heaven, compared to that horrible hole, Andersonville; and many a soldier thanked God, that through the liberality

of his countrymen they had some place, where they could receive the cure and attention which their sickness and wounds required.

When I first entered Douglas Hospital, I am told it was the opinion of the Sergeant in attendance, that my case was a hopeless one ; and that it would be almost a miracle, if I recovered.— I was placed in one of the wards, and every care taken of me that was possible. In fact I, myself, know that, had it not been for the attention I received, I should, ere this, have been numbered with the dead. Weeks passed on, and I still remained in an unconscious state. At length my senses returned, and I endeavored to imagine where I was. I looked around at the decorated walls, and all appeared as a pleasant dream ; so difficult was it for me to realize my present condition, after the treatment I had undergone in the rebel prison.

Seeing one of the attendants passing through the ward, I motioned for him to come to me, which he did. I then asked him where I was. He replied, "Douglas Hospital, Washington." I could not believe him and so told him. Just then the doctor came around and ordered no more conversation, remarking that my case required sleep, and ordered some medicine for me, to produce that result, for the least excitement was liable to effect the brain and make me raving. I took the medicine, and soon after fell asleep. How long I remained so, I am unable to say ; but when I again awoke the crisis had past, and I gradually began to realize my position, and to gain strength. Day by day, however, I was forced to remain in my bed, hardly able to raise my hand to my head. My wounded leg had been daily dressed, and was healing rapidly, although the use of it was gone forever.

Finally, my strength gained so that I was able, once more, with the aid of crutches, to get out of bed and walk around the ward, two or three times a day at first ; and thus, by degrees, got out again, although a helpless cripple for life. I did not write home while I was in hospital, for I had learned that my Captain had reported me dead, to my family ; and I did not wish again to cause them any unnecessary trouble or uneasiness, as I was gaining

strength every day. I expected soon to return to my home and embrace in person the loved ones there.

As soon as I was able, I set about obtaining my discharge, and papers necessary for me to receive my settlement with the government. After many weeks of trouble and anxiety, I received them : but not without being compelled to make a trip to Macon, Ga., where my regiment was then stationed. After my return from Macon, I proceeded to the War Department and obtained my final settlement with the United States.

My business in Washington being now completed, I left that city for Baltimore. Here I found a great change had taken place since my first visit. Our glorious old flag, which at one time was torn down and trampled in the dust, was now floating to the breeze over all the public buildings, and many private residences, as evidence that treason was dead, and our noble Republic once more established on a firm and solid basis ; the rebels there were made to acknowledge their crime, and ask forgiveness from the nation they had sought to destroy.

My trip to Macon, and return, had so excited my nervous system, that when I arrived in Philadelphia, I was completely exhausted ; and obliged to be carried to the Volunteer hospital, where I again endured a long spell of sickness. I received every attention that could be paid me, and had I been at the home of my mother, I could not have received kinder treatment, than from the ladies of Philadelphia. I shall always remember them with gratitude.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHERS.

Four loving brothers in one home,
 Four loyal others in the field ;
 The first to wait, the last to come,
 But wait for those whose doom is sealed.

Or all whose doom is sealed, but one,
 When war's dread work at last is done ;
 For of those loyal brothers four,
 The elder three returned no more.

While he, the war, the battle-scarred,
 The long thought dead, while prison-barred,
 Returns at last, alone to tell
 How, by his side, those brothers fell.

How he was tried on battle ground,
 And how he suffered, prison bound ;
 While others suffered, till death's last breath,
 By fiendish mortals, starved to death.

As soon as I was again convalescent, I started for my home in Boston, via. New York ; and it seemed to me, that the trip was one of years instead of hours ; so anxious was I to reach again my home, and see my family. None can imagine my feelings but those who have gone through the same ordeal.

How happy was I when the whistle sounded our approach to Boston ; But this happiness was doomed soon to be turned to sorrow. My troubles had not yet ceased, for the grim messenger of death had been there, and made his inroads into the family circle.

It will be remembered by the reader, that in the foregoing pages of this book, I stated, that at the time of my enlistment, I had a comfortable home which I had purchased at a cost of ten thousand dollars ; seven thousand of which I had paid down, and left a mortgage for the balance on the property. At the time I enlisted, I went to the holder of the mortgage, and informed him of my intentions ; telling him that in all probability, when the mortgage become due, I would not be home ; and that I would not like to have it foreclosed, but would rather give a second mortgage ; so that in case of my not returning, the first one could be paid. He informed me that if I went into the service, he would never foreclose the mortgage. The place should be a home for my wife as long as he lived. This seeming act of generosity and kindness satisfied me ; and believing the party to be a man of honor I took no papers to guarantee his statement, but felt assured that my wife and little ones would have a home, no matter what should happen to me. On the news of my death reaching my wife, she was taken sick, and, unfortunately, never recovered. At her death, the hold-

er of the mortgage, believing me also dead, contrary to his promise, at once foreclosed the mortgage, and the property was put up at public sale: the proceeds of which did not amount to enough to liquidate his claim and other bills that had to be settled. This left me about seventy dollars in debt; so that when I arrived at home, I found all gone, with the exception of what little I had received from the government.

I arrived at the Depot in Boston about two o'clock at night, procured a hack, and started for my former place of residence, not knowing what trouble I had to contend with, but thinking what an unexpected visitor I would be to my wife and little ones after four long years of absence.

Street after street was passed, and at length the carriage halted in front of my former home. I stepped out of the carriage, approached the door and pulled the bell. The summons was answered by a gentleman who enquired my wishes, and in reply I inquired for my wife. He stated to me that she had formerly lived there, but had died in 1864, and that the property had been sold to him. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings on receiving this sorrowful news. Fate indeed seemed to be against me, and I knew not what to do. I thought to myself, it would have been much better for me, had I perished on the battle-field, or been laid along side of my brothers at Andersonville. I was now truly alone. I knew not the whereabouts of my children, and in fact was alone in the world, a friendless and helpless wanderer.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MY WIFE.

The bird which sang so sweet has flown,
 Its thrilling notes no more we'll hear,
 A fairer land has claimed its own,
 And gentler lays 'twill warble there.
 No more, as seasons pass, 'twill come,
 To cheer with song the parent nest;
 No more, in Spring's soft hour, we'll feel
 The influence which its song possessed.

The voice which waked up memory's chord
 Within our home, 'tis hushed and still ;
 Those chords vibrating, deep and strong,
 With no grateful echoes now are filled—
 That voice with us no more will join,
 In evening song, and morning prayer ;
 Its joyous notes seem lingering still—
 Sad contrast to the gloom now here !

Though lost to us, that voice is tuned
 To nobler songs than earth can give !
 E'en now triumphant praise resounds
 To Him who died that she might live !
 To God who gave, then let us bow,
 If he sees best his gift t' recall ;
 Still let our faith unshrink'g trust,
 And feel that love has ordered all.

From my late residence, I drove to the Parker House, where I took up my quarters for the remainder of the night. As soon as daybreak made its appearance, I started in search of my children ; and after a long and weary search, I found them at the Orphan Asylum where they had been sent by some of the charitable institutions of the city. I remained with them the greater portion of the day. My oldest daughter recognized me, and told me all concerning the death of her mother, and also stated that she supposed I was dead. Having no home, or place to which I could take them, I permitted them to remain there until I could procure them a home. Had it not been for them, I think I should have given away altogether to despondency, for I was without either home or friends. I thought of the words of my Savior, when he said : "The birds of the air have nests, and the foxes have holes, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

I knew that as long as my money lasted, I could have a home, but in my condition, I could not work, and the money I had would go but a little way towards supporting myself and three children.

After remaining some time in Boston, I made application for work at my trade, and tried to run a drill press ; but found my limbs would not admit of the task, and had to abandon it. I then

resolved to make another effort to secure a home. On returning to Springfield, Mass., I again married, and settled myself, with my wife and children, but misfortune still seemed to follow me: and in the short space of one month and twenty-seven days, my wife was attacked with typhoid fever, and in eighteen days, was carried to the grave. My home was again broken up, and three little motherless children left upon my hands. My cup of sorrow was, indeed, full to overflowing; and no more happiness seemed to be in store for me. I can compare myself to nothing less than a tempest-tost and shipwrecked mariner, cast on some lonely island without any one to comfort or sympathize with him in his trouble, for I had lost nearly all that was dear to me on earth. My three brothers lay at Andersonville, victims of starvation, and my two wives taken from me, with no one left but my three little ones to comfort me in my sorrows and misfortunes. At that time I was doing well in business. I had obtained a job at peddling books, on the Connecticut River Railroad, through the kindness of Mr. Brainard, the General Superintendent. My three children were with me; and although I had passed through so many hard and bitter trials before, I now cherished the hope, that my pleasures on earth were not yet all denied me. I began to picture out the happiness of a home once more, and intended to give my children a good education, which would be all that I could do for them; but when this misfortune came upon me, all my thoughts of pleasure seemed taken from me, like the flowers of summer, torn by some rude blast. It was evident to me that I could not pay the board of my children out of the small amount of my earnings; and what was I to do? Some of the sympathizers (with the poor soldier) of the present day, might ask if there were not poor-houses and asylums enough in the country in which I could place my little ones; and soldiers' homes for myself; but who of them, if they exchanged places with me, could bear to see their children torn away from them, and left to the cold charities of the world, more especially after enduring what I had. Others may inquire if I have not a pension? My answer is, yes; but I need not remind

any sensible person how far twenty dollars per month will go toward the support of a family, after paying house rent in a New England City.

After suffering the privations of the world alone with my three children for several months, I resolved again to marry, in order that I might be able to leave home, and, in addition to my pension, find some other means to support my family and give them an education.

Accordingly, I married my third and last wife, and started again in pursuit of some employment, leaving my children under the care and protection of a kind mother. I went to Wasnington, and endeavored to obtain employment under the Government, I had a tolerably fair education, and thought that I might be able to get something to do among the various departments; but was doomed to disappointment. I was referred from one place to another, and always met with the same answer: "I have nothing for you to do, but go to such an one, and I think you will find employment."

From day to day, I traveled round the city, but to little purpose. I became tired and disgusted, and at last resolved to return home. On my arrival home, I made up my mind to go West, and see some of my old railroad friends who resided there. I went to Milwaukee, Wis., and through the kindness of S. S. Merrill of Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad Company, and of Capt. Allison, news agent of the same, I obtained permission to peddle army songs, on the various trains of the road; and with good success; so much so that I was able to support myself and family, comfortably with the necessaries of life. I continued at this for some time, and on my trips, met with various different characters; some were very kind, and gladly assisted me; others asked me all sorts of nonsensical questions relative to the war; others would pretend to be enjoying a sound sleep, to avoid seeing me as I went around. Many more would inquire if I could not enter the Soldier's Home. I answered them, that I could, but what was to become of my wife and children? to which they would make no reply, but conclude they had no change, and could do nothing for me. However, the

majority of the traveling public treated me very kindly, and felt disposed to assist me.

My business becoming dull on this road, and it being known to others that I was doing well, numerous other applications were made, by unfortunate people like myself, for the same privilege ; and soon the trains were full of the lame and blind, all seeking a livelihood. I came to the conclusion that the traveling community, were too much annoyed by so many applicants for charity, and resolved to leave this road and go further West ; which I did, and removed to Owatonna, Steele Co., Minnesota. This place is situated at the junction of the Winona & St. Paul railroad, and is a town of about four thousand inhabitants. It depends for its business principally on the neighboring farmers, and what trade it may obtain from travelers. It is beautifully located and very healthy. Having become tired of so much traveling, I resolved to invest what little capital I had accumulated, in some kind of business, and opened an eating house at that place. I continued at this but a short time, for I found there was so much opposition, that it was almost impossible for me to do anything, and as soon as I found an opportunity, I sold out my place, and removed to Minneapolis, and continued my former business, at times.

I must here return my thanks to S. S. Merrill, and other managers of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad for their kindness to me, for, had it not been for them, I should have been unable to support my family, and must have sunk like many others in my situation, into utter ruin. Their kindness to me will never be forgotten, either by myself, wife or children, for, by their aid, I have been able to support my family, and provide them with the comforts of life. I must also say, that the conductors of the trains, with whom I have run, viz: Messrs. Cadwell, Wing and Hubbard, have always treated me with uniform kindness, and done all in their power, to accomodate and assist me, as well as the traveling public ; and I hope to be able at some future day, to show that their kindness has not been thrown away, and that I have not, like many other soldiers, squandered the money so generously contributed

to me for the public for the support of my family in drinking and other excesses, all of which can be seen by visiting my home in Minneapolis.

I have endeavored, in this little book, to describe the various scenes through which I have passed, while serving in the army of the United States; and imperfect as I know it to be, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the scenes I have described, and the sufferings which I have endured are not exaggerated, or colored in the least, but true in every particular. There are some into whose hands these pages may fall, who will, perhaps, doubt some portion of my story, but to such, I will say, let them even to this day, visit the grave-yard at Andersonville, and count the graves of numerous heroes who lie there "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking." Let them examine the records of the War Department for information, and also the prison statements of the rebel authorities themselves, and they will find that my statements, instead of being exaggerated, do not begin to compare with the official reports. I have only written in these pages, what came under my own observation, and if you recollect the condition I was in while a prisoner, you will see that I had but few opportunities of witnessing all the horrors of that dreadful place. Visit some of the survivors of our late war, and ask them to give you their opinion of the treatment they received while prisoners of war; and they will not only bear me out in my statements, but relate to you scenes worse than I have ever depicted. Go to the homes of those widowed wives and mothers who have lost affectionate husbands and sons, and let them show you some of the statements which they have received from those dear ones, and then draw your conclusions.

It may be well before concluding my task, to review the past, and look over the results obtained by the unhappy war. A great sacrifice of blood and treasure has been made, and the question naturally arises, whether the end obtained, justified the means employed. I answer, yes; true, we find our country involved in an enormous debt, which necessarily imposes a very heavy tax, in the

form of stamp duties, and other means, in order to liquidate the burden, and save our national honor. A great many civilian employees are required at an enormous expense, to enforce the laws. It often happens, that men of a worthless character, are appointed to these positions through political influence, and a great amount of abuse showered on the appointing power, when some of these public servants are found to be defaulters in large amounts. But who is responsible for these appointments? Is it the executive who appoints them to office, or the members of congress, and politicians who recommend them for position? I answer, the latter are responsible: and, as they are elected to their position by the voting population, the people should not blame any one but themselves; for if they would only ignore party creeds and platforms, and look to the interest and welfare of the country, they would be more careful, and elect only men of known ability and character; men who would scorn bribery and corruption, and work only for the welfare of the nation, and the public good. Until such is the case, we can expect nothing else but unfaithful public servants, and an immense amount of corruption in official circles. Let us look at the results obtained by this war. I ask the reader to go back with me to the outbreak of the rebellion, and behold the condition of the country. Through the numerous political bickerings of our representatives, North and South, and the agitation of the slavery question, we find our Country in a terrible state of excitement; and as soon as the result of the Presidential election was known, State after State began to secede from the Union, and prepare for a deadly strife. Conciliation was a matter of impossibility, and men of renown, who were formerly looked upon as the warmest friends and supporters of the Government, were drifting in the current of secession. What remained for the loyal states to do, and what alternative had they? Were we to see the glorious work of our forefathers destroyed, and show to the Monarchical Governments of Europe that Republicanism was a failure, or to strive by all means, even to that dread alternative, War, to protect and save our institutions? We had tried by a peace Congress to

settle the difficulty between the contending parties, but without success. The first gun was fired by the South, and the war commenced.

It was then, that the people of the loyal States showed to the world how much they loved their country. Men, never before accustomed to war, and who knew nothing of its terrors, quit their peaceful avocations and enlisted for the national defence. The farmer left his field, the merchant his business, the tradesman his work, and all hurried forward, at the call of their Chief, to the seat of War.

The condition of our forces at this time was anything but fluttering. The small regular army of the Government was scattered all over our vast country, and the greater portion of our arms and munitions of war had been sent south during the administration of James Buchanan, by his Secretary of War, John L. Floyd; while many of the best officers, both of the army and navy, resigned their commissions and joined the rebel forces, against that flag to which they owed so much.

Washington was in no condition for defence, and the army which had concentrated there was composed of green recruits, and was in no condition to take the field. However, after great exertion, regiments and brigades were formed, and the best preparation made, possible at the time. Earth-works were thrown up, for the protection of the Capitol, and the new troops constantly drilled for the duties of a soldier. Finally, the order to march went forth, and the memorable and disastrous battle of Bull Run was fought. I will here state that, at this time, no one for a moment thought that we were doomed to four years of bloodshed. The power and resources of the South had been altogether underestimated; and this first engagement showed very plainly that we had no common foe to contend with. Their soldiers, unlike ours, were accustomed to the use of fire-arms. They had been preparing long before for the contest, and at the commencement of the war, were far better prepared than our forces, besides having the advantage of chosen positions, and fighting on their own soil.

After the disaster at Bull Run, our nation was awakened to the necessities of the occasion. Proclamations were issued, calling forth men, the army was re-organized, and Generals of renown placed in command, while the whole resources of the nation were taxed to the utmost to furnish the necessary arms, equipments, and munitions of war. In an incredible short time, we had created a navy capable of blockading the whole Southern coast, besides the necessary transports for carrying troops and expeditions; also, other vessels of war necessary for the protection of our flag on foreign waters, and the high seas. We had not only the South to contend against, but foreign sympathizers with the rebellion. England was doing all in her power for the success of the South. Vessels for the express purpose of running the blockade were built in her ports; and arms, medical stores, and other munitions of war run into Southern ports; while her Alabama, and other piratical cruisers were armed, manned, and sent out to sea to destroy our commerce. But, for all this, our Country was equal to the emergency, as the sequel shows. We have developed resources which before were unknown, and proved to the world that America was not only the first, but the most powerful nation on earth. Our monitors caused a revolution in naval warfare, and their achievements challenged the admiration of the civilized world.

Month after month passed by, and, for a time, fate seemed to be against us; the Southern arms were victorious on many fields, and disappointment and despair seemed to be surging the public mind. Our treasury was nearly empty, and it became necessary for some legislation, to raise the necessary funds for the continuance of the war, which was accomplished through the exertions of the Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and other financiers. United States' legal-tender notes and bonds were issued, guaranteed by the Country, and loans for large amounts negotiated, both at home and abroad. Then came the Peninsular campaign, under that noble Soldier, McClellan—victorious for a time, and our army in sight of the city of Richmond.

Hope seemed once more to dawn upon us, but again were we

doomed to disappointment. Through some mismanagement at the city of Washington, the original plans of the campaign were abandoned, and the forces of McDowell, who were to form a junction with our right, from some unexplained reason, were withheld. This necessitated a change of base, which was accomplished, after seven days hard fighting, in which our losses were enormous, and came very near bringing destruction on our whole army; but, thanks to the noble generalship of McClellan, the Country was spared this humiliation; and after our victory at Malvern Hills, we were again ready and willing to meet the enemy on other fields. Following this, came Pope's disaster at Bull Run—the same field so bravely contested the year before. Then follow on from defeat to victory at Antietam and South Mountain. Now that the country was radiant with hope, and our army on the eve of another battle, we find, through the jealousy of politicians, and political intrigue, McClellan removed. Yes, he, who, under the circumstances, had done so well, was the idol of his men. Gen. Burnside was appointed to supersede him, and, although in command of the army, he was only nominally so, for the powers in Washington seemed to be posted better than the commanding General, and ordered his onward march, with the result of which we are all acquainted. Many a life was sacrificed on the field of Fredericksburg, the responsibility of which does not rest with the officers of the Potomac Army, but with the political satraps at Washington, who, afraid to disobey their masters, took up the cry, "On to Richmond," regardless of the cost, and contrary to the advice of our ablest commanders in the field.

Another winter of inactivity was before us, and the country was filled with gloomy forebodings for the future. Two years of blood and treasure had been spent, and as yet, nothing accomplished. Those who remained at home, and knew nothing of the perils of the field of battle, were the first to complain, and raise their voice against the measures taken by the Government. Volunteering had nearly ceased, and it became necessary to order a draft, in order to fill up our decimated ranks; although large bounties were

offered for volunteers, by both the general Government and States. The draft went on, but not without opposition. New York, noted for its riots, first commenced a "fire in the rear." Instead of lending her aid in this hour of peril, after all her former exertions, she seemed disposed to place every obstacle in the way of the authorities. Order, however, was soon restored, and the work went on without further violence.

The winter passed away, and at the commencement of spring, our army was again ready for the arduous duties required of it. Another change of commanders had taken place. Burnside gave way to fighting Joe Hooker. On his assuming command, we were again put in motion—"onward to Richmond." The Rappahannock was crossed, and preparations made for another deadly strife. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought, and proved another disaster to our arms; and again the cry went forth against our army and its Commander. The rebels, now flushed with victory, resolved to invade the loyal States, and their army took up its line of march for Maryland and Pennsylvania. Chambersburg was invaded, contributions levied on the inhabitants, and the city burned. Finally, the two great armies of Lee and Meade met on the field of Gettysburg. After three days of the most terrible fighting, in this or any other country, victory crowned our arms; and at the same time the news flashed across the wires that Vicksburg, the rebel stronghold of the Mississippi, had surrendered to the invincible army of Grant. The god of battle seemed at last to favor our cause, after so many disasters, and now, instead of gloom, a universal cry of joy and thanksgiving resounded throughout the land.

About this time, General Grant was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, with headquarters in the field, with the Army of the Potomac, Gen. Meade still retaining his position; and after another season of inactivity, we again commenced our forward march to the rebel States. Sherman had been appointed to the command of the Western Armies, instructed to attack the opposing forces there, and everything possible to insure

success was done. The battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and other affairs of a less magnitude, were fought in quick succession, and the rebels driven into their Capitol. The army was then transferred to the south side of the James River and the cities of Petersburg and Richmond invested, preparatory to a long siege.

It will be remembered, by those familiar with the history of the War, that after the termination of the Peninsular campaign, Gen. McClellan asked for authority to cross the James River with his Army, and operate against the rebel Capitol. For some reason the request was denied. Had he been allowed to do so, in all probability our war would have terminated earlier.

We now find the army busy at work in throwing up earth-works and fortifications of all kinds. Occasional sorties were made by the enemy, but they were generally driven back without being able to accomplish anything. Mines were also dug and sprung, but without any success. The army of the James was also operating from the north side against Richmond, commanded by the hero of Dutch Gap, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler; but, either from a want of military knowledge or other reasons not to be explained, he did but little else than build observatories. I do not wish it to be understood that I cast any reflections on the army of the James, for I am aware that they performed the duty required of them faithfully, and the bravery displayed by them, and their losses in killed and wounded, at Drury's Bluff and Fort Darling, testify more eloquently than words can express, how nobly they did their duty.

The next step was the work of besieging: guns of the heaviest calibre were brought to the front and placed in position. The ranks of the army were constantly kept full, by the acquisition of new troops, ready to repel any aggressive movement the enemy might make.

It now became evident that the days of the rebellion were numbered. With Lee's army locked up in Richmond, and Sherman and Thomas operating in the West, victory was sure. It was only a question of time. Atlanta, Ga., after a siege of over ninety days,

fell into our hands, and Sherman's Army, leaving their base of supplies, commenced their march through the heart of the enemy's country to the Sea, devastating and destroying the country as they went through.

In the spring of 1865, all being in readiness for the final struggle, the army was put in motion, and the rebel lines of supplies attacked. The Weldon Railroad was destroyed by the forces under Generals Warren and Hancock, and the enemy, after a severe battle, were driven from their position. Lee, perceiving his communications cut, resolved to abandon Richmond and Petersburg. He made a desperate effort to escape South with his command. The President of the Confederacy fled: the archives were removed, and as the troop evacuated the city of Richmond it was fired. The retreating foe were hotly pursued, and after a series of battles, defeated with heavy loss. An armistice was now asked for and granted; terms of surrender were drawn up, and on the 9th day of April, 1865, the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered to General Grant, at Appomattox Court House.

Thus, after four years of hardships and struggles, without a parallel in the history of the world: the Army of the Potomac had accomplished the great work for which it was organized. The surrender of Lee was soon followed by that of Johnston to Sherman, and the remaining forces of the South soon laid down their arms.

The next matter of importance before the country, was the re-organization of the Southern States. Peace had been declared, and the South divided into military districts, commanded by able Generals. Although the country had passed through such a fiery ordeal, it was forced to undergo another great trial. On the 14th day of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was assassinated at Ford's Theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth. The whole country was thrown into mourning by this sad calamity, and even the South acknowledged that they had lost their best friend. The people of the country had learned to look upon him with confidence and respect, for he had shown himself, during his administration, equal to the great work with which

he had to contend. And now, that the war was over, and the Union which he loved so well restored, it was, indeed, a sad blow to see him taken away by the hand of an assassin.

The work of reorganization went on ; laws were enacted by Congress for the speedy admission of the Southern States into the Union, provided they would comply with the laws, among which was the ratification of several amendments to the Constitution. Some of the States were speedily admitted, and the others soon followed : and, although much trouble and dissatisfaction still exists in the South, caused principally by mal-administration, the country may again be re-united.

The great question of slavery has been forever settled by the emancipation proclamation of Lincoln, and the liberated slaves granted the privilege of the ballot. The vast army of the United States having accomplished the task for which it was called out, was now disbanded ; and those who, for four long years, had suffered exposure, fatigue, and danger in the field, returned to their homes, once more to follow their peaceable pursuits. The United States had, in the great conflict, shown to the world her strength and resources. Those who sought to aid in her destruction, now looked upon our United Country with pride and admiration. Peace being once more established, let us look at the treatment received by those who periled their lives for the Nation. True, we have Volunteer Hospitals and Homes for disabled Soldiers of the War, into which all may be admitted by making application, but what is to become of the helpless families of those who avail themselves of this privilege ? They must be left to the cold charity of the world for support ; and at last the work-house and poor-house must be their habitations. How many poor disabled soldiers who are now striving to earn an honest livelihood for themselves and families, by the only means left them, viz., peddling, &c., are subject to insult and abuse by those who were the first to call on them for protection during the war. There goes a drunken, or dirty soldier is the remark made by those, who instead of insulting, should respect and honor them. Why not endeavor to raise the standard

of a soldier, and show him that his profession is not a disgrace, but an honor. How often do we hear the insinuation, that laziness or drunkenness is the cause of so many entering the army! Those who think the life of a soldier a lazy one, are mistaken. Let them visit some of our military posts, and they will find the soldier occupied from morning to night with the various duties demanded of him.

Make the soldier believe that his position is an honorable one, and you will soon see less debauchery among them, and find them as capable of self respect as those of any other calling in life.

In conclusion I would beg leave to state that, from the results of my wounds, I am no longer able to follow my trade, and I have adopted this method of obtaining a living for myself and family.

I append herewith, statistics of the number of prisoners and deaths in Andersonville Prison, from February 1864, to March 1865, according to rebel statements.

Statistics of the number of Prisoners and deaths at Andersonville Prison, Georgia, from February 1864, to March, 1865.

	Months.	No. of Prisoners.	No. in Hospital.	Av. No. of D'ths Daily
1864	February	1,600	33	
	March	4,603	909	9
	April	7,875	870	19
	May	13,486	1,190	23
	June	22,352	1,605	40
	July	28,689	2,156	56
	August	32,193	3,709	99
	September	17,733	3,026	89
	October	5,885	2,245	51
	November	2,024	242	16
	December	2,218	431	5
	1865	January	4,931	595
February		5,194	365	5
March		4,800	140	3

The greatest number of deaths on any single day, was on the 23d of August, 1864, and was 127, or about one death every eleven minutes.

VERSES COMPOSED ON ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

Come friends and fellow soldiers,
 Come listen to my song,
 About the rebel prison,
 And remaining there so long ;
 Our wretched state, and hardships great,
 No one can understand,
 But those who have endured this fate
 In Dixie's sunny land.

When captured by their chivalry,
 And stripped unto the skin,
 They failed to give us back again
 The value of a pin ;
 Except some filthy rags of grease
 Discarded by their band,
 And thus commenced our prison-life
 In Dixie's sunny land.

A host of guards surrounded us,
 Each one with loaded gun,
 We were stationed in an open field
 Exposed to rain and sun.
 No tent or tree to shelter us,
 We lay upon the sand,
 And side by side, great numbers died
 In Dixie's sunny land.

What was our daily bill of fare
 In that secesh saloon ?
 No sugar, tea, nor coffee there,
 At morning, night or noon ;
 But a pint of meal, ground eob and all
 Was served to every man,
 For the want of fire, we ate it raw,
 In Dixie's sunny land.

Our temper, it was often tried
 By many a threat and bribe,
 To desert our glorious Union
 And join the rebel tribe ;
 But fain were we to leave the place.
 We let them understand,

We'd sooner die than thus disgrace
 Our flag, in Dixie's land.

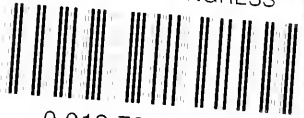
How sad those weary moments seemed,
 As weeks and months rolled by,
 And yet no tidings came to us
 From loved ones far away,
 While here we lay to starve and die
 Upon the burning sand,
 Away from friends and home so dear,
 In Dixie's sunny land.

When landed at Annapolis,
 A wretched looking band,
 We joyed to be alive, and free
 From Dixie's sunny land.
 Having gained our wasted strength
 All dressed in Union blue,
 We'll pay them back our vengeance soon,
 Or die their bitter foe.

ERRATA.

Page	6	for McDowell's,	reads McDonald's.
"	7	" war	" west.
"	11	" Rapidan,	" Rapids.
"	14	" Cold Harbor,	" Cold Springs.
"	26	" Surgeon	" Sergeant.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 786 740 0