.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION
SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR
CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL ASSESSMENT FORM

Type of Memorial (check all applicable)

✔ Monument ✔ *with* Sculpture ___ without Sculpture ___ with *Cannon* ____ standalone Cannon
___ Historical Marker _____Plaque ___ Other (flag pole, G.A.R. buildings, stained glass windows, etc.)
Note: try to record items separately. Cannons near monuments should be recorded & photographed separately, etc. Thank you.

Affiliation

_____GAR _____ MOLLUS _____ SUVCW _____ WRC _____ ASUVCW
_____ LGAR _____ DUVCW ✔ Other

If known, record name and number of post, camp, corps, auxiliary, tent, circle or appropriate information of other groups:
Andersonville Originally Purchased by the Woman's Relief Corps. State of Wisconsin

Original Dedication Date 17 Oct 1907 Please consult any/all newspaper archives for a local paper's article that would have information on the *first* dedication ceremony and/or other facts on the memorial. Please submit a copy of your findings with full identification of the paper & date of publication. Thank you.

Location

The Memorial is *currently* located at: Andersonville National Historic Site
Street/Road address or site location _____
Main Address: 760 POW Rd GPS Coordinates _____
City/Village &/or Township Andersonville
County Macon State GA Zip Code 31711

GPS	
Latitude	32; 11; 48.2899999999935758
Longitude	84; 7; 45.2399999999907
Altitude	129.381626724763976

The front of the Memorial faces: ___ North ___ South ___ East ___ West

Government Body, Agency, or Individual Owner

Name National Park Service
Dept./Div. Andersonville National Historic Site
Street Address 760 POW Rd
City Andersonville State GA Zip Code 31711
Contact Person Division of Interpretation Telephone (229) 518-2846 ext _____

Is Memorial on the National Register of Historic Places ✔ Yes ____No ID # if known 70000070

Entire historic site and cemetery

For Monuments with/without sculpture:

Physical Details

Material of Monument or base under a Sculpture or Cannon = ✔ Stone____ Concrete ____ Metal _____Other
If known, name specific material (color of granite, marble, etc.) Georgia Granite [concrete surrounding base]

Material of the Sculpture _____Stone_____ Concrete ✔ Metal _____Other Is it hollow or solid? _____
If known, name specific material (color of granite, marble, etc.) Bronze

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For Historic Marker or Plaque:

Material of Plaque or Historical Marker / Tablet = _____

For Cannons with/without monument:

Material of Cannon = _____ Bronze ✔ Iron Type of Cannon (if known)_____
_____ Rifled ____Yes ____ No
Markings: Muzzle_____ Base Ring/Breech_____
Left Trunion_____ Right Trunion _____
Is inert ammunition a part of the Memorial? _____ Yes _____ No **Weight 876 lbs**
[For camp/department monuments officer's use: Cannon on list of known ordnance] _____ Yes _____No

For Other Memorials: (flag pole, G.A.R. buildings, stained glass windows, etc.)

What best describes the memorial

Materials of the Memorial

Complete for All Memorials

Approximate Dimensions (indicate unit of measure) - taken from tallest / widest points

32ft Height 32ft Width 9.5ft Depth or _____ Diameter

For Memorials with multiple Sculptures, please record this information on a separate sheet of paper for each statue (service, pose, etc) and attach to this form. Please describe the "pose" of each statue and any weapons/implements involved (in case your photos become separated from this form). Thank you!

Markings/Inscriptions (on stone-work / metal-work of monument, base, sculpture)

Maker or Fabricator mark / name? If so, give name & location found

Please attach legible photographs of all text &/or Record the text in the space below. Please use the addendum – narrative sheet if necessary.

[See Photos]

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Environmental Setting
(The general vicinity and immediate locale surrounding a memorial can play a major role in its overall condition.)

Type of Location
__✔__ Cemetery **&/or** __✔__ Park ___ Plaza/Courtyard ___ "Town Square" ___ Post Office
___ School ___ Municipal Building ___ State Capitol ___ Courthouse ___ College Campus
___ Traffic Circle ___ Library Other: _____

General Vicinity
__✔__ Rural (low population, open land) ___ Suburban (residential, near city) ___ Town ___ Urban / Metropolitan

Immediate Locale (check as many as may apply)
most near roadways and cleared of trees

___ Industrial ___ Commercial ___ Street/Roadside within 20 feet ___ Tree Covered (overhanging branches)
____ Protected from the elements (canopy or enclosure, indoors) ___ Protected from the public (fence or other barrier)

Any other significant environmental factor _____

[To detail the condition of a monument used the addendum form for *Monument's Condition*]

Submission of this form requires at least one type of identification so that you may be contacted regarding the information on this form. This information will most likely be in the public domain. Your name is required; please include one (or more) pieces of contact information.

1. If a member of an Allied Order, the name of your camp, auxiliary, tent, circle or corps; along with your department;
2. Physical Address;
3. Phone Number
4. E-Mail address.

By submitting this, you are allowing the posting of this information on the internet.

Inspector Identification Date of On-site Survey 11/22/2025
Your Name Walter E Busch, PDC & P-Commander Central Region Allied Orders Assoc
Address 1240 Konert Valley Dr
City Fenton State MO Zip Code 63026
Telephone ( ) _____ E-Mail cwmemorials@suvcw.org

Are you a member of the Allied Orders of the G.A.R.? If so, which one?
US Grant Camp 68 MO-SUVCW, Central Region Allied Orders of the GAR, MOLLUS, Logan Brigade

Supplemental Background Information
In addition to your on-site survey, any additional information you can provide on the described Memorial will be welcomed. Please label each account with its source (author, title, publisher, date, pages). Topics include any reference to the points listed on this questionnaire, plus any previous conservation treatments - or efforts to raise money for treatment. Photographs & GPS Co-ordinates are very much desired.

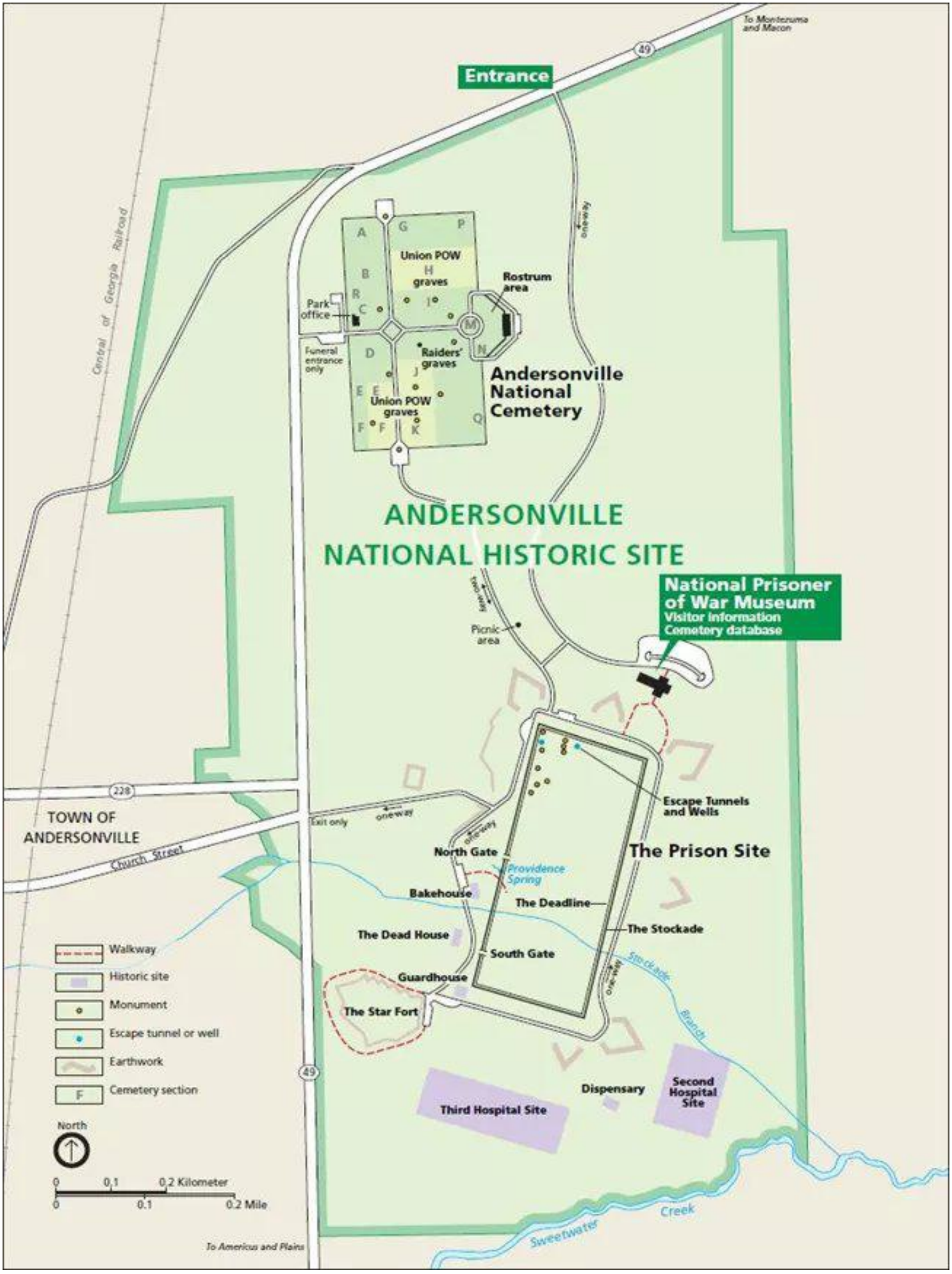
Pages 4 & 5 attached to this electronic file are the Monument's Condition and the Narrative forms. Only the Monument's Condition form is required if you are requesting grant money using form *CWM-62 SUVCW Memorial Grant Application Form and Instructions.*

Please mail (or e-mail pdf, and picture files) to:
Walt Busch, PDC, Chair, 1240 Konert Valley Dr., Fenton, MO 63026, cwmemorials@suvcw.org (314) 630-8407

Thank you for your help, and attention to detail.

Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War - Civil War Memorials Committee.

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To Montezuma and Macon
49
Entrance
Central of Georgia Railroad
oneway
Union POW graves
Rostrum area
Park office
Funeral entrance only
Raiders' graves
Union POW graves
Andersonville National Cemetery
ANDERSONVILLE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE
National Prisoner of War Museum
Visitor information
Cemetery database
Picnic area
Escape Tunnels and Wells
The Prison Site
228
TOWN OF ANDERSONVILLE
Church Street
Exit only
oneway
North Gate
Providence Spring
Bakehouse
The Deadline
The Stockade
The Dead House
South Gate
Guardhouse
The Star Fort
Stockade Branch
Dispensary
Second Hospital Site
Third Hospital Site
Walkway
Historic site
Monument
Escape tunnel or well
Earthwork
Cemetery section
North
0 0.1 0.2 Kilometer
0 0.1 0.2 Mile
To Americus and Plains
Sweetwater Creek


WISCONSIN
LET US HAVE PEACE

WISCONSIN

THIS MONUMENT
ERECTED BY THE
STATE OF
WISCONSIN
IN
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
TO HER SONS
WHO SUFFERED AND DIED
IN
ANDERSONVILLE PRISON
MARCH 1864-APRIL 1865

LET US HAVE PEACE

COMMISSIONERS
APPOINTED IN 1904
R.M. LA FOLLETTE
GOVERNOR

LET US

COMMISSIONERS
APPOINTED IN 1904 BY
R.M.LAFOLLETTE
GOVERNOR

PEACE

D.G.JAMES.PRES.
RICHLAND CENTER WIS
16TH WIS INF


LET US HAVE PEACE
1906


1908

WISCONSIN

KNOWN
DEAD
378

TO LIVE IN HEARTS
WE LEAVE BEHIND
IS NOT TO DIE.

C. H. RUSSELL SEC.
BERLIN WIS.
1ST WIS CAV.


C. H. RUSSELL, SEC.
BERLIN WIS.
1ST WIS CAV.

L. WILLIAMS TREAS.
COLUMBUS WIS.
1ST WIS. INFT.

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REPORT

OF

ANDERSONVILLE MONUMENT COMMISSION



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D. G. James
Richland Center
Wis

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Wisconsin
Anderson
monument Co



Wisconsin Memorial Monument at Andersonville, Georgia

REPORT

OF THE

WISCONSIN MONUMENT COMMISSION

APPOINTED TO ERECT A MONUMENT

AT

ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA

WITH OTHER INTERESTING MATTER PERTAINING TO THE PRISON

D. G. JAMES, President
C. H. RUSSELL, Secretary
LANSING WILLIAMS, Treasurer



MADISON, WIS.
DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY, STATE PRINTER
1911

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Legislative Action Concerning Andersonville Commission and Monument:

Law Authorizing Committee to Act 5
Law Concerning Publication of Report 7
Organization of Committee 7

CHAPTER II.

The Monument:

Description 9
Dedication 10
Names of Persons Present 19
Addresses: Hon. L. H. Bancroft 22
General C. R. Boardman 34
D. G. James, President Commission 42
Governor J. O. Davidson 44
Mrs. Sarah D. Winans 50

CHAPTER III.

Description of Andersonville Prison 57

CHAPTER IV.

Personal Reminiscences of Prison Life by D. G. James, Compiler of this Book:

Taken Prisoner 63
Arrival at Andersonville 67
Introduction to Captain Henry Wirz 67
Treatment in Andersonville 71
Transferred to Florence, South Carolina 74
Ill Treatment at Florence 75
"Flanking" for Extra Rations 78
Election in Prison 81
Inhuman Punishments 85
Going to be Paroled 86
Good Old Lady in Goldsboro 88

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

FROM POLLARD'S LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS:
Military Tyranny 91
Despotic Police System 92
General Winder 94
Treatment of Union Prisoners 95

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN MCELROY'S "STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS:"
Bugs in the Soup 100
General Winder Characterized 101
Captain Wirz Characterized 102
Rations Decreasing—Rain Increasing 105
Barter with the Guards 107
Two Kinds of Guards 107
Inhuman Treatment 108
A Ludicrous Incident 109
Awful Condition of the Dead 111
Barrett's Insane Cruelty 112
Punishment by Starvation 113
Snipped off his Toes 115

CHAPTER VII.

INVESTIGATION OF SOUTHERN PRISONS BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM REPORT OF INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE:
Character of General Winder 118
United States Army Regulations Concerning Prisoners of War 121
Robbery of Union Prisoners 122
Story of H. M. Davidson (Union Prisoner) 124
Entrance into Andersonville 124
Condition of Prisoners 127
Appearance Inside 128
Stagnant Water 129
Distribution of Rations 130
The Tennesseeans 133
Sad Scenes 134
The Most Common Disease 138
A Man Missing 143
Hospital Statement by Leroy Clark 144
About the Surgeons 149
Crazy Jones 150
Recklessness of the Guards 151
Carrying off the Dead 151
Burial Record 155

PAGE

Testimony of Dorence Atwater..... 155
The Place and Manner of Burial..... 157
Testimony of Lieutenant A. W. Parsons (Confederate).... 157
Condition of the Prison..... 158
Letter of James Anderson to President Davis..... 159

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMARY OF TESTIMONY CONCERNING ANDERSONVILLE:
Sources of the Testimony..... 161
Review of the Testimony..... 161
Other Confederate Prisons:
Johnson's Island 164
Salisbury—Diary of Lucien Holmes..... 165
Florence—Letter of Sabina Dismutes to Jefferson Davis 167
Clothing 168
Stores Sent from the North to Andersonville..... 170
Rations Issued to Confederate Prisoners Contrasted with those issued to Union Prisoners..... 171
Patriotism of Prisoners..... 174
Retaliation 175
Guilty Knowledge of Confederate Authorities..... 176
Reports of Confederate Officials..... 177

CHAPTER X.

Mortality Among Prisoners..... 180
The Wirz Monument..... 181
Letter from a Southern Woman..... 183

CHAPTER XI.

WISCONSIN SOLDIERS BURIED AT ANDERSONVILLE:
List of Names..... 184
Number from Various Organizations..... 190

CHAPTER XII.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WIRZ:
Detail for Commission and Charges..... 191
Testimony in Support of the Charges
Lieutenant Prescott Tracy, Union..... 192
William Dillard, Confederate..... 193
Ambrose Spencer, Southern Citizen..... 194
Boston Corbett, Union..... 200
Father Hamilton, Catholic Priest..... 203
Dr. Hopkin's Report, Thomasville, Ga..... 209
Dr. Joseph Jones, Confederate Surgeon..... 211
C. C. Roy, Confederate Surgeon..... 212

Condition of Prisoners in Hospital PAGE
J. C. Bates, Confederate Surgeon..... 212
A. V. Barrows—Surgeon 27th Mass..... 217
Rations of Prisoners in the Hospital..... 218
Vaccination of the Prisoners..... 219
Oliver B. Fairbanks, Union..... 220
Letter from Gen. Cooper to Gen. Howell Cobb..... 221
Report of D. T. Chandler, Inspector..... 221
Dogs or Hounds at Andersonville
Colonel G. C. Gibbs, Confederate..... 222
Nazareth Allen, Confederate..... 222
William Dillard, Confederate..... 223
Colonel J. H. Fannin, Confederate..... 223
James P. Stone, Union..... 224
Dr. A. V. Barrows, Union..... 226
Chain Gang
John F. Heath, Confederate..... 227
Alexander Kennell, Union..... 228
Andrew J. Spring, Union..... 228
Charles E. Tibbles, Union..... 228
Robert Tate, Union..... 228
Dr. A. V. Barrows, Union..... 229
The Stocks
Dr. A. V. Barrows, Union..... 230
Nazareth Allen, Confederate..... 230
Whipping
Vicenzio Bardo, Union..... 230
William Jennings, John Fisher, Union, Colored, and H. C. Lull, Union..... 231
Shooting of Prisoners by Guards
Dr. A. V. Barrows, Union..... 231
Thomas C. Alcoke and S. D. Brown, Union..... 232
Charles H. Russell Union..... 235
Condition of Prisoners in the Stockade
Felix De La Baume and Charles H. Russell, Union and Dr. F. C. Castlen, Confederate..... 236
Private Property Taken from Prisoners
T. C. Alcoke and C. H. Russell, Union..... 237
Rations
Oliver B. Fairbanks, Union..... 238
Supplies from the North
James K. Davidson, Union..... 238
Frank Maddox, Union..... 239
Captain Wirz' Receipt for Supplies..... 239
William Bull, Union..... 240
Authority of Wirz over Hospital..... 240
Supplies Found in Georgia and Alabama in 1864-'65
George Welling, Union..... 243
W. T. Davenport, Confederate..... 243

Wirz' Statement of Having Been In the Union Army
Charles H. Russell 244
Letter of Captain Wirz to Gen. J. H. Wilson 245

CHAPTER XIII.

FINDINGS OF THE COURT:
"Guilty" 247
Sentence, approval, execution 251

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCERNING JEFFERSON DAVIS AND GENERAL LEE 252
Conduct of Robert E. Lee 252
Concerning Pension for Davis 257

CHAPTER XV.

CLARA BARTON'S REPORT OF VISIT TO ANDERSONVILLE IN SUMMER OF 1865 258

CHAPTER XVI.

ANDERSONVILLE SINCE THE CIVIL WAR 269
THE CEMETERY, AS IT IS NOW 290
PROVIDENCE SPRING 291

TREASURER'S REPORT 292
A PATHETIC POEM 295

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Wisconsin Monument at Andersonville.....*Frontispiece*
Party of ex-prisoners at the foot of Monument..... 11
Group around Providence Spring..... 13
Group on the Day of Dedication..... 17
Hon. Levi H. Bancroft..... 23
General Charles R. Boardman..... 35
Governor James O. Davidson..... 45
Mrs. Sarah D. Winans..... 51
View of stockade and surroundings..... 55
Plat of the prison grounds..... 56
Map of the vicinity of the prison..... 59
David G. James, President of the Commission..... 62
Picture taken at the place of capture of Comrade James..... 64
North gate of the prison..... 69
South end and sink..... 126
Awaiting entrance of more prisoners, at the North gate..... 126
Distribution of rations..... 131
Some Andersonville homes..... 136
South end of the prison..... 139
North end of the prison..... 140
North end of the prison—sink in the foreground..... 146
South end of the prison—showing the dead-line..... 147
Digging trenches for the burial of dead prisoners..... 154
Looking toward the south end of the prison..... 202
Charles H. Russell, Secretary of the Commission..... 234
The care-taker's cottage..... 271
Mrs. Lizabeth A. Turner..... 273
Relics of prison life—Preserved at Andersonville..... 275
The Cemetery
- Entrance 277
- Section one 279
- Section two 281
- Section three 283
- Section four 285

Providence Spring—The Pavilion..... 287
Lansing Williams, Treasurer of the Commission..... 293

PREFACE.

I desire to say to the readers of this report that I alone assumed the work of compiling this volume of horrors. You will ask me why I have put this off until nearly half a century after the crime was committed. In the first place, it was so revolting that the survivors desired to forget it, if such a thing were possible. It was not, and for years it haunted us in our dreams at night. The running sores on our bodies were reminders in our wakeful hours of what we had endured. Then the most of our number belonged to that class of citizens who were compelled to take up some trade or business for a livelihood, as the meager salary received from the government did not suffice for a life of ease and comfort for the balance of our days on earth.

And again, I was not able for many years to get the official documents to verify what I desired to give to the public, knowing full well that a recital of what follows would hardly be believed without some verification. It is no pleasure to do all this work, but a duty I owe to the thousands of those comrades who were the victims of the system and whose voices were silenced by a loathesome death.

I did not desire to recite these things until, owing to the so-called southern historians falsifying the facts, after destroying all the records to which they had access, it became a necessity—a duty. It was a very charitable and humane act on the part of our government to decline to retaliate by giving our prisoners the same treatment the Rebels did us. But now, at this late date, to have them erect a monument to Wirz and put it where it will be most conspicuous for those who go to Andersonville to lay a wreath on the grave of some dear friend; to erect a monument to Jeff Davis and have the temerity to request the loyal citizen who passes by to alight from his carriage and

stand before it uncovered with bowed head in reverence for a fiend incarnate; to follow that with a silver punch bowl on one of our battleships sailing under the stars and stripes, with the head of the traitor embossed on it with the following inscription:—"Mississippi's Loyal Patriotic Citizen"; to have General Lee's monument in the Hall of Fame in the national capitol, clad in a Rebel uniform; and now agitating the move to have Jeff Davis's put beside it, I think it is a little too much for us to bear in silence.

The few survivors of those atrocities have reason to feel grieved at such a display of audacity. They ought to have been satisfied with letting those leaders escape unhung without putting these reminders in the place most conspicuous for the friends of those who suffered the tortures of a thousand deaths at their hands. Their victims seem to have been forgotten so far as our politicians are concerned. Has Congress ever passed a resolution of gratitude or remembered the survivors or the widowed mothers of those men in any way? Not one word or one farthing to show their gratitude, but vice-versa, when Jeff Davis's remains were removed to Richmond to be placed in their last resting place, the United States Marine Band was sent at the expense of the government to participate in the ceremonies.

These facts and many more I might mention, prompt me to give the survivors and the friends of those who succumbed to the torture inflicted on the helpless in the several prisons of the South the history as revealed to the congressional committee and the court that tried Captain Wirz.

DAVID G. JAMES.

REPORT OF THE WISCONSIN MONUMENT COMMISSION.

CHAPTER I.

LEGISLATIVE ACTION CONCERNING ANDERSONVILLE MONUMENT AND COMMISSION.

The Hon. David G. Williams introduced a bill appropriating ten thousand dollars for the erection of a monument in the prison park at Andersonville, Georgia, commemorative of Wisconsin soldiers who suffered and died there. This bill was approved as Chapter 322, Laws of 1903. Section 2 of this act provided that the governor be authorized to appoint a commission of three ex-union soldiers who had been confined in said prison in 1864 to have charge of the erection of this monument. Governor La Follette appointed as such commission, D. G. James, Richland Center, Wisconsin, formerly of the 16th Wisconsin Infantry; Chas. H. Russell, Berlin, Wisconsin, formerly of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry; Lansing Williams, Columbus, Wisconsin, formerly of the 1st Wisconsin Infantry.

Creating and Authorizing the Committee to Act.

The following are the several chapters authorizing the committee to act.

CHAPTER 322, LAWS OF 1903.

An Act to appropriate a sum of money therein named for a monument in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia, commemorative of the Wisconsin soldiers who suffered and died in Andersonville prison, to appoint a commission to select a monument and cause the same to be erected and placed in a proper location in said cemetery and to provide for the traveling and other necessary expenses of such commissioners.

Section 1. For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in the National Cemetery, at Andersonville, Georgia, commemorative of the Wisconsin soldiers who suffered and died in Andersonville prison,

there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, the sum of ten thousand dollars. Provided, however, that Wisconsin granite shall be preferred for said monument, at equal cost of similar qualities of granite obtainable from any other state or states.

Section 2. For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of section 1 of this act, the governor of the state of Wisconsin is hereby authorized and fully empowered, at his convenience, to appoint a commission of three ex-union soldiers, each of whom has been confined as a prisoner in said former Andersonville prison during the Civil War, who shall serve without pay, and whose duty it shall be to select a suitable monument and cause the same to be erected and placed in a proper location in said National Cemetery within two years after the passage and publication of this act.

Section 3. Said commission shall make full report in writing to the governor of this state, without delay, after its labors have been completed.

Section 4. For the purpose of defraying the traveling and other necessary expenses of the commission, there is herby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, the further sum of five hundred dollars, which sum, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be paid to the individual members of such commission, in the usual manner provided by law, upon the presentation of proper bills, receipts and vouchers.

Section 5. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Approved May 20, 1903.

CHAPTER 321, LAWS OF 1905.

AN ACT to amend chapter 322 of the laws of 1903, and to appropriate an additional sum of money for the expenses of the commission appointed under said act, and to extend the terms of the commission appointed to carry this provision into effect, and for completing said work.

Section 1. Section 1 of chapter 322 of the laws of 1903, is hereby amended to read as follows: Section 1. For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in the old prison grounds of Andersonville prison near Andersonville in the state of Georgia, commemorative of the Wisconsin soldiers who suffered and died in Andersonville prison, there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of ten thousand dollars, provided however that Wisconsin granite shall be preferred for such monument at equal cost of similar qualities of granite obtainable from any other state or states.

Section 2. Section 2, of chapter 322 of the laws of 1903, is hereby amended to read as follows: For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of section 2 of this act, the governor of the state of Wisconsin, is hereby authorized and duly empowered at his convenience to appoint a commission of three ex-union soldiers, each of whom was confined as a prisoner in said former Andersonville prison during the Civil War, who shall serve without pay, and whose duty it shall be to select and contract for a suitable monument and cause the same to be erected and placed in a proper location in the old prison grounds of Andersonville prison near Andersonville, Georgia, which monument shall be erected, completed and dedicated on or before May 21st, 1907, and the terms of office of the commissioners appointed under the provisions of chapter 322 of the laws of 1903, shall be extended until May 21st, 1907.

Section 3. For the purpose of defraying the traveling and other necessary expenses of the commission in the selection, contracting for, locating, approving and dedicating said monument, and for the purpose of

paying the traveling and other expenses of speakers, the governor and his staff, and the salary, traveling and other necessary expenses of a stenographer, upon the occasion of the dedication of said monument, there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, the further sum of six hundred dollars, which sum or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be paid to the individual members of such commission, speakers, the governor and members of his staff, and to such stenographer aforesaid, in the usual manner provided by law, upon the presentation of proper bills, receipts and vouchers, it being intended by this section to appropriate for the purpose named, the further sum of six hundred dollars over and above the appropriation of five hundred dollars made by section 4, of said chapter 322 of the laws of 1903, and that so much of the sum of six hundred dollars, by this section appropriated, as shall be necessary to defray the expenses aforesaid shall be used for such purpose and such purpose only.

CHAPTER 137, LAWS OF 1907.

An Act to provide for suitable dedication of the monument erected by the state of Wisconsin in the national cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia, and to appropriate a sum of money to defray the expense thereof.

Section 1. The commission appointed under chapter 322 of the laws of 1903, to select a monument and have the same placed in a proper location in the national cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia, are hereby authorized to provide a suitable dedication for such monument when completed. To defray the necessary expenses of such dedicatory ceremonies, said commission is hereby empowered to use any unexpended balance of the appropriation made by chapter 322 of the laws of 1903 as amended by chapter 321 of the laws of 1905 for the erection of said monument, and for such purpose there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, the sum of one thousand dollars in addition thereto.

Section 2. The expenses of such dedicatory ceremonies shall be paid upon presentation of proper vouchers certified by the commission, out of the money herein appropriated.

Authorizing the Publication of Reports of the Commission.

CHAPTER 269, LAWS OF 1909.

An Act relating to the publication of reports of the Shiloh Monument Commission and of the Andersonville Monument Commission.

Section 1. The commission appointed pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 322 of the Laws of 1903, to select a monument and have it placed in its proper location in the old prison ground of Andersonville prison near Andersonville, Georgia, are hereby authorized and directed to make a suitable report on the erection and dedication of said monument, such report to contain suitable cuts and a history of the prison together with a list of names of the soldiers from Wisconsin who died in said prison and were buried in the national cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia, and such other material as the said commission may deem advisable. Such report shall be published and printed by the state printer in book form and such printer is authorized and directed to print two thousand copies of said report. And in like manner there shall be published and printed one thousand copies of the report of the Shiloh Monument Commission, in addition to the number heretofore issued.

Section 2. Any unexpended balance of the appropriation made in Chapter 322, Laws of 1903, as amended by Chapter 321, Laws of 1905,

and Chapter 137, Laws of 1907, and Chapter 381, Laws of 1901, as amended by Chapter 199, Laws of 1903, and Chapter 371, Laws of 1905, shall revert to the state and be placed into the state treasury.

The Commission met at Madison, Wisconsin, September 7, 1904, and organized by electing D. G. James, president; C. H. Russell, secretary, and Lansing Williams, treasurer. It was then decided that the Commission go to Andersonville to locate a suitable position for the monument, which they did November 19, 1904, locating the same at the northwest corner of what had been the inside stockade. Propositions were submitted for designs, with the result that none of those furnished was considered appropriate for the purpose, and all were rejected. The Commission again advertised for designs, when, after due consideration, they called to counsel with them Governor La Follette and Prof. Alexander Miller, and they jointly settled on the design which was accepted.

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT AND DEDICATION SERVICES.

The monument is principally of Georgia granite, the top being surmounted by a large American eagle in bronze. The inscriptions on its four sides are as follows:

West Face.

(Wisconsin Coat of Arms.)
This Monument
Erected by the
State of Wisconsin
in
Grateful Remembrance
of our Sons
Who Suffered and Died
in
Andersonville Prison,
March, 1864—April, 1865.

East Face.

Wisconsin.
(Wisconsin Coat of Arms.)
Known Dead
378,
To live in hearts
We leave behind,
is not to die.

Near the base of the monument, in larger letters, are the famous words of Gen. Grant:

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The designs on two sides are duplicates and consist simply of a large "W" enclosed in a wreath, with the figures "1906" underneath.

Near the lower part of the structure, in four different places, the following official data have been inscribed:

Commission appointed in 1904 by R. M. LaFollette, Governor.
D. G. James, President, Richland Center, Wisconsin,
16th Wisconsin Infantry.
L. Williams, Treasurer, Columbus, Wisconsin,
1st Wisconsin Infantry.
C. H. Russell, Secretary, Berlin, Wisconsin,
1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

Dedication of the Monument.

Through the courtesy of Mr. McLaughlin, editor of the *Stevens Point Journal*, we quote the following:

The dedication of the Wisconsin Monument at Andersonville, Ga., took place on Oct. 17, 1907, in the presence of about one hundred residents of the state, whose names appear later. The special train which conveyed the excursionists was composed of a combination baggage and smoking car and three Pullman sleepers. The train left Madison over the St. Paul railroad early in the afternoon of October 15, and after traversing parts of five states, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, reached Andersonville, the site of the far-famed Confederate military prison pen, early in the morning of the 17th, with a total of 107 passengers aboard. The day was an ideal one. The sun was bright and warm and the air soft and balmy. Roses and other flowers were still in bloom, the cotton fields white with the fast maturing crop, some of which had already been picked and was being ginned and made ready for the market. The foliage on oak, sycamore, maple, hickory, pecan, magnolia, umbrella, pomegranate, fig and peach trees, yet untouched by the frost, was as green and bright as in the summer time. Only in a few isolated instances had old Jack Frost laid even a blighting finger on the foliage,—a condition which extended as far north as Chattanooga where fresh roses still greeted the eye.

The dedicatory services took place at two o'clock in the afternoon, and were as follows: Prayer by a former resident of



Party of Ex-Prisoners at Foot of Monument



Group Around Providence Spring—Day of Dedication

Wisconsin, but who is now connected with the Booker T. Washington school at Tuskegee; hymn by a negro chorus of twelve voices; address by Judge Advocate Levi H. Bancroft of Richland Center; hymn by a negro chorus which was very beautiful indeed; address by Adjutant General C. R. Boardman of Oshkosh; song, "Wisconsin," by Miss Vida James, accompanied by Miss Carolyn Bancroft, both of Richland Center; formal turning over of the monument by President D. G. James, of the commission, to Governor James O. Davidson; acceptance of the monument on the part of the state by Governor Davidson; surrender of the same by the governor into the keeping of the National Woman's Relief Corps; acceptance of the responsibility by Mrs. Sarah D. Winans, vice-president of the corps, who came from Toledo, Ohio, for that purpose; singing of America by the entire assemblage.

Among the excursionists were about fifteen former Andersonville prisoners, and to them the visit was of absorbing and personal interest. The old stockade which surrounded the prison has been carried away or rotted down until not a vestige of it remains, but the grounds have been marked with posts showing where the stockade and dead line formerly stood; and one of the first things the former prisoners did was to locate and point out to their friends the spot where each was located when in the prison. The places some of them occupied at that time were mere dugouts or holes in the ground covered with blankets, if, indeed, they were lucky enough to have them. On some portions of the ground there are trees at least eighteen inches in diameter, and of corresponding height. These trees were not set out, but came up from seeds blown there, and the entire growth has been made in forty-two years,—thus presenting a splendid object lesson in the possibilities of forestry and forest culture.

All the visitors had, of course, heard of Providence Spring, the unexpected breaking out of which has been told in prose and poetry, and all availed themselves of an opportunity to taste its waters, some carrying a sample home with them.

During a visit to these grounds six years ago we were told a little story, a personal reminiscence which may bear repeating here. While on the grounds we met a woman who has always lived about a mile from the prison. Her father, she said, had

served in the Confederate army but, being incapacitated, came home and helped build the stockade. One day after the prison was occupied she went down to the gate with her mother and a party of friends to see the prisoners. She was then about six years old. While at the gate a prisoner asked one of the guards for some tobacco—the Confederates always being well supplied with tobacco. The guard said, "How will you get it? if I throw it to you it will fall into the sand." "Let the little girl bring it to me," said the prisoner. "They then asked me to carry the tobacco," said the woman, "but the prisoners looked so dirty and ragged, and I heard such awful stories about the Yankees, that I was afraid of them,—afraid they would kill me. Finally, however, after much coaxing, I ventured to carry the tobacco, and when I reached the prisoner he took me up in his arms, kissed me, asked me how old I was, and said he had a little girl at home just my age." Whether the man ever returned home and had the blessed privilege of again taking his own little girl in his arms of course the woman did not know.

The excursion train started on its homeward journey in the evening of the same day of its arrival, stopping an hour at Macon, spending a day at Atlanta, two days on the battle fields of Chattanooga, one day at Nashville and arriving in Chicago at nine o'clock Wednesday morning,—the journey from that city and back having occupied a little more than seven days; but, of the homeward journey, more at another time.

The excursion was under the personal direction of D. G. James, president of the commission. To say that he proved himself the right man in the right place is to use a hackneyed expression, yet it admirably fits this case. All the details were intelligently planned and carried out to the entire satisfaction of the party. To manage successfully an excursion is a difficult task, yet Mr. James was equal to the occasion. H. C. Bailey of Chicago accompanied the excursionists as the official representative of the Louisville & Nashville railroad. He looked carefully after the interests of all, and made a personal friend of every one in the party.



A Party at the Dedication

In the Center, Mrs. Stockton is Holding a Dug-up Piece of the Stockade

Names of Persons Present at the Dedicatory Services.

Where the name of state is not printed, read Wisconsin.

Gov. J. O. Davidson and wife, Madison.
Gen. C. R. Boardman and wife, Madison.
Col. J. G. Salsman and wife, Madison.
Col. O. G. Munson and wife, Viroqua.
Hon. J. A. Frear, Secretary of State, and wife, Hudson.
D. G. James and daughters, Ada and Vida, Richland Center.
C. H. Russell and wife, Berlin.
Lansing Williams, Columbus.
Belle Williams, Columbus.
Blanche Williams, Columbus.
Senator H. P. Bird, Wausaukee.
Geo. C. Sayle, Madison.
Col. W. H. Joslin, Richland Center.
David Schreiner, Lancaster.
E. G. Brown, Detroit, Michigan.
A. F. Hall, Janesville.
R. B. Showalter and Martha Showalter, Lancaster.
S. Saucermann, Winston, Illinois.
B. F. Washburn, Excelsior.
Alfred Burdick, Milton.
W. W. Chadwick and Harriet Chadwick, Monroe.
Col. Geo. M. Neckerman, Madison.
N. Burch, Menomonie.
Hon. Geo. B. Burrows, Madison.
Hon. R. J. Flint, Menomonie.
Capt. Hugh Lewis, Madison.
Geo. B. McMillan, Grand Rapids.
Archie McMillan, Grand Rapids.
C. J. Kirch, Madison.
T. H. Rumsey, Berlin.
A. C. Etscheid, Curtiss.
L. M. Etscheid, Curtiss.
W. E. Ashard, Madison.
H. L. Ashard, Madison.
H. C. Bailey, Chicago, Illinois.
Capt. Chas. H. Henry, Eau Claire.

Oscar H. Pierce, Milwaukee.
Hon. L. H. Bancroft, Richland Center.
Mrs. Myrtle Bancroft, Richland Center.
Miss Carolyn Bancroft, Richland Center.
Blaine Bancroft, Richland Center.
Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Richland Center.
G. W. Marsh, Santiago, California.
Mrs. K. W. Marsh, Santiago, California.
Chas. Weittenhiller, Platteville.
Edward McGlachlin, Stevens Point.
Mrs. Edward McGlachlin, Stevens Point.
Mrs. B. D. Berry, Chicago, Illinois.
R. H. DeLap, Richland Center.
Mr. N. L. James, Richland Center.
Miss Mabel James, Richland Center.
H. P. Christman, Menomonee Falls.
J. H. Reed, Tecumseh, Kansas.
C. E. Estabrook, Milwaukee.
F. H. Williams, Whitewater.
J. R. West, Elgin, Illinois.
W. H. Johnson, Berlin.
Mrs. W. H. Johnson, Berlin.
John Woodward, Platteville.
Henry Stannard, Platteville.
L. L. Owens, Burlington.
R. E. Osborne, La Crosse.
Wm. Lindsay and wife, Milwaukee.
Alex. Campbell, Albion.
Esther Newman, Algoma.
Bernice Hatch, Sturgeon Bay.
W. H. Grinnell and wife, Beloit.
Mrs. Laura Dodd, Boise, Idaho.
E. A. Bean and wife, Wautoma.
Capt. F. A. Wilde, Milwaukee.
B. S. Williams, Wautoma.
Mrs. Sara Richardson, Sheboygan Falls.
W. H. Richardson, Sheboygan Falls.
Miss Jessie Hunter, Chicago, Illinois.
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Putman, Brodhead.

E. H. Stuart, Brodhead.
Mrs. L. A. Stuart, Brodhead.
Henry Luther, Berlin.
Mrs. M. E. Luther, Berlin.
J. E. Hanson, Beloit.
A. S. Jackson, Beloit.
John C. Martin, Madison.
Col. J. B. Edwards, Mauston.
William Belter, Wautoma.
John W. Ganes, Fox Lake.
Mrs. J. W. Ganes, Fox Lake.
Mrs. Nellie Duncan, Darlington.
Mrs. A. W. Stockton, Faribault, Minnesota.
Frances R. White, Wis. Veterans' Home, Waupaca.
C. C. Wellensgard and wife, Berlin.
Capt. and Mrs. A. G. Dinsmore, Veterans' Home, Waupaca.
C. H. Wanamaker, Madison.
S. Prowse, Chicago, Illinois.
Henry Rintelmann, Milwaukee.
Henry Stannard, Greenbush.
John Prien, Madison.

It is with pleasure and gratitude that we pause to make mention of Mr. John Prien, who accompanied our party to Andersonville and back to Chattanooga as representative of the C. M. & St. P. R. R., and Mr. H. C. Bailey of the N. C. & St. L. R. R. These gentlemen added much to the interest of the trip by arranging for stop-overs at all the historic points along the way; and they showed themselves well fitted for the high positions they held with the railroad companies they represented.

ADDRESS OF THE HONORABLE LEVI H. BANCROFT.

The state of Wisconsin has considered it a duty to place here an appropriate memorial, as a tribute to the heroism of her sons who here suffered martyrdom.

The men who died here understood the worth of that freedom which they were denied.

Amid scenes of horror which might well appall the stoutest heart, and subjected to temptation by the promise of liberty, seemingly stronger than human endurance, with courage undaunted and honor unstained, they gave to the cause of human liberty the last full measure of devotion.

It was eminently fitting and proper that those who survived the war's fierce tempest to enjoy the fruition of that liberty which these men died to preserve, should, with reverent and loving remembrance, rear an altar on this spot made sacred by the blood of their martyred comrades.

After the lapse of nearly half a century, that duty was delegated to a commission, appointed by the chief executive of the State, composed of three members, who were themselves confined as prisoners of war within the stockade of Andersonville.

That commission, consisting of Charles H. Russell, David G. James, and Lansing Williams, has now completed its task.

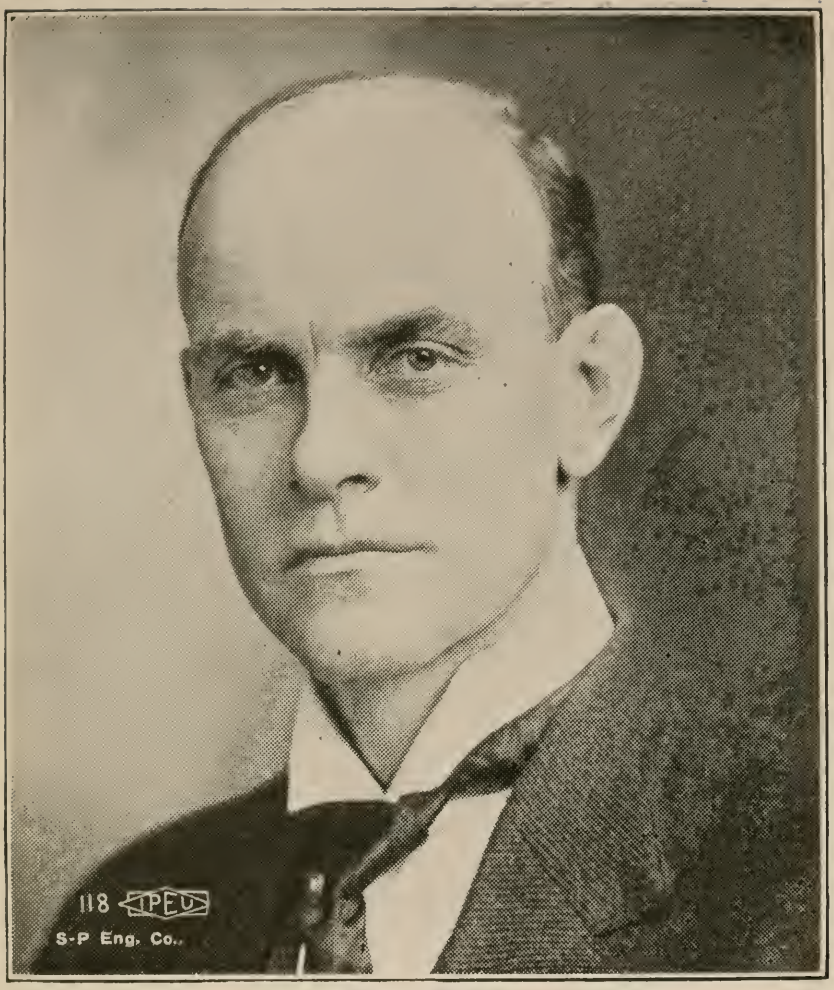
To these veteran comrades of those who suffered here, the discharge of this obligation has been a labor of love. They have erected here an enduring pile of granite and bronze, and graven it with loving sentiment, to the memory of comrades dead.

Today as the guests of that Commission, we are called upon to witness the completion of their labors, and to participate in the solemn ceremonies attendant upon the conclusion of their duty, and the surrender of their responsibility.

I have been requested by the members of this Commission, to say something here befitting the occasion. A request from such a presence, is a command not to be disobeyed.

This only, is my excuse for trespassing upon your patience, and for presuming to break the silence of these surroundings, more eloquent than human lips.

When the storm of the Civil War burst in flame and fury Wisconsin was one of the youngest of the sisterhood of states.



Hon. Levi H. Bancroft.

Scarce a dozen years had she worn the diadem of Sovereignty. But her people were born for freedom, and at her call, her sons, "crowded the way to death, as to a festival."

To this greatest of all wars, Wisconsin contributed 52 regiments of infantry, 4 regiments of cavalry, 13 batteries of light artillery, and one full regiment of heavy artillery,—approximately 100,000 men. Of this number more than 12,000 gave up their lives in the service of their country.

Her sons were with Grant at Vicksburg, and Shiloh, and Appomattox. They were with McClellan at Antietam, and with Meade at Gettysburg. They climbed the heights of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and with Sherman, marched from Atlanta to the sea.

On every great battle field of the war, side by side with their comrades from other states, "no useless coffins around their breasts" but wrapped in the soldier's martial shroud, they rest together, "on fields bought with their blood" awaiting the dawn of the eternal day.

In that great conflict 2,800,000 men enlisted under the flag of the American Union.

Of this number 300,000 died a soldier's death; 175,000 were captured and confined in prison pens; 500,000 were maimed with wounds or stricken with disease.

From that conflict the republic emerged, burdened with the agony and horror of the most stupendous struggle of all history. With a legacy of hate,—an inheritance of tears and broken hearts, and a national debt of four thousand millions of dollars.

Here, where cruelty unspeakable, and heroism beyond expression combined to make of this spot the Golgotha of the western hemisphere, 50,000 men were confined within a stockade covering a space of 1,010 feet by 779 feet, and subjected to the torture of such conditions as to render death a welcome relief. The fortunate ones were the 13,000 who lie buried in these sunken graves.

In that lottery of life and death, 127 drew the prize of six good feet of earth in a single day, and went uncomplainingly to nameless graves.

Of the heroes who here endured and died for liberty and union, 378 were from the green hills of old Wisconsin.

Today we dedicate this monument to their memory.

It is a beautiful belief, that treasured up in our natures are all the unconscious influences of all the heroism and martyrdom of our race from the dawn of our civilization until today; and that from this hidden fountain of pure and lofty sentiment, we are constantly renewing our faith, and finding inspiration and strength for the uplifting of humanity.

That man would be devoid of human sensibility, who could stand unmoved in the presence of the world's great monuments without feeling his heart stir with the memories which they awaken.

Before the column of July which marks the site of the "old bastile" what lover of human liberty would not uncover?

Before the shaft which crowns the summit of grand old Bunker Hill, what American would not feel his pulses quicken with the memory of that glorious day, when the ragged Continentals rolled the chivalry of England down its ensanguined slopes in disorder and defeat?

These monuments are the enduring ties of human fellowship, binding the heroic souls of generations past to kindred spirits yet unborn.

They are the milestones of earth's pilgrimage, marking the progress of humanity through the ages of advancing civilization.

They tell the story of a thousand years. The story of the heroism of the Anglo-Saxon race. The story of the struggles of millions, on the battlefields of two hemispheres,—from Alfred to Cromwell, and from Washington to Lincoln.

Now, when time has healed all wounds, and industry has repaired all the ravages of the Civil war, we may speak impartially of its cause and its effects, since the North and the South, as one people, rejoice in the beneficent results of its conclusion.

We have been told that the cause of that war was the question of the sovereignty of the states. But back of the question of "state rights" was the reason why certain of the states of the American union desired to exercise their sovereignty in opposition to the general government.

It is conceded that one reason was a desire on the part of certain states to maintain and perpetuate the institution of human slavery.

Accepting this truth, some have been satisfied with the conclusion that slavery was the real cause of the war.

But back of the question of slavery was another and more significant reason, which was the real cause of the Civil War, as it has been and will continue to be, the real cause of all the wars among men.

It was the one cause which has devastated the world,—wrecked the governments of all nations, and destroyed the civilizations of all ages.

The people of the South have distinguished themselves through all of our country's history as the most liberty loving and chivalrous portion of our population.

Every battlefield of the American revolution ran red with the blood of the cavalier. It was Patrick Henry of Virginia, who, when he heard of Concord and Lexington, sent from Virginia this message to Massachusetts, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American."

It was Virginia that gave us Washington, the father of the republic; and Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

It was the South which gave to the American union the sturdy character of "Old Hickory" as exemplified in the indomitable patriotism of Andrew Jackson.

Why was it that the South desired to maintain an institution so utterly at variance with every principle of her splendid history? So contrary to the spirit of liberty engendered in her bosom? So foreign to every precept of the Declaration of Independence, penned by her illustrious son? So utterly opposed to every tendency of our institutions, and our form of government, as well as to every principle of justice and humanity?

The only reason why slavery ever existed among men, and the only reason why its continued existence was ever tolerated or desired by any portion of the civilized world, was because it was considered profitable.

It was a mistaken idea of profit which caused the Civil War, as well as every other war of which history makes any account.

How money blinds our eyes, and hardens our hearts; changing love to hatred,—clothing injustice in the garments of de-

ception, and changing the wine of life into the sordid dregs of avarice.

It was the Divine Author of the Christian civilization who gave to men and nations, as the law of their being, that truth which all human history has confirmed,—"You cannot worship both God and Mammon."

When we have progressed far enough in civilization to be able to comprehend the immutability of the law, we shall understand that taxes and tariffs cannot build a nation; that presidents and political policies cannot insure the permanency of a nation; that armies and navies are powerless to maintain or to destroy a nation; that no weapon of offense or of defense, no pomp or pageantry, can prevail against the fixed and immutable laws of God; that nothing endures, or can endure, but truth, and justice, and liberty.

To deny this is to deny the omnipotence of God. To deny this is to deny the Christian civilization; to deny the power of justice, and the lessons of all human history and experience.

If this be not true, then slavery was right; and anarchy is right; and the arbitrary exercise of autocratic power and brute force is right.

The leader of the herd and the wolf pack compels obedience by force,—the power of hoof and horn, of fang and claw, of beak and talon. This is the law of the brute.

If man had no higher law than the brute, our civilization would be a farce.

Standing here today in the presence of the heroic dust of those who died for the union, we know that every patriot who believes in the glorious destiny of the great republic would deem the war for that union a failure, and that these men had died in vain, if in its results that war had not proved in every sense a victory for the South as well as for the North.

In the enlarged horizon of our national life, only made possible by the results of the Civil War, 85,000,000 of freemen, united in a common heritage of glory, and a common purpose of national achievement, look forward to a destiny which like a mighty ocean touches all the shores of human possibility.

Bound by every tie of interest and origin into a common purpose, our national life has been cemented into a stronger union by the blood of our common heroes mingled on a hundred battlefields.

From that day, when, in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm which smote the tyrant down to this hour, the God of battles has bestowed His benediction upon those who dared to unsheathe the sword for a righteous cause.

Out of that awful storm of blood and agony He has brought us as a re-united people into the blessed sunshine of peace, and union, and liberty, and national prosperity.

He has taught us, and through us He has taught the civilized world, that neither individuals nor nations can hope to achieve permanent good or enduring prosperity from the practice of injustice. That the sordid greed for gain which tempted us, as it had tempted the Greek and the Roman before us, to violate the spirit of our institutions and to defy the justice of God, brought upon us, as it had brought upon all others, the vengeance of the violated law; until every drop of blood drawn by the lash had been requited by the sword. Until every dollar derived from the labor of a slave had been paid by the labor of a freeman. Until the agony and misery of a race in bondage had been compensated by the suffering and martyrdom of that race which forged the chain.

We are coming to realize more and more that "the judgments of God are true and righteous altogether."

In but little more than half a century after the establishment of free government in America, the American union owed its preservation to the rugged integrity and indomitable courage of the Puritan character.

Today, scarce half a century after the Civil war, the republic needs as never before that high idealism and the fine sense of personal honor in both public and private life which ever distinguished the character of the cavalier.

America stands invincible to all the world, except it be the genius of her own institutions.

In the strength and pride of her own marvelous material prosperity she requires for self-preservation the regenerating influences of the New South,—the South of Henry W. Grady and of John B. Gordon.

We need that spirit of patriotism, which has triumphed over adversity, without surrendering its ideals or its honor. That spirit of patriotism which can and will grasp the great questions of our national life, with a determination to solve them for righteousness, without regard to consequences to "vested

interests," which has enabled the South to grapple with the great question of intemperance.

Real patriotism, such as this great republic needs to purge its national life of every stain of pretense and material ostentation;—such as it needs to give it life and immortality, is the same today as in "that hour which tried men's souls."

It is something more than a mere sentimentality. It is not a mere pride in achievement. It is not a lust for present glory and emolument.

It is that absolute renunciation of self which identifies the individual with the glory of the nation to the exclusion of personal interest,—like a great river flowing to the sea, to be lost in its heaving tides.

That renunciation of self which Ruth expressed: "Where thou goest I will go; where thou livest I will live; and where thou diest, there will I die also."

Such self-effacement as is here depicted by these nameless graves, where died in silent resignation for their country's cause those heroes whose memory we celebrate today.

When the flight of our undazzled eagle shall be nearest to the sun, will be, not amid the roar and tumult of battle and conflict,—not when war spreads desolation over the land,—but when amid the beauty of peace and the splendor of prosperity, American patriotism shines resplendent in the civic honor and integrity of American citizenship.

In the fruition of our national life, we recognize as one of the most beneficent results of the Civil War, the complete abolition of all sectional lines. The glory of the great republic is no longer circumscribed by locality or condition, but is shared alike by every section of our country's vast domain.

When history with impartial pen, shall write the story of the Civil war, it will record no tale of conquest.

It will speak of that war and of its results only as a great national regenerations, made necessary by the development of republican institutions.

It will write beside the name of Grant that other great commander, whose splendid genius reflects the glory of American arms,—General Robert E. Lee.

It will tell of that tilt with death in the valley of the Shenandoah, where Sheridan and "Stonewall" Jackson, each, for the first time, met a "foeman worthy of his steel."

It will rank with the genius of any who rose to a supreme command in the armies of the North, the name of that chivalrous soldier, Albert Sidney Johnson, from whose hand death snatched the prize of victory on Shiloh's bloody field.

It was not a triumph of superior valor nor the result of a superior military skill which brought the glorious peace of Appomattox, where the South, exhausted by the conflict which had devastated her fields and destroyed her industries, surrendered a hopeles cause for the sake of humanity.

It was the omnipotent Power of the God of justice and liberty, against which no human skill or valor can prevail, which brought the exhausted but unconquered South to acknowledge the error of her cause.

The world admits that the men who won the bloody field of Chickamauga and charged with Pickett up the flaming slopes at Gettysburg gave to military annals a new standard of personal valor, beside which the grenadiers who fought at Lodi and Austerlitz seem like the painted soldiers of a gala day parade.

The one grand compensation of the Civil War is the fact that it kept the South in the American union, and preserved her splendid citizenship for the glory of the great republic.

As the foundations of the world rest upon the lowest strata, so the foundations of organized society rest upon the mass of the people. And as the volcanic forces of nature burst from subterranean depths and pile burning mountains on the continents, so do the pent up forces of human nature sometimes burst all bounds of restraint, and in periods of great stress hurl upon society some great soul, who, like a burning brand, is hot with the flame and fury of the elements which gave him birth.

Thus does Napoleon, that imperial incarnation of genius and ambition, stride like a Collosus the period of the French revolution.

And thus does Abraham Lincoln, the greatest soul that ever flamed across the sky of human history, dominate the period of the Civil War.

Liberty was his ideal. Justice was his religion.

In him the ideal of American citizenship found expression and example.

"With malice toward none, and charity for all," the great emancipator led his people out of the wilderness of dis-union and strife,—out of the night and storm of war, into the beauty and glory of unity and peace.

Standing on the greatest battlefield of that war, where for three terrible days the grim reaper had wrought the harvest of death, and where side by side in the peace of eternity, the blue and the gray found the fellowship of heroic souls,—speaking to those who had assembled for the purpose of dedicating that field as a resting place for the unnumbered thousands who had there given their lives that the nation might live,—Abraham Lincoln said:

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract."

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

And as we stand here today, in the presence of the heroic dust of these men who died so bravely for the cause they loved, we realize how idle is human speech.

With what more than living eloquence their cold lips bid us to bear witness how they met the duty laid on them.

How they speak to us of the duty of citizenship,—the sacredness of free government,—the wickedness of treason. Of the priceless heritage of human liberty, and the glory of the American union.

What memories surround this spot. Memories of many a hard fought field where valor outdid endurance.

Tender memories, of banners more beautiful than rainbow tints, borne with loving pride through the war's fierce flame.

Grand memories, of chivalry and heroism. Glorious memories, of victory and the triumph of liberty and justice.

Sad memories, of those who fell on bloody fields, of comrades torn with shot and shell,—and those who died in prison pens.

It is one thing to die a soldier's death in the battle's glorious tumult. It is another thing to die in the hopelessness and

helplessness of the prison pen, alone with vermin and disease, and the horror of self consciousness.

In the whirlwind of the charge, amid the roar of the conflict, the screaming shells, the flash of bristling steel, the shouts of contending hosts; when the frenzy of strife lends unnatural courage and valor leads the way to victory, the grim destroyer greets the soldier, clad in garments of glory, and robbed of all his terror.

But here, in the loathsome prison pen, the soul of the republic's best manhood met the God of battles alone and unafraid.

Here the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, bred through the martyrdom of the ages, met and endured and triumphed over death,—for liberty.

Let us who are here privileged to stand in the sacred presence of their heroic dust, be consecrated again to the cause of human righteousness.

Let us be made to feel here somewhat of that inspiration which exalted them; to appreciate more fully than before the duty of an American citizen. To realize in some degree how precious is liberty; how priceless is our system of government; how glorious is our common country; how splendid its destiny.

And let us here again resolve, by all the precious and tender memories of our glorious past, "that this government of the people, and for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

Dedication Address of General C. R. Boardman.

We have come from one distant state into another to perform a duty assigned us by our people whom we serve.

"We have traveled in the print of olden wars. Yet all the land was green and love we found and peace where fire and war had been."

We have come from one of the younger to one of the oldest states in our union. And we descendants of those brave enough to fight in battle for their belief have also come from ancestors great enough to teach us in looking back on a period of bitter conflict constantly to remember these words: "And so I charge thee by the thorny crown and by the cross on which the Savior bled and by your own soul's hope of fair renown, let something good be said."

We have come to a state not only old in years but strong in patriotic purpose and rich in historical inspiration,—a state the valor of whose people stands an enduring encouragement to fortitude and courage. A state that in colonial days stood as a bulwark against the enemies to the south and whose people under the skillful leadership of Governor Oglethorpe rendered lasting aid to the great cause of independence.

Other things in the history of Georgia stand out as a guiding beacon light even as the north star at night serves a safe guide to the mariner. Georgia from the first permitted her people to live in religious toleranee. Georgia's delegates to the first convention at Philadelphia were authorized "To join in any measure which they might think calculated for the common good."

In the revolution Georgia stood staunch, though suffering heavily from the armies of the English and the Tories to the south; staunch to such an extent, in fact, that in proportion to population she is said to have lost more men and property than any other of the thirteen colonies. The records show that Georgia enlisted 3,873 men for the Revolution; for the Mexican War 2,132 men; for the civil war 112,000, of whom one-fifth lost their lives. In the war with Spain her full quota and more was given with the other states.

Some messages brilliant in utterance and as perpetual as monuments in good effect have been given in time of stress to



Brigadier Charles R. Boardman

the nation by men of Georgia, and they are worthy of repetition on such an occasion as this:

Alexander A. Stephens has told us: "Without intelligence, virtue, integrity and patriotism on the part of the people, no republic or representative government can be durable or stable."

Rev. A. G. Haygood, at the close of the war with the panorama of desolation before him, advised his people as follows: "Let us cultivate industry and economy, practice virtue and justice, walk in truth and righteousness, and push on with strong hearts and good hopes."

From the Adjutant General of Georgia comes this modern patriotic sentiment: "The people of this state, while loving the memories of the past are true to the conditions of the present. We are absolutely loyal to the flag of our fathers, the flag of our children and the flag of our country."

We come, therefore, with respect and admiration for such a state with such a record and with such people. We come, too, with warm hearts for the Southland, for we are mindful of the hospitality, yea, more, the tender care which our sister state, South Carolina, gave to our sick Wisconsin soldiers at Charleston, in 1898, when the war with Spain was being waged. The citizens there opened their homes for the care of the sick; gave the dead burial becoming soldiers of the nation; preserved the records pertaining to them, and in every way displayed a degree of thoughtfulness, deep regard and strength of sympathetic spirit that we of Wisconsin will cherish as an act of nobleness wholly, this deed of the chivalrous south man and the merciful kindness of the generous south woman.

To such a state, to such a section, among such people and in such a spirit, we of Wisconsin have come to dedicate a monument to our soldier dead which we have builded from Georgian granite and with the help of Georgia men.

Through memory's mystic glamor we seek to discern the best.

We have not come to discover defects in the dead or the living. We come conscious that a repressed rebuke may be helpful to the quick. We are here with a heart felt purpose, for it is only with the heart that hearts may be won.

Ours is indeed "a monument for the soldiers built of the people's love." A monument to men and women, for "the

biography of the man is only an episode in the epic of the family."

Ours is a monument to men who endured the test of toil and travail, service and sacrifice for their country's good. A monument to the miseries of the mothers and the woes of all the noble women of the war.

But it should ever be contemplated in peace and righteousness.

Man with his puny efforts seeks to imitate eternity by building what he hopes to be everlasting landmarks.

The acts of those who served and suffered are recorded in eternity. The spirit in which they acted is the permanent attribute of mankind and on the spirit in which this structure has been reared we rely for its permanence rather than in its massiveness or solidity of design. Its real majesty no more lies in its cost in dollars than does the true greatness of a ruler lie in the pomp and pageantry with which he surrounds himself. The truly great have ever been modest and plain of style.

We have set up this monument to the memory of the men from our state and the entire country who followed their flag through day and night; through the drought and the flood; through sickness and starvation; through prison and stockade —even into the jaws of red death.

Think of the spirit that must have animated the soldiers of both north and south to enable them to stand the strain of the gigantic struggle in which they engaged; think of the tremendous fight they made for things spiritual and material; and, thinking of this, can we for a moment permit ourselves to doubt the value to the nation of keeping such a spirit alive, that we may fight again if necessary, but another time for the whole United States and for the United States only? Let us have peace, yet let us keep ourselves prepared to maintain it.

So we have builded our monument not only as a tribute of gratitude to our patriotic dead, but also that our youth, as they come to manhood, may not forget; that our country may never lack faithful defenders, men who will have the love of God in their hearts, the courage of their convictions and the bravery of their ancestors in their breasts.

The sacrifices of the soldier and the seaman are in vain if we are not prepared on every necessary occasion to emulate

their example. It will not do for us to say we can prepare when the time comes. Like the man who draws his weapon, we must be prepared to act with accuracy and certainty, for the warfare of the future will be as surely along lines of perfect organization, equipment and training as are the modern campaigns in the manufactures and the trades.

Let us hope, then, that, among other results, this monument will help keep alive an interest in the military affairs of our country. The wisdom of our greatest forefathers has ever pointed out the necessity of maintaining our military for self defense and for the protection to life and property; at the same time the spirit of our constitution as it has done in the past, should continue to be followed, and the subordination of the military to the civil power ever be maintained. Let us increase and perfect our regular army until it keeps pace with our increase in population and wealth, so that we do not become too tempting an object for aggression from without. Let us teach our youth to build up and properly care for his physical being. Let us teach him prompt obedience, which is the corollary for the execution of orders both civil and military. Let us teach him to handle the rifle and to shoot straight. This now is and should be the principal work of the militia, for healthfulness, willingness to obey orders, and marksmanship are the prime requisites for good soldiers, be they regulars, militia or volunteers.

Let this moment be an inspiration to the militia.

Remember that the battles of New Orleans, King's Mountain and Saratoga were won by the militia, and that the great bulk of all the soldiers in the civil war were militia.

The nation that resorts to mercenaries is in decay and the draft marks a dangerous loss in public sentiment.

Build up the monuments to valor and patience and sacrifice, but make them permanent through the eternal spirit of patriotic preservation of the individual and through him of the nation which is all ours by a common bond of motherhood.

Education, real practical education that fits men for the trades as well as for the professions and for genuine work, coupled with patriotism and training in the practical essentials of military duty, make for the true greatness of a people. Every added degree of accomplishment in this direction makes

for insured greatness. This, among other great purposes, is one of the inspirations that should ever emanate from our monument.

Over our internal questions we have no real cause for force or blows. The red flag we should relegate to regions where the battle of the ballot is not provided for and where no fighting forum like that of a free press and a free public rostrum for argument is furnished. No honest law abiding interests need ever fear the military here. Our soldiers of the United States have ever stood for protection, law, order and fair play.

Every individual is actuated largely by the instinct of self preservation. Make that task as easy as is consistent with honesty, industry and frugality and public dangers from within become reduced to a minimum.

The preservation of our states with their government for themselves within themselves is furnishing experimental stations for legislation and the solution of economic questions that are invaluable to our national life, and in them, as in the laboratories of the specialist and the inventor, are worked out remedies for public ills and methods for public advancement. The ambitions of the mere agitators cannot wreck our common weal so long as the final arbitration lies in an appeal to the common sense of all the people, and, so long as we continue to put a premium on study and thought and work and discussion, the great asset of common sense will not become impaired in value.

The wonders of science, invention and production are sure to be followed by changes in the general plan of government, equally startling at first, and to those grown old working according to one set of ideas and methods at first thought equally revolutionary.

Therefore those who have their hearts' interest in the influences which they hope to see this mass of granite exert, will look also for the development of civic courage and civic foresight as one of its results.

The heroism of home equals the bravery of battle. The courage to act according to honest convictions oftentimes matches the stoicism that buoys one up to sustain prison privations. This spirit will be needed. It is needed now. We must set the example and teach our young to sustain it.

We must keep on learning that laziness and labor make unholy consorts. We must understand this more thoroughly before we finish. Also that no artificial dignity should be attached to wealth or to the professions, but that the real crown of merit belongs to the man who honestly and efficiently works, no matter what his occupation may be.

Those men who shrink from honest toilers and move about continually gloved against imaginary contamination are mild canker spots on our civilization.

The mushroom aristocracy of wealth, really rich only in selfishness and disregard of everything contrary to their own wishes, is as far removed from true nobility as the north star is distant from the southern cross.

It is equally dangerous when actuated by vanity and the search for satiety as the reckless ribaldry and the violent vaporings of some of the senseless leaders of the so-called socialistic movements or the doglike demagogues baying at the moon of their imagination.

In the civil war there was an organization, made up largely of Wisconsin regiments, that, for its steadiness in battle and fearlessness under fire, has passed into history as the "Iron Brigade." So it is now as it was then. Wisconsin men at the front then, Wisconsin now at the front, in the march of progressive government. Wisconsin with her wealth of true men and women. Wisconsin with her wealth of material things. Your Wisconsin. My Wisconsin. My cradle of birth and training and faith, and I hope my grave of death. Wisconsin with her proud motto of "Forward." Forward, Wisconsin. On, Georgia, On! Forward our people. Forward our country. On with all of the states. All for each, and each for all. All for the welfare of our people and the betterment of our race. All for the advancement of good government. Joins Wisconsin with them all, and may the union be everlasting. Not only with those who shoulder to shoulder stood the supreme test, but also with those states that hold our blessed dead, and in whose soul is the red of our people's blood.

Charge, Wisconsin, Charge! On, Georgia, On! And as we move along, "Give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another."

Events such as this dedication should help to make us believe that Americanism, Nationalism, has risen indeed. Be not troubled then for the future for our youth with brave hearts and willing hands will rule the land and, rule it well.

"Down the broad vale of tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghostly fears are dead."

Stimulated by the example of the men, the deeds, and the times which Wisconsin's memorial here will help to perpetuate, we should await the approach of the future serene in our confidence in our country's safety and progress and with the heartfelt, steadfast purpose of endeavoring by our acts to prove our gratitude toward the grand old heroes who sacrificed themselves for us.

ADDRESS OF D. G. JAMES, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMISSION, TURNING THE MONUMENT OVER TO THE GOVERNOR.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The duties devolving upon me of transferring this monument, the fruits of ardent toil, over to the authorities who created the commission is not of my own seeking.

This shaft was not raised to celebrate any victory, to engender any feelings of discord or revive unpleasant remembrances of the past. It is erected by the state of Wisconsin as a mark of appreciation and gratitude for her loyal sons who suffered on these grounds from March, 1864, to April, 1865, for what they knew to be patriotic principle.

It is not my mission to allude to the suffering they endured during those fifteen long months. A person's sense of loyalty can be measured by such a test as these men were put to. A man can go to battle and face the death-dealing shot and shell, not knowing or seeing what fate awaits him; he can participate in the perilous charge, or resist the same. There is excitement for the brief period, and glory in the victory. But when he is shut up in a pen with scant food and clothing and no shelter but the canopy of the heavens, dying by inches from disease and

wounds, with no loving mother or friend to bathe his face or wet his parched lips; seeing his comrades around him momentarily breathing their last; he who endures all this without seeking any dishonorable relief from so untimely an end is a hero. Wisconsin has in yonder cemetery over three hundred such patriots, and many more occupy unknown graves between here and their homes in the far north, not having strength to reach their friends and homes after receiving the long coveted parole. And there were others who endured all this—yet fortunately reached their homes before their death. For the memory of all these we come here today to do honor.

Now, in behalf of our comrades, I wish to express our gratitude to the memory of that grand man, Father Hamilton of Macon, who made his weekly pilgrimage to the stockade and gave such little delicacies as he could and administered spiritual comfort to the dying. Oh, what a reunion this would be if he could be here today in body and pronounce the invocation! We will all revere him as long as memory lasts. We also feel a sense of gratitude toward the guard on the stockade, and also to Miss Sabina Dismutes and others, for the letters they wrote to the authorities deploring the condition of the prisoners and begging for their relief; and to numberless other administering angels who took compassion on the few who escaped, and gave them food and shelter.

A feeling of gratitude goes out to the ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps of America, who so generously purchased this historic spot and turned it into a so beautiful a park. I cannot omit the faithful work done by the contractor, Mr. Clark, who, as the monument plainly shows, never for one minute tried to slight his work or, to his knowledge, to use any undesirable material; and he was always pleasant under the many obstacles with which he met.

Governor Davidson, through you, now standing at the head of the great state of Wisconsin, in the name of all those loyal sons whose remains repose in yonder cemetery and the countless numbers who occupy unknown graves, and whose spirits now hover about us, together with the mothers, wives, sisters and friends and all others who are so fortunate as still to live and enjoy the fruits of their victory, I desire to express our heartfelt gratitude for the sacrifices you have made in leaving

the affairs of state to take a long journey to pay tribute to these noble dead who laid down their lives for what they believed to be a principle. Since our departed comrade, David Williams, introduced the bill for an appropriation to erect this shaft, you and your predecessor, Governor La Follette, have rendered us valuable aid. You, while a member of the legislature, and later at the head of state, have taken great interest in this work, without which it would have been difficult to complete it.

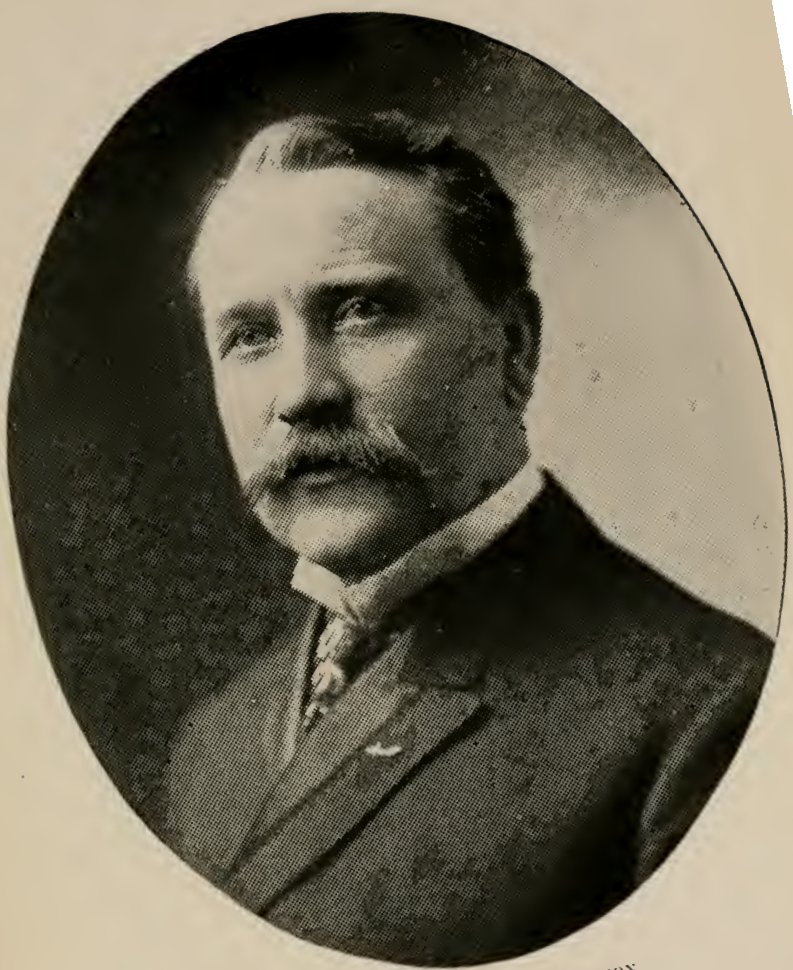
And now, in behalf of the commissioners who have worked industriously and harmoniously, each taking a deep interest in the work and performing it with a pleasure, we wish to thank them from the bottom of our hearts.

Governor Davidson, we here surrender our trust and turn the same over to you, the guardian of all state property, hoping you can say of us as one of old said, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

GOVERNOR DAVIDSON'S ADDRESS.—ACCEPTING THE MONUMENT.

Wisconsin bends its head in sorrow today. The recollections of the history here enacted, which occasions our presence with you, has enshrouded our minds with sadness mingled with silent admiration. Standing upon the site of the famous Andersonville prison—sacred ground to all America—I give voice to the state's deepest consciousness of the sacrifices, the endurance and the patriotic devotion of her soldier prisoners to principles to which they had dedicated their lives. As an evidence of the sincere appreciation of their deeds, although we fully realize that its massive structure and beautiful outlines are hopelessly insufficient properly to commemorate the historic significance, the state of Wisconsin has had erected this monument in honor of her sons who suffered and died here.

War is indeed a cruel legislator. In its name are committed deeds which cause reason to stagger and civilization to recoil upon itself. The great Civil War, for the interpretation of the fundamental instrument of our government, decreed that while every individual within our boundaries is a citizen of his respective commonwealth, he is also a citizen of one central government, supreme over all states, finding its existence in the



Governor James O. Davidson.

amalgamation of commonwealths, and one from which no state, once admitted, should have a right to secede. The war was as necessary as it was inevitable. For generations suspicion, jealousy and sectional envy had aroused those passions which only war could subdue, and in whose smoldering embers would be re-awakened that spirit of unity and fraternity essential to the broadest national existence. It was a war without parallel in the annals of history. Personal ambition and the desire for national aggrandizement found no consideration here. Both sides, American by birth and education, could never have sacrificed themselves by the tens of thousands except upon the belief that they were fighting for a principle which was greater than all worldly things. The courage, the constancy and the endurance of the Southern soldier was never surpassed. The pluck, the patriotism and the persistence of the Northern volunteer was never excelled. The decision which those four years of conflict announced was sealed by the hundreds of battlefields where they fought, and the thousands of graves which have ridged every state.

The civil war taught the world the value of American men. It produced a new type,—the citizen soldier. The hundreds of thousands of men who responded to the call of battle, both from the North and the South, were not men trained in the school of militarism. They were not men whose chosen profession was that of slaughter and pillage. They came from the peaceful pursuits of life, men trained in the arts and industries of a commercial and agricultural people. The artisan, the farmer, the student and the professional man, thinking not of selfish interests nor of personal gain,—these were the men whose bravery and endurance made the civil war the greatest struggle in history. The world had often seen gigantic armies. Military hordes have swept over Asia and Europe, destroying cities, conquering empires, and turning back the hand of progress. These vast armies gathered by the command of law, by purchase and by physical force, fought for the spoils of conquest, for monarchical aggrandizement or to satisfy the personal ambitions of a military despot. The citizen of '61, seeking only the safety of his country, required but the knowedge of his country's need to offer himself for the defense of principles which were institutional in his life. Every soldier of those trying times gained

for himself immortal honor in the consciousness of duty well performed. Thousands gained it on the field of combat, at the cannon's mouth, amid the storm of smoke and battle; thousands of others found it in the saddest chapter of a soldiers' life,—the languor and yearnings of the military prison.

To die on the field of battle in the heat of the conflict, conscious of the victory of his arms, has always been the wish of the soldier. To pass away thus is to die alone on the open plains, or by the side of comrades in arms. They receive his dying words. They give his body the last sad rites of a soldier. They tell those dear to him that he fought bravely and died a soldier's death. In such a scene there is inspiration; there is glory in such a death. Music and poetry for ages have found it their choicest theme.

Turn now to the soldier who languished behind the prison bars. Hunger, thirst and disease claimed him for their own. The free, open air was often denied him. His patriotic sighs and prayers re-echoed from walls, mute and dark. The agonizing throbs of his heart found no sympathy. There were no loving and tender hands to minister to his dying wishes. What yearnings, what hopes, and what longings must have flitted through his feverish brain? What scenes of happy hours his imagination must have pictured! And yet I doubt not his heart was free from anguish and bitterness. His death was a martyrdom, as lofty in soul, as trying in courage and as grand and holy in patriotic virtue as was ever attested by death for principle. Recall to the mind of an aged veteran of that war the scenes of battle. His head is thrown back, his breath quickens and the eye flashes with the spirit of the events. Recall to his memory prison days, and sadness creeps over his features and his head is bowed in sorrow. May the day soon come when we shall have reached that stage of development of mankind, when in the solution of public problems, wars shall cease and man's natural instincts for combat give place to the more reasonable consideration of an enlightened progress.

The monument which we dedicate here today is sacred to the memory of the military prisoner. It stands upon a spot which will never be forgotten so long as history is recorded. Wisconsin offers it to the South, untinged with malignity and bitterness. It is with pleasure that I receive this beautiful mon-

ument from the Commission, which supervised its erection, and it is with equal pleasure that I give it into the watchful care and keeping of that magnificent organization, the Woman's Relief Corps. This product of the sculptor's art is a tribute to those who died here for their country. No future age can have greater dead than these; no graves can hold holier dust. In this hallowed ground are buried with them the passions of war, and all the jealous strife of sections. Today we know only the spirit of unity and the fraternity of love and respect. We behold a union firmly established in the hearts, affections and loyalty of its citizens. We pay the same military honors to him who wore the gray as are bestowed upon the wearer of the blue.

In Forest Hill Cemetery, in the city of Madison, are buried the remains of 136 sturdy and brave sons who fought for the South. They died in a military prison at that city. Every grave bears the name and regiment of him who rests there. No Memorial Day passes but that a child's gentle hand, assisted by the veterans who wore the blue, places a flag and a wreath of flowers upon every one of the many hundreds of soldiers' graves in that cemetery. The distinction of uniform was forgotten with the announcement of a reunited country. They fought and died for convictions, which they cherished. They were all American citizens.

This monument is not alone for the dead,—it is for the living as well. It is a tribute to the dead, an inspiration to the living. It speaks a sentiment which language is too limited to express. If inspiration can come from association, if determination comes from example, if virtue, loyalty and righteousness are capable of awakening, then where in history is there an occasion which can so arouse the love of principle, the obedience to law, the charity, generosity and inspiring patriotism of American citizenship, as this, here today, where over thirteen thousand men died of disease and exposure that a noble cause might live. The actions of the elements will destroy this monument, time may efface all physical traces of this place, yet the impressions of man's noble deeds, cast in the hearts of a grateful people, will with the advancing march of civilization, grow into an even broader and deeper appreciation of the character of the American soldier.

Address of Mrs. Sarah D. Winans, Chairman Andersonville Prison Board, in Behalf of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Governor:

On behalf of the Woman's Relief Corps, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, I thank you, and through you the great state of Wisconsin, for placing on these grounds a monument sacred to the memory of Wisconsin soldiers who died in Andersonville Prison.

The bravest are always the tenderest, and the endearing qualities of a nation may be measured by the honor they pay to the patriotic dead who have given up their lives in its service.

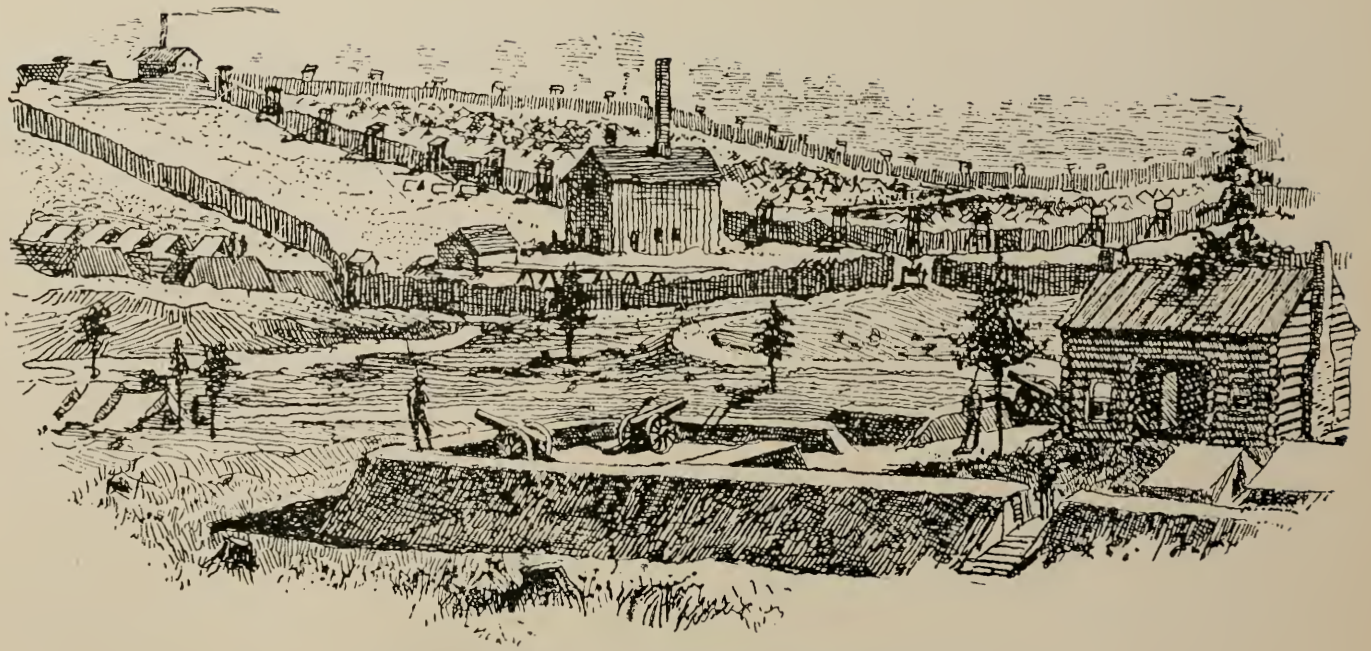
Wisconsin now takes her place with Massachusetts, Ohio, Rhode Island and Michigan in fittingly commemorating the services of her gallant sons who chose death rather than take an oath never again to bear arms in defense of the flag they loved so well. Your act this day will reflect added splendor upon the achievements of your noble state in both war and peace.

For myself and the entire Board who have charge of the Andersonville Prison grounds, I again thank you.



MRS. SARAH D. WINANS

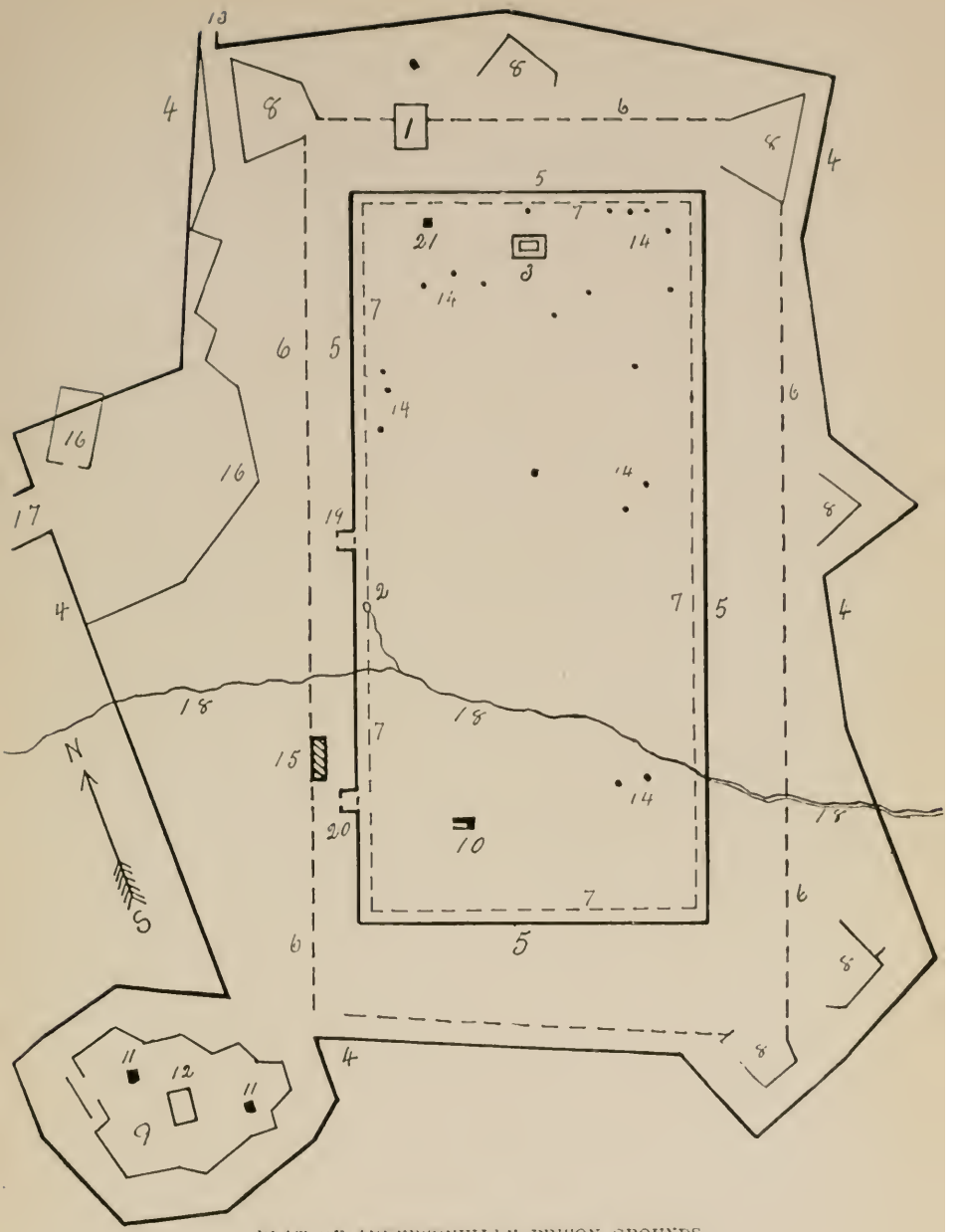
Past National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, and Chairman of the Andersonville Prison Board of Managers, 2111 Washington St., Toledo Ohio.



VIEW OF STOCKADE AND SURROUNDINGS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Building in distance, Soup House Building in Center, Bake House Building in Foreground, Wirz' Headquarters

Because the person who made this sketch was not allowed to approach the forts, their outlines differ from those on the opposite page which are correct.



PLAT OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON GROUNDS

(As seen on opposite page.)

Description: 1. Care-taker's House, erected by the National W. R. C. 2. "Providence Spring." 3. Site of proposed National Monument. 4. Outline of purchased property. 5. Outline of Stockade enclosing prisoners. 6. Outline of Outer Stockade (only partially completed). 7. "Dead Line." 8. Confederate Forts and Batteries. 9. Main Fort, or "Star Fort," southwest corner. 10. Site of Gallows, where marauders were hung. 11. Powder Magazines in "Star Fort." 12. Site of Captain Wirz' Headquarters. 13. Gate to Roadway leading to the Cemetery. 14. Wells and Tunnels dug by prisoners. 15. Site of Dead House. 16. Entrenched Camp for Guards. 17. Roadway, 100 feet wide, leading to railroad station. 18. "Stockade Creek," a branch of Sweetwater. 19. North Gate of Stockade. 20. South Gate of Stockade. 21. Flag Staff.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PEN.

A brief description of Andersonville prison may be of interest to the friends of those who were confined in this hell of hells.

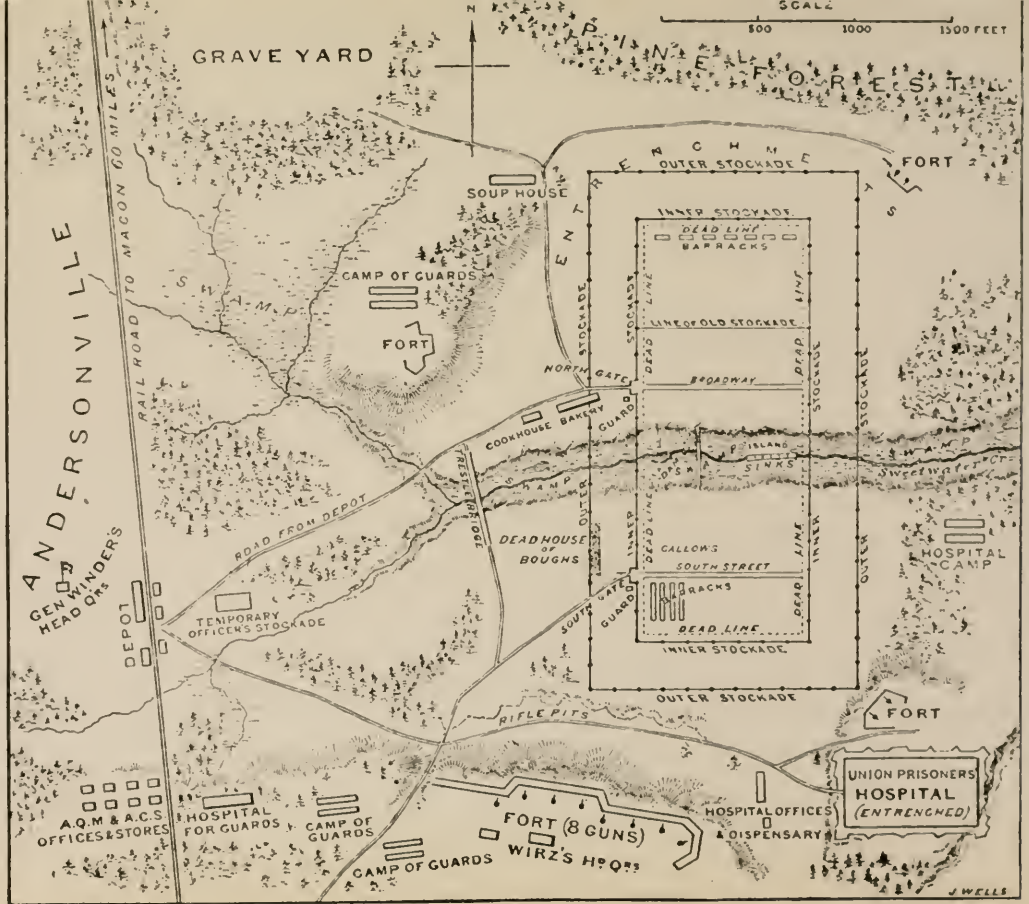
The stockade surrounding the twenty-seven acres was made of logs nineteen feet long standing on end. On top of the stockade at regular intervals were sentry boxes, which sheltered thirty-five armed sentinels. Eighteen feet within the stockade was the dead-line. This was formed by nailing slats or poles to stakes driven in the ground. If a prisoner crossed the dead-line, he was shot by a sentry, the sentry in turn being rewarded by a thirty-day furlough. This dead-line subtracted two acres from the twenty-seven, while about six acres was in swamp and creek, leaving for the prisoners nineteen acres. The Confederate camp above had befouled this creek water before the prisoners could get it for cooking and drinking purposes.

At each corner of the stockade and near the center of the west side were forts equipped with large caliber artillery ready to open fire on the stockade with shot and shell in case there was any disturbance or revolt from within the prison. The prisoners were constantly tunneling under the walls, and, to prevent their escape, an outer stockade line was constructed 120 feet from the inner. A third stockade outside of this was commenced, yet never completed.

It was here in what was called the Empire State of the South that the victims who fell by starvation and murder at the hands of the Confederate authorities approximated closely in numbers the victims who were sacrificed by the Spanish Inquisition through long centuries of persecution. Much has been said concerning the Black Hole of Calcutta, which was succeeded by a morning of relief. But from the horrors and cruelties of

Andersonville there was no relief but death,—death by starvation and exposure,—the little vitality drained from the body by gangrene, and the vermin covering the bodies of the prisoners.

The country surrounding the prison was thickly studded with towering pines. In the midst of these woods, and with the full knowledge of the highest officers of the Confederacy, the union prisoners were compelled to eat raw meal ground with the cob, and cow peas infested with bugs; and for want of fuel to cook the food and to keep warm they were allowed to suffer and perish during the cold and wet weather. Many boys were shot while merely reaching under the dead-line to get a drink of the less filthy water; and if a new prisoner, not yet knowing the rules, would step inside of the line for a stick or root with which to cook his food he would, without warning, meet instant death.



Map of Vicinity of the Prison



DAVID G. JAMES

President Monument Commission

Compiler of this Book

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WRITER, D. G. JAMES.

On my arrival home in April, 1865, while I was recuperating my health and strength, I wrote down some of my recollections while a prisoner and laid my notes aside that I might use them for further perusal. In writing this sketch I am using the notes I then made.

I was captured at the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, together with fourteen others of my regiment who were on the skirmish line that day. We were taken by the Eleventh Tennessee Confederate Infantry. We were conducted to the rear where we found quite a number of others assembled preparatory to migration to our future home, Andersonville, Georgia. Our captors were very kind, and they treated us as gentlemen. While we stopped to rest towards evening, one of the guards took a piece of Johnny-cake out of his haversack and began eating it. As we had been captured toward evening, he asked me if I had had my supper. I told him no, nor had I had any dinner either, for we had been fighting since early in the morning. He very generously divided his corn-bread with me and expressed his sympathy, as we did not know what was in store for us. After getting well back from the fighting lines, our captors turned us over to the Third Arkansas Cavalry. Then the process of robbery commenced, which was repeated every time our guards were changed. First they took my hat and canteen; those of us who had good shoes or any attractive garments were compelled to give them up. Sometimes we got in return an old pair of shoes that would scarcely hold together. Then they might throw us a pair of old, delapidated pants and coat well stocked with graybacks. If we protested against such treatment, they coolly informed

us that if we did not give them up they would blow our brains out, and they backed up the threat with a cocked revolver pointed at us. We were marched that night to a little town called East Point, six miles distant. There, for reasons unknown to us, we remained two days. During this time all was quiet at Atlanta. We could hear no news from the army until the middle of the afternoon of the second day. Their pontoon train went by in great haste, which excited our curiosity, and we were informed that Sherman's army had met defeat and was making a precipitous retreat; and that their pontoon train was ordered to bridge the Tennessee river to intercept Sherman's retreat. The next morning the batteries opened up at Atlanta. One of our comrades asked the officer if their army wasn't making considerable noise in crossing the Tennessee. He came back with an oath, threatening to shoot the man for his impudence. While at East Point we received two and one-half hardtacks, made of shorts, for two days' rations. The third day they gave us three of these hardtacks and started us on our line of march south. Our guard consisted of a small part of the 54th Georgia Infantry, under command of a captain who was very kind to us; also, his men were courteous and they treated us as well as possible under the circumstances. They allowed us to camp in orchards where we could gather green apples and to invade cornfields to procure corn, which we roasted by the fires; and so we fared sumptuously. Two and one-half days' march brought us to Griffin, Georgia. It being rumored that General Blair had been captured, and was in our party disguised as a private, several members of Congress who had served with the general walked up and down our line, but failed to locate him. After this inspection was over we were crowded into some box cars that they had been transporting cattle in, without cleaning. We were crowded so closely that it was impossible for all to sit down at the same time, so part would stand awhile and then change. This rested our weary limbs.

We arrived at Macon about dark. The people came to the train to see the Yankees and made themselves very obnoxious. Our guards, as I have before mentioned, were not in sympathy with the stay-at-homes, as they dubbed them, so allowed us prisoners to talk back. We made good so far as blackguarding went. The women were very abusive, yet it did not take



PICTURE TAKEN OCTOBER 18, 1907, WHERE I WAS CAPTURED JULY 22, 1864—D. G. J.

them a great while to become satisfied, as the guard gave the prisoners all the latitude they desired in retaliating. On the morning of the 28th we arrived at our destination, Andersonville, which fact was hailed with joy by all on board, as our limbs were tired and cramped, and we had been without food for a day and a half, and with only five and a half crackers made of shorts for six days. We had been informed that rations would be furnished in abundance, and were looking forward to the time when we could get all we desired to eat. We were formed into two ranks and marched from the station to Captain Wirz's headquarters. Then we were put into detachments of two hundred and seventy each, and every detachment was subdivided into three messes,—all this for the convenience of roll call and the issuing of rations.

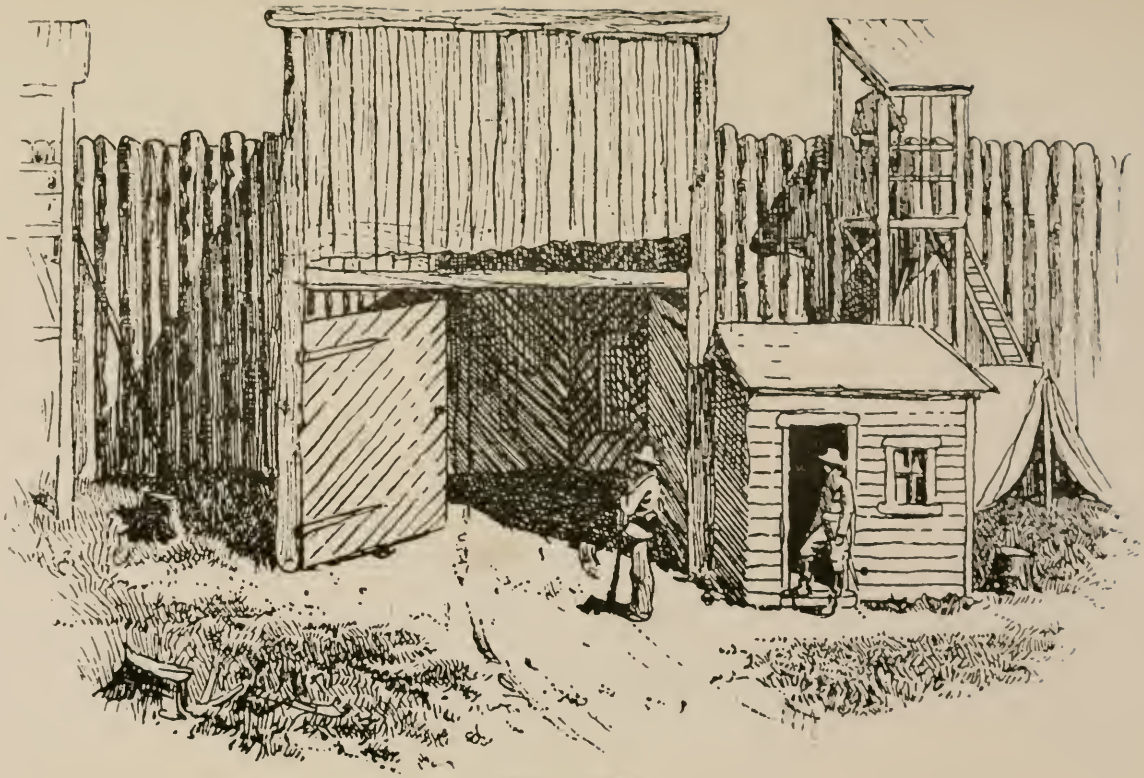
When the gate was opened and we got a view of what was before us, the scene was indescribable. Over thirty thousand men on nineteen acres of ground,—without shelter; some naked, others bareheaded, barefooted, deformed, and almost unrecognizable as human beings. To a man looking at it from a distance, it gave the appearance of a huge ant-hill, with one moving mass of humanity only visible. As we were going through the throng, staring eyes protruding from their sockets looked us over to see if there might not be some acquaintance among the new arrivals from whom they could hear from home, or friends at the front. As we passed along, a poor weak boy lay beside the path with a pail made of a bootleg, begging for some one to get him a drink of water, and promising that, after getting it, he would never ask for anything more. I took the pail and went to the creek. This took some time, as it was very difficult to locate any one in that miserable mass. Poor boy! when I reached him he had breathed his last. I was too late.

Captain Wirz.

Here we received our introduction to the demon Wirz, which sent a shudder through our whole system when we realized we were at the mercy of a fiend incarnate. We were sitting, resting from our weary journey, when Wirz came out and, with an oath, gave the order to "Get up!" We all obeyed with alacrity, except one man next to me, who could not hear. He had been wounded in the head, and, had he been able to

hear, was too weak to rise. In one instant Wirz cried out at the top of his voice to shoot the damned Yankee s--n of a b--h. The guard refused to obey the command, when Wirz threatened him with arrest the next time he refused to obey. When the enrolling was done, the comrades gathered around the wounded man and assisted him to his feet.

About four in the afternoon we were marched to the north gate. The outer gate was thrown open and the enclosure filled; then that gate was closed, the inside gate opened, and the squad ushered into the prison. This performance was repeated until all of us were shut inside the stockade. This precaution was taken to avoid the prisoners making a stampede, should both gates be open at one time. We had been informed that we should receive our daily ration as soon as we got inside the gate. We waited anxiously until they were through issuing to the old prisoners, which was about seven in the evening. We were then informed that it was so late we would not get anything to eat that night. The next night we received one-half pint of corn meal, with more cob than meal, in the raw state, but with neither wood nor cooking utensils. We traded our meal with some prisoners who had fuel for some cooked,—they tolling us pretty heavily. The next day, when Wirz was inside the stockade and some of the boys protested to him against the small rations, and he answered, "You vas pretty sleek fellows. I take that out of you fore long." They dealt cooked rations to half of the prisoners for two weeks and raw to the other half, alternately. The cooked ration consisted of a piece of cornbread about two inches square, a pint of cow-pea soup, with about three peas to the pint, and two bugs to each pea. They were cooked in the sack, and with many of them in the pod. When we received the raw ration, we got every day for fuel a piece of wood about two feet long and two inches in diameter. After we had got ourselves together, we organized a company for tunneling; but before we got our tunnel completed, Wirz found out what we were doing. He informed us that he would take that out of us, and he proceeded to do so by cutting our rations off for two days, telling us that he would starve us until we would behave. When any one who had done the tunneling was detected, he was taken outside and put into the chain-gang or the stocks.



North Gate

Wirz kept forty-two blood hounds, divided into three packs, a man in charge of each pack. The dogs were let loose every morning and taught to make the circuit of the stockade. The prisoners inside could hear their howling and baying, knowing that when the baying became especially hideous the dogs had hit the trail of some poor prisoner who, after tunneling for days and nights, buoyed up with hope of escape, was at last to be torn to pieces by the hounds; or, if he succeeded in climbing a tree, to fall into the hands of brutes fully as much to be dreaded as the blood-thirsty hounds. If the prisoner resisted, he was shot; if re-captured, he was subjected to several grades of punishment,—the first, to be put into the standing stocks. Nothing more barbarous ever was practised since the Spanish Inquisition. This instrument of torture consisted of a square frame, formed by four upright posts joined and fitted with bars in which notches were cut and so arranged to secure the arms at the wrist, the head at the neck, the legs at the ankles. The poor fellow was left in these stocks twenty-four hours in rain or sunshine. If he survived this, he was chained to a thirty-two pound cannon ball, with a chain two feet long; and then another victim was generally chained to his other leg, with a ball weighing sixty-four pounds between them. The chains were so short they had to carry the thirty-two pound balls by means of strings attached to them. The sixty-four pound ball was fastened to a stick so it could be carried across their shoulders when they had to move about. This treatment sometimes lasted from two to four weeks, depending upon the whim of Wirz. Captain Wirz is to be credited with the invention of another devilish contrivance. Twelve men were fastened, by means of iron collars connected with short chains, in a circle, the chains from twenty inches to two feet in length, every man being thus chained to a fellow prisoner, one on his right, the other on his left. A thirty-two pound ball was chained to the leg of every fourth man. These men could not sit, lie or stand erect with any degree of comfort, yet they remained in this condition four weeks without shelter. Medicinal aid was denied the sick; the dead alone were removed from the gang, and then the others were obliged to carry the extra weight, as the balls were allowed to remain attached to the chain. Another cruel punishment consisted in fastening

the prisoners' feet about a foot from the ground, thus permitting them to lie down or sit up, as they chose.

It was a source of very great amusement for the rebels to get up on the stockade and eat watermelons, then throw the rinds over to the prisoners and watch them scramble after and devour them with the avidity of so many starved animals.

Soon after my arrival in prison, I adopted the policy of going to the creek to bathe after midnight because, fewer were there at that time. During the day the creek was well occupied by men drinking and procuring water for cooking purposes, bathing, and the sink. One morning about two o'clock, while several were bathing near the bridge, a guard nearby fired into the party without a word of warning, and for no other reason than mere hellishness or a desire to get a furlough. He killed three men and wounded another. He was soon relieved and, I presume, went on a furlough. Such deeds as this were of daily occurrence.

Some ingenious fellow of our number organized a company for tunneling. The plan was to dig a well two feet deep and then start the drift at a right angle, carrying the dirt to the creek or swamp to dispose of it, doing all the work at night. We always failed in thus attempting to escape. We dug wells all the way from forty to sixty feet deep, hauling the dirt up in old cans or in little wooden buckets, made with pocket-knives by splitting the staves out of roots mined from the grounds, and using for ropes to raise the dirt the clothing from the dead. We tried another method of tunneling, which almost proved successful. We started from a shanty near the dead line, making for the entrance a small hole which could be covered at day and uncovered while we worked at night. We evaded the scrutiny of the inspectors until the tunnel was nearly completed, the crust overhead about to be broken and the attempt made to escape. Some one revealed it, or some spy discovered the plan, and so all our hopes were blasted. Our rations were cut off two days for thus trying to gain freedom. We then gave up tunneling for good.

I saw one man shot while under his blanket asleep. The bullet seemed to tear off the whole top of his head. While the victim was in his dying struggle, the guard stood there and laughed, as though it was a huge joke.

I saw another victim walk over the dead line and sit down inside, seeming indifferent to the cry of the prisoners to get out of that or he would be shot. The guard was prompt to execute the order,—fired, but missed. The prisoner remarked, "Pretty close; try it again." The rebels looking on laughed at the poor shot, while the other prisoners dared not venture inside to take the prisoner out for fear of meeting sure death themselves. The fiend of a guard loaded his gun and took deliberate aim; there was a sharp crack, and the poor fellow was relieved of his misery, then left to lie there for hours before being taken out and laid beside the reserve for burial.

About the first of September the rebels, thinking we were to remain all winter, gave us an opportunity to build sheds. A few of the stronger were detailed to go outside and cut and hew some of the pine timber in the vicinity. Their rations were increased to provide strength to work, and, as it also offered an opportunity to pick up chips for fires, it was an envied privilege. One day I succeeded in getting a chance to go out for wood, and, as we were returning with chips in our pockets and limbs in our hands, a rebel officer near the gate made a rush, kicked the limbs out of our hands and made us empty our pockets. This performance created a hearty laugh from the on-looking rebels. The sheds we built were made by putting boards on poles. While they afforded shelter from the direct rays of the sun and from the rain, the sides being open, they offered little protection from the wind or cold.

The men suffering from scurvy and other diseases were becoming more desperate, occasionally deliberately crawling across the dead line in spite of the protests of fellow prisoners, the guards never hesitating to use them as targets.

The home papers had noted sometime before the writer's capture that Sergeant William Nelson of the 10th Wisconsin had been taken prisoner. He was a kind, genial fellow whom we all loved at home, albeit he had some notions of his own about diet. When I inquired for Sergeant Nelson, he was pointed out to me. The strong, active, young man I had known was almost unrecognizable. He was engaged in separating magots from a piece of bacon he was eating. When I addressed him he said, "My God! have they got you in this hell hole? I am glad to see you, but God knows I am sorry to see you here." He related his experience in various prisons and

told how at Danville, not satisfied with starving and shooting prisoners, they had infected them with small-pox. When reminded that he was not so particular as formerly about his diet, he replied, "I did not think any power aside from that of Satan himself could be capable of perpetrating such outrages on the human race."

About the tenth September, a brown piece of paper announcing an exchange of prisoners was thrown into the stockade, saying they were to be exchanged at Savannah. This caused great excitement. The old prisoners were to be taken first. On the twelfth day of September the detachment under charge of Sergeant Nelson was ordered to go. As one of his men had died that morning, he offered to take me as substitute, if the plan should not be discovered. That scheme had been worked before, and I must not, he said, be disappointed if it failed.

On the 13th of September we left, full of hope that relief was in sight. We were crowded into box cars by guards with fixed bayonets, which they used occasionally in spite of the piteous cry of the sick inside for more room. One door was opened a little, and two guards were stationed at each side. We spent almost two hours in the afternoon at Macon, where the crowds jeered us. Some sympathetic women, pitying our plight, threw bread to us. From here we went to Charleston. The night before we reached that place there was bright moonlight, but as we neared the coast we saw some faint hope of escape in, perhaps, being able to signal a passing ship. The condition of the road bed rendered it necessary for the train to run slowly. Some of the prisoners watched their opportunity, when the guard was nodding, to push him out the door. The guards on top the car, thinking it was an escaping prisoner, opened fire and riddled him with bullets. Of the prisoners who tried by jumping to the ground, to escape, some were killed, some wounded; and a very few succeeded in reaching our lines.

We had been told along the line that an exchange was being made at Charleston, but upon our arrival there we made but a short stop before starting northward.

They then claimed that we were to be exchanged at Richmond. We made a stop at Florence, South Carolina, which relieved us, as we were cramped and sorely in need of rations. We reached Florence about four in the afternoon of September 14th, but

were kept in the cars all night. The following morning we moved about two miles out of town where we were unloaded and stationed in a field. Here we were permitted to gather some rails and build a fire, yet we had nothing to cook or eat. There were cornfields in the immediate neighborhood and the men were vainly crying to gather some. The next day, September 16, we still fasted, but by that time many had lost all desire for food. Five men near me lying beneath one blanket died that afternoon from starvation. About one hundred in all, out of eight hundred, died of starvation there in a single day. The day before some of the stronger ones had made a stampede for the cornfield. The rebels beat the long roll and the whole garrison soon turned out and with hounds and guns succeeded in capturing most of them. One poor drummer boy who was shot replied to Colonel Iverson's question as to why he tried to escape, "Oh Colonel, I am so hungry," and then fell back dead. One man from an Illinois regiment eluded the hounds for two days before they caught his trail. At daybreak the third morning he heard the baying of hounds and used a club to keep them off until the owners came up. The guards then took the club away from him and permitted the dogs to bite him to encourage them for future work. He was returned to us, and his torn clothing and lacerated limbs corroborated his story. Another prisoner was concealed by slaves in a hollow log two days. They then gave him some sweet potatoes and baked possum and started him, as he said, for "God's country"; but the hounds caught his trail and his fate was similar to that of the Illinois prisoner.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 16th, some citizens brought us some corn meal. We were allowed about three tablespoonfulls each. The next day we were given a sorghum stalk about a foot long. This was all we had in four days. The days following we were given squash one day and beans the next for about two weeks. We were faring better for rations, but lacked water, the camp being quite a distance from the creek.

Colonel Iverson, who was put in command of us, was unlike Captain Wirz. He was kind in his promises for our comfort, but failed to carry them out. In the meantime, slaves were building another stockade, about a half a mile away, and in plain sight. Colonel Iverson put us in charge of Colonel O'Neil of the 10th Tennessee Infantry. It was his mission to organize a

battalion from the prisoners and they were dubbed "galvanized Yanks." For some days he mingled with us and expressed sorrow at our condition. He claimed that the confederacy had tried to exchange us and had offered two of us for one of their men, but had met with the reply from our officers that we were only bounty-jumpers and coffee-coolers for whom they had no use. He, however, expressed confidence in us, and offered us good clothes and food and pay to relieve their men in the garrison. At the close of the war he promised us each one hundred and sixty acres of land for a home tead. He then came back in a few days with the rolls, ready to organize his battalion, but to his chagrin and anger not a man put down his name. He cursed and threatened, and Colonel Iverson came to his relief, trying direct starvation on us. At last he succeeded in securing five hundred recruits from men who took the oath of allegiance to the southern confederacy, rather than starve. The poor starved wretch who shared my dugout replied to Colonel O'Neil's offer of relief by enlisting, "I believe I will starve a little while longer before I take that step." At that Colonel O'Neil yelled, "By G—d, I will starve you until you will come to it." He did, but poor James Shanley of Company C, 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry, first went insane and then died, January 27, 1865; he starved to death because of his loyalty to his country.

The stockade completed, those of us who were not "galvanized" were ordered inside, the sick alone remaining in the tents. The prisoners who raised their hands swearing allegiance to the southern confederacy in preference to starvation have been censured, yet to this late day I have charity for them, well knowing that when they made oath before Almighty God they inserted this mental reservation—until they had an opportunity to escape to our lines. Some did, and rendered good service to the government until the close of the war.

This stockade was of logs about eighteen feet high inclosing about seven and one-half acres. There was the usual dead line, and a cannon over a platform in each corner of the stockade. A shallow, sluggish stream three feet wide ran through it. The ground was covered with brush and stumps where the trees had been cut for the stockade. We were not slow in making use of this refuse for shelter. A few axes had been secured and smuggled in, and these were used nights. Those who had secured

confederate currency paid a dollar an hour for the use of an axe. After we had been inside the stockade a few days, Colonel Iverson's lieutenant was put in command. As a fiend incarnate, he was second to no one, not even Wirz. He was always armed, and on seeing several prisoners assembled would cry out to disperse that crowd, and at the same time would begin firing. He established a whipping post inside the stockade, and detailed two prisoners to wield the cat-o'-nine tails, giving them extra rations of solid food for his brutal work. One of these tools was named Stanton, belonging to the 12th New York Cavalry. The other belonged to a Massachusetts Heavy Artillery regiment, a dark, thick-lipped, coarse fellow, whom the prisoners called "Nigger Pete." Their records were not known, yet it was supposed that they were bounty jumpers from the slums of New York and Boston.

Cold weather soon began to tell on the prisoners. Four of us built a structure 5½ by 6 feet. We dug back into the bank, then set up two strips endwise, and fixed a pole across these to support the roof. At the end we made a fire place and a chimney, which we used for cooking. The brick for our fireplace we fashioned with our hands out of clay and water, then baked them in the sun. We gathered pine needles for our bed. We had a blanket and a half for the four of us. These quarters served very well until the winter rains commenced. Then the clay began to soak and melt, and the water seeped through the roof.

One evening in the early winter, five nice-looking young men came in with a new detachment. They had almost no clothing and only a little wood which they carried in their hands. Not finding any shelter, they built a little fire and lay down. The morning found them frozen stiff. It was known that they were all from a college in Massachusetts. Every morning following a cold night, the creek would be full of men thawing out their feet. Quite often the creek would be covered with ice. Most of the prisoners were destitute of shoes and socks, and their feet, from repeated freezing, would become sore; and they were often obliged to crawl to the creek, where many a poor fellow died from the exertion.

One day the colonel appeared on the bank and requested a middle-aged prisoner to turn a hand-spring. The prisoner re-

plied that the living he received did not warrant such vigorous exercise, and walked off. The angry colonel tried to find the man but the prisoners would not reveal his identity, whereupon the colonel resolved to starve us until we did. No rations were received until the second day after, when the man, rather than have us longer denied food, confessed. The colonel ordered him tied to the whipping post and given fifty lashes on his bare back with the cat-o'-nine tails, which brought blood at every stroke. The poor fellow cringed, yet did not utter a cry. The swamp along the creek became impassable, and a squad was detailed to carry dirt from the bank to make a turnpike, and they, in return, received extra rations. There was a penalty provided for those who tried to flank for rations, and nearly every morning some one was whipped for infraction of this rule.

Every man had his own method of trying to obtain extra rations. I escaped for a few days and, before being re-captured, succeeded in building up a little physically; but after I was re-captured the outlook was poor, so I conceived the idea of falling in with some new arrivals and registering as a Mr. Pease of an Indiana regiment. We were organized into messes of a hundred men each, under charge of our own sergeants, for receiving rations. There were ten messes in a detachment, and every detachment was under a rebel sergeant. Every morning he mustered his men, and those who were able fell in line and answered at roll-call. I belonged to the second hundred of the eighth thousand. As a flanker, I was Mr. Pease of the ninth hundred of the tenth thousand. When the drum beat for morning roll-call I fell in with the second hundred, which broke ranks in time for me to go to the other detachment before they fell in. Then at night my partner would attend to drawing my ration, and I would attend to the other. Putting the three rations together we would cook them. At first I disposed of one ration to hire an old axe with which to split up a stump that was on the claim we squatted on to build our quarters. The latter part of October there were twelve detachments organized, upon the supposition that there were twelve thousand men.

The rebels began to think there was what you would now call some watering of the stock, when it came to roll-call, and they started an investigation. Christmas Eve they gave out word that they were going to give us some meat and sweet potatoes

for our Christmas feast. I mistrusted some trickery, so I went to the sergeant of the tenth detachment and told him I had an opportunity to go out on parole to work for the rebel officers, for which I would receive an extra ration. The next evening when it came time for roll-call, a squad of guards came in and drove the prisoners all to one side of the creek, stationed the guards so that none could go back except by falling in with their mess and marching along the causeway over the bridge, where both the sergeants were placed to count them as they crossed. So I counted all right at one place and was reported on parole at the other. When the gentlemen had computed their figures, they had six thousand five hundred men to whom they were issuing twelve thousand rations. Then the lash was used very freely for a number of days. They were very much surprised, and, to say mad, expressed it mildly. The result was that instead of the feast of meat and sweet potatoes we received nothing, they claiming that they did not have time. New Years came with another count. I had kept up my parole scheme so that it worked all right. Some of the boys who were working the game lost their nerve and went to the officer and confessed, yet they got the penalty just the same. So I stuck to it.

Later, when the general roll-call or muster came around, it found me sick and unable to get out of my dugout, and it so happened that the sergeants of both detachments came at the same time to find those that were not able to get out. I took the crazy dodge on it, and answered no questions, as they both claimed me as their man. They called the man, W. Cook, who shared my domain with me, and he informed them that I was out of my head and had been for several days, and, was unable to answer any questions. He told them who I was. The sergeant who had lost his man became very angry, threatening my life. He reached down into my cave, took me by the leg, dragged me out and gave me several kicks, sending me down the bank into the creek. He declared that he would give me fifty lashes. Cook told him it would be unnecessary, as he had already killed me. They left me to lie on the ground where the sergeant had left me until the roll-call was over. The boys that I knew gathered around and put me back into my dugout. I remembered hearing one man say, "That is the last of poor Dave." I was unconscious for several days and, before I had gained sufficient

strength to get out, Sherman's army had started from Savannah on the great campaign through the Carolinas. Every available man the rebels could spare was rushed to the front to stop him. Our guards were replaced with some conscripted boys and old men, and I imagined that the sergeant that had the account against me, in his haste to stop Sherman, had neglected to hand it over to his sucessor. Not being anxious the settle the account, I did not refer to it, so it stands there yet to my credit.

The prisoners got into the habit of trading with the slaves working on the stockade, thus getting some sweet potatoes and other vegetables, which they usually ate raw for the scurvy. It seemed to help it immensely. A stop was soon put to this, and prisoners were not permitted to speak to negroes. Then the our boys got to bartering with the guards, Which trade prospered very well for a short period. We swapped anything they had for something to eat. I had a gold pen and a silver holder, given me by my father so that I would be able to write home after entering the service. Although I valued it very highly, I gave it to a rebel for a quart of sweet potatoes and then ate them raw. The guards got so they would take what we had for barter to inspect, then fail to return either it or the desired ration. One of my friends made a ring from a bone and let one of the guards take it for inspection, for which he was to bring a quart of peas when he came on post at the next relief. My friend kept watch for him when he came back on beat and asked for his peas. Instantly the guard raised his gun to his shoulders, took quick aim and fired. The prisoner dodged, and the ball passed over him and lodged in the dirt roof of a nearby dugout. That was the end of that deal. Another instance came under my observation. A prisoner belonging to a West Virginia regiment camped next to me. Noticing a guard on the top of the stockade taking a chew from a large plug of tobacco, he asked him if he would plea e give him a bite. The guard raised his musket to his shoulder and fired. The ball entered the victim, passed into his left breast and down out of his right side. He lived about three hours, suffering intense pain until death relieved him.

Late in the fall the rebels detailed men from among the prisoners to go into the timber and cut poles for a frame and split shakes to roof a hospital; and they also detailed some of

the stronger ones as nurses. This hospital was constructed by setting forked posts in the ground about ten feet apart. Poles were placed in these forks for ridge poles and plates. The rafters were then put up of poles hewed off on one side. The shakes were put on the roof and weighted down with poles and stones. The sides were put up by weaving the shakes into sections with vines procured in the swamp. So, when this hospital was ready for its inmates, it had been built without a nail. The fire places for warming and ventilation were erected without a brick. The hospital patients received a change of diet, together with shelter and the warmth of several cozy fire places. Many of the inmates improved, and it was the means of enabling a number of the poor boys to reach home and the dear ones, who, without it, would never have reached "God's Country."

This was about the time for the presidential election in the north. Colonel Iverson thought he might get some idea of what the verdict would be by taking a vote amongst the prisoners. So they compaigned it a few days. They told us how cruel our government was to us for not exchanging, knowing very well how we were suffering, and that Abe Lincoln was responsible for all we were compelled to endure. They prepared the ballots by bringing in a box with two kinds of peas, black and white. The black peas were for Old Abe and the white ones for Little Mac, as they designated them. They then stationed a guard around the polls to enforce honesty and prevent repeating. The polls opened at nine in the morning and the voting commenced very briskly, and, as nearly as some could tell by inquiring of every voter coming from the polls as to how he had cast his ballot, they estimated that Lincoln was receiving five-sixths of the votes. This was very disagreeable to the rebels who were watching from the stockade near the boxes. They could look down into the box from the top of the stockade. We had no means of knowing what the issues were, as we had not received a paper for six months, except little dodgers thrown inside to deceive us. These little papers announced an exchange that was going on for our benefit, yet we concluded it was safe to vote for the man they did not like and, as General Bragg expressed it, "We loved him for the enemies he had made." So all the information we could glean on the issues was: what the

rebels had seen fit to impart to us. We came to the conclusion that we were not voting in sympathy with their desires. A sergeant was asked by Colonel Iverson whom he was voting for and what he knew about the issues. The sergeant replied that all he knew was that four years ago he shouted for Abe Lincoln and they were shouting for Jeff Davis, and that now it was safe, because the rebels hated Lincoln so intensely, to vote for him. The rebels became so disgusted with the outlook that about ten in the forenoon they took out the peas and failed to announce the result. Thus ended our presidential campaign, so far as we were concerned.

In December there was an exchange of prisoners arranged, so they claimed. This exchange included only the sick and wounded. They took a few of the sick who would never be of any use to the government, and made up the balance out of those who were known as the raider cut-throats and bounty jumpers; as it was an easy task to identify them. One good thing for us was the fact that they took the demons Stanton and Pete, who had been doing the whipping. When the new set of guards came on, it was made up principally of young fellows of South Carolina who were not old enough to go to the front. Judging from their talk they were very desirous of killing a Yankee. I think the most of them had their desires gratified, as the records show. It was but a short time after guard mount before we could hear the crack of the rifle most any time of day or night. I heard one of them make the remark, one morning when he went on guard, that he would kill a d——d Yankee before he came off duty. He would let the Yanks know that he did not come there for nothing. About daybreak the next morning, a poor fellow came along going to the creek for water. He little suspected there was a cowardly villain waiting to murder him. Before he could reach the creek, as he was passing this guard's beat, fully ten feet from the dead line, without a word of warning the guard raised his musket to his shoulder and fired, killing the man instantly. He then remarked that he had said he would kill one, and he had done it. He was soon relieved, and, for his reward, received his thirty-day furlough. Late in the fall arrangements were made by which the United States Sanitary Commission was to be allowed to send some clothing and

blankets to the prisoners, and also that the people of the north might send through the lines to their friends and loved ones boxes of food and delicacies, which would be delivered to them. My mother and several of the good old ladies of our town made up a box and sent it to me. In the box they put some butter, each roll having a silver dollar in it. It is needless to say that I never received the box; and I never knew of but one box having been received by the prisoners at Florence. But very few suits of clothes were ever given to the prisoners. I dare say that there were not to exceed fifty blankets given them, the bulk of them being kept to be put on the backs of their own men. The rebel sergeants used to come into the stockade on cold, frosty mornings, dressed warmly in the clothes sent there for the prisoners. We knew this, for the blankets had on them the letters U. S. S. C. (United States Sanitary Commission).

There was a detail taken out on parole to cut wood in the swamp, half a mile away, and carry it up to the gate to supply the prison and rebel officers' quarters; and to wait on the officers generally, in order to get the additional meagre supply of meat or some other solid food that would give them strength to perform the arduous work. About five in the afternoon, the guards would be placed around the woodpile at the entrance to the gate, which would be opened, and a detail from each mess was let out to bring it in. Some days the prisoners would take advantage of the parole and get out of reach of the prison limit and hide. As soon as it became dark, they would make an effort to escape the vigilance of the scouts and the scent of the hounds, and some did. Others were captured and returned to receive their punishment of lashes, etc. It was a habit of two lieutenants, Mosby and Barrett, when they wanted recreation, to post themselves on the cap over the gate and, armed with heavy walking sticks, as the prisoners passed through, hit them over the head to see who could knock down the larger number. The prisoners would run the gauntlets, stooping or dodging, of course, to avoid the blows. When one of them was knocked down, there was loud merriment among the guards and officers looking on. One evening Lieutenant Mosby was playing a lone hand at the post over the gate, and just ahead of me was a fine looking fellow that he had singled out for a blow. The man dodged; the club slipped from the lieutenant's hand and went flying out among

the prisoners. The fellow at whom he struck, picked it up to carry in for fuel to cook his allowance. Mosby jumped down, ran into the crowd cursing and calling the prisoners all the vile names he could think of. Inquiring for the man that had his cane, no one responded, knowing full well to what it would lead. They gathered around in the endeavor to secrete him, yet to no avail. Mosby located him, gathered up his gad and pounded the poor fellow over the head and shoulders until he became exhausted. During this time, Colonel Iverson, who was standing by, caught up a stick of wood and ran towards us crying, "Kill the d—d Yankee." The prisoners gathered around the poor victim, who was bleeding profusely, so the colonel should not reach him, fearing he would kill him, anyway. When the colonel found that he was balked, in his rage he ordered the guard to fire into the crowd, but they failed to obey the order. A man by the name of Melvin Grigsby,* a member of Company C, Second Wisconsin Cavalry, was out on detail for some time, working for the officers' mess. He fared quite well, getting some warm clothes and provisions. He made his plans to escape, revealing the scheme to a comrade named Carr, and then by forging a pass and bribing a sergeant of the guards, he got away. Every morning, when the roll was called, Carr would answer to Grigsby's name. He did this for several days, until they had a general roll-call and count. This gave Grigsby a good start before his absence was discovered. A search was made, but no Grigsby was found. The matter was reported to the colonel, who sent a guard inside the stockade to bring out Carr, who was escorted to headquarters and asked where Grigsby was. He replied that he did not know. The colonel called him a d—d liar.

When Carr was asked how Grigsby escaped, he did not choose to tell. The colonel then commenced to cuff him severely on the head, saying that he would compel him to tell. Carr told him to cuff away—that every dog had his day. Whereupon the colonel commenced kicking as well as striking him, saying that he would compel him to tell by putting him in the dungeon; if he did not tell then he would torture him for three hours in the stretchers; and that as a last resort he would kill him. Carr

* Melvin Grigsby is now a prominent citizen of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He has occupied high positions in his state, and is author of a book entitled "The Smoked Yank," which gives a thrilling history of his capture and escape.

was thrown into the dungeon, and, after he had suffered as long as he thought he could possibly stand it, he called the guard and told him to send for the colonel, who came and let him down, asking him if he was ready to tell how Grigsby escaped. Carr still replied in the negative, and requested that if the colonel had any humanity left to kill him, as he could not stand that another hour. He was too weak to stand. The colonel then went away leaving him there for two days and two nights without food. Then he was brought back inside the stockade in a delirious state and turned over to his friends. He remained in that condition for some days, having a run of fever. After several weeks of suffering, without any medical treatment, or any food except the prison fare, he began to recover, and he lived to be paroled to reach home and friends.

I must describe the dungeon and stretchers, the place and means for persecution, and where Carr passed two days. It was situated in one corner of the stockade under the gun platforms, built of logs and entirely closed in with a dirt embankment around the sides and top, except the opening for the door, which was a double one; and it did not admit a ray of light. There was no ventilation whatever. The guard on top was ever on the alert to see that the prisoners did not make their escape. The water seeped in through the top until it was in some places several inches deep. All the ground was completely covered with it. The stretchers were then fixed on the timbers supporting them by hanging two cords from them and then fastening them to the prisoner's thumbs, drawing him up with his arms behind him until his toes would barely reach the ground. Then, after leaving him there with the doors closed from one to two hours, until life was nearly extinct, he would be let down to survive a short and miserable existence.

Here is an instance of loyalty: A drummer boy there, scarcely twelve years old, who had lost several of his toes by gangrene, was hobbling around with the aid of a stick. He was barefooted and bareheaded. When a rebel came in to beat the drum for roll call, our boy stood near the gate to get a look outside as the gate opened. The rebel had no music or time to him, so the boy asked him to let him beat the assembly, which he did in fine style, considering his swollen hands and stiff fingers. The colonel was observing it all from the outside and came in and

asked the boy if he would like to come out and get into good, comfortable quarters, where he could get clothes and plenty to eat. He asked the colonel what he wanted him to do, and received the reply that he was wanted to drill a corps of drummer boys for him. The little patriot hesitated a minute, looked at his swollen, diseased feet and his dilapitated condition generally, then thoughtfully said, "No, I think too much of my country to drum for rebels." The colonel passed out somewhat chagrined at the rebuff received from the heroic little drummer boy. Had all the prisoners been as loyal to the flag as this drummer boy, the rebel officers would not have had so comfortable quarters, and there would not have been so fine a flag staff bearing the rebel banner to the breeze.

About the first of February, new prisoners began to arrive in small numbers. They were some of Sherman's bummers who had been picked up in small squads, having ventured too far out to get a few more chickens or smoked hams. They gave the prisoners some hope of being rescued. The guards had been reduced to a minimum. The rebels paroled some of the prisoners, taking a very light guard to escort them to our lines to convince them that they were going to be exchanged under a flag of truce; but they soon changed their course, giving as their reason that our men had fired on the flag of truce and refused to receive the prisoners. Some were brought back, yet quite a number escaped. We afterwards learned that they had started them for Richmond, but one of our cavalry raids had cut off their communication. So they had to return.

February 15th, there was bustle around the prison, both outside and in. We knew General Sherman's army was coming our way. The rebels said an exchange was going on at Wilmington, North Carolina. The large majority of our men were anxious to go, yet a few thought it safer to remain and be relieved by Sherman; but the rebels would not have it that way, telling us that Sherman had been whipped at Savannah, then at Pocotaligo and again at Columbia. What pleased us prisoners was the fact that every time Sherman was defeated, he got nearer to us. The rebels commenced on the 15th to move us away, and on the 17th they took out the last squad that was able to be moved. They did this at the point of the bayonet, as some of our men insisted on staying. The last took their departure

about dark. The transportation was the same as usual, in crowded box cars with no rations. We arrived at Wilmington, North Carolina, about three in the afternoon of the 17th and were then ferried across the river. Nothing of importance transpired, only that the usual number escaped. One man was killed, and another shot in the head; but, not being dead, he was loaded on the train and brought along. The poor fellow's head was so swollen that one would hardly know he was a human being. He suffered intense pain, as we knew by his continual groaning. The people all along the line assured us that the exchange was going on at Wilmington, but we were, as usual, skeptical. Upon arrival there, to our surprise we could see an exchange going on down the river at Fort Anderson, but it was an exchange of shot and shell between the fleet and the fort. The sight of the Yankee shells bursting over the fort miles away was beautiful to behold, and the music was joyful to our ears. We were ordered aboard the ferry and taken across the river, as they informed us that the place of exchange had been transferred to Richmond. On landing at Wilmington proper, we were met by sympathetic ladies with baskets on their arms filled with eatables, which they began to give the prisoners. Soon the officers ordered them to desist, and directed the guards not to allow them to approach within fifteen feet of us. One woman, more determined than the others, broke her bread into pieces and threw it over the heads of the guards, whereupon Lieutenant Mosby ran inside the guard line, took the bread from the prisoner who was eating it, gave him a kick and threw it away, and at the same time ordered the guard to shoot any one throwing bread to the d—d Yankee s—s of b—hes. As we were passing along the dock, one of the prisoners fell from exhaustion, and did not have strength to get up. The captain ordered him to get up and go along, but he lacked the strength; and then the captain grew impatient and, after kicking him several times in the head, went his way leaving his victim bleeding from the nose and mouth. This captain was a one-armed man. I could not learn his name.

We were taken out back of the city to the sand hills, and there awaited rations, which were brought to us about nine in the evening. The wind was blowing off the coast, damp and cold, and so the suffering was intense. Before morning we were put

aboard a train and taken north as far as Tarboro, when our guards said they had received a message ordering us back to Wilmington, as the point for exchange had been changed again. I told one of the guards I thought that countermand was given by Yankee cavalry raiders. He cocked his musket and ordered me to shut up, which order I promptly obeyed. We then stopped two days in Wilmington, camped on high ground back of the city, and watched the shells burst in the air at night, which gave us some encouragement. Then they announced that the flag of truce was in sight. We were ordered to fall in to go to the boat to meet the said flag. We had gotten about half way to the dock when a train of flat cars backed up and we were ordered on board double quick. The boys were moving too slowly to suit the officers so our guards were ordered to fix bayonets and charge, which they did very promptly. Six o'clock the next morning found us in Goldsboro, North Carolina. It was a very cold night, and my feet were so tender that they were frozen again. Two men on the same car with me were chilled to death. We were then taken out to a near-by swamp and put upon a little knoll, where we remained four days. We were able to gather dead limbs and refuse on the ground, and so made ourselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

We found many kind and sympathetic people in Goldsboro who were disposed to help us, but the officers refused to let them. One old lady (God bless her for she saved many lives!) was bolder than the rest. She came down and passed through the lines with her pail of milk and some bread and sweet potatoes, and, selecting out the sick and weak ones, gave them the nourishing food, ignoring the threats of the officers and guards to kill her. The next time she came with a negro woman, who bore a little tub on her head, carrying a pail in one hand and leading a mule and cart with the other. The officers then got desperate and refused to let her come near us or to give succor even to the dying. One morning she came again and we could see determination in her face and a firmness in her step, but they kept her back by forming a line of fixed bayonets. She then appealed to the captain to allow her to pass inside to give something to the sick and starving; yet all to no avail. The captain said if she had anything to give, to give it to their own men, not to the Yankees who had come down there to kill

their friends and to destroy their property. He declared that all he desired to do was to keep the breath of life in the Yankees long enough to get strong, healthy men in exchange for them; that he could not keep us a great while longer and intended to fix us so that we would never be of any use when he got done with us. She told him the Yankees were human beings as well as other men, and that she would care for t em as long as she could. She called him a brute, without any feeling of manhood about him. He kept her from coming inside the lines, yet she threw her bread in spite of his orders. One of the prisoners had a little talk with her and she told him they would have to release us soon, as communications were cut to the north of there and that our army had taken Wilmington; so they would be obliged to give us up. He then thanked her for her kindness and asked her what we could ever do to repay her for being so good to us. She said, "When you get into your lines, drink all the good old Yankee coffee you can, and think of a poor old woman who has not had a taste of it for nigh unto four years." That is the last we ever heard of our kind friend. I have wished many times I had her name. February 25th we took another of our usual paroles, went aboard the cars that night and arrived inside our lines, about sundown, February 26, on the north branch of the Cape Fear River, a very happy crowd. As to our condition, the troops who were stationed there can tell. It is said that the civilization of a nation is measured by the way it treats its prisoners. If that to be so, the so-called Confederate state of America must sink pretty low down in the scale. In justice to those who resorted to the extreme measures of "galvanizing," as the only means of saving their lives, yet had no intention of helping the enemy, but only to gain their freedom, let me say this: They were no sooner out and fed until they began planning for an escape. They were taken to Savannah and put to work to confront Sherman's army, but, as they were about to make t' e attempt to cut through and fight for their freedom, some cowardly traitor came in and gave the plot away, when the battalion found themselves surrounded by a superior force and were disarmed and put under arrest. The eight sergeants were shot and the privates and corporals returned to the stockade. One of these sergeants was the man who had been la hed for refusing to turn a hand spring.

When they were to be executed the eight were placed in a row in the presence of the disarmed battalion. Seven were blindfolded, but the eighth refused to be, saying he desired to be launched into eternity with the faces of those cruel men branded on his brow. Thus he would know the fiends who would thus starve men, and then shoot them for trying to obtain their freedom. Then, standing erect with arms folded, he gave the command to fire, as he was ready. He fell pierced through the heart, a victim of Jeff Davis' damnable policy to establish a Confederacy. This was related to me by those who were eye witnesses to the tragedy.

This is a short sketch of my own experience for seven months as a prisoner of war in the hands of a so-called government which was conceived in inequity and maintained during its short existence in crime and brutailty. It was fostered by traitors that had been educated by the United States government and had at various times sworn allegiance to it. When the crisis came they headed a column in intrigue and treachery to induce the well-disposed and would-be loyal South to join them in the hellish work of perpetuating slavery and destroying a government which had been fought for and established by such men as Washington, Madison, Franklin and La Fayette. And now, after forty-five years, who thinks we ought to forget? No, that is impossible for me as I look back and see my poor starving comrades doing unheard of things to sustain life until succor might reach them. All this is borne out by the testimony in the investigation of the Congressional committee, in the trial of Captain Wirz, the evil genius of Andersonville.

CHAPTER V.

EXTRACTS FROM POLLARD'S LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

"When a section of constitutional law is once broken down, the citadel of liberty is soon taken.

"And so it swiftly proved at Richmond. Heretofore Mr. Davis in all his public addresses had declared that the Confederate government was established to preserve their "ancient institutions"; he constantly pointed to the disregard which the North had shown for civil liberty, to its suspension of habeas corpus, to bastiles filled with prisoners, arrested without legal process or indictment; and not later than the day of his second inauguration, he had congratulated the South that through all the necessities of an unequal struggle there has been no act on our part to impair personal liberty, or the freedom of speech, of thought, or of the press. This argument of superior liberty in the Confederacy had been advanced on every occasion; the preservation of the civil routine in a time of war, had been the habitual boast of Mr. Davis. Now he was compelled to swallow this bit of glittering stereotype. For in a few weeks there was exhibited in Richmond a military tyranny that outdid the strong government at Washington, that committed outrages of which the newspapers spared accounts, and of which subsequent narratives of the war have only given imperfect glimpses, but which were unexcelled in the history of sudden and violent usurpations.

"To the conscription law there were two notable sequels: one, an attempt to prescribe the productions of the country—the ultra rule of despotism; the other, the establishment of a military police of the most frightful and odious description. The first usurpation failed, at least to the extent it designed, but only by a slender majority in the Confederate senate. It had

been at first proposed there to advise the planters of the South to abstain from raising cotton and tobacco, so as to increase the product of grain and provisions in the country. For this proposition Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, offered a substitute, to curtail the cotton crop; providing in detail that no planter or head of a family should sow more cotton seed than would produce three bales of the staple for himself, and one bale for each of the hands employed in the culture during the year 1862, and that he should be sworn to the extent of his crop under a penalty for perjury. It is an illustration of the rapid advance of despotic ideas in Richmond, that such a proposition should have been even entertained. The government, protested Mr. Hunter of Virginia, had not the shadow of a right to go to any of the states and say how much cotton should be produced. The sovereignty of the states themselves hardly dare do this, much less the delegated power of the Confederacy. If he believed that Congress would pass any such act, or the government possessed any such power, he would pronounce it a most notorious despotism, worse even than that from which the people of the South had just escaped. The infamous bill failed through only three votes in the senate; but Mr. Hunter's denunciation of it, and of the tendency it exhibited to despotic rule, was conveniently omitted from the newspapers, while it smarted in the ears of Mr. Davis.

"The worst despotism, however, into which the president plunged, alarmed by the military disasters that had occurred and by the now visible approach of McClellan's army to Richmond, was to declare martial law for ten miles around the capital, and to supplant all the civil authorities by a military police of the vilest materials that could be raked from the dens or fished from the slums of his dissolute capital. Every one who lived in Richmond in those days has cause to remember Winder's Police. The excuse which Mr. Davis made for fastening on the city the atrocious curse of these creatures was that a Union sentiment was being developed as McClellan advanced, that summary arrests of suspected persons might become necessary, and that a new vigilance was necessary to guard against political conspiracies. There was, indeed, a great uneasiness in Richmond as the Federal army gathered around it; the air was poisoned by rumors and suspicions;

there was a necessity for vigilance and vigor. But a police composed of rowdies and gamblers was imported from Baltimore as non-conscripts, the vilest of adventurers, who might without legal process tear any citizen from his home who made denunciations, who trafficked in bribes, and from whom no man was safe. The newspapers did not publish the arrests, or only as the scantiest items; and, although but few persons were actually imprisoned on account of their political sentiments, the cases were many where respectable citizens, among them ladies, were conveyed to certain tribunals held in drinking shops and the "pens" of negro traders and "warned" by police magnates of the president's orders.

"An incident illustrating the outrages and effrontery of this political police is recollected by the author. In a boarding house in Richmond was an estimable lady, a native of Virginia, who owned a large estate of negroes in Culpeper county. She had been very much annoyed by the desertion of her slaves; and hearing of the flight of one of of the most valuable of them, she exclaimed to a company assembled in the parlor, 'I do wish the Yankees would come and take away all the negroes.' It was nothing more than a petulant remark—such as one living in the South might hear a hundred times, when the mistress of the house was disposed to describe her slaves as pests and sources of annoyance. The remark, through some channel, was reported to General Winder, commanding the Department of Henrico. The next day the lady was called to the door by a shabby stranger; she came back running into the parlor weeping, and praying some gentleman in the house to protect her. She had received the dread summons to appear before General Winder on a charge of uttering treasonable sentiments. There could be no opposition or escape; the detective was at the door, importunate for his victim. It was only when this accomplished and delicately nurtured lady had been compelled to walk nearly a mile through the street, to enter a mean building recently used as a drinking shop, to press through a throng of rum sellers and rowdies to the dirty throne of Winder, and humbly to protest there that her offense had been temper and not reason, that she was allowed to depart with the brutal injunction to hold her tongue in future.

"At the head of this wretched police business, which in some form or other continued through the administration of Mr.

Davis, he placed a man than whom a fitter exponent of despotism and cruelty could not be found within the limits of the South. This person was General Winder, of Maryland, whose name thousands of living persons yet recall with horror; and a character that deserves an especial study in the moral history of the war. At first sight this person was not unpleasant. Mr. Ely, the memorable state prisoner of the Libby, speaks of General Winder, then his principal jailor, as an agreeable, grey-headed officer, a little disposed to stand on his dignity, prim and neat to scrupulousness, yet having no traits of harshness in his manner or countenance. But this impression was not that of a close study. This man, whom President Davis had found in some obscure place in the old army, and kept to the end of his administration as his chief of military police and head-jailor of the Confederacy, was near sixty years of age; his hair was white and tufty; and at a distance he had a patriarchal appearance. But his face was the picture of cruelty, a study for an artist; a harsh, dry face; cruel eyes, not muddy as from temper, but with a clear, cold light in them; a faded, poisonous mouth, on which a smile seemed mockery.

"Under the martial law proclaimed in Richmond, this creature held in his hands the powers of a viceroy. He was responsible to no one but Mr. Davis. He ordered what arrests he pleased; he regulated trade; he gave permits for the transportation of goods; he hunted conscripts through the streets. As a curious specimen of his authority, we may quote a single order: "The obtaining by conscripts of substitutes through the medium of agents is strictly forbidden. When such agents are employed, the principal, the substitute, and the agent will be impressed into the military service, and the money paid for the substitute, and as a reward to the agent, will be confiscated by the government." It is almost incredible that such despotic edicts could be issued in the capital of the Southern Confederacy; but here they were, written under the eye of Mr. Davis, and put in the hands of his creature for execution. Winder carried the interests of Richmond in his pocket. If a citizen wished to commute for military duty, if a merchant desired to secure the sacrifice of his flour and bacon from the tariff of prices under martial law, if a liquor dealer wished to bring into the city a lot of apple brandy, Winder had to be seen, and his

favor had to be secured. He was courted, caressed; people of all sorts sent him presents; and when an acquaintance suggested to him that it was imprudent to receive such testimonies of regard, and that they might be closely interpreted as bribes, the reply was: 'If the devil himself chooses to send me presents, I don't see why I should not accept them.' He had a curious habit about these offerings; they seldom availed to obtain any return from him. His peculiarity in this respect suggests a description in Macaulay of the infamous Jeffreys, to the effect that he would often carouse with the meanest men; but when he was sober on the bench, and his companions of the night before would presume on the maudlin affection they had contracted in their cups, he would pretend not to know them, and would drown their attempts at familiarity in volleys of wrath and imprecation. There was a striking analogy to such behavior in the relations of Winder and his gift-bearers. He invariably accepted anything sent him in the shape of a present; the ingenious wretch who had sent it, perhaps to escape the conscription, or to get a permit to traffic in liquors, would felicitate himself that he had secured his concession, that the business was done; but the next day would come an order to clap him in the conscript camp, or to impound all the whiskey on his premises. It was a feline way the General had of playing with his victims, and must have been intensely gratifying to a nature like his. The unhappy bearer of gifts seldom escaped from his clutches—the gifts never."

In connection with the scarcity of food and necessary supplies in the South occurs a subject of interest which we may conveniently examine here. We refer to that large volume of complaint against Mr. Davis for the maltreatment of Northern prisoners, especially in the article of subsistence. We have already, on the subject of the Confederate commissariat, made some suggestions which throw some light on this matter; but we find no more proper place in our work than the present to submit a brief account of the administration of the Confederate prisons. We propose thus to go over rapidly the history of the subsistence of Federal prisoners in the South—a subject so serious and interesting as to have called for extensive investigation both at Washington and Richmond, but the secret history of which is scarcely yet known.

It is remarkable that in the early periods of the war there was no system whatever, no organized provision, for subsisting the prisoners who soon commenced to accumulate on the hands of the government. There was an officer, of the rank of lieutenant, who had charge of the unfortunate creatures, who subsisted them by irregular purchases in the Richmond markets, and who was left to determine, at his own discretion, the measure and article of food. He was removed for a singular freak some weeks after the battle of Manassas. Having had a drunken quarrel with the quartermaster as to who should bury the dead of the prison, he had left two corpses in front of the office of the latter, in a wagon halted in one of the most public streets near the Capitol, and, unhitching the horses in sight of a horrified crowd, had abandoned the "dead Yankees" to take their chances of burial as the authorities, other than himself, might determine. It was a day's scandal in Richmond, and the brutal officer was removed. But for forty-eight hours nearly two thousand prisoners were without a mouthful of food until a subordinate of the prison, moved by their cries or alarmed by their mutiny, found some barrels of corn meal in the stores of the prison, and fed it to them in buckets of mush.

It was through this humane diligence that Captain Warner, a generous and efficient man, became afterwards charged with the subsistence of the prisoners. The captain often told in Richmond, with great emotion, his experience with the prisoners, mutinous and savage for want of food; for surely there is no fiercer devil in the human composition, none that dares more, than hunger. He was walking in the prisoners' galleries of the Libby, explaining that a difficulty had occurred in their supplies of food but that they should have illimitable stores on the morrow, when an immense Yankee boatswain clutched him by the collar, and dragged him into a circle of angry faces, desperate from hunger. "You are a good commissary," said Jack, "and I am a good prisoner; I am the best prisoner you ever saw in the world; but, d—n me, if I had not rather face one hundred of Jefferson Davis's cannon than be starved like a dog." "I felt rather unhappy for a few minutes," said Captain Warner, "but I promised the fellow who shook me, heavy as I was, as if I was no more than a baby in his hands, that if he would let me go, he should have some grub in half an hour.

I found nothing in the storehouse of the prison but three barrels of meal. I made it into hot mush, filled some buckets with it, and had it passed in to the prisoners. But you may bet I didn't go inside. I called to Jack through the grate that I had got him the healthiest supper I could, and not to let the men burn their mouths."

The next day Captain Warner represented to General Winder, the principal officer in charge of the prisoners, that there was no subsistence for them, and that they were in the actual pangs of hunger. He was directed at once to make a requisition on Colonel Northrop, the cross-grained and eccentric Commissary General—an officer whose idea of importance was to have a fit of insolence whenever he was approached, and who was either gruff or hysterical in his official intercourse.

"I know nothing of Yankee prisoners," he said; "throw them all into the James River."

"At least," said Captain Warner, "tell me how I am to keep my accounts for the prisoners' subsistence."

"Sir," said Northrop, slightly inclining his eyes to the anxious inquirer, "I have not the will or the time to speak with you. *Chuck the scoundrels into the river.*"

Here was a quandary. There was no law to charge the Commissary-General with the subsistence of prisoners; he insisted that it belonged to the quartermaster's department: the latter denied it, and, in a dead-lock of quibbles, the prisoners might be left to starve. The ingenuity of a lawyer was required to solve the dispute. Captain Warner had been appointed Commissary of Prisons, and yet Northrop refused to acknowledge his authority or to fill his requisitions, and was completely obscure and impracticable on a question of humanity. Happily a convenient law or military regulation was hunted up, to the effect that a bonded commissary might be assigned to perform certain duties of a quartermaster at the post. Under this law Captain Warner might draw his supplies from the Quartermaster-General, and might be independent of the odious Northrop. Another obscure statute was discovered; it was an act of the early Congress at Montgomery; it consisted only of three or four lines, yet it was very important. It provided with rare humanity that the prisoners of war should have the same rations as Confederate soldiers in the field.

Under the arrangement indicated by these laws the prisoners were comfortably, and even generously, subsisted for many months. The arrangement was perfected not long after the battle of Manassas. Food was then abundant in Richmond, and the best beef sold for only eight cents a pound. When supplies became scarce; when the foolish law authorized impressments and assigning "government prices," drove nearly every producer from the market, it became a matter of extreme difficulty to feed the prisoners, and to divide what could be obtained between their necessities and those of the Confederate troops in the field. The Commissary of Prisons, acting independently of Northrop, employed traveling agencies to purchase supplies at the best prices, and never allowed his solicitude for the unhappy men in his charge to be impaired by demands in other departments of the government. As evidence of this solicitude it may be mentioned that in the winter of 1863, a memorable season of scarcity, it was proposed to buy supplies for the prisoners in some of the upper counties of Virginia, where Confederate money was refused, and that to effect the humane undertaking General Lawton, then Quartermaster General, was willing to draw a requisition for fifty thousand dollars in gold.

But these purchases were defeated by an unforeseen interference. Commissary Northrop had opposed all purchases of supplies outside of his department; he complained that Captain Warner paid larger prices than the government maximum; he insisted that as the first care was to provide for the troops in the field, he should have the first option of all marketable supplies; and at last he assumed to impress the subsistence purchased for the prisoners and to divert it to his own department. A fierce war was waged between him and Warner; rival committees of investigation were raised in Congress; and the supplies of Libby prison became a bone of contention. On one occasion Warner's agents had brought down from Augusta county a drove of one hundred and seventy-five beeves, and Northrop had performed a coup d'etat by impressing them on the outskirts of Richmond. Not to be entirely outdone, Captain Warner, in the winter of 1863, loaded sixty-three cars in North Carolina with sweet potatoes, brought them to the Libby, pounded them and then sifted them through the wire-nets ne

tore from the windows, and composed a curious bread made of equal measures of mash of potatoes, flour and cornmeal. "It was the best bread I ever ate," says Captain Warner. But even this invention was spoiled by Northrop. He had determined to take control of all the subsistence of the Confederacy, and to interdict all special purchases for the consumption of prisoners. The first result was a regulation requiring the Commissary of Prisons to purchase from the Commissary-General; and ultimately, in the spring of 1864, a law was passesd virtually abolishing the former office and transferring the subsistence of prisoners to the tender mercies of the man who had wished the thousands of them in Richmond at the bottom of James River.

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CHAPTER VI.

FROM JOHN J. McELROY'S, "A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS."

As I started to drink my first ration of soup, it seemed to me that there was a superfluity of bugs upon its surface. Much as I wanted animal food, I did not care for fresh meat in that form. I skimmed them off carefully, so as to lose as little soup as possible. But the top layer seemed to be underlaid with another equally dense. This was also skimmed off as deftly as possible. But beneath this appeared still another layer which, when removed, showed still another; and so on, until I had scraped to the bottom of the can, and the last of the bugs went with the last of my soup. I have before spoken of the remarkable bug fecundity of the beans. This was a demonstration of it. Every scouped out pea which found its way into the soup bore inside of its shell from ten to twenty of these hard-crusted little weevils.

Afterward I drank my soup without skimming. It was not that I hated the weevils less, but that I loved the soup more. It was only another step toward a closer conformity to that grand rule which I have made the guiding maxim of my life:

"WHEN I MUST I HAD BETTER."

I recommend this to other young men starting on their career.

For some inscrutable reason the rebels decided to vaccinate us all. Why they did this has been one of the unsolved problems of my life. It is true that there was small-pox in the city, and among the prisoners at Danville; but that any consideration for our safety should have led them to order general inoculation is not among the reasonable inferences. But, be that as it may, vaccination was ordered, and performed. By great luck I was absent from the building with the squad drawing rations, when our room was inoculated, so I escaped

what was an affliction to all, and fatal to many. The direst consequences followed the operation. Foul ulcers appeared on various parts of the bodies of the vaccinated. In many instances the arms literally rotted off; and death followed from a corruption of the blood. Frequently the faces and other parts of those who recovered, were disfigured by the ghastly cicatrices of healed ulcers. A special friend of mine, Sergeant Frank Beverstock—then a member of the Third Virginia Cavalry, (loyal), and after the war a banker, in Bowling Green, Ohio,—bore upon his temple to his dying day, (which occurred in 1878), a fearful scar, where the flesh had sloughed off from the effects of the virus that had tainted his blood.

Opinion of General Winder.

There rode in among us, a few days after our arrival, an old man whose collar bore the wreathed stars of a Major General. Heavy white locks fell from beneath his slouched hat, nearly to his shoulders. Sunken gray eyes, too dull and cold to light up, marked a hard stony face, the salient feature of which was a thin-lipped, compressed mouth, with corners drawn down deeply—such a mouth as seems the world over to be the index of selfish, cruel, sulky malignance. It is such a mouth as has the school-boy—the coward of the playground, who delights in pulling off the wings of flies. It is such a mouth as we can imagine some remorseless inquisitor to have had—that is, not an inquisitor filled with holy zeal for what he mistakingly thought the cause of Christ demanded, but a spleeny, envious, rancorous shaveling, who tortured men from hatred of their superiority to him, and for sheer love of inflicting pain.

The rider was John H. Winder, Commissary General of Prisons, Baltimorean renegade, and the malign genius to whose account should be charged the deaths of more gallant men than all the inquisitors of the world ever slew by the less dreadful rack and wheel. It was he who in August could point to the three thousand and eighty-one new made graves for that month and exultingly tell his hearers that he was "doing more for the Confederacy than twenty regiments."

His lineage was in accordance with his character. His father was that General William H. Winder, whose poltroonery

at Bladensburg, in 1814, nullified the resistance of the gallant Commodore Barney, and gave the city of Washington to the British.

The father was a coward and an incompetent; the son, always cautiously distant from the scene of hostilities, was the tormentor of those whom the fortunes of war, and the arms of brave men, threw into his hands.

Winder gazed at us stonily for a few minutes without speaking, and turning, rode out again.

Our troubles, from that hour, rapidly increased.

Description of Wirz.

One morning a new rebel officer came in to superintend calling the roll. He was on undersized, fidgety man, with an insignificant face, and a mouth that protruded like a rabbit's. His bright little eyes, like those of a squirrel or a rat, assisted in giving his countenance a look of kinship to the family of rodent animals—a genus which lives by stealth and cunning, subsisting on that which it can steal away from stronger and braver creatures. He was dressed in a pair of gray trousers, the other parts of his body being covered with a calico garment like that which small boys used to wear, called "waists." This was fastened to the pantaloons by buttons, precisely as was the custom with the garments of boys struggling with the orthography of words in two syllables. Upon his head was perched a little gray cap. Sticking in his belt, and fastened to his wrist by a strap two or three feet long, was one of those formidable looking, yet harmless, English revolvers, that have ten barrels around the edge of the cylinder, and fire a musket bullet from the center. The wearer of this composite costume, and bearer of this amateur arsenal, stepped nervously about and sputtered volubly in very broken English. He said to Wry-Necked Smith:

"Py Gott, you don't vateh dem dam Yankees glose enough. Dey are schlipping 'rount, and peating you efery times."

This was Captain Henri Wirz, the new commandant of the interior of the prison. There has been a great deal of misapprehension of the character of Wirz. He is usually regarded as a villain of large mental caliber, and with a genius for cruelty. He was nothing of the kind. He was simply con-

temptible, from whatever point of view he was studied. Gnat-brained, cowardly, and feeble natured, he had not a quality that commanded respect from any one who knew him. His cruelty did not seem designed so much as the ebullitions of a peevish, snarling little temper united to a mind incapable of conceiving the results of his acts, or understanding the pain he was inflicting.

I never heard anything of his profession or vocation before entering the army. I always believed, however, that he had been a cheap clerk in a small dry-goods store, a third or fourth rate bookkeeper, or something similar. Imagine, if you please, one such, who never had brains put in command of thirty-five thousand men. Being a fool he could not help being an infliction to them even with the best of intentions; but Wirz was not troubled with good intentions.

I mention the probability of his having been a dry-goods clerk or bookkeeper, not with any disrespect to those two honorable vocations, but because Wirz had had some training as an accountant; and this was what gave him the place over us. Rebels, as a rule, were astonishingly ignorant of arithmetic and the keeping of accounts. They were good shots, fine horsemen, ready speakers, and ardent politicians, yet, like all non-commercial people, they floundered hopelessly in what people of this section would consider simple mathematical processes. One of his constant amusements was in befogging and beating those charged with calling rolls and issuing rations. It was not at all difficult at times to make a hundred men count as a hundred and ten, and so on.

Wirz could count beyond one hundred, and this determined his selection for the place. His first move was a stupid change. We had been grouped in the natural way, into hundreds and thousands. He re-arranged the men in squads of ninety, and three of these, two hundred and seventy men, into a detachment. These detachments were numbered in order from the north gate and the squads were numbered "one, two, three." On the rolls this was stated after the man's name. For instance, a chum of mine, and in the same squad with me, was Charles L. Soule, of the Third Michigan Infantry. His name appeared on the rolls:

"Chas. L. Soule, priv. Co. E. 3rd Mich. Inf. 1–2."

This meant that he belonged to the second squad of the first detachment.

Whence Wirz got his preposterous idea of organization has always been a mystery to me. It was awkward in every way—in drawing rations, counting, dividing into messes, etc.

Wirz was not long in giving us a taste of his quality. The next morning after his first appearance he came in, when roll call was sounded, and ordered all the squads and detachments to form and remain standing in ranks until all were counted. Any soldier will say that there is no duty more annoying and difficult than standing still in ranks for any considerable length of time, especially when there is nothing to do or to engage the attention. It took Wirz between two and three hours to count the whole camp, and by that time we of the first detachments were almost all out of ranks. Thereupon Wirz announced that no rations would be issued to the camp that day. The orders to stand in ranks were repeated the next morning with a warning that a failure to obey would be punished as that of the previous day had been. One man after another straggled away, and again we lost our rations. That afternoon we became desperate. Plots were considered for a daring assault to force the gates or scale the stockade. The men were crazy enough to attempt anything rather than sit down and patiently starve. Many offered themselves as leaders in any attempt that it might be thought best to make. The hopelessness of any such venture was apparent, even to famished men, and the propositions went no farther than inflamatory talk.

The third morning the orders were again repeated. This time we succeeded in remaining in ranks in such a manner as to satisfy Wirz, and we were given our rations for that day, but those of the other days were permanently withheld.

That afternoon Wirz ventured into camp alone. He was assailed with a storm of curses and execration and a shower of clubs. He pulled out his revolver as if to fire upon his assailants. A yell was raised to take his pistol away from him and a crowd rushed forward to do this. Without waiting to fire a shot he turned and ran to the gate for dear life. He did not come in again for a long while, and never afterward without a squad of guards.

The rations diminished perceptibly day by day. When we first entered we received something over a quart of tolerably good meal, a sweet potato, a piece of meat about the size of one's two fingers, and occasionally a spoonful of salt. First the salt disappeared. Then the sweet potato took unto itself wings and flew away never to return. An attempt was ostensibly made to issue us cow-peas instead, and the first issue was only a quart to a detachment of two hundred and seventy men. This was two-thirds of a pint to each squad of ninety, and made but a few spoonfuls for each of the four messes in the squad. When it came to dividing among the men, the beans had to be counted. Nobody received enough to pay for cooking, and we were at a loss what to do until somebody suggested that we play poker for them. This met general acceptance, and after that, as long as beans were drawn, a large portion of the day was spent in absorbing games of bluff and draw, at a bean ante, and no limit.

After a number of hours of diligent playing, some lucky or skillful player would be in possession of all the beans in a mess or a squad—sometimes a detachment—and have enough for a good meal.

Next, the meal began to diminish in quantity and deterioriate in quality. It became so exceedingly coarse that the common remark was that the next step would be to bring us the corn in the shock and feed it to us like stock. Then meat followed suit with the rest. The ration decreased in size, and the number of days that we did not get any kept constantly increasing in proportion to the days that we did, until eventually the meat bade us a final adieu, and joined the sweet potato in that undiscovered country from whose bourn no ration ever returned. The fuel and building material in the stockade were speedily exhausted. The later comers had nothing whatever with which to build shelter.

But after the spring rains had fairly set in, it seemed that we had not tasted misery until then. About the middle of March the windows of heaven opened and it began to rain like that of the time of Noah. It was tropical in quantity and persistency, and arctic in temperature. For dreary hours that never ending rain lengthened into weeks, the driving, drenching flood pouring down upon the sodden earth, searching the very marrow of the five thousand hapless men against whose chilled

frames it beat with pitiless monotony, and soaking the sand bank upon which we lay until it was like a sponge filled with ice-water. It seems to me now that it must have been two or three weeks that the sun was wholly hidden behind the dripping clouds, not shining out once in all that time. The intervals when it did not rain were rare and short. An hour's respite would be followed by a day of steady, regular pelting of the great rain drops. We first comers, who had huts, were measurably better off than the later arrivals. It was much drier in our leaf-thatched tents, and we were spared much of the annoyance that comes from steady rain against the body for hours.

I find that the report of the Smithsonian Institute gives the average rainfall in the section around Andersonville, at fifty-six inches—nearly five feet—while that of foggy England is only thirty-two. Our experience would lead me to think that we got the five feet all at once.

The condition of those who had no tents was truly pitable. They sat or lay on the hill-side the livelong day and night, and took the washing flow with such gloomy composure as they could muster. All soldiers will agree with me that there is no campaigning hardship comparable to a cold rain. One can brace up against the extremes of heat and cold and mitigate their inclemency in various ways, but there is no escaping a long continued, chilling rain. It seems to penetrate to the heart, and leach away the vital force.

The only relief attainable was found in huddling over little fires kept alive by small groups with their slender stocks of wood. As this wood was all pitch-pine, that burned with a very sooty flame, the effect upon the appearance of the hoverers was startling. Face, neck and hands became covered with mixture of lamp-black and turpentine, forming a coating as thick as heavy brown paper, and absolutely irremovable by water alone. The hair also became of midnight blackness, and gummed up into elf-locks of fantastic shape and effect. Any one of us could have gone on the negro and minstrel stage without changing a hair, and put to blush the most elaborate make-up of the grotesque burnt-cork artists.

No wood was issued to us. The only way of getting it was to stand around the gate for hours until a guard off duty could be coaxed or hired to accompany a small party to the woods to

bring back a load of such knots and limbs as could be picked up. Our chief persuaders to the guards to do us this favor were rings, pencils, knives, combs, and such trifles as we might have in our pockets, and, more especially, the brass buttons on our uniforms. Rebel soldiers, like Indians, negroes and other imperfectly civilized people, were passionately fond of bright and gaudy things. A handful of brass buttons would catch every one of them as swiftly and as surely as a piece of red flannel will a gudgeon. Our regular fee for an escort for three of us to the woods was six overcoat or dress coat buttons, or ten or twelve jacket buttons. All in the mess contributed to this fund, and the fuel obtained was carefully guarded and husbanded.

This manner of conducting the wood business is a fair sample of the management, or rather the lack of it of every other detail of prison administration. All the hardships we suffered from lack of fuel and shelter could have been prevented without the slightest expense or trouble to the Confederacy.

There were two regiments guarding us—the Twenty-sixth Alabama and the Fifty-fifth Georgia. Never were two regiments of the same army more different. The Alabamians were the superiors of the Georgians in every way that one set of men could be superior to another. They were manly, soldierly, and honorable, where the Georgians were treacherous and brutal. We had nothing to complain of at the hands of the Alabamians; we suffered from the Georgians everything that mean, spirited cruelty could devise. The Georgians were always on the look-out for something that they could torture into such apparent violation of orders, as would justify them in shooting men down; the Alabamians never fired until they were satisfied that a deliberate offense was intended. I can recall that I myself saw at least a dozen instances where men of the Fifty-fifth Georgia killed prisoners under the pretense that they were across the dead line, when the victims were a yard or more from it, and had not the remotest idea of going nearer.

The only man I ever knew to be killed by one of the Twenty-sixth Alabama was named Hubbard, from Chicago, Illinois, a member of the Thirty-eighth Illinois. He had lost one leg and went hobbling about the camp on crutches, chattering continually in a loud, discordant voice, saying all manner of hateful and discordant things wherever he saw an opportunity. This

and his beak-like nose gained for him the name of "Poll Parrot." His misfortune caused him to be tolerated where another man would have been suppressed. By-and-by he gave still greater cause for offense by his obsequious attempt to curry favor with Captain Wirz, who took him outside several times for purposes that were not well explained. Finally, some hours after one of Poll Parrot's visits outside, a rebel officer came in with a guard and, proceeding with suspicious directness to a tent which was at the mouth of a large tunnel that a hundred men or more had been quietly pushing forward, broke the tunnel in and took the occupants of the tent outside for punishment. The question that demanded immediate solution was: "Who is the traitor who has informed the rebels?" Suspicion pointed very strongly to Poll Parrot. By the next morning the evidence collected seemed to amount to a certainty, and a crowd caught the Parrot with the intention of lynching him. He succeeded in breaking away from them and ran under the dead line, near where I was sitting in my dugout. At first it looked as if he had done this to secure the protection of the guard. The latter—a Twenty-sixth Alabamian—ordered him out. Poll Parrot rose up on his one leg, put his back against the dead line, faced the guard, and said in his harsh, cackling voice: "No, I won't go out. If I've lost the confidence of my comrades I want to die."

Part of the crowd were taken aback by this move, and felt disposed to accept it as demonstration of the Parrot's innocence. The rest thought it was a piece of bravado because of his belief that the rebels would not injure him after he had served them. They renewed their yells, and the guard again ordered the Parrot out, but the latter, tearing open his blouse, cackled out: "No, I won't go; fire at me, guard. There's my heart; shoot me right there."

There was no help for it. The rebel leveled his gun and fired. The charge struck the Parrot's lower jaw and carried it completely away, leaving his tongue and the roof of his mouth exposed. As he was carried back to die, he wagged his tongue vigorously in attempting to speak but it was of no use. The guard set his gun down and buried his face in his hands. It was the only time that I saw a sentinel show anything but exultation at killing a Yankee.

A ludicrous contrast to this incident took place a few nights later. The rains had ceased, the weather had become warmer, and, our spirits rising with this increase in the comfort of our surroundings, a number of us were sitting around "Nosey," a boy with a superb tenor voice, who was singing patriotic songs. We were coming in strong on the chorus, and in a way that spoke vastly more for our enthusiasm for the Union than for our musical knowledge. "Nosey" sang the Star Spangled Banner, The Battle Cry of Freedom, Brave Boys Are They, capitally, and we threw our whole lungs into the chorus. It was quite dark, and, while our noise was going on, the guards changed, new men coming on duty. Suddenly, bang! went the gun of the new guard in the box about fifty feet away from us. We knew it was a Fifty-fifth Georgian, and supposed that, irritated at our singing, he was trying to kill some of us for spite. At the sound of the gun we jumped up and scattered. As no one gave the usual agonized yell of a prisoner when shot, we supposed the ball had not taken effect. We could hear the sentinel ramming down another cartridge, and then hear him return rammer and cock his rifle. Again the gun cracked, and again there was no sound of anybody being hit. Again we could hear the sentry churning down another cartridge. The drums began beating the long roll in the camp, and the officers could be heard turning the men out. The matter was becoming exciting, and one of us sang out to the guard:

"S–a–y. What the —— are you shooting at, anyhow?"

"I'm a shootin' at that —— —— Yank thar, by the dead line, and by —— if you'uns don't take him in I'll blow the whole —— head off'n him."

"What Yank? Where's any Yank?"

"Why, thar—right thar—a standin' agin the dead line."

"Why, you —— rebel fool, that's a chunk of wood. You can't get any furlough for shooting that."

At this time there was a general roar from the rest of the camp, which the other guards took up, and, as the Reserves came double-quicking up and learned the occasion of the alarm, they gave the rascal who had been so anxious to kill somebody a torrent of abuse for having disturbed them.

A part of our crowd had been out after wood during the day, and secured a piece of a log as large as two of them could carry,

and, bringing it in, stood it up near the dead line. When the guard had mounted to his post he was sure he saw a ferocious Yankee in front of him, and so hastened to slay him. It was an unusual good fortune that nobody was struck. It was very rare that the guards fired into the prison without hitting at least one person. The Georgia Reserves who formed our guards later in the season, were armed with an old gun called a Queen Anne musket, altered for the use of percussion caps. It carried a bullet as big as a large marble, and three or four buckshot. When fired into a group of men it was sure to bring several down.

I was standing one day in the line at the gate waiting for a chance to go after wood. A Fifty-fifth Georgian was the gate guard and he drew a line in the sand with his bayonet which we should not cross. The crowd behind pushed one man till he put his foot a few inches over the line, to save himself from falling; the guard sank a bayonet through the foot as quick as a flash.

The negro soldiers also were treated as badly as possible. The wounded were turned into the Stockade without having their hurts attended to. One stalwart, soldierly sergeant had received a bullet which had forced its way under the scalp for some distance and partially imbedded itself in the skull, where it still remained. He suffered intense agony, and would pass the whole night walking up and down the street in front of our tent moaning distressingly. The bullet could be felt plainly with the fingers, and we were sure that it would not take a minute, with a sharp knife, to remove it and give the man relief. But we could not prevail upon the Rebel surgeons even to see the man. Finally inflammation set in, and he died.

The negroes were made into a squad by themselves, and taken out every day to work around the prison. A white sergeant was placed over them, who was the object of the contumely of the guards and other Rebels. One day as he was standing near the gate, waiting his orders to come out, the gate guard, without any provocation whatever, dropped his gun until the muzzle rested against the sergeant's stomach and then fired, killing him instantly. This sergeant's position was then offered to me, but as I had no accident policy, I was constrained to decline the honor.

It now became a part of the day's regular routine with us to take a walk past the gates in the morning, inspect and count the dead, and see if any of our friends were among them. Clothes having by this time become a very important consideration with the prisoners, it was the custom of the mess in which a man died to remove from his person all garments that were of any account, and thus bodies were carried out nearly naked. The hands were crossed upon the breast, the big toes tied together with a bit of string, and a slip of paper containing the man's name, rank, company and regiment was pinned on the breast of his shirt.

The appearance of the dead was indescribably ghastly. The unclosed eyes shone with a stony glitter.

> An orphan's curse would drag to hell
> A spirit from on high;
> But, O! more terrible than that,
> Is the curse in a dead man's eye.

The lips and nostrils were distorted with pain and hunger, the shallow, dirt-grimed skin drawn tensely over the facial bones, and the whole was framed over with long matted hair and beard. Millions of lice swarmed over the wasted limbs and ridged ribs. These verminous pests had become so numerous—owing to our lack of changes of clothing, and of facilities for boiling what we had.—that the most a healthy man could do was to keep the number feeding upon his person down to a reasonable limit—say a few tablespoonfuls. When a man became so sick as to be unable to help himself, the parasites speedily increased into millions, or to speak more comprehensively, into pints and quarts. It did not even seem an exaggeration when some one declared that he had seen a dead man with more than a gallon of lice on him.

There is no doubt but that the irritation from the biting of these myriads of insects shortened very materially the days of those who were sick. Where a sick man had friends or comrades, it was, of course, part of their duty, in taking care of him, to louse his clothing. One of the most effectual ways of doing this was to turn the garments wrong side out and hold the seams as close to the fire as possible without burning the cloth. In a short time the lice would swell up and burst open, like popcorn. This method was a favorite one for another reason than

its efficacy: It gave one a keener sense of revenge upon his rascally little tormentors than he could get in any other way.

As the weather grew warmer and the number in the prison increased the lice became more unendurable. They filled the hot sand under our feet and voracious troops of them would climb up one's legs like streams of ants swarming up a tree. We began to have a full comprehension of the third plague with which the Lord visited the Egyptians:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, say unto Aaron, stretch out thy rod, and smite the dust of the land, that it may become lice through all the land of Egypt.

"And they did so; for Aaron stretched out his hand with his rod, and smote the dust of the earth and it became lice in man and in beast. All the dust of the land became lice throughout all the land of Egypt."

Barrett's Insane Cruelty.

Winder had found in Barrett even a better tool for his cruel purposes than Wirz. The two resembled each other in many respects. Both were absolutely destitute of any talent for commanding men, and could no more handle even one thousand men properly than a cabin boy could navigate a great ocean steamer. Both were given to the same senseless fits of insane rage, coming and going without apparent reason, during which they fired revolvers and guns or threw clubs into crowds of prisoners, or knocked down such as were within reach of their fists. These exhibitions were such as an overgrown child might be expected to make. They did not secure any result except to increase the prisoners' wonder that such ill-tempered fools could be given any position of responsibility.

A short time previous to our entry Barrett thought he had reason to suspect a tunnel. He immediately announced that no more rations should be issued until its whereabouts were revealed, and the ringleaders in the attempt to escape delivered up to him. The rations at that time were very scanty, so that the first day they were cut off the sufferings were fearful. The boys thought Barrett would surely relent the next day, but they did not know their man. He was not suffering any, and why should he relax his severity? He strolled leisurely out from his dinner table, picking his teeth with his penknife in the com

fortable, self-satisfied way of a coarse man who has just filled his stomach to his entire content,—an attitude and an air that was simply maddening to the famishing wretches of whom he inquired tantalizingly:

"Air ye're hungry enough to give up them G—d d—d s—s of b—hes yet?"

That night thirteen thousand men,—crazy, fainting with hunger, having walked hither and thither until exhaustion had forced then to become quiet, sat on the ground and pressed their bowels in by leaning against sticks of wood laid across their thighs; trooped to the creek and drank water until their gorges rose and they could swallow no more—did everything, in fact, that imagination could suggest,—to assuage the pangs of the deadly gnawing that was consuming their vitals. All the cruelties of the terrible Spanish Inquisition, if heaped together, would not sum up a greater aggregate of anguish than was endured by them. The third day came, and still no signs of yielding by Barrett. The sergeants counseled together. Something must be done. The fellow would starve the whole camp to death with as little compunction as one drowns blind puppies. It was necessary to get up a tunnel to show Barrett, and to get boys who would confess to being leaders in the work. A number of gallant fellows volunteered to brave the wrath of this man and save the rest of their comrades. It required high courage to do this, as there was no question but that the punishment meted out would be as fearful as the cruel mind of the fellow could conceive. The sergeants decided that four would be sufficient to answer the purpose; they selected these by lot, marshed them to the gate and delivered them over to Barret, who thereupon ordered the rations to be sent in. He was considerate enough, too, to feed the men he was going to torture.

The starving men in the stockade could not wait, after the rations were issued, to cook them, but in many instances mixed the meal up with water, and swallowed it raw. Frequently their stomachs, irritated by the long fast, rejected the mess; and very many had reached the stage when they loathed food. A burning fever was consuming them and seething their brains with delirium. Hundreds died within a few days, and hundreds more were so debilitated by the terrible strain that they did not linger long afterward.

The brave fellows who had offered themselves as a sacrifice for the rest were put into a guard house and kept over night, that Barrett might make a day of the amusement of torturing them. After he had laid in a hearty breakfast, and doubtless fortified himself with some of the villainous sorghum whiskey which the Rebels were now reduced to drinking, he set out about his entertainment. The devoted four were brought out, one by one, and their hands tied together behind their backs. Then a noose of slender, strong hemp rope was slipped over the first one's thumbs and drawn tight, after which the rope was thrown over a log projecting from the roof of the guard house, and two or three Rebels hauled upon it until the miserable Yankee was lifted from the ground, and hung suspended by the thumbs while his weight seemed tearing his limbs from his shoulder blades. The other three were treated in the same manner.

The agony of this treatment was simply excruciating. The boys were brave, and had resolved to stand their punishment without a groan, but this was too much for human endurance. Their will was strong, yet Nature could not be denied, and they shrieked aloud so pitifully that a young Reserve standing near fainted. Every one screamed: "For God's sake, kill me, kill me! Shoot me if you want to, but let me down from here."

The only effect of this plea upon Barrett was to light up his brutal face with a leer of fiendish satisfaction. He said to the guards with a gleeful wink:

"By G—d, I'll learn these Yanks to be more afraid of me than of the old devil himself. They'll soon understand that I'm not the man to fool with. I'm old pizen, I am, when I git started. Jest hear 'em squeal, won't yer?" Then walking from one prisoner to another, he said:

"D—n yer skins, ye'll dig tunnels, will ye? Ye'll try to get out, and run through the country stealin' and carryin' off niggers and makin' more trouble than yer d—d necks are worth. I'll learn ye about that. If I ketch ye at this sort of work again, d—d ef I don't kill ye as soon ez I ketch ye."

I had been in prison but a little while when a voice called out from a hole in the ground, as I was passing:

"S–a–y, sergeant, won't you please take these shears and cut my toes off?"

"What?" said I, in amazement, stopping in front of the dugout.

"Just take these shears, won't you, and cut my toes off," answered the inmate, an Indiana infantryman—holding up a pair of dull shears in his hand, and elevating one foot for me to look at.

I examined the latter carefully. All the flesh of the toes, except little pads at the ends, had rotted off, leaving the bones as clean as if scraped. The little tendons still remained, and held the bones to their places, but this seemed to hurt the rest of the feet and annoy the man.

"You'd better let one of the rebel doctors see this," I said, after finishing my survey, "before you conclude to have them off. Maybe they can be saved."

"No, d——d if I'm going to have any of them rebel butchers fooling around me. I'd die first, and then I wouldn't," was the reply. "You can do it better than they can. It's just a little snip. Just try it."

"I don't like to," I replied. "I might lame you for life and make you lots of trouble."

"O, bother. What business is that of yours? They're my toes and I want them off. They hurt me so I can't sleep. Come, now, take the shears and cut them off."

I yielded, and taking the shears, snipped one tendon after another close to the feet, and in a few seconds had the whole ten toes lying in a heap at the bottom of the dugout. I picked them up and handed them to their owner, who gazed at them complacently and remarked:

"Well, I'm durned glad they're off. I won't be bothered with corns any more, I flatter myself."

CHAPTER VII.

CONGRESS ORDERS INVESTIGATION OF TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS OF WAR.

The Fortieth Congress during its first session, on July 10, 1867, passed the following resolution, introduced by Mr. Shanks of Indiana:

Whereas, It is expedient that the subject of the treatment of prisoners of war and Union citizens held by the Confederate authorities during the recent rebellion should be thoroughly investigated, therefore, be it

Resolved, That a special committee of five members of this House be appointed to make such investigation, to record the facts thereby obtained and to report the same to the House at any time, with such recommendations as they may deem proper, and be it further

Resolved, That such committee for the purpose of this investigation shall have power to send for persons and papers, to appoint a clerk and stenographer and to sit during any recess of the House, and that the expenses of the investigation be paid from the contingent fund of the House.

It was ordered that said committee consist of:

Mr. John P. C. Shanks of Indiana.
Mr. Wm. A. Pile of Missouri.
Mr. Abner C. Harding of Illinois.
Mr. Aaron F. Stevens of New Hampshire.
Mr. Wm. Mungen of Ohio.

Attest: Edward McPherson,
Clerk.

On July 13, 1867, Congress, on motion of Mr. Pile, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the select committee to investigate the treatment of prisoners of war and the Union citizens of the so-called Confederate government, are hereby authorized to sit at such

place and take testimony by such number of committee as they shall deem proper.

Attest:

Edward McPherson,
Clerk.

The power of the committee was still further extended by resolutions:

January 13, 1868, July 28, 1868, and February 6, 1869.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

We now deem it proper to quote paragraphs from the report of this committee and portions of testimony of others. These can be verified by the official reports, as the authority conferred on the commission permits us to print matters of interest, as follows:

From Belle Isle, Libby, Salisbury and other minor prisons came Union soldiers to Andersonville to be crowded into this pen until the number reached nearly thirty-five thousand, each prisoner having an allotted space of about four feet square in which to eat, walk and sleep. The suffering which ensued cannot be described. The sick and wounded all herded in together, the stench from the swamp at night, all added to the nauseousness of it all.

No pen can describe, no artist depict, no imagination comprehend the squalor, suffering and awfulness of it. It would seem as if the concentrated madness of earth and hell found its final lodgment in the breasts of those who inaugurated the rebellion and controlled the policy of the Confederate government.

The first consignment of prisoners reached the place February 15, 1864, and were put under the command of J. H. Winder, the man who had attained such notoriety for brutality in the prisons at Richmond. There is ample evidence that the president of the Confederacy was Winder's intimate friend and protector. When his crimes had driven others to protest against his retention in the service of the Confederacy, the influence of Davis saved him from removal and disgrace. The relation which this man bore to the chief and head of the re-

bellion is well described by a witness, Philip Cashmeyer, who was in the employ of the Confederate government.

"For the last four years I was detective officer under General Winder. I was with him from the time he commenced his duties as Provost Marshal until he died. I was his special confidential detective. My duties were important, such as detectives have to attend to. My services to him were such as examining prisoners, making reports on them, and matters of that sort. I was admitted into his family circle. The relations existing between him and Jefferson Davis were very friendly; indeed, very confidential, as I often heard him say so. I often saw him go and come from Mr. Davis' office.

"I remember when an effort was made by Generals Bragg and Ransom to have him [Winder] removed, President Davis was his special friend. Then when the order came relieving General Winder from the War Department, he took it to Mr. Davis and it was endorsed by him. As well as I can recollect, this was entirely unnecessary and uncalled for. After that General Winder was sent to Goldsboro to take the field. He was there a week or two and was then ordered to Andersonville to take command there. His official power was not extended for some months after that. Then he was made commissioner general and commissary general of prisoners. I remained with him until he died in my tent at Florence, South Carolina.

"As nearly as I can remember the order sending W. S. Winder, son of the general, to lay out the prison came from the war department. General Winder desired to send him, and the war department sanctioned it. I saw the son go with the general to the war department and come from there."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon this man's character or history at much length. He has passed to his long and last account, leaving behind him a name which can hardly be uttered by the lips of any Union prisoner without thoughts of that fearful retribution which can alone in the dread future furnish an adequate expiation of his crimes against mankind. He had been employed as the prison agent of President Davis, and his cruelties have become proverbial.

In the year 1864 the temperature at Andersonville ranged from eighteen to one hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. There were 108 rainy days counted. On the twenty-seventh day of November, 1863, young Winder, son of Gen. J. H. Winder, established the prison at Andersonville, remote from habitation and facilities for providing supplies, there being only one railroad. There was a locality where good pure spring water would have been abundant for the whole camp—one in particular, called Magnolia Springs, near Americus. But, as was asserted, they wanted to build a pen for the "damned Yankees" where they would rot faster than they could be sent there.

At this time the maimed prisoners numbered nearly thirty-five thousand, who would have been the victims. And not a revocation or a protest against the execution of this brutal order came from his superiors or the Rebel government. Among both Rebel and Union men, so terrible was his history that when he left the theater of his crimes for Andersonville, the Richmond Examiner exclaimed in its mingled horror and joy: *"Thank God that Richmond is at last rid of old Winder. God have mercy upon those to whom he has been sent."*

As illustrating the justice of the paragraph just quoted from the Richmond Examiner, we submit the following order issued by the agent of starvation and murder while in command at Andersonville:

Order No. 13.

Headquarters Confederate States Military Prison,
Andersonville, July 27, 1864.

The officers on duty in charge of the battery of Florida artillery, at the time, will, upon receiving notice that the enemy has approached within seven miles of this post, open fire upon the stockade with grape-shot without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense.

It is better that the last Federal should be exterminated than be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens, as they will do if they are allowed to make their escape from prison.

By order of John H. Winder, Brigadier General.

W. S. Winder,
Adjutant General.

When General Winder went to Andersonville, he took Captain Wirz with him, a man who had likewise gained notoriety for his brutality. Wirz was placed in command of the prison, with Winder's two sons on his staff. These men figured largely in the management of the prison and were responsible for the crimes committed on the helpless men confined in that hell of hells.

The stockade was used for enlisted men only and, as soon as completed, they gathered the prisoners. With no covering save the open sky, these men, these heroes born in the image of God, lay there crouching and writhing in their terrible torture,—a

loathsome, horrible sight. The mutilated, murdered victims of a cool and calculated barbarity stand forth in history as a monument of the surpassing horrors of Andersonville, as it shall be seen and read of in all future time, realizing, in the studded tenements of the prison house, the idea of Dante's Inferno and Milton's hell.

At last the sufferings of those men, whose only crime was that they had fought for their country, the sympathy of some persons living in that region, who seem to have been prompted by humane sentiment, and, moved by a knowledge of their condition, attempted measures for the relief of our men. They accordingly made applications to the officer in command for the privilege of visiting the sick in the hospital and stockade and to furnish them with the means of comfort and relief. They were met with a flat refusal and, although the attempts were renewed from time to time, these humane offers were refused and the people repulsed. In fact, it seems very clear that the refusal was not merely capricious but based upon that inhuman policy by which the Confederate government sought to decimate the ranks of their enemy by the maltreatment and starvation of their prisoners.

And now let us see how the United States ordered rebel prisoners in our hands to be treated, and then compare it with Order No. 13 issued by Winder.

"Section 745: United States Army Regulations of 1861, pages 107–108, provide as follows:

"Prisoners of War will be disarmed and sent to the rear and reported as soon as practicable to headquarters. The return of the prisoners from the headquarters to the war department will specify the number, rank and corps.

"Section 746: The private property of prisoners will be duly respected and each shall be treated with regard due his rank. They are to obey the necessary orders given them. They will receive for subsistence, one ration each without regard to rank, and their wounds are to be treated with the same care as the wounded of our army. Other allowances to them will depend upon conventions with the enemy."

Early in the war the enemy observed the idle ceremony of making a list of the property seized, confessedly for safe keep-

ing and restorations; but instances where any such restoration was made are extremely rare. Even in the few cases where money was restored, Confederate scrip, nearly worthless, was substituted dollar for dollar for the money of which the soldier had been robbed. It will be found that this practice met with the severe condemnation of the inspecting officers of the rebel prisons, yet their recommendations for a change in its practice seem to have been entirely disregarded. It seems that after the second year of the war, even this formality was almost entirely abandoned, and prisoners were not only robbed of money, surplus clothing and valuables, but were often deprived of coats, shoes and hats, and, in many cases, were stripped of everything but shirt and drawers, until at last the rebel captor came to regard his union victim as one who had no right that he was bound to respect. The testimony will be found replete with instances of the actual truth of this assertion, showing a spirit of fiendish cruelty shorn of all just regard for the rights of the living, as it was destitute of all respect for the person of the dead. This search and robbery of the prisoners was sometimes accompanied by the most cruel violence. In the early part of the war the demand for the surrender of valuable articles was freely complied with, but after learning, from the testimony of others, the failure of the authorities to make restoration of the property which had been given up, and knowing the importance of having money and clothing during captivity, efforts were naturally made by our men to conceal their valuables before or after capture. The detection of their attempts to do this was constantly followed by punishment of a cruel, and sometimes revolting, character. Some of the most aggravating cases of beating and other personal violence, were inflicted solely on account of this detection. The officers at Richmond, as shown by the testimony, became specially expert by much practice in searching and robbing prisoners and detecting concealment. During the year of 1864, a system of searching was in vogue in all the prisons, so that our officers and men were compelled to run the gauntlet and submit to the indignity of a new search at every transfer from one prison to another. The pictures of wives and dear ones at home were taken with vulgar epithets. These outrages, so clearly in direct violation of the laws of war, and in turpitude and crime so nearly

akin to the robbery of the dead, necessarily increased the helpless condition of our soldiers, depriving them of the means of procuring the necessaries and comforts which might otherwise have been obtainable, thus rendering them a more easy prey to disease and death. Short rations and scarcity of water, owing to their being robbed of their canteens, and transportation fit only for beasts destined for the shambles, were the common incidents of the union prisoner's early captivity. These facts disclose the cool and malicious disregard of the condition and comfort of the prisoners taken in battle, and an evident intention on the part of the Confederate authority to lose no time in the attempt to break them down in body and spirit; and thus render them unfit for future service to their country. Men wounded in the arms or body were forced to make long marches, guarded by cavalry, and, when unable to keep pace with the column any longer, were beaten and cut with the saber of their guards until they fell by the roadside dead, where they were often left unburied. Prisoners transported by railroad through the south were almost invariably packed into close box cars, from eighty to one hundred of sick, wounded and well in one car. The cars thus used were often those from which cattle had been just taken. They were never cleansed, and the excrement of the beast was the bed of the prisoner. Too few guards were provided on such occasions, and so the cars were kept closely shut, sometimes for several days in succession, the men not being allowed to leave them for any purpose.

This deliberate and systematic robbery of defenseless men was pursued at Richmond within sight and hearing of the higher rebel officials, and not far from the residence of Jeff Davis. Sounds of revelry and carousal at that seat of treason heard by those robbed, wronged and outraged prisoners as they lay on the bare floor where they were confined, after being deprived of the barest necessities by their inhuman captors, made life seem unbearable. In addition to these general remarks upon the features and effects of the Andersonville captivity, the committee thought proper to avail themselves of the interesting publications of eye witnesses who were confined within its walls, giving credit in all cases to the authors of these vivid yet truthful pictures of prison life.

Among the numerous volumes which have been published by the survivors of Andersonville, there is one abounding in a specially interesting description of the conduct of its inmates. It was written by one who was for more than a year a prisoner of war in the hands of the rebel officials. He entered Andersonville in April, 1864, and remained until his escape in the following September. He was afterward re-captured and finally exchanged. This soldier had, therefore, abundant opportunity for close and particular observation. His varied experience in the prisons of the South, the candor and intelligence with which he treats the multiform subjects forming the themes of his narrative, together with the strong and unquestionable corroboration of his truthfulness furnished by the statements of the witnesses examined by the committee, which confirm him in every particular, enable us to commend the liberal extracts from his published works which we feel at liberty to introduce here.

This gentleman, Mr. H. M. Davidson, of the First Ohio Artillery, has published a work entitled, "Four Months in Southern Prisons." This is a book of great interest, not only as a personal narrative but as a source of exact information upon the subject of rebel imprisonment. We call attention to the following extracts from this work:

ENTRANCE INTO ANDERSONVILLE.

"We had been told that we were to be furnished with comfortable houses both numerous and roomy in which there would be no more crowding together as at Richmond and Danville, and that as much liberty would be allowed us as was compatible with security against our escape. We therefore strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of these comfortable houses; but, not seeing them, concluded they must be so low as not to be visible outside of the enclosure, and that the fence was the limit of the yard in which we were to take the exercise provided us. Beyond the prison, and stretching out on all sides of us, was a vast forest of pine, whose heavy, dark foliage, hanging from the tall and limbless trunks, seemed like a funeral canopy spread over the gloomy sun. A little to our right was a small, sluggish stream bending slightly to



South End and Sink



Near North Gate—Awaiting Entrance of More Prisoners

the north and terminating in a marshy belt just as it reached the prison walls. This we presumed was to supply us with water. Near the walls of the prison, on the north side of the stream, stood a building in the course of construction, the skeleton of the roof being all that was visible. The whole presented a dismal appearance of desolation which can be felt only by those who witnessed it.

"The preliminaries being finally arranged to the satisfaction of the commandant, the column moved forward on the main road until it reached the vicinity of the stream, where it separated into two nearly equal parts, the advance continuing directly forward to the main entrance of the yard, while the rear turned to the right and crossed the stream entering by the south gate. The detachment to which I belonged was in the van, and when we reached the gate we halted. The guards, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, were drawn up in line of battle. The massave double doors swung open, disclosing a horrible and heartrending spectacle. The prisoners had gathered in a disorderly crowd upon either side of the street opposite the entrance to receive us and to recognize any acquaintances or friends that might be in our company. Their faces, hands and bare feet were black with smoke from the pine fires; their clothes hung in tattered strips from their limbs and bodies; their hair was long and, matted with tar and dirt, fell in ropes over their eyes, which glared fearfully upon us as we marched between those living lines. It was like entering the borders of hell, where gathered demons had crowded to the passage to give us welcome to their infernal abodes. These men, who had been heroes upon many a well contested field, were now shorn of their strength and stood helpless beside us, their black skins drawn tight upon their fleshless frames, their bony arms trembling with weakness. Some were without hats, some without coats or shirts; others had no trousers, and nearly all were destitute of any covering for their feet. They more resembled fiends than human beings, to such a fearful pass had the brutality of their jailors brought them. From this moment hope forsook us. We felt that this was indeed the last of earth; that we had been brought here into dreary forests and swamps, far from home and beyond the reach of friends, to die. True foreboding, alas, to how many of us!

APPEARANCE INSIDE.

"Scattered about in parts of the arena were the houses of the prisoners. They consisted of pieces of shelter tents or remnants of blankets stretched on boughs of pine trees, but few of the prisoners possessed even these accommodations. The majority were either with no covering at all or had dug holes in the ground into which they crawled for shelter. In looking over this field, there could be seen nothing of interest to attract the eye or engage the attention of the beholder. Turn in which way we would, the same dismal scene of wretchedness confronted us, the same squalid forms crawled past; the same sullen look of despair was on every face. Around us were the high, grey walls upon whose tops stood the relentless sentry, ready and eager to destroy us at the first motion beyond the limit fixed. The gloomy pines, upon whose dark tops the blue smoke of our pit had settled in ominous clouds, stretched far off on every hand. It was only when we looked upward to the sky that we saw faint rays of light in the mild blue eye of Heaven beaming pityingly down upon us. There, from the presence of the God above us, we gathered new strength, new inspiration, well knowing that only by keeping our heads strong and our courage true, could we survive the terrible scenes we knew must shortly follow.

"In the northeast and southeast corners of the stockade there were spaces about eight rods in length by four in width, in which white canvas was stretched in the form of wedges with the sharp edges uppermost. The tops of these contrivances were about five feet high while the bottoms were fastened to wooden pins some six inches from the ground. The floor was the bare earth uncarpeted by grass or straw. This constituted the hospital of Camp Sumter, and it was excellently designed for the purpose of baking the unfortunate victims of disease who might chance to crawl into them. Destructive as these ovens were, they were crowded with sick men who lay moaning on their naked beds, sweltering in the glowing heat of the southern sun, which, even at this time of year, was pouring down torrents of fire. The only ground unoccupied in the enclosure north of the swamp was a narrow strip fifty feet wide reaching quite

across the east side of the pen from north to south. Into this we were ushered in due form and turned loose to shift for ourselves. In this confined space we were permitted to select our position, and the right to it, when selected, was based upon the principle of squatter sovereignty. If the fortunate occupant of the soil, however, was too weak to maintain his right, he was apt to be ousted by his stronger neighbor. Generally, as we afterward learned, each detachment had a portion of soil assigned by the authorities, where it was required to gather for the purpose of roll call, sick call, and the issuing of rations; but the men were not obliged to remain there at any other time or for any other purpose.

"Morning broke at last and, rising from the couch on which we had in vain sought repose, we rolled our blankets together, wet with the chilling shower of dew which had fallen copiously during the night. Collecting our cooking utensils in a bundle, we left them with a friend while we set out in search of water. Taking the direction of a belt of fog, which had settled down about half way between our situation and the south side of the stockade, we found, on reaching it, a black, boggy swamp, which appeared to be about eighty yards in width. Through this swamp a muddy stream of water wound its sluggish way along till it passed between the timbers of the stockade slightly scored off for the purpose on the east side.

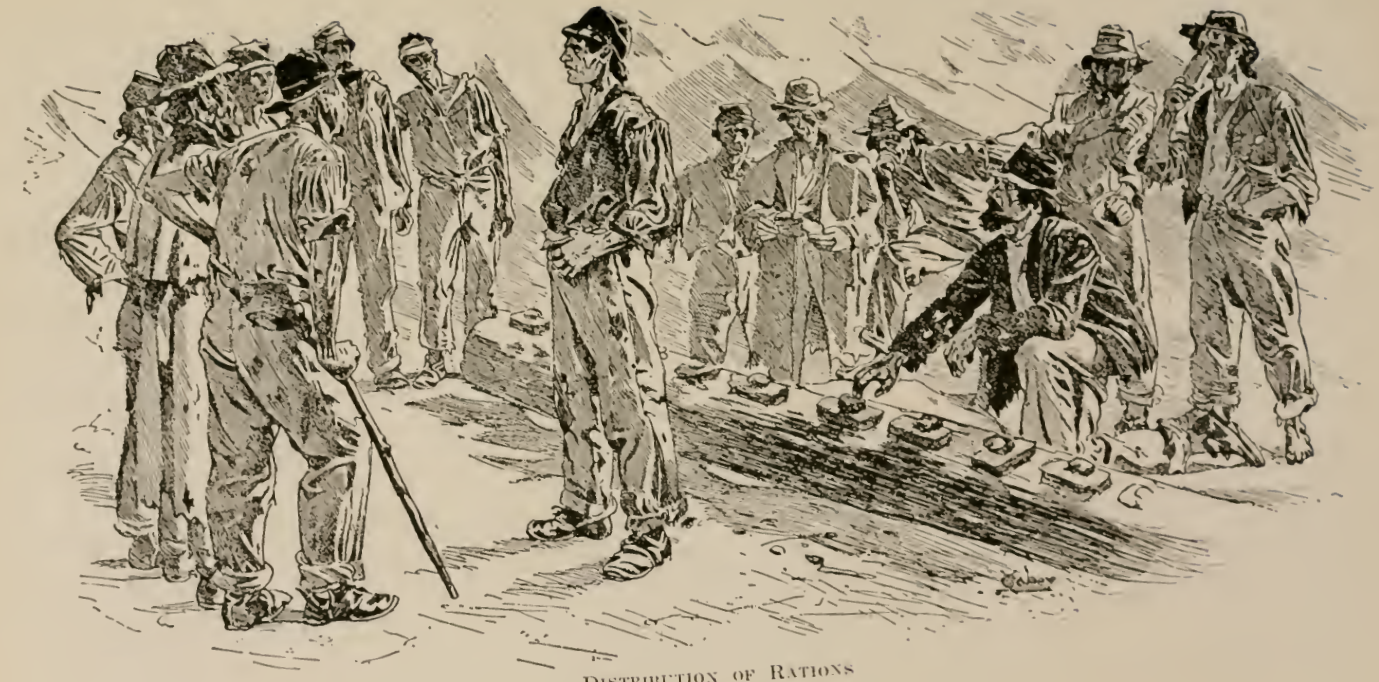
"The swamp was full of bogs in which stagnant water was oozing, forming little pools which were covered with a thick, dark scum, and this, when disturbed, gave out a sickening stench. On the east side, the prison sink was located. But because of the weakness of the sick men, several rods of the lower part of the stream was used for that purpose. The water was warm and disagreeable. It had a dirty, boggy taste and was, even when in its purest state, of a dark, reddish-brown color. The water in the west end, near the dead line, was used for drinking purposes, and below this for bathing. These arrangements, however, had been made by mutual consent of the prisoners, the authorities having nothing to do with it. Had all the arrangements of our imprisonment been as good as this, we would not have murmured.

DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS.

"Sometime in the afternoon the ration wagon drove into the stockade laden with rations of cornmeal, bacon, and salt, which were thrown down into a heap in an open space about midway in the enclosure. It was a horrible sight to witness the haggard crowd gather about this precious pile while the commissary superintended its division among the squad sergeants. Meanwhile, we were gazing with wolfish eyes upon the little heap as it diminished, or followed our commissary sergeant back to his quarters as famished swine follow clamorously the footsteps of their master as he carries their food to the accustomed trough. Our rations were distributed by the division sergeant to the mess sergeant, and then divided among the men. To avoid quarreling, the last distribution was made by parceling it out in small piles, as many as there were prisoners in the mess. One man in the mess was placed a short distance off with his back turned. The sergeant would then point to a pile and ask who should have this pile, and who that, and the man would announce the name or number of the man, to whom each pile should go.

"At the time of our capture it was the usual thing to be robbed of our tin cups, tin plates, knives and forks, so we were compelled to shift different ways, using chips, half canteens and borrowed cups; and to use wooden spoons and utensils made out of scraps of sheet iron.

"But with all our care and labor, the rations were at last devoured in a half cooked state, which aided in the increase of the frightful misery which subsequently occurred. A few tops of the pine trees which had been left within the stockade by the confederate authorities when the interior was cleared, together with the greater part of the stumps, had been used by the first detachment: and an adequate supply of wood was never afterward provided, although just outside the prison walls millions of cords apparently worthless in that country were growing, and we would gladly have gathered it and brought it in our shoulders—had we been allowed to do so. Such permission was not granted, except for a few times when a squad from each division was sent under guard to forage for



DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS

dead limbs and sticks. This practice was brought to an end by one of the details seizing their guard and marching northward with him.

"Since the close of the war, in order to prepare the ground for crops, thousands of acres of that timber has been girdled and burned.

THE TENNESSEANS.

"In the early part of May, some five hundred Union Tennessee soldiers, who had been captured by Forrest and wintered at Selma and Cahawba, Alabama, arrived among us, the most of whom were without hats, boots, shoes, coats, trousers or blankets. On leaving those places the authorities had told them they were going to be exchanged, a shrewd piece of strategy with which the rebel officers duped the unsuspecting prisoners upon all occasions of removal to avoid increasing the number of guards to accompany them. They were wholly destitute of cups, plates, spoons and dishes of every kind, as well as means of purchasing them, having been stripped of these things by their captors. In their destitute condition they were turned into the stockade and left to shift for themselves as best they could. To borrow cups of their fellow prisoners was out of the question, for none could be expected to lend. If they were not returned, the lender would be destitute. No one wanted to trust entire strangers in such a place. There was no way left for those Tennesseeans but to bake their raw meal and bacon upon stones and chips, eat it without moisture and afterwards go to the brook like beasts to quench their thirst. To keep themselves from the cold during the nights, they scooped out shallow places in the earth with their hands and there lay down side by side, with their bare heads and bare feet resting on the surface of the ground, leaving their unprotected bodies to become wet with dew and storm. The wretched men trembled and shivered till morning. There was no hope of sheltering themselves, for, having no money, they could buy nothing, and nothing would be given them by the authorities. Nor were they allowed even to earn worn out apparel. They were utterly helpless to benefit themselves; yet these men were kept here many months, and many of them lived through it all.

"In the morning after being admitted, they made a tour of inspection, when the sun had appeared in the horizon, shedding its warm rays over the prison. These half naked, squalid wretches, black with dirt and smoke, feebly dragged their emaciated forms from the holes into which they had crawled the preceding night, and began their preparations for the coming day by passing quietly across the swamp. We hastened up the rising ground on the north side of the stockade, where a full view of the scene might be had at a glance.

"Taking our station at the summit, we watched the tattered forms as they crept slowly by, making their way to the creek for water. They approached the little stream, some carrying tin cups or pails made of empty fruit cans into which they had inserted strings or wires to serve the purpose of handles. Others bore small buckets or wooden pails, which they had fashioned with their pocket knives from pine sticks, or occasionally one of larger dimensions formed of staves and hoops; while others had boot legs sewed tightly together; and many, very many, had nothing. They gathered into a sort of file when they reached the swamp and passed upon the planks to the creek, each stooping down in turn to dip his little cup into the water, then turned back to seek his quarters. Five thousand men, at this hour in the morning, daily visited this spot to get water for breakfast, while the partner of each remained behind to watch their common effects.

"But behind this procession to the water came still a sadder one, those who could not walk. They crept on their hands and knees or crawled upon their breasts, pulling their bodies along by burying their elbows in the sand. These miserable beings, the victims of starvation and consequent diseases, would writhe and twist themselves to the stream. But they did not all get back, for, overcome with the fatigue of their laborious effort, some would creep to one side of the path and die.

"Presently little fires spring up on every hand, sending out wreaths of smoke which rise a short distance above the pen and hover there in a dark cloud, through which the sun looks red. Let us approach these fires and examine the culinary department of the prison. The prisoners are gathered around bits of blazing pine which they have placed in a hole to economize heat. They mix their little meal with water and a few



Andersonville Homes

grains of salt. This mixture they put upon a chip, using the utmost care that no particle of the meal be lost, and then place the dough on another green pine chip and hold it before the smoking fire. It is painful to look upon them during this operation, to see the greed in their hollow eyes while they watch the crumbs that occasionally drop from the narrow chip as the compound, partially dried, is shaken by their trembling hands; and to note how anxiously they seek such tiny morsels among the dirt and ashes, and carefully replace them when found. The bacon is toasted before the fire upon a stick, and when cooked has an oily, smoky taste.

"Now, let us pause before this strip of black blanket that is stretched over a couple of poles. Stooping low down we discover a soldier stretched out at full length upon the bare ground. He is literally alone in the world, and we learn, upon questioning him, that his comrade but a day or two ago died by his side and was carried out. He is too feeble to rise, and tells us that he, too, expects to be taken away soon. His face is begrimed with dirt, hair matted, skin drawn tightly over the skeleton frame. We learn that he passed the long, weary winter at Belle Island, where the severe cold and lack of food sowed the seeds of disease in his system, and whose speedy end will be an obscene death and an unknown grave.

"A few steps to the right we find a hideous object lying in a hole which his hands have scooped out in the sand. The tattered rags that partially cover him cannot conceal the bones that gleam through his skin; his eyes stare fearfully in his head; his hands clench tightly together; his limbs are drawn up in horrible contortions by cramps. The only motion of which his body is capable is a rolling from side to side with his back as a pivot. The vermin crawl in vast armies over his wretched person. He takes no notice of passing objects unless he is particularly addressed, for he is gradually passing out of this world. Placing an ear to his lips we gather from his faint whispers that but a short time before he had left some New England college flushed with hope and courage to battle for liberty and right. A fond mother pressed her lips to his brow as with tearful eyes she bade him farewell; a kind sister in cheering words urged him on to duty; a brother's hand wrapped the garb of his country's defenders about his form;

and in the field he performed deeds of valor. He was captured, and now even while we linger beside him a faint tremor passes through his frame and all is over. He, too, will be borne away to a nameless grave, and his loved ones will seek in vain to distinguish him from the thousands that sleep beside him.

"Just in front of us we see a throng gathered about an object which in other places than this would draw tears of sympathy from the hardest heart, yet scenes of horror are so frequent here that it excites but passing interest. It is a young soldier born and raised in a fertile township in Ohio. His early life had been passed among the pleasant vales of that noble state; every kindness that parental love could bestow had been lavished upon him, and he had ranked high among the promising and intelligent youth of his country,—a man of talent, of literary attainments and noble instincts. But reason is now dethroned, and, in his frenzy, he tears the tattered rags from his emaciated form, gnashing his teeth and foaming with rage. But the paroxysm is momentary. His strength is exhausted,—he falls to the ground helpless as in infancy, and is borne away by his comrades.

"There is one form of disease which seems to predominate, and which is almost too horrible to witness; yet we cannot understand the wretchedness of the prison without looking upon it. This is not a solitary case, for we find other similar ones before we leave this living charnal house. We instinctively pause as we reach the awful sight before us, holding our breath lest we inhale the terrible stench that arises from it.

"Here is a living being who has become so exhausted from exposure that he is unable to rise from the ground, suffering with diarrhea in its last and worst form. The vermin crawl and riot upon his flesh. The worms are feeding beneath his skin, burying themselves where his limbs, swollen with scurvy, have burst open in running sores; they have found their way into his intestines and form a living, writhing mass within him. His case has been represented to the surgeons, but they have pronounced him incurable and he is left here in his misery, in which he will linger for a few more days. Proper care and treatment would have saved him long ago but not now, and his comrades abandon him to death.

"While we are witnessing this sickening spectacle, the drum beats at the south gate and the prisoners, dropping their half-

cooked food, hasten to form themselves into ranks preparatory to being counted. Being arranged in irregular lines, the strong men standing, the weak sitting or lying upon the ground, the sergeant passes carefully around to see if all the ranks are full, and he searches among the huts for those who are unable to crawl to the lines. Raising our eyes, we observe that each sentry box contains two additional men and that they grasp their muskets with a firm hand. The prisoners observe it also, and they know well that some of their comrades were missed at the last roll call and that the sentries are there to fire on any division that breaks ranks before the camp has been thoroughly searched. The officer comes forward hastily, passes from the head to the rear of the column, counting the standing men.

"The sergeant leads him to the sick that still remain in their hovels unable to creep out, then to the dead, and the complement is filled. He sets the division down as full and passes on, the men still remaining in line. Let us also pass on with the officer till he comes to the division to which the missing man belonged. It is drawn up in line like the others. The sergeant reports his number present; the officer examines his book and finds that one is gone. The sergeant shakes his head when asked what has become of him. The men in the ranks are interrogated but no reply is obtained. A sick man lying on the ground points to a hole near by. The officer goes in that direction, stoops down, and looks beneath the thin shell of earth, and there the missing one lies dead, unknown to his comrades, to all but to God who saw his dying struggle and who will bring him in the last day, a living witness against the fiends who doomed him to such a fate.

"The lost man found, the extra sentinels are relieved. The men break ranks and resume their occupation. But the sergeant has work yet to do, for the sick of his division are to be gathered up, the helpless on blankets, those able to walk in squads, and all must report to the south gate to receive their medicine. We pass over to this gate and bestow a casual glance upon the wretched ones gathered there. They come from all parts of the stockade and are crowded in the small space of half an acre. Here they must remain for many long hours in the broiling sun, without shelter or protection, waiting until their turn may come to be served. Yet fourteen sur-

geons are busy working in yonder enclosure and each has his assistant who can prescribe for most of the cases."

THE HOSPITAL STATEMENT BY LEROY CLARK.

The hospital was established outside of the stockade, and the water was procured from the creek above, so it was not adulterated by the filth from the camp or stockade. The ground occupied was about two acres of land. It was enclosed by a high board fence about six feet in height. It was laid out in streets or wards. At first the only covering was several pieces of canvas stretched over poles which formed simply a protection against the sun and rain, but afterward wedge tents were provided and, in a few cases, bunks were placed in them upon which the sick men could be laid. Further than this there was nothing between the patient and the earth, except such rags of clothing as he might chance to possess.

When the hospital was first established outside, only two surgeons were in attendance at the sick call, but before the summer was past twelve additional ones and a clerk for each were required, so rapidly had disease increased among us. It was the duty of the sergeant of the division within the stockade to report with the sick at the south gate every morning at eight o'clock, or immediately after roll call. The sick call was beat near the south gate. There twelve clerk stands or booths had been fitted up with awnings and boards for writing upon and depositing medicine. The principal diseases treated were scurvy, pneumonia, dysentery, diarrhoea, ulcers caused from vaccination, fevers, gangrene and erysipelas. The number of admissions was limited to the number of vacancies, and these were caused, not by the recovery and discharge of patients,—not by the enlargement of the hospital, but by the deaths which silently and swiftly made way for fresh victims. Every man knew full well when he received his ticket admitting him to that house of living death that the grim messenger had removed a comrade whose place he was to occupy,—waiting and watching patiently until his turn should come and another brought in as he was carried out.

The prisoners who were not recently vaccinated were compelled, under severe penalty, to undergo this operation, the



North End of Prison—Sink in Foreground



South End of Prison—Showing Dead Line

surgeons having been requested, it was said, by the United States government to do this as a preventive of small-pox. It seemed strange to us that here, where instances of that disease were so extremely rare, such an order should be given, yet the sequel showed such a devilish cunning of the authorities at Andersonville. The virus used was impure, and if the inoculation with the poison did not fail (as it did in many instances), the wound would not heal under the influence of the heat, starvation, and impure air, and invariably terminated in horrible looking ulcers. It must be remembered that diseases here were out of ordinary,—not such as may be seen at any hospital in the vicinity of a populous city; nor were they the results of voluntary excesses on the part of the patient. They were such as were forced upon strong, able-bodied men with robust health, made more robust by the long military service in the field, and fortified by the hardships of a life against disease in every form; upon men in whose blood no disease had ever lurked. It must also be remembered that these diseases did not come suddenly upon us, but were the results of a slow process that crept quietly and surely upon us, beginning with insignificant signs and ending in death, or what was worse,—in permanent and incurable disease that must follow the victim as long as life lasts —an unremitting source of pain and misery.

Our surgeons there acted under orders of General Winder and Captain Wirz, and so could do but little beyond secretly expressing their abhorrence of the barbarity with which we were treated, and their wish to alleviate our sufferings. I gladly record the little acts of kindness performed by them, for they were verdant spots in that vast Sahara of misery. Drs. Watkins, Rowzie, Thornbur, Reeves, Williams, James, Thompson, Pilatt and Sanders deserve and will receive the lasting gratitude of the prisoners who received medical treatment at their hands during that memorable summer at Andersonville. These, with five others, whose names need not be mentioned, were connected with the sick call and are to be distinguished from the hospital surgeons, the latter being exclusively engaged within the hospital enclosure.

Among the surgeons who attended in the hospital was a Doctor Burrows who belonged to a Massachusetts regiment. He had been captured and sent here early in the season and

was paroled to act in the capacity of a surgeon. He was a kind-hearted and skillful physician and devoted his time to the sick under his care with tireless industry and patience, yet he could do little to relieve their sufferings owing to the conditions under which they were placed. He attempted to procure men from the stockade to go with him under guards to cut timber in the adjacent woods with which to build cabins for the hospitals, pledging himself for their return, yet Captain Wirz denied him this request and the cabins were never built. Could he have succeeded in his attempt to erect these huts, he would have vastly reduced the suffering and wretchedness of the inmates of the hospital. His well-meant endeavors were freely appreciated by the sufferers, and the survivors will hold him in lasting gratitude.

Among the prisoners at the hospital was a crazy man named Jones. This man had become insane through long exposure to the sun, aided by famine, and was at times a source of great annoyance to the sick. His insanity took an immoral form and he was constantly stealing articles of food and clothing. One of his tricks was to pilfer the wood which the surgeons' clerks had gathered for cooking, and to make a bonfire of it, warming himself with the greatest enjoyment even when the day was excessively hot. He had also a great proclivity for washing himself and his clothes, performing the operation at all hours of the day or night. So great was his penchant for washing that he frequenlty picked up old worn out coats and pieces of trousers, and, carrying them to the little creek, cleaned them with as much perseverance and gusto as a professional laundress. He considered his comrades as an inferior class of beings whose habits and tastes led them to remain in their filth. He often took off his coat and washed it, putting it on while still dripping, and strutting around among the prisoners with his head erect like a Broadway dandy. He would sometimes beat the weaker prisoners unmercifully, for which offense the chief of police tied his hands behind him, Jones, meanwhile, grating his teeth and cursing fearfully. His pranks were generally of a harmless character, and the volubility with which he talked of his importance as a member of society and the fearful retribution in store for the rebels through his means, served to amuse the sick and to divert their thoughts from a

contemplation of their own misery. And in this way the poor fellow unwittingly did much good. He died in the early part of August.

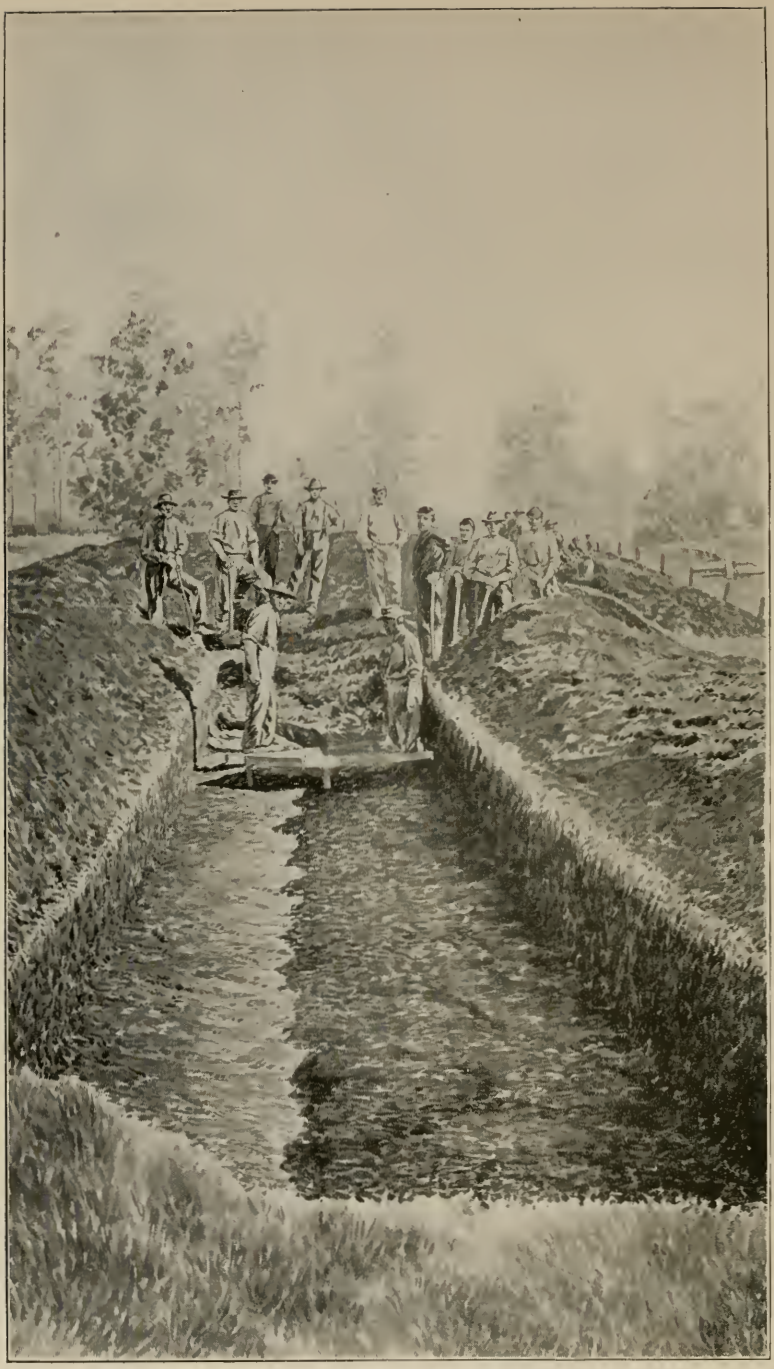
RECKLESSNESS OF THE GUARDS.

The guard posted about the hospitals, either acting under orders or for some other motive, were very reckless in the performance of their duties. They frequently discharged muskets into the hospital ground and performed other acts of violence wholly uncalled for. One night a sick man, feeling chilly upon his cold, earthy bed, arose and crawled to a fire which was burning in the enclosure. A sentinel seeing him sitting before it, drew his gun up and discharged it. The ball passed through a crevice between the boards of the fence and hit the man, breaking his arm and splintering the bone of his leg. Dr. Burrows immediately came out of his quarters and dressed the wounds but the unfortunate victim never recovered. There was not the slightest occasion for this murder. The invalid was on the ground assigned to all the inmates of the hospital. He was without thought of doing wrong, quietly sitting by the fire, which it was customary to light every evening. The sentinel could see him only by looking through the boards of the fence, which was six feet high. He gave no word of warning, but, after the victim had seated himself, fired upon him in cold blood, as if he had been a vicious dog. It was murder as much as if the man had been sleeping peacefully in his bed, yet the assassin was never called to account for it. Although Captain Wirz knew the full particulars of the affair, and by virtue of his office could and should have punished him severely as an example to others, he paid no attention to it.

Early every morning the dead of the preceding day and night were gathered up, under the direction of the sergeants of divisions, and deposited in irregular lines on the road leading from the south gate and near the dead line. When the gate was opened, at eight o'clock, the dead were taken up and, one by one, placed upon a hand stretcher and carried out to the dead house, which consisted of posts driven in the ground, boarded up about six feet and with an opening on the west side for admittance. This enclosure was covered with pieces of canvas. At these times there were large crowds of men

gathered around the dead, all eagerly and clamorously asserting their right to carry the bodies out. Those admitted to this ghastly privilege were allowed, on their return, to collect a few sticks of wood which lay upon the ground between the stockade and the hospital. The wood was almost priceless to them, for a small handful, such as they could pick up easily, sold for five dollars; and with this money they could readily purhcase fifteen Andersonville rations, paying the exorbitant prices demanded for food. Sometimes the poor men, in their anxiety to get outside the stockade in this manner, quarreled and fought to claim priority of right in the performance of this melancholy office. In the latter part of August, or early in September, the number of dead increased so rapidly that it was found impracticable to take the bodies from the stockade to the dead line, and they were placed in rows under an awning of pine boughs just outside of the defenses and near the road to the cemetery. Here they remained in the hot sun, or in the storms, until their turn came for burial. Pinned upon the breast of every one was a slip of paper upon which was written the number of the deceased. But the number of the dead was not always found. During the month of August, 2,990 bodies were deposited in the dead house previous to burial, an average of more than ninety-six per day, exceeding by one thousand the largest brigade in the Battle of Stone River, and being nearly seven-eighths as many men as the entire division of Brigadier General Van Cleve in that famous engagement. But during the latter part of the month, the mortality was much greater than at the first, the number of dead being 100, 110, 120, 125, and even 140 per day.

In the early morning the dead cart came for the bodies. This was an army wagon without covering, drawn by four mules and driven by slaves. The bodies were tossed into the cart without regard to regularity or decency, being thrown upon one another as sticks onto a pile. In this manner, with their arms and legs hanging over the sides and their heads jostling and beating against each other, the sable driver whistling a merry strain, hurrying rapidly over the roots and stumps along the way, our federal prisoners were carted to their burial. The dead were buried by a squad of prisoners paroled for that purpose. A trench running due north and south was dug, six feet wide and long enough to contain the



Digging Trenches for Burial of Prisoners

bodies for the day. In this the bodies were placed side by side, their heads to the east, and the earth was then thrown in upon them.

A little mound a foot in height was raised over each body, a stake branded with number on, the label placed to the head of each, and without a prayer said over the dead, without a tear from the stranger that performed the last rites, the ceremony was ended. The number on the stake referred to the register kept in the office of the chief surgeon by a Sergeant Atwater, a paroled prisoner.* In this register a record was made of the number, rank, company, regiment (when these were known), date of death and name of deceased. This register was kept with great care and is still in existence. But some of those who died in the stockade, unknown to any one, have their graves marked unknown.

Testimony of Dorence Atwater, a witness examined by the committee, and who had had great opportunities of observation, having been detailed as an assistant in the hospital, and whose testimony is particularly valuable, for the reason that he obtained a list of the Union dead who perished at Andersonville.

"I went to Andersonville about the twenty-third of February, 1864. On the banks of the stream on the eastern side of the stockade was the sink of the prisoners. I have seen dense clouds of vaporous stench arising from this horrible pool of stagnation floating low upon the moist, rarified atmosphere, and in its poisonous current a person would almost suffocate at the distance of a mile. In this state of things, it is no wonder that from an ordinary cut of a knife, the scratch of a pin, a common bruise, or any cause, however trifling, which broke the skin, gangrene ensued, and the unfortunate victims rotted by inches.

"The cook-house was built in May, 1864, and the rations then became much worse in quality, and smaller in quantity. Maggots were claimed as the most delicious part of the soup. Men used to draw soup in their caps and shoes; issues of food were not regulated by hours. I went into the hospital about the middle of May. I was then at the northeast corner of the stockade. Fine straw was the only bedding. Here Sergeant

* This sergeant, Mr. Atwater, unknown to the Confederate authorities, kept a copy of the burial list and brought it into our lines.—D. G. J.

Donnelly starved to death. Hundreds of others died in the same way. During the four weeks I was in the hospital, twenty-seven men died in the same tent with me, where there were only eight patients at a time. The ground was alive with vermin, like an anthill. In the latter part of May, the hospital was removed form the stockade about half a mile to the southeast. I was detailed on the 15th of June, 1864, by a Dr. White, and allowed the limits of a mile on parole, except in the direction of the stockade. I was placed in charge of the death register, to keep the record of deaths of all prisoners of war. I remained in the surgeon's office over seven months. One hundred deaths were being daily recorded on my death register. They reached seven thousand in six consecutive months. I secretely copied the list of our dead, and brought it away with me, February 25, 1864. It amounted to twelve thousand six hundred and thirty-one names, from February, 1864, to February 2, 1865. Three thousand deaths were registered in the month of August, 1864.

"Only twenty wagons, with two mules each, were provided for hauling the food, etc., and the dead wagons, with the putrid, purging corpses of men who had rotted alive from sores, wounds, erysipelas and other diseases. These were driven out ¾ of a mile into the country, unloaded, and, without cleansing, were driven to the slaughter-house, reloaded with fresh beef, and driven back to the stockade and hospital. One-third of the entire number of prisoners died who entered the stockade. More died in the stockade than in the hospital. Same rations in the hospital as in the stockade, with gruel as a substitute for bread, made from mouldy flour in large iron kettles, without seasoning. The hospital was located on low ground near a swamp, and indifferently managed. Insufficient shelter; over-crowded; medicine given by numbers. Quinine and morphine, drawn on requisition for our sick, generally taken by chief surgeons for their private practice among the citizens. There was at one time a hospital fund of $120,000; it suddenly disappeared. Post-mortem examinations showed the stomach and intestines of the dead contracted, and filled with hulls and beards of corn.

"The bodies previous to burial were placed in the dead-house, which consisted of some upright poles covered with brush; the bodies were laid upon the ground, exposed to the public gaze, the action of the elements, and the ravages of dogs and rats.

When ready for burial, as many as twenty-five or thirty bodies would be thrown promiscuously into an army wagon, and taken to the cemetery which was about three-quarters of a mile from the stockade. At this point a long trench, three feet deep, would be in readiness, and from one hundred to one hundred and eighty bodies placed in each trench. The bodies were laid aside, close together; no coffins were furnished, and three-quarters of the dead were buried without any article of clothing whatever. No funeral service was performed, and as soon as possible the trenches were filled with clay and a ridge of dirt at the top of the trench denoted each grave, which was recorded and numbered on the death register."

Testimony of Lieutenant Alexander W. Persons, a Confederate officer who commanded the troops, and afterward the post, at Andersonville. He entered on his duties there in February, 1864, and was relieved by Winder the following May or June. This is what he said:

"I was interested in a proceeding to enjoin the rebel authorities from further continuing the prison at Andersonville. In the character of counsel, I drew a bill for an injunction to abate the nuisance. The grave-yard made it a nuisance and the military works, fortifications, etc., made it highly objectionable to the property-holders there, and the prison generally was a nuisance, from the intolerable stench, the effluvia, the malaria that it gave up, and the things of that sort. After I drew the bill, I went to see the judge of the district court; I read the bill to him for the injunction. He simply said that he would appoint a day on which he would hear the argument in chambers. He appointed the day; I made preparation for trial and went down, or was in the act of going, when I received an official communication from General Howell Cobb, of Georgia, in which he asked me if I was going to appear. I suppose I destroyed the official correspondence or put it away. I have not thought of it since. General Cobb asked me if that bill was to be charged to me,—the bill against the government, as he termed it. In reply to his communication I wrote him that I drew the bill and that it could be charged to me. He replied through his adjutant general, Major Harrit, that he deemed it inconsistent with my duty as a Confederate officer to appear in a case like that,—of a bill against the government; and he

therefore ordered me to be out of the case, and I obeyed the order. General Cobb at that time commanded the department of Georgia and the reserve forces of the department.

"Before the prison was located there, it was all covered over with woods. I am very well acquainted with the location of camps. It is customary to locate camps in shady places. It was a good idea to locate this prison in the woods; such places are usually sought for, for shelter for horses and troops and prisoners. There was nothing that I discovered about the location of the prison that led me to suppose it was located for any bad purpose; that idea had never entered my mind. I know of the prison's being enlarged after I went there. It was enlarged after it was created for the accommodation of ten thousand prisoners. I suppose it was enlarged to the extent of ten or twelve acres; about one-third more than it was before. The original capacity of the prison was about ten thousand, but I did not think there should have been more put in after the enlargement. That is my opinion. I am a military graduate and have studied engineering. I finished my course of study, but did not take out a diploma. I never belonged to an engineer corps.

"That camp was a nuisance to all intents and purposes. The first reason was, that the dead were buried so near the surface of the ground that it gave out an intolerable stench. A swarm of green flies spread like locusts over that section of the country. Then the filth of the camp, arising from different causes, necessarily concentrated there. That, with divers other causes, made it a terrible nuisance. I could not have had it otherwise if I had been in command there. If I had ordered it otherwise, I do not think the order could have been carried out, and for this reason: when that prison was in its infancy, in its very inception, and when the officers were instructed not to build accommodations for more than 10,000 men, there were 40,000 prisoners sent there. Captain Wirz was not to blame for that. The authorities were responsible for that; who, I cannot say. The great blunder on the part of the government was the concentration of so many men at one place without preparation being made to receive them. The authorities were notified of the fact, but to no advantage. I think that some of the higher officials were responsible, but who they were I cannot say. I

sent notifications through General Winder that the prison was worked beyond its capacity; that it was a vast, unwieldy thing, and I asked him to send no more prisoners; yet they kept coming. After I left, there came 40,000; no man on earth could have abated the rigors of that prison except the man who wielded the power over them. I do not know that man. General Winder was in advance of me, and several others were in advance of him. About that time an order was issued from the office of the adjutant general and inspector general, putting General Winder in command of all the prisoners east of the Mississippi river giving him absolute control and dominion over them. That order came from General S. Cooper, adjutant and inspector general. I saw that order; I read it closely. The substance of it was about this: They were reorganizing the different prison departments. Some man was put in command on the other side of the Mississippi and General Winder was put in supreme command on this side."

Upon the question of ill-treatment at Andersonville, shooting, etc., the following information is contained in a letter to Jefferson Davis from a confederate soldier stationed there, in June, 1864:

First Regiment Georgia Reserves,
Camp Sumter, June 23, 1864.

Respected Sir: Being but a private in the ranks at this place, consequently if I seen anything to condemn (as I do) I have no power to correct it. Yet, as a human being, and one that believes that we should do as we would be done by, I proceed to inform you of some things that I know you are ignorant of; and in the first place I will say that I have no cause to love the Yankees, (they having driven myself and family from our home in New Orleans to seek our living among strangers) yet I think that prisoners should have some showing. Inside our prison walls all around there is a space about twelve feet wide called the dead line. If a prisoner crosses that line the sentinels are ordered to shoot him. Now, we have many thoughtless boys here who think the killing of a "Yank" will make them great men; as a consequence, every day or two there are some prisoners shot. When the officer of the guard goes to the sentry's stand there is a dead or badly wounded man invariably within their own lines. The sentry, of course,

says he was across the dead line when he shot him. He is told he did exactly right, and is a good sentry. Last Sabbath there were two shot in their tents at one shot. The boy said he shot at one across the dead line. Night before last there was one shot near me, (I being on guard). The sentry said that the Yankee made one step across the line to avoid a mud hole. He shot him through the bowels and when the officer of the guard got there he was lying inside their own lines. He, (the sentry), as usual, told him he stepped across but fell back inside. The officer told him it was exactly right. Now, my dear sir, I know you are opposed to such measures, and I make this statement to you knowing you to be a soldier, statesman, and Christian, that, if possible, you may correct such things together with many others that exist here. And yet, if you send an agent here he will of course go among the officers, tell his business, and be told that "all is well." But let a good man come here as a private citizen and mix with the privates and stay one week, and if he doesn't find out things revolting to humanity, then I am deceived. I shall put my name to this, believing that you will not let the officers over me see it, otherwise I would suffer, most probably

Yours most respectfully,

James E. Anderson."

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMARY OF TESTIMONY CONCERNING ANDERSONVILLE.

By the Congressional Committee.

It will be noticed that the testimony we have introduced is derived from a variety of sources, the principal of which are these:

1. The sworn and unsworn testimony of prisoners, in narrative form.
2. The testimony of Union officers and soldiers.
3. Testimony of rebel officers and soldiers.
4. Testimony of citizens residing in the vicinity of Andersonville.
5. Medical testimony derived from Union and rebel sources.
6. Documentary evidence derived from rebel sources.

A review of this varied testimony develops a most remarkable characteristic in the entire absence of conflict. It does not, as in most cases of extended investigation, require the process of reconciliation to render it convincing. It leads almost without exception to the same conclusions; and among these are the following, sustained by proofs which, in directness, strength and harmony, have never been excelled in human observation or experience. What are they?

1. That the sufferings of the Union prisoners at Andersonville have never been equaled in intensity, duration and magnitude in modern times; the crimes of Andersonville were the crimes of the enlightened age in which we live. As it had no precedent or example, so it can have no counterpart in the future. We shall not enlarge upon the sickening and terrible details. We have spread out the testimony upon the record; let him who can contradict it and search history for its equivalent.

2. That the causes which led to these sufferings were not accidental or inevitable in their origin, but were deliberately planned, and were the direct results of human agency, ingenuity, malice and cruelty.

Human foresight, though it had been the offspring of mediocrity, could have obviated and prevented the greater part of this terrible suffering. It is clear that abundance of fuel, timber, water and rations could have been supplied by the rebels themselves with few and inconsiderate exceptions, and, even had this been impossible, the want of the starving prisoners could and would have been supplied by the government of the United States and the great organized charitable associations which from time to time sent supplies through the rebel lines. Another remedy could have been applied,—one which it was the duty of the confederate government, acting within the scope of military rules, to resort to,—which was to parole the prisoners whom they could not properly care for and deliver them at our lines, or permit them to return to the North, instead of pursuing them with hounds and hunting them for recapture like beasts of prey in the forests and swamps of the South. But this was not their purpose, nor were these the motives which dishonor the humanity of the age. The numerous expressions of hatred and cruelty which fell from the lips of the rebel officials, their extraordinary punishments, the deadly assaults on the sick and helpless, and the neglect more cruel than death can have no solution except in the deep-seated malice whose fruits we have been considering.

3. That the responsibility of these horrors cannot be restricted to the immediate agents in charge of the prisoners, but rests with irresistable weight on the higher officials of the confederate government, with whose knowledge and consent they were perpetrated. To sustain this proposition we need only recall the testimony which shows the wretch Winder, who was at the head of the prison government, to have been the confidential agent and tool of Jefferson Davis and Judah P. Benjamin, as well as other high officials connected with the administration of the confederate government. This man was sent out by his superiors, and from time to time he reported to them personally and officially. So grave were his errors and so great his crimes that subordinate officials implored his dis-

missal or removal from his position, stating specifically, as the grounds of their request, his cruelty to the prisoners, his want of humanity in their treatment, and their utter inability to afford relief while he remained in command. To all this the confederate government, with the full knowledge of his character and acts, turned a deaf ear, and permitted him unrestrained to carry out his purpose of starvation and murder. Yet at this very time they were so tender of their own sick that the surgeon general of the confederacy issued an order to permit Surgeon Jones to enter upon an investigation of the affairs at Andersonville, to experiment upon the prisoners there, to observe the effect of disease upon the body of men subjected to a decided change of climate and the circumstances peculiar to prison life, and all for the benefit of the medical department of the confederate armies. The high officials of the confederacy could send first class surgeons to observe and experiment upon these poor victims in their captivity, yet found it, as they say, inconvenient or impossible to substitute competent officers for the protection and treatment of the sick in hospital and in prison.

Our men were not killed or starved by the agency of Winder and Wirz, of White and Stevenson, alone; but the civilians who composed the cabinet and were the advisers of Jefferson Davis, together with their guilty chief, must answer before the tribunal of the civilized world in all time to come for their share in these great crimes.

4. That these atrocities were engendered and nursed, divised and inflicted, in the fell spirit of slavery, for whose perpetuity the confederacy was established.

For the truth of this assertion it is necessary only to appeal to history. It is evident that none save those who had been born and nurtured under the barbaric influence of slavery, who were accustomed to its commands and its cruelties, who saw in it the only industry worthy of organization, or entitled to the fostering care of capital and intelligence, were accustomed to the sale, the whipping, the tortures, and the burning of human victims,—only such men could be capable of sustaining a system of horrors like that which existed at Andersonville, perpetrated as they were upon men of their own race and their equals in intelligence, in bravery and in devotion to the cause for which they fought.

5. That the object and purposes of the confederacy in these continued sufferings were the reduction of the strength of the Union armies by the crimes of starvation, infection and wholesale murder. This point needs no further elucidation than a reference to the testimony itself, and the official rebel documents published in connection with the report of the department of war on the subject of exchanges.

6. That these purposes were accomplished at Andersonville in the death, during one year, of thirteen thousand four hundred and twelve Union prisoners.

7. That the punishments, means of recapture, and general treatment of prisoners were barbarous, unnatural, and excessive beyond parallel.

8. That these cruelties and deprivations were persisted in by the rebel authorities after they had been warned and implored by responsible subordinates among their own officers for relief, and when it was in their power to provide an ample remedy.

9. That the pretenses of necessity for such treatment made by the rebels were a sham and an attempted delusion.

Other Confederate Prisons.

With these remarks upon Andersonville, its patriotic yet unfortunate victims, its brutal officials, and its unparalleled horrors, we pass to a description of the other prison-houses of the confederacy. Before doing so, however, we give this description of the northern prison at Johnson's Island as given by a rebel surgeon, and published in the Richmond Enquirer:

"The sleeping accommodations were very comfortable, consisting of a bunk with straw-bed, and, if the individual has no blanket, one is furnished, and he is allowed to buy as many more as he wants. Every room has a good stove and is furnished with a sufficiency of wood, which the prisoners have to saw for themselves after it is brought to their doors, a very good exercise, by the way. The prison consists of thirteen large buildings of wood. The space of ground enclosed is sixteen acres in which the prisoners have full privilege to exercise, to sing southern national songs, to hurrah for Jefferson Davis, and to play at ball or any other game they may see fit.

"The rations are exactly the same as are issued to the garrison, consisting of fresh beef, pork, bakers' bread, sugar, coffee, beans, hominy, salt, soap, and candles. Besides these, up to the time I left, there was a sutler's store inside of the inclosure from which we could obtain any kind of vegetables or meats—or nicknacks, if we chose. We could purchase anything we wanted. Clothing and eatables were allowed to be sent to the prisoners by their friends in the North in any quantity, and money also without stint.

"When I left the island, the excitement about the release of prisoners by a force from Canada was at its highest pitch, necessarily causing the garrison to be re-inforced. This, coming so suddenly, found the commissary stores on the island deficient, and the rations for both prisoners and garrison were somewhat curtailed. The sutler was also sent away and the prisoners still more restricted. I hope, however, that before this time things are pursuing the even tenor of their way, and that the prisoners are enjoying themselves as heretofore. We had the privilege of writing as many letters as we chose and when we chose, subject, of course, to certain restriction. We could purchase writing materials in any quantity. The officers over the prisoners have at all times conducted themselves as gentlemen and have been very kind and lenient, nor do they suffer the prisoners to be insulted or abused in any way."

Reader, please compare this story with those of southern prisons.

Diary of Lucien Holmes, 10th New Hampshire, Salisbury Prison.

Richmond, Virginia, November 3, 1864: We have just drawn two days' rations, about enough for one good meal.

November 4. Seventy crowded into one car. We are seeing rough times.

November 5. At Greensboro about dark; water very scarce, indeed.

November 6. Stopped in an open field over night; hungry, and almost choked; cold, and only a little wood. After dark that night at Salisbury, North Carolina. No rations today, and have to sleep on the ground.

November 7. Drew a little rice soup, about half a pint.

There are 10,000 of us here—one thousand in a division, one hundred in a squad. We are in the fifth squad, tenth division.

November 8. We have drawn half a pint of flour, but no salt. No tents yet. Water very scarce. This is a rough place.

November 9. It rained all last night. We had to lie in the mud. We drew, this afternoon, two tents and two flies for one hundred men, a pint of meal, yet no salt. I am well. I wish I could get word home. It is a shame for any civilized nation to treat men in this manner—thirty and forty dying in a day and the dead are drawn off in carts just like so much wood. It is awful. I hope something will be done soon to relieve us.

November 10. It rained almost all night; has been terribly muddy today. We drew bread this morning.

November 11. We drew meat for the first time for a week, and drew meal. The men are dying off very fast indeed, and no wonder, exposed as we are to cold and hunger.

November 12. We drew bread this morning. I saw twenty-three dead bodies in the dead house. Men are dying off fast from exposure.

November 13. I don't know what we shall do if we have to stay here this winter. I do hope and pray for better times to come soon.

November 19. Three men out of one hundred in the squad are allowed to go for wood, but it is not enough to do us much good.

November 20. Rained all night and all day. We are suffering everything here. I wish I could get word home in some way.

November 21. Still raining. This yard is worse than any hog-pen I ever saw. We get just enough to eat to live.

November 22. I wish I could describe the misery and suffering here in this pen. It cannot be called anything else.

November 23. Ground froze solid. I never before suffered so much with cold as I did last night and today. Ninety-six have died in the twenty-four hours past.

November 24. I suppose this is Thanksgiving day in New Hampshire, but it does not seem much like it here. Today they gave us only quarter rations. God only knows what is to become of us here, yet we must hope for the best, putting entire

confidence in our Heavenly Father. He, only, can bring us out alive.

November 25. Only quarter rations again today. The men are dying fast.

November 26. No more rations yet.

November 27. We got half a loaf of bread today and some meat.

November 28. Only quarter rations today. I would give almost anything for enough to satisfy my hunger.

November 29. About four hundred enlisted in the rebel army today. I shall have to be reduced more than I am now to enlist in their army. I never felt so weak as I have today. Hope for more rations soon. I wish I could get some money from home in some way.

This memorandum was closed November 30, 1864. Young Homes lingered in Salisbury prison until January 4, 1865, when he died.

Letter of Sabina Dismukes, a resident of South Carolina, directed to Jefferson Davis.

Stateburg, South Carolina, October 12, 1864.

Dear Sir: In the name of all that is holy, is there nothing that can be done to relieve the terrible sufferings of the Yankee prisoners at Florence, South Carolina?

If such things are allowed to continue they will most surely draw some awful judgment upon our country. It is a most horrible national sin that cannot go unpunished. If we cannot give them food and shelter, for God's sake parole them and send them back to Yankee land, but don't starve the miserable creatures to death. Don't think that I have any liking for the Yankees. I have none. Those near and dear to me have suffered too much from their tyranny for me to have anything but hatred to them; but I have not yet become quite brutish enough to know of such suffering without trying to do something, even for a Yankee.

Yours respectfully,

Sabina Dismukes.

Respectfully referred by direction of the president to the Honorable Secretary of War.

Burton N. Harrison, Private Secretary.

Headquarters Florence Military Prison, December 17, 1864.

Respectfully returned: Mrs. Dismutes may rest quite easy and quiet in reference to the treatment of prisoners at this prison, for since I assumed command (the 10th of October, 1864,) the deaths have decreased from thirty-five and forty per day to one single demise, which my hospital and sexton's report show for the last twenty-four hours. I call attention to the fact that the prisoners were all brought here from other prisons, and solicit inquiry as to their imprisonment or still further degradation, and challenge any prison in the confederacy, taking everything into consideration, for health, cleanliness, neat looking prisoners, neat burial grounds, etc. They are given everything the government issues to them.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

John F. Iverson,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

Note.—This statement is a pure fabrication, as I was in Florence prison from the time it was established until February 17th. There was hardly a day but that a score or more died, as the number of graves will testify. The colonel probably meant that there was only one man shot by guards on some days, yet that was very seldom.—D. G. J.

Such in October, 1864, was the condition of the prisoners at Florence, as viewed from a southern standpoint. To suppose or to ask any intelligent man to infer, in the face of this evidence, that the rebel authorities had no knowledge of the starvation and murder of our soldiers, would be an insult to human understanding. They did know it; they could have prevented it; for it appears that the rebel guards on duty suffered for none of the necessaries of life, and were subjected to no hardships save that of being agents and spectators of these foul and unnatural murders. It is to be feared that, to many of them, the sight and the service could hardly be called a hardship.

Clothing.

The custom which prevailed among the rebel captors and officers of robbing a prisoner of his clothing at the time of capture, rendered his destitution in this respect truly deplora-

ble during imprisonment. This destitution of clothing, where the prisoner was without shelter, was one of the most fruitful sources of disease and death.

The entire absence of all necessity or excuse for this destitution is found in the fact that the rebel guards were well and comfortably clad. Since the rebels had enough for their own men, why not something for their prisoners, against whom all hostilities should have ceased when, as captives, they laid down their arms. No record has ever been found to show that the rebel authorities ever issued to their prisoners clothing from their own stores. Nor is this all. There is abundant evidence that they not only took the clothing from the persons of prisoners, but when blankets and clothing were sent in quantities to the larger stockades and prisons by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions of the north, these things were, with few exceptions, withheld from the prisoners, and used by the confederates, just as the commandants took a notion to do. It is true there were exceptions, cases where officers were not quite brutal enough to execute with fidelity the intention and orders of Jefferson Davis and his agent, Winder.

A noticeable feature in the distribution of these supplies of clothing and blankets was the custom, common to most of the prisons, of withholding them until within a day or two of an exchange. Then, or just as a body of prisoners was starting, the issue would be made. What was the result. The prisoners, or many of them, feeling sure of speedy relief under the protection of their own flag and among anxious and waiting friends, were easily induced to barter the articles which they had just received for scanty supplies of food, for which they had been so long famishing.

There can be no doubt that the prisoners would have been spared much excruciating suffering, and that the lives of many heroic men would have been saved, had the distribution of clothing and blankets and other comforts been faithfully carried out. But it was far otherwise. Numerous boxes containing clothing and food were forwarded by the immediate friends of the prisoners. Before they were delivered, the persons for whom they were intended were required to receipt for them. When the pretended delivery took place it was usually found that the box or package had been robbed of its most valuable

contents and, in most cases, neither box nor package came to the hand of the prisoner. At several prisons the arrival of such supplies was made known to the prisoners by the rebel guards, who would appear upon their posts with the uniforms and blankets fresh and new, bearing the stamp of the United States or of the Sanitary Commission. To enable the reader to form some idea of the extent to which the prisoners were supplied through the agencies referred to, the following list of articles sent by the Sanitary Commission to one prison, Andersonville, from July to November, 1864, is submitted:

Stores Sent to Prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia.

5,052	wool shirts
6,993	wool drawers
3,950	handkerchiefs
601	cotton shirts
1,128	cotton drawers
2,100	blouses
4,235	wool trousers
1,520	wool hats
2,565	overcoats
5,385	blankets
272	quilts
2,120	pairs of shoes
110	cotton coats
140	vests
46	cotton trousers
534	wrappers
69	jackets
12	overalls
817	pairs slippers
3,147	towels
5,431	wool socks
50	pillow cases
258	bed sacks
122	combs
100	tin cups
2	boxes tinware
4,092	pounds condensed milk
4,032	pounds condensed coffee
1,000	pounds farina
1,000	pounds corn starch
4,212	pounds tobacco
24	pounds chocolate
3	boxes lemon juice
1	barrel dried apples
111	pounds crackers
60	boxes cocoa
7,200	pounds beefsteak
	paper
	envelopes, etc.
	pepper
	mustard
1	box tea, 70 pounds

This statement is sworn to by Doctor M. M. March, agent of the United States Sanitary Commission at Beaufort, South Carolina, as being a correct list of articles transferred to same agent deputed by the confederate government to receive them. The testimony adduced compels the conclusion that in the

matter of clothing the rebel authorities acted with the same disregard of the comfort and health of the prisoners, and with the same intention to incapacitate them for active service in the future, that characterized their conduct with reference to fuel, water, shelter and rations.

Rations.

This term embraces all that in military service constitutes the daily food and drink of the soldier.

The rations issued by the United States to their prisoners of war, previous to June 1, 1864, were the same in quantity and quality as those issued to the troops in garrison, viz:

Bread, 18 ounces per ration; or corn meal, 20 ounces per ration.

Beef, 1 pound per ration, or bacon, or pork, ¾ pound per ration.

Beans, 8 quarts per 100 men; or hominy or rice, 10 pounds per 100 men.

Sugar, 14 pounds per 100 men.

Rio coffee, 7 or 9 pounds per 100 men.

Adamantine candles, 5 per 100 men; or tallow candles 6 per 100 men.

Soap, 4 pounds per 100 men.

Salt, 2 quarts per 100 men.

Molasses, 4 quarts per 100 men, twice per week.

Potatoes, 1 pound per man, three times per week.

When beans were issued, hominy or rice were not issued.

These were the rations to which the prisoners were entitled. Bread was issued, in point of fact, and not corn meal. Fresh beef was issued, during this time, four times a week. When fresh beef was issued, a pound and a quarter was given. These were supplied to prisoners in well-sheltered quarters; they were, also, well clothed and bountifully supplied with blankets and fuel. Confederate ration at Andersonville: Corn meal (unbolted) 9 ounces; beef, 4 ounces; bacon, 4 ounces; peas, 1/16 of a quart; rice, 1 ounce; soft soap, 1/32 of a drachm; salt, 1/100 quart; molasses, 1/300 of a quart.

These were supplied to prisoners almost totally destitute of shelter, fuel, blankets and clothing.

After June 1, 1864, the United States issued to their soldiers the same as before, but the amount given to the prisoners was as follows:

Pork or bacon, 10 ounces (in lieu of beef); fresh beef, 14 ounces; flour or soft bread, 16 ounces; hard bread, 14 ounces (in lieu of flour or soft bread); corn meal, 16 ounces (in lieu of flour or bread). To every 100 rations, beans or peas, 12½ pounds; or rice or hominy, 8 pounds; soap, 4 pounds; vinegar, 3 quarts; salt, 3¾ pounds; potatoes, 15 pounds. Sugar and coffee, or tea, was issued only to the sick and wounded, on the recommendation of the surgeon in charge, at the rate of 12 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of ground or 7 pounds of green coffee, or 1 pound of tea, to the hundred rations. This part of the ration was allowed for alternate days only.

At Andersonville, the same wagon which was used for hauling out the naked and festering dead brought back the rations for the living. A load of dead bodies covered with vermin, and foul from decomposition, was replaced by a load of meal or corn bread, without even the attempt to sweep or cleanse the wagon. As a consequence, shreds of clothing, vermin, maggots, and filth, loathsome and indescribable, were found mingled or incorporated with the food of the prison. It seems incredible that such food could have been eaten at all by human beings, yet the testimony of a hundred witnesses proves that the pangs and madness of hunger, so terrible at times as to force men to the horrors of cannibalism, here had its perfect work, and that the wretched, starving inmates of Andersonville and Richmond prisons seized on the sickening and pestilent mass with avidity; and were even driven, by their insatiable craving for food, even to still more disgusting expedients. Would to God this had been the sum of their terrible necessities. But hunger swept before its terrible pangs all decencies and antipathies alike. To such extremity were they driven that the morning found them fighting and struggling with each other to obtain the food that had passed undigested through the bodies of their weaker comrades during the night, while the flesh of rats and dogs was devoured as a luxury. Not only was the quality thus unsuitable and loathsome, but the quantity insufficient.

At Andersonville, in 1864, a day's rations consisted of a piece of corn bread three inches square and two inches thick, or, in lieu thereof, a pint of unsifted cornmeal, with about three tablespoonfuls of beans. Occasionally a small piece of beef, which would make about two mouthfuls when cooked, was issued in lieu of beans.

According to the best medical authorities, the amount of solid food required to maintain a man in good health is from thirty-eight to forty-two ounces every twenty-four hours. The ration of the rebel prisoners in our hands amounted to about forty-three ounces, and the ration of the Union prisoners in the hands of the rebels fell, in some cases, as low as five or six ounces; and never, save at rare intervals, exceeded eighteen ounces; the usual ration varying between these extremes. The principal and almost universal result of the continued use of corn meal by the Union prisoners was to produce diarrhea in its worst forms. Hardly a prisoner was free from it. Aggravated by the water and general unhealthful condition of the prisons, this disease assumed its worst characteristics, and was one of the principal causes of the unparalled mortality which prevailed.

There is some special testimony in regard to the sufficiency of supplies within the limits of the confederacy. Major William R. Tracy, who was attached to the commissary department of General ———'s division, testified on the Gee trial at Raleigh, North Carolina, that he was with the command at Salisbury on the 12th of April, 1865, and that they captured 100,000 bushels of corn, 60,000 pounds of bacon, 100,000 pounds of salt, 20,000 pounds of sugar, 27,000 pounds of rice, 50,000 bushels of wheat, 30,000 pounds of corn meal, 100,000 pounds of flour, together with barrels of whiskey, boxes of wine, and a large quantity of hospital supplies,—enough to last the sick a long time. Within the hospital Major Tracy found a large supply of sugar, coffee, and various other hospital stores.

The sanitary condition of nearly all the rebel prisons, for the entire period of the war, may be summed up in a single sentence,—filth, filth, loathsome, disgusting and pestilential filth.

The Patriotism of Prisoners.

It is one of the most pleasant and satisfactory duties of your committee to call special and distinct attention to the patriotic and self-sacrificing devotion of our officers, soldiers and seamen, who were so long prisoners of war. It was a devotion and patriotism that with the great mass of these heroic men no trials and no sufferings could conquer. Disease and death in every form were constantly before them, and made terribly manifest in thousands of examples wrought upon their comrades under the most trying circumstances, and by the application of innumerable cruelties, zealously and recklessly practiced by their captors, and the officers of their prisons as well as by their guards. Our prisoners felt and knew that they were the victims of a cruel and well-defined policy on the part of the rebel authorities. Isolated from the influences of their own friends, suffering continued torture, and exposed to the hateful influence of the false representation of their enemies, they at times distrusted the justice of their own government, and felt as if it had deserted them in the hour of their direst need. They believed that our government knew their forlorn and terrible condition, and were impressed with the conviction that it might and should interfere for their protection and delivery from their torment. They understood that the rebel prisoners in our hands were treated according to the rules of war which prevail among civilized nations, and they believed that retaliation would restore them to the same condition. Death was their constant companion and the only friend that could reach them with relief. They were greatly reduced in physical strength, while the enfeebled condition of their minds would seem to have prepared them for the acceptance of any terms or favor from the rebels that promised present relief. It was under the terrible pressue of this state of affairs that the perfidy of the confederate authorities manifested itself in the attempt to seduce them from their fidelity and allegiance to their own government. They had pressed the sufferings of their captives to the bitterest extremity, preparing them for the final trial by depriving them of food for one or more successive days. It was then that they came to their victims with promises of kind treatment and release from sufferings. They profferd plenty of food to the hungry, and sufficient cloth-

ing to the naked. They offered the pure air of heaven for the pestilential vapors of the prison-pen. They assured them of liberty in exchange for the most terrible captivity to which man had ever been subjected. The price of this exchange was an abandonment of the service of their own country, an abrogation of their allegiance, and employment in civil life, or in the ranks of their enemies. It was against these lion-like temptations and these terrible ordeals that the virtue and patriotism of our suffering soldiers stood proof. In the very bitterness of their suffering they scorned the bribe and cursed the offer. As we have said, we speak here of the great mass of the union soldiers. Exceptions there were, yet they were comparatively inconsiderable. Under the terrible pressure of their sufferings only one out of every sixty joined the rebel forces.

Retaliation.

The government of the United States during the whole course of the war fully recognized the principle that a nation must not do violence to its civilization or shock the moral sense of its individual members, whether citizens or soldiers. Retaliation is allowed in war, yet its infliction and effects must have a limit. Under this rule, of course, it cannot always be governed by those savage cruelties which are the occasion of its exercise. Woolsey tells us that retaliation in war is sometimes admissable; for, if one belligerent treats prisoners harshly, the other may do the same. And this is placed upon the ground of self-protection, and to secure the greatest amount of humanity from unfeeling military officers. But there must be a limit to the rule. Mr. Stanton, as secretary of war, contemplated and even ordered retaliation for cruelty to prisoners in the hands of the rebels. On the 9th of November, 1863, he ordered our commissioner of exchange to "subject the rebel prisoners in our hands to treatment similar to that which our men receive in rebel prisons." The commissioner replied that to retaliate in kind would result in an uprising of the prisoners against the guards at Camps Morton and Chase, and most likely at other prisons, and that under any ordinary system of guards, human nature would not endure such treatment. The order was not ratified by the United States government and, of course, was not carried into effect.

It is a singular fact that no confederate officer was ever punished or prosecuted for cruelty to prisoners. On the other hand, the most cruel agents were retained longest in its service. The names of Cobb, Winder, Ould, and Wirz rise prominently before us in this connection. These were among the men longest in the confederate service and connected with the department under whose charge the prisoners were immediately placed.

The Guilty Knowledge of the Confederate Authorities.

Whatever may have been their means of knowledge in the early part of the war, the conditions at Andersonville and other prisons in 1863–64 were fully known to the higher confederate authorities. The public journals, north and south, spread the knowledge of their conditions broadcast throughout every portion of the land. Not only the prisoners communicated by letter to friends and foes the enormities practiced upon the captives, but the conscience stricken guards, as well as the citizens of the South, communicated the facts directly to Jefferson Davis. The letter of Mrs. Dismutes, the letter of the guard, Anderson, and others, are among the prominent evidences. The witness N. B. Harold, resident at Americus, Georgia, who was a purchaser and shipper of supplies for the commissary department of the rebel government, tells us in his testimony that the suffering condition of the prisoners was generally known through the country; was frequently talked about everywhere. The people in the country around Andersonville and other prisons visited them to learn their condition, pronounced them nuisances and sought the aid of the law for abatement; while at the same time these remedies were opposed by officials like Howell Cobb, who was, of course, in direct communication with the authorities at Richmond. The conduct of Winder was brought officially to the notice of Davis and his cabinet and his removal attempted, yet he was subsequently promoted to command all the prisons east of the Mississippi. In addition to this we have the long line of reports of surgeons, commanding and inspecting officers, and, in fact, of all classes officially connected with the management of the prisons, stating fully and officially their condition and

insisting in the name of justice, and for the reputation of their government, upon measures of relief. We have, upon the indorsement of these official reports, the clearest evidence of their reception and consideration by the confederate authorities at Richmond. These official documents, with their indorsements, prove two facts; and these two facts cover the whole ground of our argument concerning the terrible condition of prisons and prisoners, as well as the complete knowledge of the confederate authorities of that condition. We call attention to the partial list of these reports of rebel officials:

1. Report of Major General Howell Cobb, May 6, 1864.
2. Report of Surgeon E. J. Eldridge, May 6, 1864.
3. Report of Captain Wirz, May 8, 1864.
4. Report of Captain Wirz, July and August, 1864.
5. Report of General Winder, July 21, 1864.
6. Report of Surgeon S. S. Hopkins, August 1, 1864.
7. Report of Surgeon Isaiah White, August 2, 1864.
8. Report of Colonel D. T. Chandler, August 5, 1864, with eighteen inclosures.
9. Report of J. Crews Pelot, September 5, 1864.
10. Report of Surgeon R. R. Stevenson, September 20, 1864.
11. Report of Dr. Joseph Jones, September 20, 1864.

The perusal of these reports will convince the reader of the terrible condition of the prisons, the protracted, unrelieved sufferings of their inmates, and the uncompromising demand of humanity for their relief,—all derived from rebel sources and from rebel officials. These reports were made in the ordinary routine of the service, and took their direction toward the rebel capital for the inspection and examination of the confederate government. That they reached their destination in sufficient numbers to have carried with certainty and conviction the awful nature of their contents to the president of the confederacy and his cabinet, the indorsements fully show. In fact, the detail of Colonel Chandler, the rebel inspecting officer, was made upon complaints which had reached Richmond of the condition of Union prisoners at the South. His report, with its eighteen inclosures, passed through the usual military channel to the office of the adjutant general, and to the secretary of war, James A. Seddon. It will be recollected that one of the most important recommendations of that report was the

removal of General Winder, on the ground that some person who united energy and judgment with feelings of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort of the prisoners, and who would not "advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them (the prisoners) in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation," should be assigned to this place.

This recommendation, with the evidence upon which it was based, reached, in due official form, the headquarters of the confederacy at Richmond. It was accompanied by a mass of evidence, official and irrefutable in its character, of the necessity of action. What was the effect of this frank and fearless recommendation upon those authorities? Was it such as to alleviate the horrors which Colonel Chandler says "it is difficult to describe, and which is a disgrace to civilization?" Instead of this, General Winder was soon after that promoted by the order of Davis to be commissary general and commander of all military prisons and prisoners throughout the confederate states east of the Mississippi.

Let us examine a little more in detail the history of these reports. The first in order is that of General Howell Cobb, made more particularly upon the question of furnishing the necessary guard for the protection of the prison at Andersonville; but in which we are told that the prison is too much crowded, and no additional prisoners should be sent until it can be enlarged; that the increase in number would effect a terrific increase of sickness and death during the summer months, and recommending the building of a new prison because of a lack of water for any increased number of prisoners at that point; and speaking in generous terms of the management of Colonel Persons, then in command of the prison, but who, it will be remembered, was soon afterward removed by the authorities. The report of Cobb inclosed a report of Surgeon E. J. Eldridge, in which he described the prison as too much crowded even at that early day for the promotion or continuance of the present health of the prisoners. These reports, as appears by the indorsement upon them, were received at the confederate headquarters at Richmond, May 26, 1864. Thus early were the confederates warned of the conditions and requirements of the prisoners at Andersonville.

Again, the report of Colonel Chandler, to which we have alluded, describing at great length the condition and requirements of the prison, dated August 5, 1864, with its inclosures, so important and conclusive, reached the office of Samuel Cooper, adjutant and inspector general, August 18, 1864. Upon this report he indorsed the following statement: "The condition of the prison at Andersonville is a reproach to us as a nation," and immediately forwarded it to the secretary of war, with the further remark "Colonel Chandler's recommendations are concurred in."

CHAPTER X.

MORTALITY AMONG PRISONERS OF WAR.

Bethany, Mo.

What was the death rate among prisoners on both sides—Union and Confederate—during the late war? —W.

Answer.—Accompanying this inquiry is a clipping from "Medical Classics," August, 1887, in the form of an article or part of an address by Howard Henderson, D. D., LL. D. In this the following statements are made:

"It ought to be better known by this time, that a larger percentage of Confederates died in Northern prisons than of Federals in Southern. At Andersonville the mortality was 1-36 a month, that is, 1 out of each 1,000. At Elmira, N. Y., 1-25 of the prisoners died. At Andersonville the rate was 3 and at Elmira 4 per cent. Three per cent more "rebels" perished in Northern prisons than of Federals in Southern prisons. The report of Secretary of War Stanton (June 19, 1866,) shows that 22,576 Federals in Confederate hands died during the war and 26,436 Southerners in Union custody. Surgeon General Barnes officially reports 220,000 as the number of rebels in Federal prisons, 270,000 Federals in Confederate prisons. Twelve per cent of the former and nine per cent of the latter died in prison."

In answer to all of these official reports as to the number of deaths in Southern prison, I have been able to gather the following figures by actual count from twelve of the prison cemeteries in the South:

Andersonville	12,960
Salisbury	12,148
Danville	13,23
Richmond	6,576
Charleston	389
Florence	*3,017
Millan	685
Cahaba	147
Montgomery	198
Atlanta	124
Marietta	189
Brought from Macon and buried at Andersonville	804
Total	38,560

The 804 brought from Macon to Andersonville increases the number of graves there to 13,764.

* At Florence many of the dead were buried in pits and could not be accounted for.

Mortality of the Inmates of Andersonville as Compared with that of the Most Noted Twelve Prisons of the North.

From March 1, 1864, to April, 1865.

Prison.	No. Confined.	Deaths in Prison.
Alton, Ill.	4,615	480
Camp Chase, Ohio	13,349	1,819
Camp Douglas, Ill.	13,311	1,962
Morton, Ind.	6,063	815
Elmira, N. Y.	12,123	2,933
Ft. Delaware	14,219	924
Johnson's Island	8,029	77
Louisville, Ky.	22,025	51
Nashville, Tenn.	21,075	268
New Orleans, La.	4,456	1,918
Rock Island, Ill.	10,731	1,516
Point Lookout, Md.	48,815	1,918
Total	175,811	12,960
Andersonville	52,345	12,912

Official records show:

188,145 captured by the rebels.
476,169 captured by the United States.

Here we see that of 175,811 prisoners confined in the northern prisons, the mortality was 12,960, or 7 1-3 per cent of the whole; while for the same period there were confined in Andersonville 52,345 prisoners, with a mortality of 12,912, or 24 2-3 per cent of the whole.

These figures are taken from the number of graves at Andersonville, and from the records kept by a federal sergeant. All are known, except 425, which fact makes the records unrefutable. It was this that was so obnoxious to the so-called Daughters of the Confederacy, who expressed their desire to wipe out all the unpleasant things about the late unpleasantness. So the Wisconsin commission caused the kind words of General Grant, "Let us have peace," to be inscribed on the Wisconsin monument.

The Wirz Monument.

After this was all accomplished, the so-called Daughters of the Confederacy of Americus, Georgia, caused a monument to be erected in the village of Andersonville, Georgia, to commemorate the memory of Captain Wirz. They must regard the memory of their ancestors with much pride when they can know the vile purpose that Captain Wirz would consign them to, because they sympathized with and desired to relieve the

sufferings of a mass of persecuted humanity. Could their mothers rise from their resting places, I think they would be proud of their off-spring who would debauch them for the purpose of insulting the loyal people of all sections. But we are glad to say that the best women of the south who were old enough to remember the things that were enacted during those days, and the brave survivors of the southern army who were on the firing line, have most emphatically denounced the methods of the leaders who were responsible for the treatment accorded their prisoners, and they have made it manifest both by words and writings. They entered a protest against their dastardly work yet to no avail.

On the face of this monument is inscribed the following:

"IN MEMORY OF

MAJ. HENRY WIRZ, C. S. A.,

BORN IN ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

"Tried by illegal court-martial* under false charges of excessive cruelty to federal priosners, sentenced and judicially murdered at Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1865.

"That the United States government, not Maj. Wirz, is chargeable with the suffering at Andersonville, there is abundant proof furnished by friend and foe. Let the fact that he chose an ignominious death rather than bear false witness against President Davis, speak for his high qualities of honor, fortitude and self-sacrifice.

"To rescue his memory from the stigma attached to it by embittered prejudice and ignorance, and to restore it to its rightful place among men, the Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has raised this shaft."

Every sentence in this inscription is absolutely and unqualifiedly false. In the first place, the trial was as legal and formal as anything judicial connected with the war could be. The court was composed of the most distinguished men, men in whom the public then had, and still has, the highest esteem and confidence. The order for the court shows this.

*See page 191.

Letter from a Southern Woman.

The following letter was written by a southern woman and published in the National Tribune, of Washington, D. C. She tells plainly and forcibly what she thinks of this monument to Wirz:

Editor National Tribune: I am a southern woman, raised not a great distance from Andersonville, and I want to return thanks to the ex-confederate soldier who recently expressed the sentiments of all right- thinking, Christian-hearted people over the south on the subject of the Wirz monument movement. A blacker and more disgraceful blot never stained any soil than that Andersonville prison, and it is indeed humiliating to realize that there are within the borders of our fair Southland women who are anxious to brand themselves with such a stigma as raising a monument to so heartless a brute as Wirz is known to be by thousands of Southern and Northern men alike. The Daughters of the Confederacy are to be pitied for the lack of information that would bring to their fair cheeks the blush of shame, if these young women knew the truth as it is about Andersonville prison and the horrible sufferings inflicted by Wirz on those helpless prisoners. There is near by an ex-Confederate soldier, who was one of the guard at Andersonville prison, who says a more unprincipled villain than Wirz never lived. God grant that they may stop and consider the light they are placing themselves in before the whole world, and also consider the interests of the country generally and of Atlanta specially, and put that money to relieve the real needs of the Confederate veterans and widows, and thereby win for themselves the (now doubtful) respect of all honorable people throughout this and other countries.—A Southern Woman.

CHAPTER XI.

NAMES OF WISCONSIN SOLDIERS BURIED AT NATIONAL CEMETERY, ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

NUMBER OF DEAD FROM DIFFERENT WISCONSIN REGIMENTS.

First Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
8,576	Batchelder, J	I	Sept. 12, 1864
1,341	Bowen, Henry	A	May 24, 1864
8,105	Chase, G. M	Corp. A	Sept. 7, 1864
4,390	Chapel, E	E	July 31, 1864
10,771	Davis, John	B	Oct. 10, 1864
6,236	Farrow, Wm	A	Aug. 30, 1864
3,164	Gutch, H	D	July 11, 1864
11,927	Hanson, M	B	Nov. 8, 1864
1,273	Harvey, D. N	I	June 6, 1864
1,002	Haskins, J	E	July 31, 1864
1,165	Kummett, J	H	May 16, 1864
2,981	McKinsey, D	F	July 7, 1864
1,896	Mulligan, J	B	June 15, 1864
3,511	Pickett, Thos. B	Corp. F	July 18, 1864
12,242	Randall, P. D	K	Dec. 8, 1864
3,503	Shoop, W	G	July 18, 1864
3,661	Tucker, C. P	I	July 16, 1864
9,484	Woodworth, W. B	H	Sept. 21, 1864
9,938	Vick, J	H	Sept. 28, 1864

Second Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
5,453	Allen, C. B	G	Aug. 12, 1864
2,009	Baumgartner, Baltis	K	June 15, 1864
8,641	Bushee, C. C	B	Sept. 12, 1864
2,663	Chapman, J	G	June 29, 1864
4,343	Sharp, J. H	G	July 30, 1864
8,500	Troutman, Anton	K	Sept. 12, 1864

Third Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
3,624	Ramsader, H	G	July 20, 1864

Fifth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
6,377	Messer, F	K	Aug. 21, 1864

Sixth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
12,586	Hardy, Eugene S.	E	Feb. 6, 1865
11,284	Johnson, W. L.	H	Oct. 21, 1864
2,588	Tomlinson, Robert	B	June 28, 1864
3,076	Vetter, Julius	F	July 9, 1864

Seventh Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
5,247	Agan, John	A	Aug. 10, 1864
2,055	Ball, Henry	A	June 16, 1864
12,032	Blakely, Robert	F	Nov. 15, 1864
2,360	Church, Alfred	H	July 12, 1864
3,828	Crane, R.	D	July 23, 1864
10,346	Crowning, H.	C	Oct. 5, 1864
12,618	Frost, A.	B	Feb. 8, 1865
36	Fortney, Geo. W.	C	Mch. 12, 1864
1,260	Fuller, Chas. W.	Corp. E	May 21, 1864
3,478	Gillette, Jerome	H	July 17, 1864
3,009	Lack, Peter	B	July 7, 1864
10,213	Mills, Elijah	Corp. E	Oct. 2, 1864
604	Palmer, John	Corp. C	May 12, 1864
9,860	Rice, Jacob	C	Sept. 27, 1864
68	Schlosser, John J.	Corp. F	Mar. 19, 1864
3,378	Wendt, Charles	B	July 16, 1864
929	Webster, Aleck R.	E	May 7, 1864

Eighth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Rank	Date of Death
5,007	Forshey, Wm. K.	F	Aug. 8, 1864

Tenth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
10,830	Adams, P.	A	Oct. 12, 1864
11,610	Batterson, Lewis D.	K	Oct. 28, 1864
2,451	Banner, B. F.	Corp. I	June 25, 1864
5,164	Bemis, H.	C	Aug. 9, 1864
7,323	Burke, J.	E	Aug. 30, 1864
2,128	Bowen, Harlan H.	F	June 18, 1864
11,734	Bentler, M.	K	Nov. 2, 1864
11,744	Clark, W. E.	E	Nov. 2, 1864
11,020	Coburn, W.	A	Oct. 15, 1864
2,969	Cowles, D.	B	July 6, 1864
8,601	Ellenwood, Sidney	Sgt. C	Sept. 12, 1864
10,836	Freemen, P. M.	C	Oct. 13, 1864
1,529	Gilbert, Oley	Sgt. D	June 14, 1864
2,393	Grash, Frederick	I	June 24, 1864
2,283	Fountain, N. H.	A	June 28, 1864
12,468	Hand, G.	D	Jan. 16, 1865
2,556	Hangle, B. F.	Corp. K	June 27, 1864
4,542	Hewick, Nelson	B	Aug. 2, 1864
5,312	Howard, F. B.	K	Aug. 11, 1864
8,614	Ingraham, J.	K	Sept. 13, 1864
1,453	Langstaff, Robt.	F	Aug. 1, 1864
6,642	Lansing, G.	A	Aug. 24, 1864
6,231	McClurg, A.	I	Aug. 20, 1864
5,683	Mortics, P.	D	Aug. 15, 1864

6,090	Nichols, Wm.		I	Aug.	18, 1864
4,980	Northam, S. R.		C	Aug.	7, 1864
9,014	Plinter, H.	Sgt.	F	Sept.	16, 1864
7,530	Purdee, J.		E	Sept.	1, 1864
4,340	Purdy, M.		E	July	30, 1864
13,225	Rambaugh, John		K	Oct.	25, *1864
3,665	Reynolds, F. S.		K	July	20, 1864
6,088	Robinson, W. M.	Corp.	C	Aug.	18, 1864
				June	18, 1864
440	Schrigley, H.		I	Apr.	8, 1864
4,378	Smith, W. H.		B	July	21, 1864
3,583	Sutton, J.		B	July	19, 1864
11,420	Tyler, E. B.		F	Oct.	22, 1864
3,375	Tyler, J.	Corp.	A	July	16, 1864
2,894	Weaver, H.		H	July	4, 1864
11,390	Volts, F.	Corp.	F	Oct.	23, 1864

Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Rank		Date of Death	
9,739	Dascey, Geo.	Corp.	I	Sept.	24, 1864
12,245	DuRochie, Wm.		H	Dec.	8, 1864
12,167	Harris, Nicholas		D	July	25, 1864
12,111	Whalen, Moses		D	Nov.	21, 1864

Fifteenth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Rank		Date of Death	
10,919	Bjornson, Nils			Oct.	14, 1864
2,681	Broness, Olaves		G	Oct.	10, 1864
4,870	Brunstead, Geo. C.	Sgt.	A	June	30, 1864
1,838	Burke, Ole O.		B	Aug.	6, 1864
10,685	Britton, Harvey	Sgt.	B	June	11, 1864
11,088	Christianson, Tobias		A	Oct.	18, 1864
2,419	Enger, Gens		K	June	24, 1864
6,160	Erickson, Christopher		B	Aug.	19, 1864
10,234	Fegan, Michael		I	Oct.	2, 1864
7,355	Grund, Lars		I	Aug.	31, 1864
10,691	Grunderson, Hans	Sgt.	I	Oct.	11, 1864
3,720	Holderson, Ole		F	July	21, 1864
2,384	Hanson, Jens		K	June	23, 1864
1,655	Hofland, Halvor H.	Sgt.	K	June	4, 1864
7,649	Hanson, Lars		B	Sept.	1, 1864
2,003	Jacobson, Ole	Corp.	D	June	15, 1864
2,498	Knudson, Christian		K	June	26, 1864
8,886	Johnson, O. B.		F	Sept.	16, 1864
7,522	Larson, Mades		B	Sept.	1, 1864
9,997	Lodegard, Elias		A	Sept.	28, 1864
10,289	Myhre, Simon A.		I	Oct.	3, 1864
4,289	Nelson, K.		K	July	30, 1864
11,931	Olsen, Michael		B	Nov.	9, 1864
3,162	Olson, Ole		B	July	11, 1864
2,847	Peterson, Axel	Corp.	K	July	3, 1864
9,902	Peterson, Simon	Corp.	I	Sept.	27, 1864
7,893	Peterson, Syver		K	Sept.	5, 1864
9,461	Peterson, Ole		I	Sept.	20, 1864
2,814	Steffs, Reinhart		F	July	3, 1864
12,374	Thompson, Charley		K	Jan.	1, 1865
9,664	Torgeson, Torger	Sgt.	G	Sept.	24, 1864
2,309	Updell, J. S.		B	June	22, 1864

Sixteenth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
6,943	Starr, Edmund	F	Aug. 26, 1864

Seventeenth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
6,204	Burwick, S.	I	Aug. 19, 1864
6,406	Purvis, Thomas	F	Aug. 22, 1864

Eighteenth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
13,266	Alexander, Elisha	A	June 15, 1862
12,987	Hartwell, Stephen	F	July 25,*1862
12,999	Hoard, Z.	D	Aug. 22,*1862
13,262	Tritten, Stephen	D	June 17,†1862

Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
5,241	Abbott, Alfred	Sgt. D	Aug. 9, 1864
7,755	Borden, Eugene	Corp. K	Sept. 4, 1864
11,535	Chamberlain, Jas. A	I	Oct. 27, 1864
6,418	Currier, Cyrus C.	Corp. F	Sept. 21, 1864
3,292	Cummings, Solomon	A	July 14, 1864
8,587	Depas, Anthony	A	Sept. 12, 1864
11,687	Ehlinger, Peter	K	Oct. 30, 1864
3,390	Greenman, David	K	July 13, 1864
710	Hale, Channing A.	I	Apr. 22, 1864
6,468	Hale, Amos W.	I	Aug. 21, 1864
7,791	Harding, Wilson H.	Sgt. C	Sept. 4, 1864
4,133	Kellett, John B.	Corp. B	July 27, 1864
10,692	Knowles, Henry	D	Oct. 11, 1864
11,963	Mulaskey, Chas. E.	B	Nov. 8, 1864
8,299	Orendo, Moses	A	Sept. 9, 1864
8,654	Patterson, Jacob	A	Sept. 13, 1864
4,486	Pelton, Andrew J.	Corp. A	Aug. 1, 1864
4,497	Reed, Geo.	I	Aug. 7, 1864
2,028	Ransh, Andrew	F	June 16, 1864
4,788	Scott, Egbert J.	Sgt. D	Aug. 14, 1864
7,614	Seaman, Mead H.	Sgt. D	Sept. 23, 1864
11,037	Smith, Albert M.	Corp. G	Oct. 10, 1864
2,148	Turney, Samuel W	D	June 18, 1864
1,693	Waller, Samuel B.	G	June 7, 1864
2,591	Winchester, G.	I	June 26, 1864

Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
2,113	Alwynes, John	E	June 16, 1864
3,673	Bruse, Henry	H	June 20, 1864
12,653	Ferguson, W. R.	D	Feb. 14, 1864
4,405	Kull, Ludwig	C	July 31, 1864
1,752	Mangan, Jas.	Corp. H	June 10, 1864
5,043	Murray, J.	D	Aug. 8, 1864
3,078	Seifert, Alois	C	July 9, 1864
4,436	Sheehan, John	Corp. H	July 30, 1864
11,475	Thorson, Peter	G	Oct. 5, 1864
12,626	Yesson, Alex	A	Aug. 20, 1864

Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
4,477	Austin, Isaac	G	Aug. 1, 1864
5,565	Bailey, W. H. H.	Corp. E	Aug. 13, 1864
7,759	Boyle, Peter	D	Sept. 4, 1864
12,750	David, D. P.	B	Mar. 8, 1865
8,584	Heigh, M.	E	Sept. 12, 1864
5,628	Holenbeck, Amos J.	D	Aug. 14, 1864
9,808	Irwin, Alex.	C	Sept. 26, 1864
11,812	Randles, John	D	Nov. 4, 1864
4,467	Taylor, Albert R.	E	Aug. 1, 1864
4,706	Wakefield, Thomas S.	Corp. K	Aug. 4, 1864

Twenty sixth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
5,830	Distler, Fred	G	Aug. 16, 1864
2,522	Domkoehler, Ernst	I	June 26, 1864
12,286	Eengelhardt, Henry	C	Dec. 14, 1864
303	Held, Carl	H	Apr. 1, 1864
4,570	Holz, Asmus	C	Aug. 20, 1864
10,536	Knein, Francois	Corp. E	Oct. 8, 1864
8,944	Laich, Fritz	K	Sept. 30, 1864
11,545	Oehlke, Franz	E	Oct. 27, 1864
9,693	Schneider, Magnus	Corp. E	Sept. 24, 1864

Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
9,337	Erricson, S.	D	Sept. 20, 1864

Thirty-first Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
12,721	Antone, C.	D	Mar. 4, 1865

Thirty-second Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
12,250	Grapp, W.	A	Nov. 23, 1864
8,562	Kendall, W.	G	Sept. 12, 1864

Thirty-third Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
10,369	Neff, W.	I	Oct. 5, 1864

Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Infantry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
8,692	Adams, Arthur F.	G	Sept. 2, 1864
7,295	Bagley, Jas.	I	Aug. 26, 1864
7,455	Davis, John F.	B	Sept. 1, 1864
6,967	Dick, Benjamin	G	Aug. 25, 1864
12,286	Englehardt, Henry	G	Dec. 14, 1864
6,614	Goom, John	G	Aug. 22, 1864
9,063	Kruger, Wm.	G	Sept. 17, 1864
5,739	Main, Henry	F	Oct. 20, 1864
3,625	McLaulin, Chas	I	July 20, 1864
3,120	Thompson, Darwin	B	July 9, 1864
11,236	Thurber, Daniel	Corp. G	Oct. 21, 1864
6,097	Tichenor, E. D.	Sgt. H	Aug. 18, 1864
3,427	Vanderbilt, John W.	D	Sept. 10, 1864

First Wisconsin Cavalry.

No.	Name	Company	Date of Death
5,026	Briggs, Irwin	L	Aug. 8, 1864
5,322	Briggs, E.	I	Aug. 11, 1864
2,334	Brook, Edwin	H	June 21, 1864
5,100	Budson, John P.	L	Aug. 9, 1864
10,752	Castle, Chas.	C	Oct. 12, 1864
5,102	Cavanaugh, John	H	Aug. 9, 1864
3,244	Dagle, John	Sgt. L	July 3, 1864
1,591	Duffy, Edward	L	June 3, 1864
5,811	Fish, Israel P.	Sgt. H	Aug. 16, 1864
5,759	Fluno, Oscar	H	Aug. 15, 1864
5,557	Greenwalt, M.	C	Aug. 13, 1864
12,848	Hansen, Knud	F	Feb. 28, 1864
13,205	Hodgson, C. H.	B	July 10, 1865
4,505	Hunter, Wesley W.	H	Aug. 1, 1864
7,149	Hutchins, Barley E.	E	Aug. 29, 1864
4,243	Loosey, John	L	June 29, 1864
2,951	McCormick, Ebenezer	L	July 6, 1864
5,163	McFadden, Hugh	L	Aug. 9, 1864
4,614	Killips, Chas. H.	E	Aug. 3, 1864
9,399	Miller, Curtis G.	K	Sept. 20, 1864
13,278	Norton, Henry D.	K	May 8,*1865
8,515	Pillsbury, Adoniram J.	H	Sept. 11, 1864
5,792	Kasmussen, Jorgen	L	Aug. 15, 1864
12,233	Richmond, Byron	Sgt. L	Dec. 0, 1864
4,882	Slingerland, John	L	Aug. 19, 1864
7,160	Thorn, Peter E.	L	Aug. 29, 1864
2,385	Toy, Thos.	H	June 24, 1864
3,359	Vanscoter, E. G.	E	Sept. 10, 1864
2,954	Weghist, O. H.	L	July 6, 1864
12,363	Ward, Elexis J.	C	Jan. 1, 1865
1,520	Welcome, Eben. D.	L	June 1, 1864
1,909	Welton, Moses	L	June 13, 1864
1,007	Wilder, John W.	F	May 10, 1864
10,395	Winchell, Seth	D	Oct. 5, 1864
884	Winters, Perry	M	May 5, 1864

Second Wisconsin Cavalry.

No.	Name	Rank	Date of Death
3,604	Cook, Lynn B.	C	July 19, 1864
4,925	Matthewson, Eugene	E	Aug. 6, 1864

Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry.

No.	Name	Rank	Date of Death
3,252	Brown, John	H	July 13, 1864
3,460	Farnum, W. B.	K	Oct. 21, 1864
11,798	Merrill, Chas.	K	Nov. 4, 1864
11,047	Sayles, Albert D.	K	Oct. 17, 1864
8,168	Smith, Levi	F	Sept. 8, 1864
2,535	Plum, Albert A.	K	June 26, 1864

Third Wisconsin Battery.

No.	Name	Rank	Date of Death
8,530	Decker, Gasherie	Sgt.	Sept. 11, 1864
7,081	Hawley, Thos.		Aug. 28, 1864
5,397	Livingston, Jas. H.		Aug. 12, 1864
2,732	McMahon, W.		July 1, 1864

Records kept by men cannot always be correct. The unfortunate circumstances under which the above names were recorded made it almost certain that many mistakes would be made. Great pains have been taken to verify the facts concerning every death here recorded, still there are many cases of uncertainty. The record, faulty as it must be, is nevertheless, approximately correct,—much better than none.

NUMBER OF DEATHS FROM VARIOUS WISCONSIN ORGANIZATIONS.

Infantry.

1st	19	31st	1
2d	6	32d	2
3d	1	33d	1
5th	1	36th	13
6th	4		
7th	17	*Cavalry.*	
8th	1		
10th	39	1st	35
12th	4	2d	2
15th	32	4th	6
16th	1		
17th	2	*Artillery.*	
18th	4		
21st	25	Third Battery	4
24th	10	Unknown	2
25th	10		
26th	9	Total	253
30th	1		

The last recorded death at Andersonville was that of Knud Hansen, Company F, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, April 28, 1865, eleven days after the confederates abandoned the place. They left Hansen and thirty-two others sick there in the so-called hospital. As no record was kept after his death, we have no means of knowing what became of the others.

CHAPTER XII.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WIRZ.*

3. A special Military Commission is hereby appointed to meet in this city at 11 o'clock A. M. on the 23rd day of August, 1865, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Henry Wirz and such other prisoners as may be brought before it.

Detail for the Commission.

Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, United States Volunteers.

Brevet Maj. Gen. G. Mott, United States Volunteers.

Brevet Maj. Gen. J. W. Geary, United States Volunteers.

Brevet Maj. Gen. L. Thomas, Adjutant General United States Army.

Brig. Gen. Francis Fessenden, United States Volunteers.

Brig. Gen. E. S. Bragg, United States Volunteers.

Brevet Brig. Gen. John F. Ballier, Col. 98th Penn.

Brevet Col. T. Allcock, Lieut. Col. 4th N. Y. Art.

Lieut. Col. J. H. Stibbs, 12th Iowa.

Col. N. P. Chipman, additional aide-de-camp, Judge Advocate of the Commission, with such assistants as he may select with the approval of the Judge Advocate General.

E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General.

Charges.

Charge: Maliciously, wilfully, and traitorously, and in aid of the then existing armed rebellion against the United States of America, on or about the first day of March, A. D. 1864, and on divers other days between that day and the tenth day of April, 1865, combining, confederating, and conspiring together with John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Joseph White, W. S. Winder, R. R. Stevenson, and others unknown, to injure the health and destroy the lives of soldiers in the military serv-

*After the close of the war Captain Wirz was tried by court martial for his inhuman treatment of our unfortunate prisoners at Andersonville.

ice of the United States, then held and being prisoners of war within the lines of the so-called Confederate States and in military prisons thereof, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired; in violation of the laws and customs of war.

TESTIMONY IN SUPPORT OF THE FOREGOING CHARGES.

Testimony of Lieutenant Prescott Tracy.

"I am in the military service of the United States. I was commissioned last year. My previous position in the army was sergeant. I was taken on the 22nd of June, 1864, in the last charge we made on Petersburg. I was taken to Andersonville, I think it was the last of June of that year. I was put in the stocks when I got there by Captain Wirz. I was in there until August 17th of the same year. I was pretty nearly starved to death.

"I saw the prisoner very often. I never saw him commit acts of cruelty upon prisoners himself, but I saw him give the orders to do it,—to shoot a man. I could not give the day exactly. I know that it was a Wednesday. That is all I know.

"In the month of August, the man was shot. His name was Roberts. I cannot tell what regiment he belonged to. He was what we called a 'fresh fish,' just come in by the north gate; and, not knowing the rules and regulations, he went to take a drink at the creek, and, it being muddy there, he slipped and fell in so that his head went about six inches inside the deadline. Captain Wirz was behind me, perhaps the distance of this room or a little more. He halloed to the sentry, "G—d d—n your soul, why don't you shoot the Yankee s—n of a b—h? That was the expression he made use of. The sentinel fired and shot the man through the top of the head, and the ball came out at the back of his neck. The sentry did not say anything at the time; he only just fired. I lay down, for I was afraid of getting shot myself. This was in August, the fore part of August. The man did not live; he died right in the creek, and we pulled him out and buried him that same afternoon."

William Dillard, confederate soldier, on duty as guard at Andersonville, testifies as follows:

"I had an opportunity of observing the condition of the stockade, and the men in it. It was very bad; it was as nasty as could be. On one occasion I saw one man lying there; he had not clothes enough on to hide his nakedness. His hip bones were worn away; he had put up two sticks and fastened his coat over them to keep the sun off his face. There were a good many lying down sick and others waiting on them. There was a very bad smell, and I suppose it was caused by the crowded state of the men and the filthiness of the place. I have smelt it at the depot at Andersonville, half a mile from the stockade.

"The food furnished the prisoners was very rough. I recollect one evening, when we were going on guard, we were all stopped in front of the north gate of the stockade to divide the men off into separate reliefs; a wagon load of peas or beans, as they called them, was going in and had stopped near us, and they smelt so bad that the boys told the driver to move on. One of the guard asked the black driver, 'Uncle, what are you going to do with those peas?' 'I am going to take them inside,' said the man. 'Hell,' said the guard, 'no man can eat them, they smell too bad.' The wagon drove off into the prison, the driver saying, 'perishing men will eat anything.' The stream that passed through the stockade ran down between the first and second Georgia regiments and Furloir's battalion. I know where the bake-house was situated. All the washings from it went right through the stockade, also the washings from the camp. The 'pits' used by the men were not five steps from the stream. I have passed them many times. I had means of observing from my sentry post the condition of the stream inside the stockade. It was very muddy for a length of time, and it became more so after a while. Sometimes when it was rainy it was thick with mud and filth from the drainings of the camp."

This witness also testifies that he had seen several lots of men in the chain-gang, sometimes as many as twelve in number.

Ambrose Spencer, of Americus, Georgia, residing during the war about nine miles from Andersonville, was a witness at the trial Wirz and testified as follows:

"I visited Andersonville during its occupation as a prison very frequently. I saw the prisoner, Captain Wirz, very frequently. I was there nearly every month, I think, during the time it was a prison. I doubt whether a month elapsed in which I was not there, while it was in its crowded condition. I had frequent opportunities of seeing the condition of the prisoners, not only from the adjacent hills, but on several occasions from the outside of the stockade where the sentinel's boxes were. I had opportunities of talking at different times with the prisoners, not only at Andersonville, but in several instances after they had escaped and come to my house. I can answer the question only by saying their condition was as wretched and as horrible as could well be conceived, not only from exposure to the sun, the inclemency of weather, and the cold of winter, but from the filth, from the absolute degradation which was evident in their condition. I have seen that stockade, after three or four days' rain, when the mud, I should say, was at least twelve inches deep on both the hills; the prisoners were walking or wading through that mud. The condition of the stockade, perhaps, can be expressed most aptly by saying that in passing up and down the railroad, if the wind was favorable, the odor from the stockade could be detected at least two miles.

"I believe I am familiar with the surrounding country. That section of south-western Georgia is well supplied with mills, both grist-mills and saw-mills. Between Andersonville and Albany (the distance by railroad being, I believe, fifty miles —there is a railroad communication, there are five saw-mills. One of them, a large one, is owned by a gentleman named Drew. There are four others of considerable capacity. There is one saw-mill at a distance of six miles from Andersonville, owned by Mr. Stewart, that goes by steam. There is another such mill about five miles from Andersonville that goes by water. There are saw-mills on the road above Andersonville. As for grist-mills, there are five in the neighborhood of Andersonville; that farthest off being at a distance, I should think, of not exceeding ten miles. There were two at Ameri-

cus, the one farthest away being about twelve miles distant. Of these mills, the water mills are run nearly the entire year, except occasionally in the summer months; in the months of July and August they may be temporarily suspended owing to the want of water, but not for any length of time.

"It is a very heavily timbered country, especially in the region adjoining Andersonville; it may be termed one of the most densely timbered countries in the United States. As for its fertility, southwestern Georgia, I believe, is termed the garden of America; it was termed the garden of the confederacy, as having supplied the greater part of the provisions for the rebel army. Our section of Georgia, Sumter county, is perhaps not so rich as the counties immediately contiguous. The land is of a lighter quality, yet it produces heavily. I suppose that the average of that land would be one bale of cotton to the acre; and wheat would average about six bushels to the acre. The average of corn throughout the county, I suppose, would be about eight bushels to the acre. I am stating the general average of the whole numbers of acres in the county. We have land in that county that will produce thirty-five bushels of corn to the acre. It struck me that there was an uncommon supply of vegetables in 1864. Heretofore, at the South, there has been but little attention paid to gardens on a large scale; but last year a very large supply of vegetables was raised, as I understand, for the purpose of being disposed of at Andersonville. Indeed, there was not a day that passed when the trains were not loaded, going from Americus up to Andersonville, with persons carrying vegetables there. I know that some officer at Andersonville (I cannot say who it was) had agents at Americus to purchase vegetables; and large amounts of vegetables were sent up daily.

"I know of lumber having been used at Andersonville. I was there during June and July very frequently, at the time when Governor Brown had called out the militia of the state. The militia of southwestern Georgia were stationed at Andersonville, and their tents were all floored with good lumber, and a good many shelters of lumber were put up by the soldiers. I noticed a good many tents that were protected from the sun by boards. There seemed to be no want of lumber at that time among the confederate soldiers.

"I did not take regular thermometrical observations during the summer of 1864 and the winter of 1864–'65, yet I had a thermometer, an every day, sometimes two or three times a day, I examined it.. I generally made it a rule to look at it when I got up in the morning and again about noon and then at evening. So far as I remember, the range of thermometer during the summer of 1864 was very high. I think I have seen it as high as 110 degrees in the shade. Once, and only once, I put the thermometer out in the sun on an extremely hot day in June, 1864. It ranged then, if my memory serves me right, 127 to 130 degrees. Last winter, according to my experience during more than twenty-five years residence in Georgia, was the coldest winter we ever had there. I have seen the thermometer as low as 20 and 22 degrees above zero—from 10 to 12 degrees below the freezing point; one night it was colder than that; it was the night of the 4th of January. It is very distinctly impressed on my memory. During the night I was awakened by my wife, who told me that somebody was calling in front of my house. I opened the side window and asked who was there. A voice replied, 'a friend.' I answered that I had no friends at that time of night, and very few anyhow in that country. He said that he was a friend of mine and wanted to come near the fence to speak to me. I told him my dog would bite him if he came to the fence; he then approached and said he was an Andersonville prisoner, and asked me, calling me by name, if I lived there. I told him I was the man and to wait a minute. I dressed myself, went out and chained my dog, and brought the prisoner in. He was nearly frozen; he could hardly stand; he had on only one shoe,—that was a poor one, —and a stocking upon the other foot. He was clad in the thin army flannel of the United States, badly worn. He had on a pair of light blue pantaloons which were badly worn. This was on a Wednesday morning. He told me that he had made his escape from Andersonville on the Saturday previous; that he had been apprehended and taken to Americus, whence he had made his escape from the guard the night before, and was directed by a negro to my house. I asked him if he was not nearly frozen; he said he was. I looked at the thermometer then, and it was eighteen degrees above zero. This was about two o'clock in the morning—between one and two o'clock.

"I know that efforts were made by the ladies of my country to relieve the prisoners at Andersonville; at one time a general effort was made. All that I know is that a gentleman named Mr. Davies, a Methodist presiding elder, exerted himself to induce the ladies to contribute clothing and provisions to the federal hospital at Andersonville. A large amount of provisions was collected, some three or four wagon loads, if I am not mistaken, and sent up there. I believe that the effort failed. First, the provost marshal refused a pass to carry the provisions to the hospital; and when the application was made to General Winder by Dr. Head, who acted as the spokesman for the ladies, it was positively refused to them. I had a conversation with General Winder three days afterward. The same matter then came up. General Winder stated, accompanied with an oath, that he believed the whole country was becoming 'Yankee,' and that he would be d----d if he would not put a stop to it; if he couldn't one way he would in another. I remarked that I did not think it was any evidence of 'Yankee,' or Union feeling to exhibit humanity. He said there was no humanity about it; that it was intended as a slur upon the confederate government and a covert attack upon him. I told him that I had understood it was done at his request; that he had requested Mr. Davies to bring this thing about. He said it was a d----d lie; that he had not requested any thing of the kind; that for his own part he would as lief the d----d Yankees would die there as anywhere else; that, upon the whole, he did not know but that it would be better for them. That was his language, or words to that effect. Captain Wirz was not present at that time. My wife was with me, and there were other ladies present, but I don't think I knew any of them. They were not part of the committee."

Question: In what way did General Winder speak of the ladies and their humane effort?

Answer: He used the most opprobrious language that could possibly be used, language that no gentleman could listen to, especially in the presence of his wife, without resenting it in some way—language utterly unfit to be repeated in the presence of ladies. It was an intimation that he could very easily make loyal women of them by putting them to a certain condition that would bring them to it.

I was present at a conversation the day after this committee of ladies failed. It was at the depot at Andersonville. The coversation was principally carried on between the provost marshal, Captain Reed, and other officers present.

Question: Captain or Lieutenant Reed?

Answer: I believe we used to call him Captain. He might, perhaps, have been a lieutenant. He was the only Reed there. Captain Wirz and R. B. Winder were present. There were three or four officials there; I cannot recall any but those. Lieutenant Reed observed that if General Winder had done as he wanted to do they might have made a good speculation out of the provisions and clothing the ladies had brought; that he proposed they should be confiscated. but the "Old General" would not do it. Wirz remarked that if he had his way he would have a house built there, and all the ladies should be put in it for certain purposes. That was a most scandalous, infamous purpose, which I do not wish to repeat. R. B. Winder's remarks were a general concurrence. I don't know that he said anything special that I can call to mind any more than laughingly concurring in what had been said.

I know Turner, who had the hounds, very well; his name was Wesley W. Turner.

Question: What did you ever hear him say as to his duties there and what was he receiving?

Answer: It was some time in the early part of 1864—March or April, I think. He had purchased a piece of land up in the same district in which my place is. I met him one day in Americus and asked him if he was going to settle that land. He said he was not; that he was making more money now than anybody else in that country. I inquired how he was making it. He said the confederate government was paying him for keeping hounds to catch escaped prisoners. I asked him if he got his pay from Richmond. He said no, he did not trouble Richmond; that "Old Cap. Wirz" was his paymaster. I asked him how much he received. My impression is that he did not tell me what he received. He told me that he was making more money than anyone else in that country; better than he could do cultivating ground. That was early in the history of that prison,—I think during March or April. It was while he was there on duty. He told me that he then had a pack of hounds and was employed there.

I know W. S. Winder, "Sid Winder," as he is called. I saw him at the time he was laying out the prison. Between the 1st and 15th of December, 1863, I went up to Andersonville with him and four or five other gentlemen, out of curiosity to see how the prison was to be laid out. When we arrived there the limits of the prison had all been marked. They were then digging a trench to put the stockade posts in. Workmen were busy cutting down trees in and around where the stockade was. In the course of the conversation I inquired of W. S. Winder if he proposed to erect barracks or shelter of any kind inside the stockade. He replied that he was not; that the d—d Yankees who would be put in there would have no need of them. I asked him why they were cutting down all the trees and suggested that if left standing they would be a shelter to the prisoners, from the heat of the sun at least. He made this reply, or something similar to it: "That is just what I am going to do; I am going to build a pen here that will kill more d—d Yankees than can be destroyed at the front." Those are very nearly his words,—equivalent to them. That was before the stockade was erected in the trench. Captain R. B. Winder came there to the post ten or fifteen days after that—I suppose about ten days. There was nothing said at that time as to who ordered W. S. Winder there to lay out the prison. I had frequent conversations with Gen. Winder. I used to meet him very frequently, either in Americus or going up the railroad. I saw him a good many times at Andersonville.

Q. What was the general temper and spirit of his talk with regard to those prisoners?

A. The opinion that I formed of him was anything but creditable to his feeling, his humanity or his gentlemanly bearing. I am not aware that I ever had a conversation with General Winder in which he did not curse more or less, especially if the subject of Andersonville was brought up. I can reply to your question only by saying that I considered him a brutal man. That I drew from his conversation and conduct as I observed him. I looked upon him as a man utterly devoid of all kindly feeling and sentiment.

Q. How generally, so far as you observed, were the sufferings and horrors of the Andersonville pen known throughout the South?

A. So far as my knowledge and information went, the knowledge of those sufferings was general. It was so, at least, throughout the southern part of the southern states; I cannot speak specifically in regard to the neighborhood of Richmond. The matter was discussed in the newspapers constantly, and discussed in private circles. Perhaps I might have heard more of it than most people, because it dwelt more on my mind; but it was a general subject of conversation throughout the entire southern part of the confederacy."

Testimony of Boston Corbett, who later shot John Wilkes Booth, President Lincoln's assassin. He was a prisoner at Andersonville and was exchanged. He arrived at Andersonville in July, 1864. He says:

"Before we entered the stockade we remained in front of the headquarters for some time, to be told off in detachments numbering two hundred and seventy, divided into nineties. While there I was excessively thirsty, and asked a man near Captain Wirz's headquarters (in some small tents) for a drink of water. The reply was that he dare not give it to me; he was not a guard; he was one of our own prisoners; there were a good many of them outside, on their parole of honor. After entering the stockade, I found nine men of my own company there, who had been taken to that place some three and a half months previously; eight of them were inside, and one had been taken to the hospital outside. I did not see him, yet knew of his being there. Within two months six out of those nine men had died, and before I left the stockade, out of fourteen, including five who were captured with me, there were twelve dead; only two of us returned alive. The prison was horrible on account of the filthy condition of it; the swamp which runs on each side of the small stream that runs through the stockade was so offensive, and the stench from it so great, that I remember the first time I went down there I wondered that every man in the place did not die from the effects of the stench, and I believe that that was the cause of the death of a great many of our men. It was a living mass of putrefaction and filth; there were maggots there a foot deep or more; any time we turned over the soil we could see the maggots in a living mass.



Looking Toward South End of Prison

"I have stated that the condition of the place was horrible. I have seen these things. Scurvy was a very general disease among us. There were hundreds of cases all around. It afflicted me by swelling my feet and legs very much, contracting the cords of my legs so that they were crooked and I could not straighten them. I had to limp in walking. Others were much worse, and had to crawl on the ground or walk on crutches. Their gums would get exceedingly sore; the teeth would become loose and frequently came out. In addition to this there would be a growth of raw flesh on the gums both on the inside and out. In one case, a comrade belonging to my company had such flesh grow from each side of the mouth until it formed a second growth, making it impossible for him to eat such coarse food as the corn bread that we received, or anything of that nature. My gums frequently bleed still. Very many were afflicted in that way."

Testimony of Rev. William John Hamilton.

The Rev. William John Hamilton was also examined on the Wirz trial, and testified as follows:

I am pastor of the Catholic church in Macon, Georgia. I visited Andersonville three times. It was one of the missions attached to my church. I went there, I think, in the month of May, 1864, and spent a day there. The following week I went and spent three days there among the prisoners, and then returned and wrote a report on the condition of the hospital and stockade to my bishop, in order that he might send the requisite number of priests to visit the prisoners there; and I visited it again after the prisoners had been removed from Andersonville to Thomasville. I do not remember the month of that visit. It was in the beginning of this year, in the month of February or March, 1865.

Q. State to the court in what condition you found the stockade when you first visited it, and subsequently, and all the time while you were there.

A. The first time I visited the stockade I had only about three or four hours to spend there. I merely went to see what the condition of the place was. My principal object was to find out, if possible, the number of Catholics who were prisoners there, in order that we might induce the bishop to send a suffi-

cient number of priests. I did not pay much attention to what I saw or heard there then. The following week I returned and spent three days. I visited the stockade and the hospital, discharging my duties as a priest of the Catholic church. On this, my second visit to the stockade, I found, I think, about 23,000 prisoners there; at least the prisoners told me there were that number. I found the place extremely crowded, with a great deal of sickness and suffering among the men. I was kept so busy administering the sacrament to the dying that I had to curtail a great deal of the service that Catholic priests administer to the dying, for the reason they were so numerous—they died so fast. I waited only upon those of my own church; they were the only persons who demanded my ministrations. When I speak of the number dying, I mean among those of my own church, and do not include the others.

Q. Give the court some idea of the condition of the stockade.

A. I found the stockade extremely filthy,—the men all huddled together, and covered with vermin. The best idea I can give the court of the condition of the place is, perhaps, this: I went in there with a white linen coat on, and I had not been there more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, when a gentlemen drew my attention to the condition of my coat. It was all covered over with vermin, and I had to take it off and leave it with one of the guards and perform my duties in my shirt sleeves, the place was filthy.

Q. State to the court any particular case which came under your notice that would help to illustrate the condition of things there.

A. That is about the only idea I can give of the stockade.

Q. State any particular case you observed showing the destitution of the prisoners.

A. The first person I conversed with on entering the stockade was a countryman of mine, a member of the Catholic church, who recognized me as a clergyman. I think his name was Farrell. He was from the north of Ireland. He came over toward me and introduced himself. He was quite a boy; I do not think, judging from his appearance, that he could have been more than sixteen years old. I found him without a hat and without any covering on his feet, and without jacket or coat. He told me that his shoes had been taken from him on the

battle-field. I found the boy suffering very much from a wound in his right foot; in fact, the foot was split open like an oyster, and on inquiring the cause, they told me it was from exposure to the sun in the stockade, and not from any wound received in battle. I took off my boots and gave him a pair of socks to cover his feet and told him I would bring him some clothing, as I expected to return to Andersonville the following week. I had to return to Macon to get another priest to take my place on Sunday. When I returned the following week, on inquiring for this man, Farrell, his companion told me he had stepped across the dead line and requested the guards to shoot him. He was not insane at the time I was conversing with him. It was three or four days after that when I was asking for him; I think it was the latter part of May, 1864. To the best of my recollection his name was Farrell. I do not know to what company or regiment he belonged; I did not ask him. When I speak of administering the sacrament of the church to those dying, I refer to those in the stockade and in the hospital. I spent two days in the stockade and one in the hospital during my services at Andersonville. This case that I have spoken of occurred in the stockade. He had no medical treatment at all; none of those who died there and to whom I administered the sacrament received any medical treatment at all, so far as I could see. When I went into the hospital I found it almost as crowded as the stockade; the men were dying there very rapidly from scurvy, diarrhea, and dysentery; and, so far as I could observe, I could not see that they received any medical treatment whatsoever, or received and medicine at all.

Q. How were they situated as to beds and bedding?

A. They were all in tents; the hospital was composed of tents arranged in avenues, and I did not see that they had anything under them at all except the ground. In some cases, I think, they had dried leaves that they had gathered. In my ministration while at the hospital I saw one surgeon in charge there, Dr. White.

Q. State the circumstances.

A. I was attending an Irishman, by the name of Connor, I think, who was captured at the night assault made on Fort Sumter; at least I think he told me so. He was so bad that I had to hear his confession and give him the rites of the church sitting upon a stool. While I was hearing the man's confes-

sion, Surgeon White passed through the hospital and, seeing me whispering to the prisoner, and not knowing, I suppose, who I was, ordered the guard to bring me under arrest to his quarters. I went up and apologized for having done so; he had, in the meantime, inquired of Captain Wirz who I was, and the captain had told him that he had given me the necessary pass. I conversed with Dr. White with regard to the condition of the men, and he told me it was not in his power to do anything for them; that he had no medicine and could not get any, and that he was doing everything in his power to help them. That was the only time I ever met the surgeon there. Captain Wirz gave me the pass. I first called upon Colonel Persons, who was the officer in command at Andersonville, He referred me to Captain Wirz, and Wirz gave me a pass and granted me every facility in his power to visit those men. He walked down to the stockade with me and showed me the entrance. That pass held good only for that day. That was the first day I went there. It was renewed afterward by Captain Wirz. It continued good for the three days I was there. I did not have it renewed afterward. I did not visit Andersonville again until the prisoners had been removed to Thomasville. That was the beginning of this year.

Q. What did you observe with regard to shelter in the stockade, and the suffering of the men from heat there?

A. When I visited the stockade there was no shelter at all, so far as I could see, except that some of the men who had their blankets there had put them up on little bits of roots that they abstracted from the ground; but I could not see any tents or shelter of any other kind. I got the names of several prisoners who had relatives living in the south and wrote to their friends when I returned to Macon, and I had some tents introduced there; they were sent down and the men received them.

Q. Can you illustrate to the court the condition of the prison by stating, for instance, where you tried to make your way through the crowd to a prisoner who was dying?

A. Yes, sir; during my second visit to the prison, I was told that there was an Irishman over at the extreme end of the stockade who was calling for a priest. I suppose he had heard that I had visited the prison the day before, and, as he was very anxious to see a priest, he was calling for one all over the

stockade. There is a brook that runs right through the middle of the stockade and I tried to cross it, but was unable to do so as the men were crowding around there trying to get in to the water to cool themselves and wash themselves. I could not get over the brook so had to leave the stockade without seeing the man. The heat there was intolerable; there was no pure air at all in the stockade. The logs of which the stockade was composed were so close together that I could not feel any fresh air inside; and, with a strong sun beaming down on it, and no shelter at all, the heat must, of course, have been insufferable; at least, I felt it so.

Q. How did it affect the priests on duty there?

A. The priests who went there after me, while administering the sacrament to the dying, had to use umbrellas, the heat was so intense. Some of them broke down in consequence of their services there. In the month of August, I think, we had three priests constantly. We had a priest from Mobile who spoke three or four languages, for you could find every nationality inside the stockade. We had two from Savannah and one from Augusta at different times. One of the priests from Savannah came to Macon, where I reside, completely prostrated, and was sick at my house for several days.

There were saw mills in that vicinity along the railroad. I do not remember that any were near to Andersonville. I used to visit Albany, which, I suppose, is thirty or forty miles below Andersonville, once every month. It was my duty to go there that often, and I used to see saw mills along the railroad in operation. I have heard that the prisoners proposed to cut wood for themselves. In fact, I have heard prisoners say so. I did not keep an account of the dying men I used to attend per day to administer the last sacrament, yet judging from the hours I was engaged and what I know to be the length of the service, I suppose I must have attended from twenty to thirty every day; sometimes more, sometimes less. That was about the average number, between twenty and thirty.

Q. Can you speak more particularly as to the bodily condition of those inside the stockade, their clothing and the appearance of the men?

A. Well, as I said, when I went there I was kept so busily engaged in giving the sacrament to the dying men that I could not observe much; but, of course, I could not keep my eyes

closed as to what I saw. I saw a great many men prefectly naked walking about through the stockade; they seemed to have lost all regard for delicacy, shame, morality, or anything else. I would frequently have to creep on my hands and knees into the holes of the men to hear their confessions. I found them almost living in vermin in those holes; they could not be in any other condition but filthy, because they got no soap and no change of clothing, and were there all huddled together.

I never at any time counted the number of dead bodies being taken out of the stockade in the morning. I have never seen any dead carried out of the stockade. I have seen dead bodies in the hospital in the morning. In the case of the man in the hospital, of whom I was speaking awhile ago, after I had heard his confession, and before I gave him the last rites of the church, I saw them placing the night guards in the hospital, and I knew I would not be able to get out after that. I told him that I would return in the morning and give him the other rites of the church, if he still lived. I was there early the next morning, and in going down one of the avenues I counted from forty to sixty dead bodies in the stockade. I have seen a person in the hospital in a nude condition—perfectly naked. They were not only covered with the ordinary vermin, but with maggots. They had involuntary evacuations, and there were no persons to look after them. The nurses did not seem to pay any attention whatever, and, in consequence of being allowed to lie in their own filth for some hours, vermin of every description had got on them which they were unable to keep off. This was the latter part of May. I never noticed in the stockade the men digging in the ground and standing in the sand to proteet themselves from the sun. I did not see any instance of that kind. I have seen them making little places from a foot to a foot and a half deep, and stretching their blankets tight over them. I have crawled into such places frequently to hear the confessions of the dying. They would hold from one to two; and sometimes one prisoner would share his blanket with another and allow him to get under shelter.

When I returned from the stockade after my second visit to it, in the latter part of May, I represented these things to General Cobb. I wrote to our bishop and told him that these men were dying in large numbers; that there were many Catholics there, and that they required the services of a priest;

then he sent up Father Whelan. Father Whelan expressed a desire to see General Cobb before he went down to the stockade. I called upon General Cobb and told him that I had been there, and I gave him a description of the place, as well as I could, and he asked me what I would recommend to be done, as he intended to write to Richmond with regard to the condition of the place. After I found out from conversation with him that nothing could be done for the bodily comfort of the men, owing to the stringency of the stockade, I advised him to parole those men upon their word of honor, take them down to Jacksonville, Florida, and turn them into the federal lines. Whether that recommendation was acted on or not I do not know; he asked my opinion and I gave it. At the time when I told him of the condition in which I found things, it was known to the whole country, for it was published in the newspapers in the south. I do not know about its being common talk and rumor throughout the country. I am speaking only about Macon and southwestern Georgia. The whole of southwestern Georgia is included in my mission, and I know that the condition of the prison was well known in Macon and throughout all that region.

Q. Do you remember whether he stated that he had written to Richmond, or that he was about to write to Richmond, to represent the condition of things at Andersonville?

A. When he asked me to give him a description of the condition of the place, he answered, I think, that he was going to write, and wished to have some information from me on the subject. He remarked, also, that he would like me to give him a description, because he knew the relations that existed between the Catholic priest and the members of his church, and they would be more unreserved in communicating with me than with others."

Dr. Hopkin's Report, Surgeon, Thomasville, Ga.

Andersonville, Georgia, August 1, 1864.

"General: In obedience to your order of July 28, requiring us to make a careful examination of the federal prison and hospital at this place, and to ascertain and report to you the cause of disease and mortality among the prisoners, and the

means necessary to prevent the same, this has been complied with, and we respectfully submit the following:

"Cause of Disease and Mortality.

1. The large number of prisoners crowded together.
2. The entire absence of all vegetables as diet, so necessary as a preventive of scurvy.
3. The want of barracks to shelter the prisoners from sun and rain.
4. The inadequate supply of wood and good water.
5. Badly cooked food.
6. The filthy condition of prisoners and prison generally.
7. The morbific emanations from the brook or ravine, passing through the prison, the condition of which cannot be better explained otherwise than by naming it a morass of human excrement and mud.

"Preventive Measures.

1. The removal immediately from the prison of not less than fifteen thousand prisoners.
2. Detail on parole a sufficient number of prisoners to cultivate the necessary supply of vegetables, and, until this can be carried into practical operation, the appointment of agents along the different lines of railroad to purchase and forward a supply.
3. The immediate erection of barracks to shelter the prisoners.
4. To furnish the necessary quantity of wood, and have wells dug to supply the deficiency of water.
5. Divide the prisoners into squads, place each squad under the charge of a sergeant, furnish the necessary quantity of soap, and hold every sergeant responsible for the personal cleanliness of his squad; furnish the prisoners with clothing at the expense of the confederate government, and, if that government is unable to do so, candidly admit inability and call upon the federal government to furnish them.
6. By a daily inspection of bake-house and baking.
7. Cover over with sand from the hillsides the entire morass not less than six inches deep, board the stream or water course, confine the men to the use of the sinks and make the penalty for disobedience of such orders severe.

"For the Hospital.

We recommend:

1. That the tents be floored with planks; if planks cannot be had, with puncheons; and if this be impossible, then with pine straw, to be frequently changed.

2. We find an inadequate supply of stool-boxes. We recommend that the number be increased, and that the nurses be required to remove them as soon as used and, before returning them, see that they are well washed and limed.

3. The diet for the sick is not such as they should have, and we recommend that they be supplied with the necessary quantity of soup, with vegetables.

4. We also recommend that the surgeons be required to visit the hospitals not less than twice a day.

5. We cannot too strongly recommend the necessity for the appointment of an efficient medical officer to the exclusive duty of inspecting the prison hospital and bakery daily, requiring of him to make daily reports of their condition to headquarters.

T. S. Hopkins,
Acting Assistant Surgeon.

Brigadier General John W. Wilson.

Indorsement: Inspection report of Andersonville prison, July, 1864."

Dr. Joseph Jones of the confederate service, says:

"The federal prisoners made frequent forays upon the hospital stores and carried off the food and clothing of the sick.

"The supply of medical officers has been insufficient from the foundation of the prison.

"The nurses and attendants upon the sick have been most generally federal prisoners, who, in too many cases, appear to have been devoid of moral principle, and who not only neglected their duties but were also engaged in extensive robbing of the sick."

"It may be said here that for hospital nurses the rebels detailed the raider element from among our prisoners; these so-called nurses were such persons as were willing to aid in all plans for destroying the lives of our sick.

"From the want of proper police and hygienic regulation alone, it is not surprising that from February 24, 1864, to September 21, there were recorded nine thousand four hundred and seventy-nine deaths, nearly one-third the entire number of prisoners."

Testimony of Surgeon C. C. Roy, Confederate:

"I was told that there were from thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand prisoners in the stockade when I went on duty at Andersonville. They presented the most horrible spectacle of humanity that I ever saw in my life. A good many were suffering from scurvy and other diseases; a good many were naked; a large majority, barefooted; a good many without hats. Their condition generally was almost indescribable. I attributed that condition to long confinement and the want of necessities and comforts of life, and all those causes that are calculated to produce that condition of the system where there is just vitality enough to permit one to live. In the first place, at Andersonville the prisoners were densely crowded. In the next place there was no shelter, except such as they constructed themselves, which was very insufficient. A good many were in holes in the earth, with their blankets thrown over them; a good many had a blanket or oilcloth thrown over poles; some were in tents constructed by their own ingenuity, and with just such accommodations as their own ingenuity permitted them to contrive. There were, as you say, no accommodations made for them in the stockade, and, in fact, it was a very wise thing that none were made there, unless the stockade had been large, because to have filled up the space occupied by this prison with sheds would almost have produced a stagnation of air."

THE CONDITION OF THE PRISONERS IN THE HOSPITAL.

By Acting Assistant Surgeon, J. C. Bates, Confederate.

"I reported to Dr. Stevenson, who assigned me to the third division of the military prison hospital under Dr. Shepard; I was assigned to the fifteenth ward, as then designated.

"Upon going to the hospital, I went immediately to the ward to which I was assigned, and, although I am not an over-sensitive man, I must confess I was rather shocked at the appear-

ance of things. The men were lying partially nude, and dying, and lousy,—a portion of them in the sand and others upon boards which had been stuck up on a little prop, pretty well crowded together, a majority of them in small tents, looking to be tents that were not very serviceable at best. I went round and examined all that were placed in my charge. That was the condition of the men. By and by, as I became familiarized with the condition of affairs, the impressions which were at first produced upon me wore off, more or less. I became familiar with scenes of misery and they did not affect me so much. I inquired into the nature of the rations of the men, for I felt disposed to do my duty; and after the men found that I was inclined to aid them so far as I could in my sphere of action, they frequently asked me for a teaspoonful of salt, or an order for a little siftings that came out of the meal. I would ask them what they wanted siftings for, and some of them said they wished to make some bread. I would inquire into the state of their disease, and if what they asked for would injure them, I would not allow them to have it. I would give them an order for sifted meal where I found that the condition of the patient required something better than siftings. They would come at times in considerable numbers to get these orders for an extra ration, or, if not a ration, whatever portion they could get. I spent a considerable portion of my time in writing orders, and I did it very laconically. I had three words that contained a bona fide order, which should be respected by the head cook or baker. We commonly called him Bob—his name was Allen; he was from Illinois. The order would read in this way: "Bob—meal—Bates." If any more words were attached to it, it was not a genuine order. I used that discrimination in order to favor the sickest of them, so that they might get what they could at the expense, perhaps, of those who could get along better without it. These orders were constantly applied for, and I would sign them until my patience was almost worn out. The meat ration was cooked at a different part of the hospital; and when I would go up there, especially while I was medical officer of the day, the men would gather around me and ask me for a bone. I would grant their requests so far as I could. I would give them whatever I could find at my disposition without robbing others. I well knew that such appropriation of one ration took it from the

general issue; that when I appropriated an extra ration to one man, some one else would fall minus upon that ration. I then fell back upon the distribution of bones. They did not presume to ask me for meat at all. So far as the rations were concerned, that is about the way matters went along for some time after I went there.

"Clothing we had none; the prisoners could not be furnished with any clothing, except that the clothing of the dead was generally appropriated to the living. We thus helped the living along as well as we could.

"Of vermin or lice, there was a very prolific crop. I got to understand practically the meaning of the word 'lousy;' I would generally find some upon myself after retiring to my quarters; they were so numerous that it was impossible for a surgeon to enter the hospital without having some upon him when he came out, if he had touched anybody or anything save the ground; and very often if he merely stood still any considerable length of time he would get them upon him.

"When I went to the hospital I found the men destitute of clothing and bedding; there was a partial supply of fuel, yet not sufficient to keep the men warm and prolong their existence. Shortly after I arrived there I was appointed officer of the day. I learned that the officer of the day was in supreme command of all pertaining to the hospital, and that it was my duty, as such, to go into the various wards and divisions of the hospital and rectify anything that was not as it should be. In visiting the hospital I made a pretty thorough examination. As a general thing, the patients were destitute; they were filthy and partly naked. There seemed to be a disposition only to get something to eat. The clamor all the while was for something to eat. They asked me for orders for this, that, and the other—peas or rice, or salt, or beef tea, or a potato, or a biscuit, or a piece of cornbread, or siftings of meal.

"Medicines were scarce; we could not get what we wished. We drew upon the indigenous remedies; they did not seem to answer. We gathered up large quantities of them, but very few served for medicines as we wished. We wanted the best and most powerful anti-scorbutics, as well as something that was soothing and healing, especially to the lining membrane of the alimentary canal, also such things as were calculated to counteract a dropsical disposition and a gangrenous infection.

Those were prominent things in the hospital. We had not at all times the proper remedies to administer, and the indigenous remedies did not serve us and could not serve us in those complaints. We were obliged to do the best we could.

"There was in my ward a boy of fifteen or sixteen years in whom I felt a particular interest. My attention was more immediately called to him from his youth, and he appealed to me in such a way that I could not well avoid heeding him. He would often ask me to bring him a potato, a piece of bread, a biscuit or something of that kind, which I did. I would put it in my pocket and give it to him. I would sometimes give him a raw potato, and, as he had the scurvy and also gangrene, I would advise him not to cook the potato at all but to eat it raw as an anti-scorbutic. I supplied him in that way for some time, but I could not give him a sufficiency. He came to have bed-sores upon his hips and back, lying upon the ground; we afterwards got him some straw. Those bed-ridden sores had become gangrenous. He became more and more emaciated until he died. The lice, the want of bed and bedding, of fuel and food, united to cause his death.

"I was a little shy. I did not know that I was allowed to take such things to the patients; and I had been so often arrested that I thought it necessary to be a little shy in what I did, and keep it to myself. I would put a potato in my pocket and would turn around and let it drop to this man or that. I did not wish to be observed by anybody. When I first went there I understood that it was positively against the orders to take anything in.

"I can speak of other cases among the patients; two or three others in my ward were in the same condition; and there were others who came to their death from the bad condition of things and the lack of necessary supplies. That is my professional opinion.

"I had occasion to visit the entire hospital occasionally and, so far as I saw, its condition was generally the same as I have been describing. At the time I went there, there were, I think, from the best observation I could make, perhaps 2,000 or 2,500 sick in that hospital.

"We had cases of chilblains or frost-bitten feet. Most generally, in addition to what was said to be frost-bite, there was gangrene. I did not see the sores in the original chilblains.

I do not think I can say if there were any amputations or any deaths resulting from sufferings of that character, not having made up my mind as to whether the amputations were in consequence of chilblains or because, from accidental abrading of the surface, gangrene had set in. But for a while amputations were practiced in the hospital almost daily, arising from a gangrenous and scorbutic condition, which, in many cases, threatened the saturation of the whole system with this gangrenous and offensive matter, unless the limb was amputated. In cases of amputation of that sort, it would sometimes become necessary to re-amputate, because of gangrene's taking hold of the stump again. Some few successful amputations were made. I recollect two or three which were successful. I kept no statistics; those were kept by the prescription clerks and forwarded to headquarters. I did not think at the time that the surgeon-in-chief did all in his power to relieve the condition of those men, and I made my report accordingly.

"In visiting the wards in the morning I would find persons lying dead; sometimes I would find them lying among the living. I recollect on one occasion telling my steward to go up and wake a certain one, and when I went myself to wake him I found he was taking his everlasting sleep. That occurred in another man's ward when I was officer of the day. Upon several occasions, on going into my own wards, I found men whom we did not expect to die, dead from the sensation chilblains had produced during the night. This was in the hospital. I was not so well acquainted with how it was in the stockade. I judge, though, from what I saw, that numbers suffered in the same way there.

"The effect of scurvy upon the systems of the men, as it developed itself there, was the next thing to rottenness. Their limbs would become drawn up. Scurvy would manifest itself constitutionally. It would draw them up. They would go on crutches sideways, or crawl upon their hands and knees, or on their haunches and feet, as well as they could. Some could not eat unless they had food that needed no mastication. Sometimes they would be furnished beef-tea or boiled rice, or something of the kind, but not to the extent which I would like to have seen. In some cases they could not eat corn bread; their teeth would be loose and their gums all bleeding. I have known cases of that kind. I do not speak of it as a general

thing. They would ask me to interest myself in getting them something which they could swallow without subjecting them to so much pain in mastication. It seems to me I did express my professional opinion that men died because they could not eat the rations they got.

"I cannot state what proportion of the men in whose cases it became necessary to amputate from gangrenous wounds, and also to re-amputate from the same cause, recovered. Never having charged my mind on the subject, and not expecting to be called upon in such a capacity, I cannot give an approximate opinion which I would deem reliable. In 1864, amputations from that cause occurred very frequently, indeed; during the short time in 1865 that I was there, amputations were not frequent.

"I cannot state with any certainty the proportion of prisoners treated in the hospital who recovered and were sent back to the stockade. There were clerks appointed to keep all those accounts, and I tried to confine myself strictly to my own duty, so did not interest myself in any statistical enumeration of facts or data.

"The prisoners in the stockade and the hospital were not well protected from the rain; they were protected only by their own meagre means, their blankets, holes in the earth, and such things. In the spring of 1865, when I was in the stockade, I saw a shed thirty feet wide and sixty feet long; the sick principally were in that. They were in about the same condition as those in the hospital. As to the prisoners generally, their only means of shelter from the sun and rain were their blankets, if they carried any along with them. I regarded such lack of shelter as a source of disease."

Authority of Wirz Over the Hospital.

By Surgeon A. V. Barrows, 27th Massachusetts Infantry.

"I have often heard Captain Wirz make remarks in reference to the hospital, at different times. I have sometimes heard him say that he would starve every d—d Yankee there—or something to that effect—when somebody made his escape, or attempted to get away. Whenever a prisoner came there I have heard him make such threats. I have heard such remarks many times when I have been at his office. He used to

come into the hospital about once a week, but never unless he was looking after somebody, or somebody had made his escape. I have seen him around the hospital, also this man Turner with his hounds. We looked upon Captain Wirz as the proper authority to govern things there, not, perhaps, in the medical line, yet as to every other regulation. As to the disciplint, if any one escaped from the hospital he inflicted the punishment; he ordered the men put into the stocks or the chain-gang. I have seen Union soldiers who had tried to make their escape and been caught, put into the chain-gang or the stocks within the stockade.

Rations of the Prisoners in the Hospital.

"The rations of the sick men when I first went there I never weighed. They were very small, indeed. In the month of June the patients in my ward got the same as the others. The daily rations averaged about two ounces of meat a day. Then it was bacon, I think. There were no vegetables issued in that month, or in the fore part of it, at least. Their diet consisted of two ounces of bacon and a small piece of corn-bread in the morning, and at night perhaps two and a half inches square of bread; no coffee, no tea, no sugar at that time, and no flour. Sometimes there was a little rice soup; perhaps a gallon of rice to thirty gallons of water. That is pretty much all I had to live on.

"In July we got a very few vegetables,—collards, which is a species of cabbage, yet not sufficient to give the patients a tablespoonful of vegetable matter per day. Later I had more vegetables, though not every day.

"The last three months I was there I had charge of a surgical ward where the patients got more vegetables. I drew sweet potatoes for them; perhaps they would get a piece a day with their other ration of corn-bread. There were a few times when a little tea was issued; perhaps a quarter of a pound to a ward of a hundred persons for a week. That was not all over the hospital,—merely in gangrene and surgical wards. Some of the patients were unable to eat the corn bread; it was unsifted, coarse, and not very clean. Under such diet the patients would become reduced in strength and gradually run down to the verge of starvation. Many of them became idiotic from want

and exposure, and from the lack of proper food to sustain the vital powers.

"I saw other evidences of starvation manifested by these prisoners. They would steal from each other the small ration they did get, or steal from anybody. They would take anything they could get to eat. I have seen, after the street had been policed and before the dirt was carried away, prisoners look it over to get a potato paring or something of that kind. They were always asking for something to eat, saying they were hungry. Many of these sick men could not eat. From the effects of starvation their gums were bleeding, and their mouths so sore that they were unable to masticate. I remember an instance where a sick man picked up beans or peas which had been eaten and vomited up. That was seen many a time. It was a common occurrence to see the prisoners wading around in the creek picking up the raw peas that had passed through the feeble stomachs undigested, rinse them in the filthy water, and eat them again. Such instances as that were common, indicating starvation."

Vaccination of the Prisoners.

"I had in my ward cases of vaccination. Some men had what I call vaccine sores; they were in the arms, usually; sometimes in the axils. They were the result of vaccination and had, in my opinion, every symptom of secondary syphilis. A person can be impregnated with that disease by inoculation; it is so put down in medical history. I should say I saw two or three hundred cases of that description in the course of my stay there. The sores were as large as my hand, and were produced by vaccination. In my opinion the matter used must have been impure. I considered it as poisonous, judging from the effects and results; there was every appearance of secondary syphilis in the sores. Amputations were necessary from that cause, and I do not remember of one living. Some may have recovered, yet I do not now remember such a case. I have seen men die from the effects of such vaccination in the months of June, July and August,—particularly in 1864. I have had conversations with the surgeons about that matter, and some of them have admitted that, in their opinion, it was poisonous matter. I do not know that I called Dr. White's attention to it espe-

cially. I was not considered as a privileged character there, and so had no opportunities to report. Dr. White had means of knowing it, and must have known it; he visited the hospital very often."

By Oliver B. Fairbanks (Union).

"I saw cases of vaccination. I saw several hundred who had been vaccinated. Large sores originated from the effects of poisonous matter. They were the size of my hand and were on the outside of the arms, also underneath, in the arm-pits. I have seen holes eaten under the arms where I could put my fist in. These cases were in the stockade; they were not in the hospital. I never was in the hospital, except for about two hours at a time. I went out to see my father, who was then in the hospital. I was vaccinated myself. I was at the south gate one morning when the vaccination was being performed. While I was standing there looking on, a surgeon came to me and requested me to roll up my sleeves, as he was going to perform the operation on me. I told him I could not consent to such an operation. He called for a file of guards, and I was taken to Captain Wirz's headquarters. Arriving there, one of the guards went in and directly Captain Wirz came out of his office raging; he wanted to know where that 'G——d d——d Yankee s——n of a b——h' was. I was pointed out to him as being that person. He drew his revolver and presented it within three inches of my face, and wanted to know why I refused to obey his orders. He did not state what orders. After his anger had subsided a little, I asked him to allow me to speak. He said, 'G—d d—d quick, or I'll blow your brains out.' I told him, 'Captain, you are aware that the matter with which I would be vaccinated is poisonous, and therefore I cannot consent to an operation which I know will prove fatal to my life.' He flirted his revolved around and stated that it would serve me G—d d—d right, and that the sooner I would die the sooner he would be rid of me. He ordered the guards to take me away and have a ball and chain put upon me till I would consent to the operation. I was taken away to where the chain-gang was and a ball and chain were brought and riveted to my leg. Then I was turned into the stockade to wear it until I would consent to the operation. I wore it for about

two weeks, when I consented to submit to the operation. I had noticed upon several occasions that the surgeons were very careless in performing the operation; their instruments were dull, and they applied the matter in a very careless manner, allowing the person to go away as soon as they had put the matter in, and without bandaging the arms in any way. I concluded that I could wash the matter out, and, with that calculation, I consented to the operation. As soon as it was performed I went immediately to the brook, took a piece of soap, rubbed the spot and rinsed it, and so saved myself. The vaccine matter did not work in my system. I experienced no effects from it. Up to that time, none had recovered from the effects of vaccination. After that I informed several others what I had done and they saved themselves in the same manner."

Howell Cobb, Major General Commanding, in a letter to General S. Cooper, adjutant general, dated at Macon, Georgia, May 5, 1864, said:

"General: The general management of the prison under Colonel Persons is good, and he manifests a laudable desire to discharge his duties in the most efficient manner. The duties of the inside command are admirably performed by Captain Wirz, whose place it would be difficult to fill. I still think the rank of the commanding officer of the post should be a brigadier general; in view of the number of troops that will be under his command it seems to me he should have that superior rank over those who may be ordered to report to him."

Report of inspection of military prison at Andersonville by D. T. Chandler, Confederate adjutant general and inspector general, to Colonel R. H. Chilton, assistant adjutant general and inspector general.

"My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post, Brigadier General J. H. Winder, and the substitution in his place of some one who unites both energy and good judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as is consistent with their safe keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control; some one who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their

number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside of the stockade, a place the horrors of which it is difficult to describe, and which is a disgrace to civilization; the condition of which he might, by the exercise of a little energy and judgment, even with the limited means at his command, have considerably improved.

In obedience to instructions, I shall now proceed to the headquarters of the army of Tennessee, and request that any communications for me be forwarded there to the care of the chief of staff.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. T. Chandler."

DOGS OR HOUNDS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The following extracts were taken from testimony given upon the trial of Wirz. Colonel George C. Gibbs, C. S. A. on duty at Andersonville:

"I know that there were dogs kept on the place. They were intended, on the escape of the prisoners, to track them, so that they could be recaptured. They were used in that way. I do not know how they were subsisted, except in this: that after the prison became almost empty of prisoners, when there were none left but a few sick, the dogs were subsisted by corn meal furnished by the commissary. I hear they were mustered into the confederate service as horses, but I do not know of my own knowledge that they were. A man named Turner had them in charge; I do not know his given name or what became of him."

Nazareth Allen, Private Third Georgia Reserves, C. S. A. says:

"At the time that these thirteen men were to be ironed, one of them, whom we called 'Little Frenchy' got away; a hound was put upon his track. I ran down to the little swamp, between a quarter and a half mile off. Just as I got to the swamp I heard a shot from a pistol, and I saw the man in a tree. Captain Wirz came up and ordered the man to come down. The man begged that the dogs should not be allowed

to hurt him. He made the man come down, and with that the dogs rushed at him. I could see the dogs run and grab him by the legs. Captain Wirz did not try to keep the dogs from the man, though he could have done so. I do not know who fired the pistol; I only heard the report. The prisoner had been sent with a gang two days before to be chained. He was not chained afterward. I saw him two or three days afterwards in the guard quarters, without the chains upon him; I saw him sitting and walking about in there as I passed. I did not notice his wounds; I was not near enough to him to see whether he had wounds or not."

William Dillard, one of the Confederate guards at Andersonville, says:

"Hounds were kept there to catch prisoners trying to make their escape,—and our own men also. I saw them catch a man called 'Frenchy.' I was walking my beat, I suppose some three hundred yards off. I saw Captain Wirz and Reed, the provost marshal, and the man with the dogs, hunting up and down before they started on the man's track. After a time the dogs got on the trail and treed the man, and after that I saw Captain Wirz come down and heard a pistol or gun fired and saw the smoke rise. I was more than three hundred yards from where they were with the dogs. I heard the men halloo and the dogs making a fuss. I saw the smoke rise from the gun. I could not tell from what person the smoke seemed to rise. It was in the bushes and I could not see. I could not say whether the man was hurt by the dogs, only from hearsay. I saw the dogs running down the brook before they treed him. I did not see them at all when they were at him."

Colonel James H. Fannin, First Regiment Georgia Reserves, C. S. A.:

"Sergeant Turner, the owner of the dogs, belonged to the first regiment Georgia reserves, my own regiment, company H. I was not personally acquainted with all the men in the different companies; I do not know that I ever saw Turner until an order came from General Winder, in June or July, 1864, requiring this man Turner to report to him in person. I recollect sending for the man and his reporting to me; I sent him over to General Winder and he came back and reported

to me that General Winder had given him a furlough to go home; I said that that was something rather irregular; I asked him what business he was ordered on; he said that the general had ordered him to go home and get a pack of negro dogs he had, and to bring them there in order to capture prisoners. I told him that I should object to anything of that kind. I was needing all the men I had at the time, as the guard duty was very heavy; but I was overruled. He was sent after the dogs, and returned with them in the latter part of June, I think, or about the first or middle of July. I did not know the man personally until he reported in pursuance of that order, though his company had joined the regiment about the 15th or 18th of April, 1864. I have reason to believe that it was formed in White county, Georgia, and that its members mostly lived there. He was detailed by General Winder's orders; I should not have respected the order if Captain Wirz had detailed that man. Dogs were used to catch the confederate soldiers; some men deserted; the dogs were put on the track, and overtook them; they were brought in by this man Turner; they were used for capturing Union prisoners and Confederate soldiers, I believe. I know of but one instance of their overtaking Confederate soldiers; I think some eight or nine were pursued at that time; they were pursued about ninety miles."

James P. Stone, Second Vermont Volunteers, says:

"The first dogs that were used belonged to a man by the name of Harris. This Harris lived some five or six miles, I suppose, from Andersonville. He had a pack of eight hounds, besides one dog which they called a 'catch dog.' That dog always went with the pack. Harris did the hunting there for a long while before they got the regular prison hounds. He used to be there every day, and always in the morning he would make a circuit around the stockade to see if any had escaped, and if any had he would, of course, follow them; he would always scour the country all around. It was said he was hired by the authorities to do that; that was his business; I presume it was. Harris was there from the first. And then they had some more dogs which a man by the name of Turner tended. These dogs did not come there, I think, until May; at any rate it was some time after I went to Andersonville before the second pack was there. I think there were two

packs. Turner tended about fifteen dogs which were kept exclusively for hunting down prisoners. Turner's dogs were kept at the post. Those dogs were fed by rations drawn from the bakery, the same as the prisoners were fed on. I have seen Turner draw rations for them many a time. He had a young man about eighteen or twenty years old who assisted him, and that young man used frequently to draw rations for the dogs. I do not know whether they were on the provision return. I issued the rations to the man several times. He would usually, I think, present a paper. I know that he did so once because I showed it to several prisoners in the bakery, with Captain Wirz's name on it. All it said was, 'Give this man all the bread and meat he wants for the dogs.' The man would tell how much bread and how much meat he wanted. I have seen a prisoner who had been torn by the dogs. In the month of July or August, perhaps August, I saw one young man who had made his escape. I don't know how far he got. I think not a great distance. It was the dogs of the old man Harris, that caught him. The man was very badly torn. They were carrying him by the bakery. They stopped there, and there was where I saw him. I asked him a few questions. He was very weak and could hardly answer. His legs were all bitten up and he was bitten a great deal around the neck and shoulders. He belonged to some western regiment; I think an Ohio regiment, yet I would not be positive of that. I did not learn his name. He said he had made his escape and climbed a tree.

"The young man, as I said, was very weak when he made his escape; in fact, he probably ought not to have tried it, and then he was torn by the dogs and was, of course, much weakened by the loss of blood which he had to incur; his legs were torn so that he could not walk, his shoulders and neck were torn, and his clothing was nearly all torn off from him. The young man stopped for a few minutes by the bakery and, of course, we all went out to see him, and he told us he belonged to a western regiment and was trying to make his escape to Atlanta; the dogs overtook him and he climbed a tree; and he said that this old gentleman, Harris, and Captain Wirz shook the tree so that he fell down, and then they allowed the dogs to tear him. That was the young man's statement. I understand that he died that night. I did not see him after that, but

it was said next morning that he was dead, and I suppose he was. He had been taken to the hospital."

Thomas N. Way, Union prisoner, testifies to the death of a young man by the name of Fred, who was caught by the hounds in attempting to escape.

John A. Cain, Union prisoner, says:

"I knew of a young man's being brought to the stockade after he was caught by the hounds. I went out to see him and asked him what was the matter. He told me he had been caught by the bloodhounds and torn very badly. Part of his cheek was torn off, and his arms and hands and legs were so gnawed that he lived only about twenty-four hours after being brought into the stockade. That was in October, 1864, I think. I do not know the date exactly when I left Andersonville. I got to Savannah, Georgia, in December, 1864. I do not know the name of the man who was bitten by the dogs and died in the stockade."

The Dogs. By Dr. Barrows (Union).

"I have seen the hounds used at the prison. I think the first time I saw them was in the fore part of the month of June, 1864. At that time some one had made his escape from the hospital. The dogs were brought to the hospital and taken round the place to see where the man went away, and then they took the trail and caught the man and he was brought back and put in the stocks. I have seen Captain Wirz on horseback with the party who were running the hounds. I could not say that he was running them. Turner had command of them, but I have seen Wirz order the men off—I mean the men who had charge of the hounds. I have heard him give orders to Sergeant Smith, I think his name was, to start the hounds, as some one had got away from the hospital, or something to that effect, at a good many different times.

"I remember a man's making his escape from the hospital in July and being overtaken by the hounds. A large portion of his ear was torn off and his face mangled, and he was afterwards brought into the hospital. The man got well. This was in July or August, 1864. I do not remember the exact date. I remember also, that at the end of August, or in September, 1864, a man who had been bitten badly by the dogs,

in trying to make his escape, was brought into my ward and died. The wound took on gangrene, and this caused his death. He was a Union prisoner. I am not certain whether he was trying to escape from the stockade or the hospital. I cannot state the exact date of his death. It was either the last of August or in the fore part of September. If my memory serves me right, I should say he died four or five days after he was torn by the dogs. I know the wound took on gangrene and that he died. The gangrene was manifested in the wound, and in no other part. He was bitten through the throat on the side of the neck and it was there that the gangrene set in.

CHAIN-GANG.

John F. Heath, Confederate soldier, rank as captain, says:

"I reside in Macon, Georgia. I have been in the confederate service. In 1861 I was in the 20th regiment Georgia volunteers. I was commissary, with the rank of captain. In April, 1864, I was in the Georgia Reserve Corps. I was on duty at Andersonville from May till October, 1864. I know the prisoner; I have seen him at Andersonville. I understood that he commanded the prison at Andersonville. I never received any orders from him directly. I was never on duty at the prison but one day.

"There were thirteen prisoners sent over from headquarters to be ironed. I think it was in August; I was officer of the day. They were sent over to me from the provost marshal's office to be ironed, but they were not ironed that day. I think on the second or third day afterward twelve of them were ironed. The men were sent over under guard with an order from Captain Wirz. I did not read the order. I was ordered by a man named Reeves, who pretended to be a provost marshal at Andersonville. The men came from Brigadier General John H. Winder's headquarters on the occasion I have referred to. There was one man chained in the gang of twelve who was sick at the time he was chained. I could not say to my certain knowledge what became of him. I know that I saw him several days afterward very sick; every man who was chained with him objected to it. The man had the diarrhea, I should judge from the looks of his clothes, and he was very lousy. I could see from a distance the lice crawling over him.

His comrades objected to being chained with him because of his condition; their objections were not heeded, and he was chained with them."

Alexander Kennell, Union soldier, says:

"In one case I had a conversation with a man in the hospital who had been taken out of the chain-gang, and I saw his body carried to the dead-house three days after I had the conversation with him. He told me in that conversation that he had not been able to walk since he had been taken out of the chain-gang. He died there in the hospital. That was in August, 1864. The man was very much emaciated and was sore in the ankles where the ball had been put on. I saw no other marks on his person."

Andrew J. Spring, Union prisoner, says:

"During the night, all the men in a chain gang had to lie down at one time; when one was sick, and so obliged to lie down, the others were compelled to lie, too. They were outside of the stockade, right up at the southwest corner. Those men were kept there for two months, and I presume longer. I cannot testify how long, but it was all of two months."

Charles E. Tibbles, Union prisoner, says:

"I saw the men in the chain gang while I was outside. I saw men in that evil contrivance who were nothing but skeletons. The first man I saw in it had a shackle around one foot attached to a large ball, I cannot say what size, but I think was a sixty-four pounder. There were six in a row, each of them having one of his legs fastened to a large ball. On the other leg there was another ball, I think a thirty-two pounder, with a short chain. The next squad that I saw there —it may have been part of the same, who were not yet released,—were fastened in the same way, only each had an iron band around his neck and a chain running from one to the other clear round."

Robert Tate, Union prisoner, says:

"I have not seen Captain Wirz put any men in the chain-gang, but he gave the orders to have it done. I saw twelve men chained together; they had three balls, each weighing

sixty pounds, in the center of them and then on each leg on the outside there was a ball of thirty-two pounds, and they were chained together by the necks each chain about a foot and a half long, and with iron collars around their necks. They had been put in chains for attempting to escape. I saw men put in chains when ladies were present. I saw them put in when Captain Wirz's wife and his daughters were there. I saw the captain give the orders to walk them around and show his lady and daughters the way they walked; they stood and laughed at it and thought it was sport. That was in July. He made them walk about twenty yards. I saw men die, not exactly in the chain-gang; they were released about ten hours before they died. One man was very sick when he was put in. He remained in the chain-gang about two days. One evening the surgeon in charge told Captain Wirz he had better take that man out; Captain Wirz gave orders to have him released. The next morning I saw the man hauled to the graveyard; I do not know whether the chains were on him when he died or not."

By Dr. Barrows (Union Prisoner.)

"I have seen six men in the chain-gang, and I remember seeing eighteen men in at one time; a heavy chain ran from one to the other, and round their necks, chaining all together in a circle as it were. They were connected with handcuffs on their hands, and balls and chains to their feet connected in some way with the circular chain that ran from one to the other. That is as near as I can describe it. A 32 pound ball was attached to the chain, or a smaller ball, perhaps ten or twenty pounds. I am not able to state the exact size. The prisoners were confined in the chain-gang all hours of the day. I have known of some men being there for a week, and some two weeks, at different times. The time would vary. The men would have to be there as long as Captain Wirz saw fit to let them remain. They were without shelter in both sun and rain. At the best the effect upon the men must be to weaken them—reduce their strength. I cannot testify that I saw any prisoners die from being confined in the chain-gang. I have no doubt of the fact, although I did not see the men die."

THE STOCKS.

By Dr. A. V. Barrows.

"The stocks consisted of a frame about six feet high, with boards that shut together leaving just room enough for a man's neck, and arranged so that his arms were fastened at full length each way, his feet just touching the ground. I have seen cases where the men could have the privilege of standing on their feet with their whole weight; and I have also seen them where they could merely touch the ground with their toes. I have seen men punished in the stocks both ways. There was a different kind of stocks from that I have described. There was one kind for putting the men's feet in the stocks, and balls and chains on their hands, with their feet elevated. The men would be lying; or I do not know but that they might sit up. I do not remember any other description of stocks but that.

By Nazareth Allen.

"I have seen the stocks and seen men in them; I have seen several put into the stocks, and some ten or twelve in the chain-gang. I know that one prisoner died in the chain-gang or stocks; I won't be certain which, yet I think in the stocks. I think it was some time in August, 1864. I do not know what his sickness was; he appeared to be sick when I saw him. I saw him only once or twice, and afterwards I saw him dead. I don't recollect how long afterwards; I was passing there almost every day for several days; I cannot say how long he was confined in the stocks. There were several in the stocks. I do not know why this man was placed in there; I think, though, it was for trying to escape. The stocks were between Captain Wirz's headquarters and the stockade,—on the road you would take in going to the stockade."

WHIPPING.

Vicenzio Bardo, Union prisoner, testifies that, having disguised himself in an attempt to escape, he was brought back and put into the stocks by the officers, who afterward give him twenty-five lashes on his back. He was then taken out of the stocks and returned to the stockade for four hours; and then was placed in the stocks for another four hours.

William Henry Jennings, Union prisoner (colored), testified to being whipped with thirty lashes by order of Wirz, in March, 1864. They were inflicted by Turner, the man who ran the hounds, upon the bare back of the soldier. He was immediately placed in the stocks.

John Fisher, another colored soldier, testifies to having been whipped with thirty-nine lashes, and bucked and gagged, in October. The witness also speaks of Isaac Hawkins, Abe Woodward, and George Washington as having been whipped at the prison.

Henry C. Lull, Union prisoner, testifies to having seen a colored soldier whipped there. He was whipped for not going out to work in the morning.

SHOOTING OF PRISONERS BY THE GUARD.

By Dr. Barows (Union).

I have often heard Captain Wirz tell the guard at the hospital that if any of those Yanks tried to get away to shoot them. We had no dead line established there. I remember one of our soldiers being shot in the hospital. He was a man from my ward. I don't remember his name. It was in August, 1864. He was cold, and there was a fire inside the enclosure in the south part of the hospital. It was swampy there, and there was no ground for the guard to stand on, and so they were stationed inside the hospital at one portion of it. Where this shooting happened the board fence came down to the swamp, and there the guards were on the other side. This was a patient in my ward. He got up to go and warm himself beside the fence, perhaps five or six feet from it. A confederate soldier put his gun barrel through the fence and shot him, breaking his thigh. His limb was amputated by Dr. White. Within five to seven days he died. He was shot inside of the hospital. This happened sometime in August, 1864."

By Thos. C. Alcoke (Union).

"One day there was a man sitting down,—a kind of weakly man. Captain Wirz passed into the stockade, when this man got up and asked him if he could go out to get some fresh air. Captain Wirz asked him what he meant by that. The poor fellow wormed around and said he wanted air. There was something else said, when Captain Wirz wheeled, pulled out a revolver and shot him down. This was sometime in the summer and two months after I got there. The ball took effect in the breast; he died about two or three hours afterwards. After that I was standing pretty close by. I said something to Captain Wirz that he did not like; he turned around and said I had better look out or he would put me in the same place. I spoke the way I felt, saying that I was not a bit afraid of it. Pretty soon afterwards Captain Wirz came in with a corporal and two guards and put me in irons. He kept a ball and chain on me the whole time I was there. I kept working at the ball and chain every day, and at last I got it so I could get it off, and I made my escape from the prison. I went from the prison to St. Louis, from there to Memphis and from Memphis to my regiment."

By Samuel D. Brown (Union).

"I saw Captain Wirz while at Andersonville. I knew him to commit acts of cruelty—once especially. On or about the 15th of May, 1864, I wrote a letter to my parents and took it to the south gate where the letter-box was. As I came up near the gate I saw a cripple—a man with one leg—on crutches; he had lost the other leg above the knee. He was asking the sentinel to call Captain Wirz. He called him and in a few minutes he came up. I stopped to see what was going to be done. The captain came up and the man asked him to take him outside of the prison as he had enemies in the camp. I presume it was Captain Wirz. I did not know him so well then. Captain Wirz was the man that was called. This cripple asked him to take him out; he said his leg was not healed and that he had enemies in camp who clubbed him. Captain Wirz never answered him, but he said to the sentinel, 'Shoot that one-legged Yankee devil.' I was there and heard the order, and



CHARLES H. RUSSELL

Secretary of the Commission

saw the man turn on his crutches to go away. As he turned the sentinel fired, and the ball struck him on the head and passed out at the lower jaw. The man fell over and expired in a few minutes. The prisoner was perhaps two feet inside the dead line, which was twenty-five or thirty feet from the stockade, and almost parallel with it, so that the man was probably thirty feet away from the muzle of the gun."

By Charles H. Russell (Union).*

"I saw a man shot at the creek one morning in June. We were down for water. There was a big crowd there. The ground near the creek was very slippery where the boys were running in and out and spilling water. A fellow there, who looked very weak and sick, tried to get some water, but he slipped and fell, sticking his arm under the dead line,—nothing but his arms. I was within six feet of him when the guard raised his gun and fired and shot him down. The man did not speak a word afterwards.

"I do not know that man's name nor his regiment. I did not see Captain Wirz present at that time. About the 20th of July, I think, there was a man shot on the south side, at a little spring where they had dug a hole in the ground about eight feet from the dead line on the south side of the creek. He was there getting water; quite a number were getting water at the same time. They were crowding around to see who would get the water first. This man got crowded inside the deadline and the guard shot him. The guard stood on the first post on the south side of the creek. Captain Wirz came along shortly afterwards and went to the stand where the sentry was, and I saw him shake hands with the sentry. Shortly afterwards the sentry went down and another soldier took his place. When he shook hands with the sentry he called him a bully fellow, or something of that sort. I heard nothing said about furloughs at the time. At one time I was detailed to go out and get some wood. There was a confederate soldier who made a practice of going out in the woods where the boys went for fuel and trading with them there, out of the sight of the officers. He said that there was an

* Secretary of the Wisconsin Monument Commission.

order out that they would get furloughs for every Yankee they killed."

CONDITION OF THE PRISONERS IN THE STOCKADE.

By Felix De La Baume (Union).

"I left Andersonville, finally, April 19, 1865; we were once before taken away as far as Thomasville for the purpose of exchange, but we had to return. It was the 4th of April when we left there the first time. On coming to Andersonville I had no shelter whatever. In Richmond everything of value had been taken from me,—my watch and chain, and $250.00 in money; everything was taken from us; we had to strip ourselves as far as to the shirt. The provost marshal in Richmond, with several of his men, searched us there and took everything away from us. Coming to Andersonville I had no blanket or anything of the kind; I was put into the stockade and had to lie down and sleep wherever I could find a place; it was very difficult to find a room even in the sand and mud to lie down and sleep without being trampled on."

By Charles H. Russell (Union).

"About one-quarter of the entire stockade was swamp. That swamp was covered eighteen inches or two feet deep with maggots, and you could see them all in a ferment crawling around. We were obliged to go into the swamp. When I first entered the prison we had to wade through it to get to the water in the creek. I have seen men in there digging roots to get wood to cook their meals with. They would dig because the roots and stumps and everything else that would burn had been dug out of the dry ground. They had to dig there or eat their meals uncooked. That was in the months of May, June, July and August; along in July they commenced to bring dirt down from the hills to cover the swamp. Before I left they had got a good portion of it, perhaps half, covered, and the men were tenting on it."

By Dr. F. G. Castlen, Confederate.

"I have been in the Confederate army during the last two years; from May until September, 1864, at Andersonville, the

remaining portion of the time in South Carolina. I was surgeon of the Third Georgia Reserves while at Andersonville. I occasionally had opportunities of observing the prisoners in the stockade at Andersonville. Their condition was deplorable; language could not express the condition in which I saw them at that time. The stench was intolerable. It sometimes came to my camp, a half mile distant. It was only during an east wind that I was troubled with the stench arising from the stockade. I saw negroes at work there at one time. I do not know in what numbers, twenty or thirty, I suppose."

PRIVATE PROPERTY TAKEN FROM PRISONERS.

By Thos. C. Alcoke. (Union).

"When I arrived at Andersonville I was searched and my cooking utensils and money were taken from me; Captain Wirz took them from me. Yes, I know Captain Wirz. He took from me a belt with $150 in gold, and the balance in greenbacks, amounting to $280 altogether. He also took from me my pocket knife, a breast pin, and a gold ring that I had in my pocket-book. He never returned any of the property to me."

By Charles H. Russell (Union).

"When I got there I was taken to Captain Wirz's headquarters, where I gave in my name and regiment. Captain Wirz was in the office at the time, and when he heard me name my regiment, he gave his orderly orders to "take every d—n thing that Yankee cavalry s—n of a b—h has"; and the orderly took everything I had. I had been wounded in my left hand, and had a ring on one of my fingers that I thought I couldn't get off, I was so badly hurt; but the orderly came and took the ring away from me."

Q. What else was taken from you?

A. "I didn't have anything else to take."

(To the Court): "I had on a shirt and a pair of pants and an old pair of boots; they did not take those. The ring which was taken from me was never returned to me. I do not know who got it. I know the orderly at Captain Wirz's headquarters took it from me, and that is the last I ever saw of it."

RATIONS.

By Oliver B. Fairbanks (Union).

"I noticed storehouses at the depot when I was living there the first time. That was in September, 1864. I saw a large log building about a story and a half high, with one of the doors open. It was pretty well stored with provisions. I also saw a large amount on the platform. They were all in sacks. I did not see anything besides sacks. My rations for twenty-four hours I could eat in one meal—and still be hungry. The quality of my rations was very inferior. They consisted of corn meal of the coarsest kind, sometimes very poorly baked and very filthy, a great many flies, and sometimes maggots, baked in it. We also got beans which were cooked pods and all, and we often found in them stones as large as marbles. These rations were not weighed."

SUPPLIES FROM THE NORTH.

By James K. Davidson (Union).

"I have seen Captain Wirz use crackers and cheese and dried beef, rations belonging to Union prisoners. He was making a breakfast of it one morning in his office, the morning when I was paroled. I do not recollect seeing him using these supplies more than once. I have been very often at his office, and I would always see a box of sanitary provisions open there. I have seen boxes opened at the depot. I do not know that he sent the sanitary provisions into the stockade for the soldiers. I do not know that those sanitary boxes were sent to his office for that purpose. I do not think they could get in there without his permission. I never saw him eating them but that one morning for breakfast. I never saw them being used anywhere else. I saw boxes at the depot, open. I believe that the quartermaster's building was the only place in which they were stored away. I saw a large number of boxes at the depot in July or August. I should judge that I saw there 400 or 500 boxes of different sizes. Some of them were large dry goods boxes. Some of them were ordinary boxes, such as hard tack is put in. They were not all of that description; some of them were larger. They seemed to be

generally of that size. I do not know what was in all of them. I did not examine any of them. I do not know how many of them were open. I did see dried fruit and crackers in those that were open. Some of the fruit was in cans and some of it was not. The boxes at the depot were right west of the commissary building—not adjoining the rebel commissary building. There was not room for more than a wagon to drive between the buildings and the boxes. They did not lie just as they were taken off the cars. They had been hauled out there. They remained there all summer. The piles did not increase."

By Frank Maddox, (Union).

"I saw thirteen boxes of sanitary stores come there; I helped unload them and put them in Captain Wirz's office. I do not know what became of them. They gave the men at the cookhouse some and some were sent to the hospital. I do not know what became of the balance. I saw Captain Wirz wearing blue pants and sanitary shirts. We asked him for some of the clothes and he would not give them to us. We were naked and barefooted."

CAPTAIN WIRZ' RECEIPTS FOR SUPPLIES.

Headquarters Commandant of Prison,
Camp Sumter, Nov. 12, 1864

Captain: I received yesterday by railroad (18) eighteen packages of clothing for the federal prisoners of war at this post, to-wit:

Five bales of blankets, consisting of 399 pieces.
One box of shoes, consisting of 60 pairs.
Four boxes of pants, consisting of 240 pieces.
Three boxes of drawers, consisting of 396 pieces.
One box of socks, consisting of 396 pieces.
Four boxes of shirts, consisting of 324 pieces.

I shall distribute them without delay and forward you the receipts of the prisoners, when completed.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. Wirz,
Captain Commanding Prison.

Captain T. W. Neely,
Assistant Quartermaster.

By Wm. Bull, (Union).

"I saw sanitary clothing there. Out of every hundred men about ten got a little—pants or something of that kind. I saw rebels have some of the clothing on—pants, shoes and blankets. I do not know how they got them. I saw some rebel sergeants have them. Captain Wirz gave me orders, when I went to Colonel Thomas's house, not to go into his house. Mrs. Thomas, the lady I was workng for, told me one day to go over there. I told her what Captain Wirz had said. She said that it made no difference, and she sent me over with a note. I passed through two or three rooms in Captain Wirz' house, and in one room I saw two or three boxes. I had heard that he had some shoes there. I looked into one box and saw some sanitary shoes in it. I do not know what was in the other boxes. I saw sanitary shoes on his nigger's feet, which he had given to her. I saw two or three pair that she had. These boxes were common shoe boxes about a foot and a half wide and four or five feet long."

AUTHORITY OF WIRZ OVER THE HOSPITAL.

Q. Who had control of the hospital so far as its discipline was concerned? Who had command of the guards stationed about it?

A. There was always a sergeant at the gate who was under the control of Captain Wirz.

Q. Had Captain Wirz any command over you surgeons, other than that of stationing the guards about you and giving you passes to the hospital?

A. Under his orders, which I had occasion to see once, I think his power was almost absolute.

Q. Had Captain Wirz other command over you than that of allowing you to go back and forth to the hospital on his passes? Had he control over the administrations of your duties?

A. He did not exercise that control, though his orders gave him such power.

Q. Did the prisoner ever state to you that he had command over your action in the administration of your duties?

A. He did.

Q. State the circumstances.

A. At one time, in consequence of a difficulty between one of my assistants and Captain Wirz, we had occasion to call for these orders, and the orders were presented. Assistant surgeon Dr. James had written a communication to me about the punishment of one of the hospital attendants of his division by Captain Wirz, which communication I indorsed and sent to Dr. Clayton, who was then senior surgeon. He forwarded it to Colonel Thurlow, who was then commandant of the post at Andersonville, and it was referred to Captain Wirz for remarks. When the paper was returned to Colonel Thurlow I am not able to say, but it never came back to me. No indorsement was put upon the paper, but a reply was made in a communication from Captain Wirz, which reply made it necessary for Dr. James to find out what were the orders. In other words, it made it necessary for us, as medical officers, to know the relations which we held with the officers or the post. We found out from the orders that we held no power, that we had, you may say, no rights; and that if Captain Wirz felt disposed to do anything in the hospital which his orders allowed him to do, he could do it without consulting a medical officer.

Q. From whom did he get that authority?

A. From Brigadier General John H. Winder.

Q. What was General Winder's status at that time?

A. He was not there at that time.

Q. Where was he?

A. I do not know; he made his headquarters at Millen. I do not recollect where he was then, whether at Columbia, Florence or Savannah.

Q. Do you know anything of the prisoner's putting men of the hospital in stocks, or exercising his command over attendants at the hospital?

A. I saw one instance, and I am fully convinced in my own mind of another.

Q. Give the instance you saw.

A. That was the case of the young man to whom I have just alluded, the chief clerk of Dr. James, who was bucked. He was sitting outside the gate as I rode up to the hospital one morning. I inquired the cause, and was told that Captain Wirz had ordered it.

Q. Do you know the reason why the man was bucked?

A. I knew it from that communication which I have mentioned.

D. T. Chandler, confederate, says:

"I was in the service of the Confederate government from February, 1863, until the close of the war. I held the appointment of lieutenant colonel in the adjutant general's department, and was later assigned to duty as inspector general. I was the officer who made the report signed 'D. T. Chandler.' I have no retraction whatever to make in regard to the condition of the prison at Andersonvile, as represented in my report. I devoted about a week, something less than a week, to an inspection of that place. The report was based upon the information conveyed to me in official communications from General Winder and the officers of his staff, inspection of the books and papers, the records of the different offices of that post, and actual inspection of the troops, the stockade and the hospital. I will further state that I had some conversation with the prisoners in the stockade. I noticed that General Winder seemed very indifferent to the welfare of the prisoners, indisposed to do anything, or to do as much as I thought he ought to do to alleviate their sufferings. I remonstrated with him as well as I could, and he used that language which I reported to the department with reference to it, the language stated in that report.

"When I spoke of the great mortality existing among the prisoners, and pointed out to him that the sickly season was coming on, and that it must necessarily increase unless something was done for their relief,—the swamp, for instance, drained, proper food furnished them and in better quantity, and other sanitary suggestions which I made to him,—he replied to me that he thought it was better to let half of them die than to take care of them. I would like to state to the court that before he used this language to me, my assistant, who was with me, Major Hall, had reported to me that he had used similar language to him,—made use of similar expressions. I mention this to show the court that I am not mistaken; that my recollection is clear. My assistant, Major Hall, had reported to me officially that General Winder had used this language in conversation with him. I told him I thought it incredible; that he must be mistaken. He told me, no; that he had not only said

it once but twice, and, as I have stated, he subsequently made use of this expression to me."

SUPPLIES FOUND IN GEORGIA AND ALABAMA IN 1864–'65.

By George Welling (Union).

I have been in the military service of the United States for four years as lieutenant colonel of the 4th Kentucky cavalry. My regiment was ordered to Albany, Georgia. I took the command of the post about the first of May. I passed very often up and down the railroad from Albany to Macon; I stopped at Andersonville fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. I was never at the stockade. I was with General Wilson's command from the time it left the Tennessee river until we left that part of the country, about the 20th of last August. The confederate commissaries and quartermasters who were located at Albany turned over the stores and provisions they had there. There were thirty-one thousand pounds of bacon turned over by Captain John Davis, confederate commissary, and five hundred bags of salt; the amount of corn I do not recollect. There was a large quantity of corn and bacon in the country through which we passed. Parties, after we went there, proposed to supply us with any quantities needed for General Wilson's army. There were three grain mills in the vicinity. The mill at Albany, which was built by the confederate government, had two run of stones. A mill some four miles from there, which I never visited, had, I understood, the same number. That mill at Albany was capable of grinding from four to five hundred bushels of corn in the twenty-four hours. This mill, turned over to us by the confederate government at Albany, had a very good bolting cloth in it and ground very good flour. We made very good flour in it after we took possession. They had a bakery there with four ovens, where they baked hard bread; some of that hard bread I saw, and it was very good."

By W. T. Davenport (Confederate).

"I reside in Americus, Sumter county, Georgia. I was there during the rebellion. From April, 1864, till the surrender I was tithe agent for Sumter county. I have made a memoranda of the amount of stores and provisions, coming into my hands dur-

ing the year 1864. I can make a statement with regard to it. I made this memorandum carefully from the books in order to refresh my memory as to the amounts received from the first of April, 1864, till the first of January, 1865, and from the first of January, 1865, till the surrender. The amount of bacon received at that depot from Sumter county and from the counties of Schley, Webster, and Marion for the year 1864 was 247,763 pounds. We received of corn 38,900 bushels; of wheat, 3,567 bushels; of rice, 3,420 pounds, (in the rough); of peas, we received 817 bushels; of sirup of West India cane and sorghum (we made no distinction), 3,700 gallons; of sugar, 1,166 pounds. From the first of January, 1865, till the 9th of April, which was the time of surrender, I received from those same counties 155,726 pounds of bacon and 13,591 bushels of corn. I received only 86 bushels of wheat. This was the remnant due on the old crop, the new crop not having been gathered. That was the reason the amount was so small. We collected one-tenth of the whole crop. There was a depot at Andersonville. Some portions of the tithes were delivered there, and others were delivered to traveling companies that received tithes which were not reported to me."

WIRZ'S STATEMENT THAT HE HAD SERVED IN THE UNION ARMY.

By Charles H. Russell, (Union).

About the 4th of June, 1864, Captain Wirz came into the stockade and said that Johnston had cleaned out Sherman and taken him prisoner, with about half of his army. He was feeling well about it. I tented right close to the south gate, or rather I stayed there with some fellows who had a bough-house up. Captain Wirz came in there and sat down, and got to talking about his being in our army. He said he was an orderly sergeant in an Illinois regiment, and had fought under Sigel in Arkansas. There is one of our men alive, by the name of Nelson Chittenden, of Wisconsin, who heard the same statement. I do not know whether Captain Wirz was lying or not.

LETTER OF CAPTAIN WIRZ TO GENERAL J. H. WILSON.

Andersonville, Ga., May 7, 1865.

General: It is with great reluctance that I address you these lines, being fully aware how little time is left you to attend to such matters as I now have the honor to lay before you. If I could see any other way to accomplish my object I would not intrude upon you. I am a native of Switzerland, and was, before the war, a citizen of Louisiana, and am by profession a physician. Like hundreds and thousands of others, I was carried away by the maelstrom of excitement and joined the southern army. I was very seriously wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Virginia, and have nearly lost the use of my right arm. Unfit for field duty, I was ordered to report to Brevet Major General John H. Winder, in charge of federal prisoners of war, who ordered me to take harge of a prison in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. My health failing me there, I applied for a furlough and went to Europe, whence I returned in February, 1864. I was then ordered to report to the commandant of the military prison at Andersonville, Georgia, who assigned me to the command of the interior of the prison. The duties I had to perform were arduous and unpleasant, and I am satisfied that no man can or will justly blame me for things that happened there, and which were beyond my power to control. I do not think that I ought to be held responsible for the shortness of rations, for the overcrowded state of the prison,—which was of itself a prolific source of fearful mortality,—for the inadequate supplies of clothing, want of shelter, etc.

Still, I now bear the odium, and men who were prisoners have seemed disposed to wreak their vengeance upon me for what they have suffered; I was only the medium, or, I may better say, the tool in the hands of my superiors. This is my condition. I am a man with a family. I lost all property when the federal army besieged Vicksburg. I have no money at present to go to any place; and, even if I had, I know of no place where I can go. My life is in danger, and I most respectfully ask of you help and relief. If you will be so generous as to give me some sort of safe conduct, or, what I should greatly prefer, a guard to protect myself and family against violence, I shall be thankful to you; and you may rest assured that your

protection will not be given to one who is unworthy of it. My intention is to return with my family to Europe, as soon as I can make the arrangements. In the meantime, I have the honor, general, to remain very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Hy Wirz, Captain C. S. A.*

Major General J. H. Wilson,
U. S. A. Commissary, Macon, Georgia.

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* This letter showed Wirz to be a sneaking coward, well aware of the enormity of his crime and fearing the wrath of his victims. The authorities were compelled to disguise him in order to enable them to get him to Washington for the trial. What he said of his being a tool in the hands of his superiors was a fact, yet he was selected because of his adaptation and willingness to carry out their evil designs.—D. G. J.

CHAPTER XII.

FINDINGS OF THE COURT.

The court, being cleared for deliberation, and having maturely considered the evidence adduced, find the accused, Henry Wirz, as follows:

Of the specification to charge 1, "guilty," after amending the specification to read as follows:

In this, that he, the said Henry Wirz, did combine, confederate, and conspire with them, the said Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Isaiah H. White, W. S. Winder, W. S. Shelby Reed, R. R. Stevenson, S. P. Moore, —— Kerr, late hospital steward at Andersonville, James Duncan, Wesley W. Turner, Benjamin Harris, and others, whose names are unknown, citizens of the United States aforesaid, and who were then engaged in armed rebellion against the United States aforesaid, and, in violation of the laws of war, to impair and injure the health and to destroy the lives, by subjecting to torture and great suffering, by confining in unhealthful and unwholesome quarters, by exposing to the inclemency of winter and to the dews and burning suns of summer, by compelling the use of impure water, and by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food, of large numbers of federal prisoners, to-wit, the number of about forty-five thousand soldiers in the military service of the United States of America, held as prisoners of war at Andersonville, in the State of Georgia, within the lines of the so-called Confederate States, on or before the 27th day of March, A. D. 1864, and at divers times between that day and the 10th day of April, A. D. 1865, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired, and the insurgents engaged in armed rebellion against the United States might be aided and comforted; and he, the said Henry Wirz, an officer in the military service of the so-called Confederate States, being then and

there commandant of a military prison at Andersonville, in the State of Georgia, located by authority of the so-called Confederate States, for the confinement of prisoners of war, and, as such commandant, fully clothed with authority, and in duty bound to treat, care, and provide for such prisoners, held as aforesaid, as were or might be placed in his custody, according to the law of war, did, in furtherance of such combination, confederation, and conspiracy, maliciously, wickedly, and traitorously confine a large number of prisoners of war, soldiers in the military service of the United States, to the number of about forty-five thousand men, in unhealthful and unwholesome quarters, in a close and small area of ground, wholly inadequate to their wants and destructive to their health, which he well knew and intended; and while there so confined, during the time aforesaid, did, in furtherance of his evil design and in aid of the said conspiracy, wilfully and maliciously neglect to furnish tents, barracks, or other shelter, sufficient for their protection from the inclemency of winter and the dews and burning sun of summer; and with such evil intent did take and cause to be taken from them their clothing, blankets, camp equipage and other property of which they were possessed at the time of being placed in his custody; and with like malice and evil intent did refuse to furnish or cause to be furnished food either of a quality or quantity sufficient to preserve health and sustain life; and did refuse and neglect to furnish wood sufficient for cooking in summer and to keep the said prisoners warm in winter, and did compel the said prisoners to subsist upon unwholesome food, and that in limited quantities, entirely inadequate to sustain health, which he well knew; and did compel the said prisoners to use unwholesome water, reeking with the filth and garbage of the prison and prison-guard, and the offal and drainage of the cook-house of said prison; whereby the prisoners became greatly reduced in their bodily strength and emaciated and injured in their bodily health; their minds impaired and their intellects broken; and many of them, to-wit, about the number of ten thousand, whose names are unknown, sickened and died by reason thereof, which he, the said Henry Wirz, then and there well knew and intended; and so knowing and evily intending, did refuse and neglect to provide proper lodgings, food, or nourishment for the sick, and necessary medicine and medical attendance for the restoration of their health,

and did knowingly, wilfully and maliciously, in furtherance of his evil designs, permit them to languish and die from want of care and proper treatment; and the said Henry Wirz, still pursuing his evil purposes, did permit to remain in the said prison, among the emaciated sick and languishing living, the bodies of the dead, until they became corrupt and loathsome, and filled the air with noxious and fetid exhalations, and thereby greatly increased the unwholesomeness of the prison, insomuch that great numbers of said prisoners, whose names are unknown, sickened and died by reason thereof. And the said Henry Wirz, still pursuing his wicked and cruel purpose wholly disregarding the usuages of civilized warfare, did at the time and place aforesaid maliciously and wilfully subject the prisoners aforesaid to cruel, unusual and infamous punishment, upon slight, trivial and fictitious pretences, by fastening large balls of iron to their feet, and binding numbers of the prisoners aforesaid closely together with large chains around their necks and feet, so that they walked with the greatest difficulty; and being so confined, were subjected to the burning rays of the sun, often without food or drink, for hours and even days, from which said cruel treatment numbers whose names are unknown sickened, fainted, and died; and he, the said Wirz, did further cruelly treat and injure said prisoners by maliciously tying them up by the thumbs, and wilfully confining them within an instrument of torture called the stocks, thus depriving them of the use of their limbs, and forcing them to lie, sit and stand for many hours without the power of changing position, and being without food or drink, in consequence of which many, whose names are unknown, sickened and died; and he, the said Wirz, still wickedly pursuing his evil purpose, did establish and cause to be designated, within the prison enclosure containing said prisoners, a "dead-line," being a line around the inner face of the stockade or wall, enclosing said prison, and about 25 feet distant from and within said stockade; and having so established said dead-line, which was in some places an imaginary line, and in other places marked by insecure and shifting strips of boards, nailed upon the top of small and insecure stakes or posts, he, the said Wirz, instructed the prison guard stationed around the top of said stockade to fire upon and kill any of the prisoners aforesaid who might fall upon, pass over or under or across the said dead-

line; pursuant to which said orders and instructions, maliciously and needlessly given by said Wirz, still pursuing his evil purpose, did keep and use ferocious and blood-thirsty dogs, dangerous to human life, to hunt down prisoners of war aforesaid who made their escape from his custody; and did, then and there, wilfully and maliciously suffer, incite and encourage the said dogs to sieze, tear, mangle, and maim the bodies and limbs of said fugitive prisoners of war, which the said dogs, incited as aforesaid, then and there did, whereby a number of said prisoners of war, who, during the time aforesaid, made their escape and were recaptured, died; and the said Wirz, still pursuing his wicked purpose, and still aiding in carrying out said conspiracy, did cause to be used for the pretended purposes of vaccination impure and poisonous vaccine matter, which said poisonous matter was then and there, by the direction and order of said Wirz, maliciously, cruelly, and wickedly deposited in the arms of many of said prisoners, by reason of which large numbers of them lost the use of their arms, and many of them were so injured that they soon thereafter died; all if which he, the said Henry Wirz well knew and maliciously intended, and, in aid of the then existing rebellion against the United States, with the view to assist in weakening and impairing the armies of the United States; and, in furtherance of the said conspiracy, and with the full knowledge, consent, and connivance of his co-conspirators aforesaid, he, the said Wirz, then and there did.

Of charge 1, "guilty," after amending said charge to read as follows:

Maliciously, wilfully and traitorously, and in aid of the then existing armed rebellion against the United States of America, on or before the 27th day of March, A. D. 1864, and on divers other days between that day and the tenth day of April, 1865, combining, confederating and conspiring together with Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Isaiah H. White, W. S. Winder, W. Selby Reed, R. R. Stevenson, S. P. Moore, —— Kerr, late hospital steward at Andersonville, James Duncan, Wesley W. Turner, Benjamin Harris and others unknown, to injure the health and destroy the lives of soldiers in the military service of the United States, then held and being prisoners of war within the lines of the so-called Confederate States and in the military prisons

thereof, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired; in violation of the laws and customs of war.

Of the second charge, "guilty."

And the court do therefore sentence him, the said Henry Wirz, to be hanged by the neck till dead, at such time and place as the President of the United States may direct, two-thirds of the members of the court concurring herein.*

LEW WALLACE,
Major General and President Com.

N. P. Chipman,
Colonel and Aid A. D. C., Judge Advocate.

The proceedings, findings and sentence in the foregoing case, having been submitted to the Pres'dent of the United States, the following are his orders:

Executive Mansion, November 3, 1865.

The proceedings, findings, and sentence of the court in the within case are approved, and it is ordered that the sentence be carried into execution, by the officer commanding the department of Washington, on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1865, between the hours of 6 o'clock A. M. and 12 o'clock noon.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President.

EXECUTION OF SENTENCE.

Headquarters Department of Washington,
Washington, D. C., November 11, 1865.

Sir: I have the honor to report that the sentence and orders of the President in the case of Henry Wirz, as promulgated in General Court-martial orders No. 607, dated War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, November 6, 1865, have been duly executed (between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M.) yesterday, November 10, and his body has been interred by the side of Atzerodt, in the arsenal grounds.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. C. AUGUR,
Major General Volunteers, Commanding Department.

The Adjutant General of the Army.

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* I have been informed by three members of the court that this decision and sentence was unanimous on the first ballot.—D. G. J.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCERNING GENERAL LEE AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Conduct of Robert E. Lee, Concerning Exchange of Prisoners.

It is very clear from an examination of the report of General Canby that the irregularities in exchange and the violation of the cartel on the part of the confederates were not confined to the rebel authorities in and about Richmond, but reached the highest officer of the confederate army in the field. It appears that General Robert E. Lee, in violation of the provisions of the cartel, and after General Meade had declined to enter upon the question of exchange, paroled and dismissed the prisoners captured by him in Pennsylvania and Maryland in 1863. By the terms of the cartel he was bound to deliver them at City Point, but, in order to disembarrass himself of their presence in the field, and to avoid guarding and feeding them when his army was hard pressed and retreating before General Meade, he was guilty of the unmilitary conduct of authorizing paroles which he knew were utterly null and void, and in violation of the terms of the convention; thus permitting himself to be justly placed in the dishonorable category with the civil agents of the confederate government who were so frequently guilty of the same offense. Mr. Ould afterward insisted, with his usual fairness, that these illegal paroles should be respected by us, or that we should redeliver the persons thus paroled by General Lee to their authority at City Point. Such were the pretenses, false in character and cruel in the use to which they were put, which interrupted the course of exchange and kept our soldiers in the charnel-houses of the confederacy.

In summing up this recital of facts as fully attested, we may truly assert that General Lee, having deserted his government in time of need, having used his influence to get his neighbors to renounce their loyalty to their country, which was a prime factor in taking the state of Virginia out of the Union, and virtually having approved the treatment accorded to the victims he had made captive, by not protesting, or, as commander-in-chief, stopping it by an order to his subordinates, he certainly ought not to have had his property preserved, in which to bury the victims of his treachery, and be paid a fabulous sum for that estate at Arlington to be used as a national cemetery by the government he had tried to destroy.

Jeff Davis came into notoriety when he ran away with the daughter of his commander, General Taylor, departing during the early hours long before the dawn of day. He was noted as a quarrelsome bigot, in more quarrels and fewer fights than any other officer in the army, always getting his father-in-law, General Taylor, to patch up the matter. In the Mexican war he was the colonel of a Mississippi regiment, yet never distinguished himself until the 31st Congress, when he made a speech portraying his prowess and that of his regiment at the Battle of Buena Vista, in which he claimed that an Illinois regiment abandoned the field and that he, at the head of his regiment, advanced into the gap, repulsing the victorious Mexicans and driving them from the field. Colonel Bissell, who commanded the only Illinois regiment in that battle, denounced the statement on the floor, calling Davis a liar and coward, saying that Davis's regiment was not within a mile of his command at any time during the battle, and, further, that his regiment never lost any ground to the enemy which they did not recover and hold. Whereupon Davis, with his usual bluster, challenged Bissel to fight a duel. The challenge was promptely accepted, Bissel choosing the musket loaded with one ball and three buck shot, distance twenty paces; result: Mr. Davis's friends (father-in-law included) interceded and settled the matter satisfactorily to Mr. Davis, Colonel Bissell in the meantime, making no retraction.

The next time Davis became notable was when in Congress he was conniving with Vice-President Breckenridge, Robert Toombs, Secretary of War Floyd, Howell Cobb and numerous others who were in control of the different departments of the government and concocting plans by which to put the navy so far away that it could not be reached for months; to remove all the arms and munitions of war from the northern arsenals to the south, drawing his salary at the same time from our government, keeping it up until the several states had gone through the formality of seceding; when he took the floor in the senate chamber, and, in his lordly way, bade the loyal members a bombastic adieu and strutted out to commence his intrigue to become the president of the so-called Confederate States of America, which he succeeded in doing.

I will now quote the southern historian, Edward A. Pollard, in his life of Jefferson Davis, with a secret history of the Southern Confederacy, as gathered behind the scenes in Richmond.

"At the Battle of Bull Run, after the battle was over except a few scattering shots from the artillery, Mr. Davis arrived at the station, procured a horse and started for the front, after the Union army had become panic stricken; yet it answered his purpose in making a display. He rode from the cars towards the sublime scene. At that moment his brother, Joe, admonished him not to go any further. 'Oh,' he said, 'it is my duty to be with my brave men.' "

Another occasion was yet more dramatic. The president and Mrs. Davis were returning from some festivity on a flag of truce boat that had come up the James river. They were walking along the street in the night, unattended by his staff, and with no indication of his importance. They had to pass the front of Libby Prison, where a sentinel paced, and, according to his orders, was forcing passengers from the walk to the middle of the street. As Mr. Davis approached, the guard ordered him off the pavement. "I am the president," replied Mr. Davis, "allow us to pass." "None of your gammons," replied the soldier bringing his musket to his shoulder, "if you don't get into the street I'll blow the top of your head off." "But I am Jefferson Davis, man; I am your president. No more of your insolence!" and the president pressed forward. He was rudely thrust back, and, in a moment had drawn a sword dagger concealed in his cane, and was about to rush upon the insolent sentinel, when Mrs. Davis flung herself between the combatants, and, by her screams, aroused the officer of the guard, who allowed Mr. Davis to go home. But instead of the traditional reward to the faithful sentry, the order came the next day to Libby to degrade the faithful soldier and put him on a bread-and-water diet for his unwitting insult to the commander-in-chief of the confederate army, who had caused the orders to be issued.

The first year of the war, Mr. Davis was actually the legislator of the confederacy, and laws framed in the executive office were regularly sent into the dingy room in which Congress sat in secret session. Mr. Davis had a conceited idea that, because he was born under the planet Mars, he was amply qualified to legislate on military affairs. He organized a police force with two hundred spies taken from the slums of Baltimore and put at the head of this wretched police business, which was continued through his administration.

A fitter exponent of despotism and cruelty could not be found within the limits of the South than was found in General Winder of Maryland, a name that thousands of living persons recall with horror. He caused respectable men and women to be arrested for uttering sentiments derogatory to his government, dragged them to brothels and saloons where his court was held and had them confined in places too filthy for any person to be placed. In 1863, after the reverses of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, he ordered the limits of conscription extended from 18 to 55 years, so as to include all under the age of fifty-five, including those who had previously been drafted and had hired substitutes; and this without refunding the money paid. The confederacy was converted into a vast camp, and the country of Jeff Davis came to be one of the most thoroughly military despotisms of the age.

One man in the confederate Congress was bold enough to declare that impressment and other acts of misrule and oppression in the administration of Mr. Davis had extracted all virtue from the cause. In speaking of the scarcity of food, he refers to a large volume of complaints against Mr. Davis for the maltreatment of northern prisoners, and makes allusions to the facts quoted in previous chapters. He further says that the president of the southern confederacy is to be blamed for continuing in its employment such agents as Winder and Northrup, each a favorite creature, the latter extravagantly so, and both of them repeatedly brought to his attention as incompetent and scandalous officers.

To show Mr. Davis in his true autocratic bearing spiritually, he worshiped at St. Paul's Church. One Sunday he sat stiff and alone in the president's pew, where no one outside his family had ever dared intrude since Mr. Davis had ordered the sexton to remove two ladies who had ventured there, and who, on turning their faces to the admonition to leave, delivered before the whole congregation, had proved, to the dismay and well deserved mortification of the president's wife, to be the daughters of General Lee.

In the early part of the war, Mr. Davis, while addressing a South Carolina regiment, had turned his back to the men in his lofty way as a heroic leader and said, "I will be with you my brave men to lead when the last charge is made for the final rout of the foe." And now see how he did it. He sat in his pew on that quiet Sunday morning, when a messenger walked

noisily into the church and handed the president a slip of paper. He read the paper, rose and walked out of the church without agitation, but with his face and manner evidently constrained. An uneasy whisper ran through the crowd of worshipers, and many hastened into the street. There it was rumored that Richmond was to be evacuated. A little past noon some of Longstreet's men were marching through Richmond to reinforce General Lee. The soldiers moved with a slouching step and once on their disordered march, it is said, groans were called for Jeff Davis. Formerly they were accustomed to march through the city with colors unfurled and bands playing. And where was President Davis? As he had received the news of Lee's defeat, he had slunk from his pew; and when the great final scene of the drama had been staged, the principal actor was conspicuously absent. He, the leader, the hero, had not shown his face, but was preparing a private sumptuous baggage to flee from Richmond, a low, unnoticed fugitive under cover of the night. He stepped unobserved upon the train that was to carry him from Richmond. He did not forget the gold in the treasury, which had been reserved to give the discontented soldiers as largess. Mr. Davis insisted upon reserving it for exigencies, and it was now secure in his baggage. He did forget his sword, a costly present from some of his admirers in England, and which was destroyed by the fire he ordered set to devour the city that had given him succor for the past four years.

Next we find him in Greensboro, North Carolina, secluded in a box car, unknown to any excepting Generals Johnston and Beauregard, both of whom he had formerly disgraced by releasing them of any command, and begging them to continue the fight after Lee had surrendered. He was quite willing to sacrifice every man in the confederacy, except himself, in the hopeless cause. But Johnston and Beauregard informed him that their men were deserting in large numbers, refusing to be shot down with no show of success. Mr. Davis, in his effort to make his escape sure, had separated from his wife, sending her on to Washington, Georgia, where he was to join her. It was determined that on continuing their journey they would travel as an emigrant party in a covered wagon, with a pack mule covered with cooking utensils. All tokens of the president's importance were laid aside. It was designed that Mr. Davis, with his wife and his wife's sister, should pass as a simple country family who had fallen in with straggling soldiers for

their protection. All went well for three days, when a squadron of Union cavalry took his trail and closed in on him early one morning. He then attempted to make his escape by donning his wife's waterproof, and, with a shawl over his head and a bucket in hand, sallied forth with his wife, who accosted the Yankee cavalryman, asking that he allow her mother to pass out for a bucket of water. This ruse didn't work. The soldier, noticing the coarse boots of the farmer, raised the outer garment with the point of the saber. This gave the scheme away, and so the proud President of the Confederacy was promptly put under arrest. What a falling down! Wouldn't the South Carolina regiment have been proud to follow their hero clad in female attire?

Concerning a Pension for Jefferson Davis.

I will now give the reader a short sentence from Senator Zack Chandler's speech, March 3, 1879, in the U. S. senate, upon the bill to pension all survivors of the Mexican War, to which Senator Hoar offered the following amendment:

"Provided, further, that no pension shall ever be paid under this act to Jefferson Davis, the late president of the so-called confederacy." This provoked a spirited discussion in which Mr. Chandler addressed the presiding officer as follows:

"Twenty-two years ago tomorrow, in the old hall of the senate, now occupied by the supreme court of the United States, I in company with Jefferson Davis, stood up and swore before Almighty God that I would support the constitution of the United States. Mr. Davis came from the cabinet of Franklin Pierce into the senate of the United States and took the oath with me to be faithful to this government. During four years I sat in this body with Mr. Jefferson Davis and I saw the preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain a government that he meant to overthrow."

Space forbids going any further along these lines. It is a matter of history well known on both sides, as stated by Pollard, the southern historian, that Davis was vain, bigoted and unreliable, and so quarrelsome that he could not get along with his cabinet. We on our side know he was a double-dyed traitor, as stated by Mr. Chandler, and a fiend incarnate. He was directly the cause of the death, in the most loathsome manner imaginable, of tens of thousands of brave, loyal men,

CHAPTER XIV.

REPORT BY CLARA BARTON.

On Condition of Andersonville in 1865.

It is doubtful if a more graphic description—more sympathetic in spirit, more beautiful in language—has ever been given of Andersonville than that which Clara Barton has written. The matter of which this book treats could hardly be complete without Miss Barton's story, and so it is put here where all may read it.

She visited the place in the summer of 1865.

To the People of the United States of America:

Having by official invitation been placed upon an expedition to Andersonville for the purpose of identifying and marking the graves of the dead contained in those noted prison grounds, it is perhaps not improper that I make some report of the circumstances which induced the sending of such an expedition, its work, and the appearance, condition and surroundings of that interesting spot, hallowed alike by the sufferings of the martyred dead and the tears and prayers of those who mourn for them.

During a search for the missing men of the United States army, begun in March, 1865, under the sanction of the late lamented President Lincoln, I formed the acquaintance of Dorence Atwater, of Connecticut, a member of the 2d New York Cavalry, who had been a prisoner at Belle Isle and Andersonville twenty-two months, and charged by the rebel authorities with the duty of keeping the Death Register of the Union prisoners who died amid the nameless cruelties of the last named prison.

By minute inquiry I learned from Mr. Atwater the method adopted in the burial of the dead, and by carefully comparing this account with a draft which he had made of the grounds appropriated for this purpose by the prison authorities, I became convinced of the possibility of identifying the graves

simply by comparing the numbered post or board marking each man's position in the trench in which he was buried with the corresponding number standing against his name upon the register kept by Mr. Atwater, which he informed me was then in possession of the War Department.

Assured by the intelligence and frankness of my informant of the entire truthfulness of his statements, I desired to impart to the officers of the government the information I had gained, and accordingly brought the subject to the attention of General Hoffman, commissary-general of prisoners, asking that a party or expedition be at once sent to Andersonville for the purpose of identifying and marking the graves, and inclosing the grounds; and that Dorence Atwater, with his register, accompany the same as the proper person to designate and identify. The subject appeared to have been not only unheard of, but unthought of, and from the generally prevailing impression that no care had been taken in the burial of our prisoners the idea seemed at first difficult to be entertained. But the same facts which had served to convince me presented themselves favorably to the good understanding and kind heart of General Hoffman, who took immediate steps to lay the matter before the Honorable Secretary of War, upon whom, at his request, I called the following day, and learned from him that he had heard and approved my proposition, and decided to order an expedition, consisting of materials and men, under charge of some government officer, for the accomplishment of the objects set forth in my request, and invited me to accompany the expedition in person, which invitation I accepted.

Accordingly, on the 8th of July the propeller Virginia, having on board fencing material, headboards, the prison records, forty workmen, clerks and letterers, under command of Captain James M. Moore, A. Q. M., Dorence Atwater and myself, left Washington for Andersonville via Savannah. We resumed our journey by way of Augusta, Atlanta and Macon, the entire party reaching its destination in safety about noon of the 25th of July.

We found the prison grounds, stockade, hospital sheds and the various minor structures almost in the same condition in which they had been evacuated; and care is taken to leave these historic monuments undisturbed, so long as the elements will spare them.

There is not, and never was, any town or village at this place except what grew out of its military occupation. Anderson Station, on the railroad from Macon to Eufala, was selected as a depot for prisoners, probably on account of its remoteness and possible security, and the prison itself, with the buildings which sprang up around it, constituted all there was of Andersonville.

The land around is broken and undulating, and at the time of its occupation was covered with forests, mostly of the long-leafed pine common to the uplands of the South. The bases of the hills are lined with oozy springs, which unite to form little rivulets, one of which sluggishly winds through each of the intervening marshy valleys.

The original inclosure of nineteen acres was made in the unbroken woods, and the timber was removed only as it was wanted for the necessities of the prison. The inclosure was begun in January, 1864, and enlarged during the summer to 25¾ acres, being a quadrangle of 1,295 by 865 feet. The greatest length is from north to south, the ground rising from the middle toward each end in a rather steep, rounded hill, the northern one being at once the highest and of the greatest extent. A small stream rising from springs a little to the westward, flows across it through a narrow valley filled with a compost washed down by the rains. The inclosing stockade is formed of pine logs twenty feet in length, and about eight inches in diameter, sunk five feet into the ground and placed close together. This is again surrounded by two successive and precisely similar palisades—a portion of the last of which is gone. It seems never to have been completed. The two inner walls remain entire. Within the interior space, at the distance of about seventeen feet from the stockade, runs the famous dead line, marked by small posts set in the ground, and a slight strip of pine board nailed on the top of them. The gates, of which there are two, situated on the west side, were continuous with the stockade, inclosing spaces of thirty feet square, more or less, with massive doors at either end. They were arranged and worked on the principle of canal locks. Upon the inner stockade were fifty-two sentry boxes, raised above the tops of the palisades and accessible to the guards by ladders. In these stood fifty-two guards with loaded arms, so near that they could converse with each other. In addition

to these, seven forts, mounted with field artillery, commanded the fatal space and its masses of perishing men.

Under the most favorable circumstances and best possible management the supply of water would have been insufficient for half the number of persons who had to use it. The existing arrangements must have aggravated the evil to the utmost extent. The sole establishments for cooking and baking were placed on the bank of the stream immediately above, and between the two inner lines of palisades. The grease and refuse from them were found adhering to the banks at the time of our visit. The guards, to the number of about 3,600, were principally encamped on the upper part of the stream, and when the heavy rains washed down the hillside covered with 30,000 human beings, and the outlet below failed to discharge the flood which backed and filled the valley, the water must have become so foul and loathsome that every statement I have seen of its offensiveness must be considered as falling short of the reality. And yet within rifle shot of the prison there flowed a stream fifteen feet wide and three deep of pure, delicious water. Had the prison been so placed as to include a section of the "Sweet Water Creek," the inmates might have drank and bathed to their hearts' content.

During the occupation a beautiful spring broke out, like the waters of Meribah, from the solid ground near the foot of the northern slope, just under the western dead line. It is still there—cool and clear—the only pleasing object in this horrid place.

The scarcity of water, the want of occupation, and, perhaps, the desire to escape by tunneling, impelled the prisoners to dig wells. Forty of those wells, finished and unfinished, remain, those on the highest ground being sunk in the hard soil to the depth of thirty feet. The work was done with knives, spoons, sticks and other tools but little better. The diggers brought up the earth in their pockets and blouses and sprinkled it about the grounds to conceal the quantity. In some wells excellent water was reached, and in others horizontal galleries were attempted for escape. In at least one instance a tunnel was carried entirely through the hill and a few prisoners are said to have got through.

The steep face of the northern hill is burrowed throughout its whole extent. The little caves are scooped out and arched

in the form of ovens, floored, ceiled and strengthened so far as the owners had means with sticks and pieces of boards, and some of them are provided with fireplaces and chimneys. It would seem that there were cases, during long rains, where a house would become the grave of its owner by falling in upon him in the night. In these burrows are still found remnants of the wretched food and rude utensils of the occupants—drinking cups made of sections of horns; platters and spoons wrought from parts of old canteens; kettles and pans made without solder from stray pieces of old tin or sheet iron. I brought away a considerable number of these articles, which may one day be of interest to the curious.

Five sheds stand on top of the northern hill, erected in the early part of the occupation; and five more on the opposite height, built a short time before the evacuation.

Like nearly all southern land, the soil is liable to be washed away by the rains, and on the slopes of the hills ravines are now formed, gullied to the depth of twelve feet. It seems impossible that men could have kept their footing on these hillsides when slippery with rain.

Outside the inclosure, and nearly parallel with the south end, is the hospital stockade—800 feet by 350. It contains twenty-two sheds, for the most part without sides, erected about three months before the place was abandoned. The old hospital, occupied up to that time, in which so many brave men died, consisted only of tents inclosed by a board fence and surrounded by a guard. Confused heaps of rubbish alone mark the place it occupied.

About half a mile from the main prison, and near Anderson Station, is the officers' stockade—a small inclosure, in which were never imprisoned more than 250 officers,—and it was chiefly used for the confinement of rebel offenders.

The cemetery, around which the chief interest must gather, is distant about three hundred yards from the stockade, in a northwesterly direction. The graves, placed side by side in close continuous rows, cover nine acres, divided into three unequal lots by two roads which intersect each other at nearly right angles. The fourth space is still unoccupied, except by a few graves of "Confederate" soldiers.

No human bodies were found exposed, and none were removed. The place was found in much better condition than

had been anticipated, owing to the excellent measures taken by Major General Wilson, commanding at Macon, and a humane, public spirited citizen of Fort Valley, Georgia, a Mr. Griffin, who, in passing on the railroad, was informed by one of the ever faithful negroes that the bodies were becoming exposed and were rooted up by the animals. Having verified this statement, he collected a few negroes, sunk the exposed bodies and covered them to a proper depth. He then reported the facts to General Wilson and requested authority to take steps for protecting the grounds. That patriotic officer visited Andersonville in person, appointed Mr. Griffin temporary superintendent and gave him such limited facilities as could be furnished in that destitute country. It was determined to inclose a square of fifty acres: and at the time of our arrival the fence was nearly one-third built from old lumber found about the place. He had also erected a brick kiln and was manufacturing brick for drains to conduct the water away from the graves and protect and strengthen the soil against the action of the heavy rains. We found Mr. Griffin busy with a force of about twenty negroes and a few mules at work on the grounds. I have understood that that gentleman furnished the labor at his own cost, while General Wilson issued the necessary rations.

The part performed by our party was to take up and carry forward the work so well begun. Additional force was obtained fom the military commandant at Macon for completing the inclosure and erecting the headboards. It seemed that the dead had been buried by Union prisoners, paroled from the stockade and hospital for that purpose. Successive trenches, capable of containing from 100 to 150 bodies each, thickly set with little posts or boards with numbers in regular order carved upon them, told to the astonished and tear-dimmed eye the sad story of buried treasures. It was necessary only to compare the number upon each post or board with that which stands opposite the name on the register, and replace the whole with a more substantial, uniform and comely tablet, bearing not only the original number, but the name, company and regiment, and the date of death of the soldier who slept beneath.

I have repeatedly been assured by prisoners that great care was taken at the time, by the men to whom fell the sad task of originally marking this astonishing number of graves, to

perform the work with faithfulness and accuracy. If it shall prove that the work performed by those who followed, under circumstances so much more favorable, was executed with less faithfulness and accuracy than the former, it will be a subject of much regret, but, fortunately, not yet beyond the possibility of correction. The number of graves marked is 12,920. The original records, captured by General Wilson, furnished about 10,500; but, as one book of the record had not been secured, over 2,000 names were supplied from a copy (of his own record) made by Mr. Atwater in the Andersonville prison, and brought by him to Annapolis on his return with the paroled prisoners.

Interspersed throughout this Death Register were 400 numbers against which stood only the word "Unknown." So, scattered among the thickly designated graves, stand 400 tablets bearing only the number and the touching inscription "Unknown Union Soldier."

Substantially nothing was attempted beyond inclosing the grounds, identifying and marking the graves, placing some appropriate mottoes at the gates and along the spaces designed for walks, and erecting a flag staff in the center of the cemetery. The work was completed on the 17th of August, and the party took its route homeward by way of Chattanooga, Nashville and Cincinnati, arriving at Washington on the morning of August 24.

The health of the party during the expedition was remarkably good, when the season of the year, the fatigue and the want of customary accommodations are taken into consideration. Cases of slight chills and fevers were not infrequent; yet during the entire time we had only one case of severe illness, and that, to our grief, terminated fatally. Edward Watts, of Georgetown, D. C., a clerk in the quartermaster's department in this city, sickened of typhoid fever during the passage up the Savannah river and died on the 10th day of August. His remains were taken home to his friends. Mr. Watts was a young man of education and refinement, and of the highest type of moral and religious character; he suffered patiently, and died nobly and well. I have thought that he might be regarded as the last martyr of Andersonville.

The future of this historic spot cannot fail to constitute a subject of deep and abiding interest to the people of this entire country. It would seem fitting that it should be preserved as

one of the sanctuaries of the nation, and, in due time, be decorated with appropriate honors. Its susceptibility of internal improvement is very great. Water can be had for irrigation, and the climate will produce nearly all the flora of the temperate zone. Both national gratitude and personal affection will suggest the erection of a suitable monument within the cemetery, where, if desirable, may be preserved in durable form the names of the martyrs who sleep around. And, as the land on which all these interesting associations are clustered is still the property of private individuals, never having passed from the hands of the original owners, it would seem desirable that the cemetery, at least, and its immediate surroundings, become the property of the nation. A mile square will embrace all points of general and historic interest.

There are numerous smaller burial places in the State of Georgia, which, from their seeming lesser importance, will scarcely be kept up as national cemeteries, and, in reference to which, without venturing to suggest, I would merely remark that the fifty acres inclosed at Andersonville would afford ample space for all whom it might ever be deemed advisable to remove to that point.

During the occupation of Andersonville as a prison it was a punishable offense for a colored man or woman to feed, shelter, aid or even converse with the prisoners on parole. To others they had no access. I have been informed that they were not allowed about the prison grounds; and so great was their superstitious horror of the cruelties perpetrated upon the prisoners that only a comparatively small number had ever found the courage to visit the cemetery up to the time of our arrival. But the presence of so many Northern people on such an errand, among them a lady, entirely overcame their fears; and they visited the cemetery and myself by scores,—men, women and children,—sometimes a hundred in a day. It was no uncommon occurrence, upon opening my tent in the morning, to find a group who had come to see the "Yankee lady," and to task her if it were true that Abraham Lincoln was dead, and they were free; and how Massa Lincoln's great paper read, and what they ought to do; and to tell her how the "poor Yankee prisoners" ran before the dogs "like us," and they could not save them—starved, and how they could not feed them—died, and how they could not see them.

Remember, mothers, that the pitying tears of the old-time slave, whom your son helped to freedom, is the only tear that falls upon his distant grave today.

I have endeavored to point out to you, as faithfully as I am able, the various objects of interest, painful or otherwise, which presented themselves to my observation during the time occupied in the work of the expedition; and while I would not dwell upon the terribleness of the sufferings imposed upon our prisoners, nor stir the hearts already sunk in grief to deeper woe, still we owe it alike to the living and the dead that a proper knowledge and realization of the miseries which they endured be entertained by all. We are wont to attribute their chief suffering to insufficiency of food, and, while this is probably just, still, to the mind of one who has looked over the scanty, shelterless, pitiful spot of earth to which they were confined, who has taken into consideration the numberless trials which must have grown out of the privation of space and the necessary conveniences of life, the conviction will force itself that these latter woes fell but little short of the former. It is to be remembered that during thirteen long months they knew neither shelter nor protection from the changeable skies above, nor the pitiless, unfeeling earth beneath.

The treacherous nature of the soil, parching to seams in the sun, and gullying and sliding under their feet with every shower, must have augmented their ills almost beyond conception. I watched the effect of a heavy fall of rain upon the inclosed grounds, and in thirty minutes the entire hillsides, which had constituted their sole abiding place, were one rolling mass of slippery mud; and this was the effect of a mere summer shower. What, then, of the continued rains of autumn? Think of thirty thousand men penned in by a close stockade upon twenty-six acres of ground, from which every tree and shrub had been uprooted for fuel to cook their scanty food, huddled, like cattle, without shelter or blanket, half clad and hungry, with the dreary night setting in after a day of autumn rain. The hilltops would not hold them all, and the valley was filled with the swollen brook; seventeen feet from the stockade ran the fatal dead line, beyond which no man might step and live. What did they do? I need not ask you where did they go, for on the face of the whole green earth there was no place but this for them. But where did they place themselves? How

did they live? Aye, how did they die? But this is only one feature of their suffering, and perhaps the lightest. Of the long, dazzling months when gaunt famine stalked at noon-day and pestilence walked by night, and upon the seamed and parching earth the cooling rains fell not, I will not trust me to speak. I scarce dare think. If my heart were strong enough to draw the picture there are thousands upon thousands all through our land too crushed and sore to look upon it. But after this, whenever any man who has lain a prisoner within the stockade of Andersonville would tell you of his sufferings, how he fainted, scorched, drenched, hungered, sickened,—was scoffed, scourged, hunted and persecuted,—though the tale be long and twice-told, as you would have your own wrongs appreciated, your own woes pitied, your own cries for mercy heard, I charge you listen and believe him. However definitely he may have spoken, know that he has not told you all. However strongly he may have outlined, or deeply he may have colored his picture, know that the reality calls for a better light and a nearer view than your clouded, distant gaze will ever get.

And your sympathies need not be confined to Andersonville, while similar horrors glared in the sunny light and spotted the flower-girt garden fields of that whole desperate, misguided and bewildered people. Wherever stretched the form of a Union prisoner there rose the signal for cruelty and the cry of agony; and there, day by day, grew the skeleton graves of the nameless dead.

But, braving and enduring all this, some thousands have returned to you. And you will bear with me, and these noble men will pardon me, while, in conclusion, I speak one word of them.

The unparalleled severities of our four years' campaigns have told upon the constitutional strength even of the fortunate soldier who alone marched to the music of the Union and slept only beneath the folds of the flag for which he fought. But they whom fickle fortune left to crouch at the foot of the shadowless palmetto, and listen to the hissing of the serpent, drank still deeper of the unhealthful draught. These men bear with them the seeds of disease and death, sown in that fatal clime and ripening for an early harvest. With occasional exceptions, they will prove to be short-lived and enfeebled men, and, whether they ask it or not, will deserve at your hands no

ordinary share of kindly consideration. The survivor of a rebel prison has endured and suffered what you never can, and what, I pray God, your children never may. With less of strength, and more of sad and bitter memories, he is with you now, to earn food so long denied him. If he ask "leave to toil," give it to him before it is too late; if he need kindness and encouragement, bestow them freely while you may; if he seek charity at your hands, remember that "the poor you have always with you," but him you have not always, and withhold it not. If hereafter you find them making organized effort to provide for the widow and orphan of the Union prisoner, remember that it grows out of the heart sympathy which clusters around the memories of the comrades who perished for the future of their own, and aid them.

In conclusion, tremulously, lest I assume too much, let me hasten to commend to the grateful consideration of this noble, generous people, alike the soldier who has given the strength, the prisoner who has sacrificed his health, the widow who has offered up her husband, the orphan who knows only that its father went out to battle and comes no more forever, and the lonely, distant grave of the martyr who sleeps alone in a stranger soil that freedom and peace might come to ours.

One word of explanation, in conclusion, and I have done. You have long and justly felt that some report of this expedition, embracing a record of the graves identified and reclaimed was due to you. And three thousand letters addressed to me upon the subject have revealed only too plainly and painfully the bitter anxiety with which you have watched and waited.

A mere report, unaccompanied by the "record," seemed but a hollow mockery, which I would not impose upon you, and this is my first opportunity for such accompaniment. For the record of your dead you are indebted to the forethought, courage and perseverence of Dorence Atwater, a young man not yet twenty-one years of age; an orphan, four years a soldier, one-tenth part of his life a prisoner with broken health and ruined hopes, he seeks to present to your acceptance the sad gift he has in store for you; and, grateful for the opportunity, I hasten to place beside it this humble report, whose only merit is its truthfulness, and I beg you to accept it in the spirit of kindness in which it is offered.

Clara Barton.

CHAPTER XV.

ANDERSONVILLE SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

After the war the stockade was cut down and removed, and the ground, being well cleared, with not a vestige of tree or stump or root as large as a lead pencil, except two trees left, for some unexplained reason, in the south side. The soil was tilled and various crops raised upon it until May, 1890, when it was purchased by the Department of Georgia, Grand Army of the Republic, for fifteen hundred dollars. The purchase included all the ground occupied as a prison and the fortifications surrounding it, also the right of way, one hundred feet wide, leading to the railroad station. The work was then commenced of clearing up the ground and putting it in order. A hedge was planted around it, two bridges were built and piling put along the creek to prevent washing. The whole tract consisted of about seventy-two acres. After expending in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred dollars, the comrades of the department felt unable financially to continue the work, and steps were taken to turn it over to the National organization of the Grand Army; they felt unable to assume the responsibility, and it was then turned over to, and accepted by, the National Woman's Relief Corps, at Louisville, in 1895. The conditions were that it should be improved and preserved as a fitting memorial to the heroes who had suffered there. The national president appointed the following committee to consider the proposition of the Georgia Department of Grand Army: Annie Wittenmeyer, Pennsylvania, Past National President; Mary Lyle Reynolds, Kentucky, and Josephine B. Lewis, Louisiana. At the fourteenth convention, held in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1896, the committee recommended that "we accept as a sacred trust the Andersonville prison property under the conditions imposed, and that a contribution of five cents be asked from every mem-

ber of the order. Also, that other funds be raised by such methods as the members deem best." This recommendation was adopted, voluntary contributions amounting to $1,865.50 were pledged at once and a committee was appointed to notify the National Encampment of the Grand Army, then in session, of the action of the National Woman's Relief Corps. This report was received with enthusiastic applause by the Grand Army, which passed the following resolution:

"That we heartily commend the patriotic and generous action of the Woman's Relief Corps in providing for the permanent preservation of the site of Andersonville Prison."

In 1891 the Relief Corps had purchased fourteen and one-half acres, which took in the outer stockade and the fortifications commanding the prison. The lines were traced by the stubs in the ground and marked by granite posts. The Relief Corps then built a large, roomy house for the custodian, and for the accommodation of visitors to the historic park. The department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, furnished the reception room, a delightful resting place, at a cost of one hundred dollars. The Massachusetts Relief Corps furnished one guest chamber, which includes bedding, bookcase, books and pictures, as well as three large flags. The New Jersey Corps has one room furnished with nice Brussels carpet, rugs, desk, table, sofas, easy chairs, pictures and a large flag. The Ohio Corps has one room made as comfortable as kind hands can make it. Jesse Wells Relief Corps No. 66 and the Grand Army Post of Columbus, have furnished one room. Wisconsin, under the supervision of Department President Miss Fanny MacAllister, furnished the dining room with a twelve-foot extension table, one dozen chairs, a handsome sideboard,—all of golden oak. Also one dozen silver teaspoons and one-third dozen tablespoons; and the writer, D. G. James, who was a prisoner there, contributed a steel range and kitchen utensils to complete the kitchen furniture. Messrs. Lindsay Bros. of Milwaukee contributed a one-horse mower for the lawn.

Aside from the house, there is a good barn and tool-house. Water is furnished, by a windmill and pipe, from an elevated tank to the kitchen and barn. A woven wire fence four and one-half feet high encloses the grounds, which are made beautiful by two hundred and fifty pecan trees, which will be a source of revenue in the near future. Beautiful shade trees



Cottage Built by Women's Relief Corps
(For the care-taker.)

LIZABETH A. TURNER

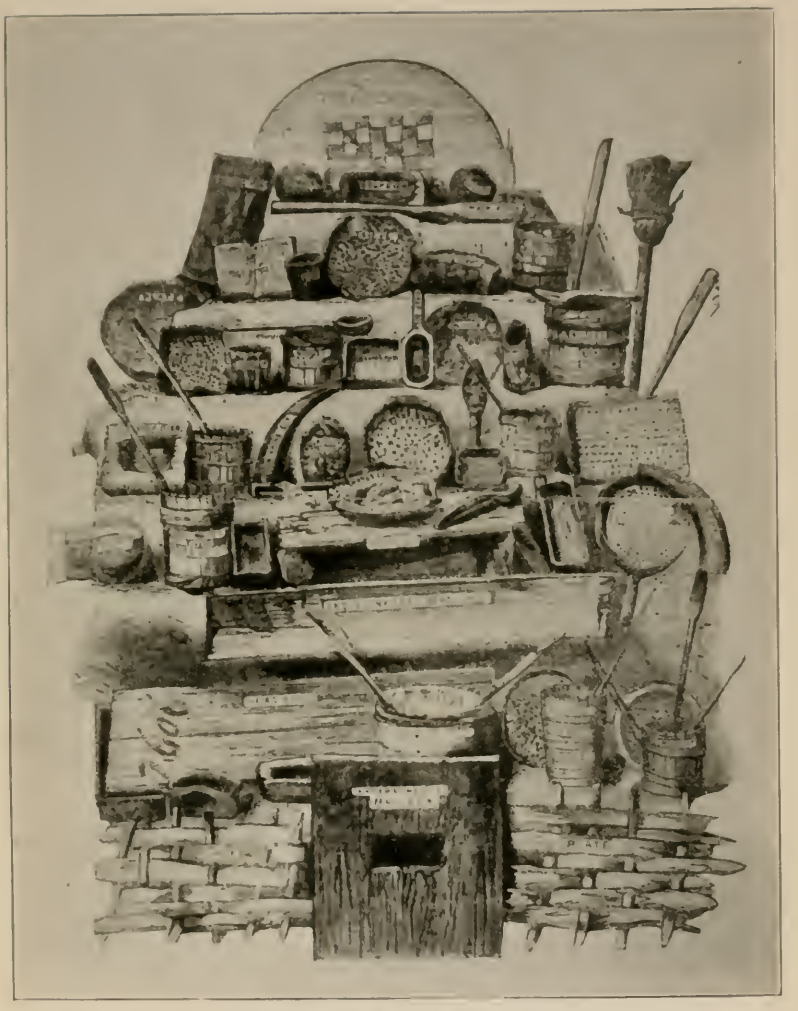
Life-Chairman Andersonville Board



"OUR LIZABETH"

Died at Her Post of Duty, Andersonville, Georgia

April 27, 1907



Relics of Prison Life

Preserved at Andersonville



Entrance to the Cemetery



CEMETERY, SECTION ONE



CEMETERY, SECTION TWO



CEMETERY, SECTION THREE



CEMETERY, SECTION FOUR



PROVIDENCE SPRING

"The prisoner's cry of thirst rang up to Heaven:
God heard, and with His thunder cleft the earth
And poured His sweetest water gushing there."

dorn the driveways, and, most beautiful of all, a rose garden, which there are four hundred rose bushes which have been nated by the various Corps and private individuals. There are still thirty-two wells dug by the prisoners, whose only tools e half canteens, case knives and two-quart buckets. Though dug in the summer of 1864, and to a depth of from forty to sixty feet, they have not caved in. This is probably because of the shrubbery which has grown around them. This shrubbery makes them appear as little oases in the desert.

zabeth Turner, President of the Park Board from 1896 to preserved these wells and beautified the spots with ferns flowers. She died there April 27, 1907, but will always be held in grateful remembrance by the ex-prisoners.

After the death of Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Sarah D. Winans of Toledo, Ohio, continued the work in the same efficient manner. Captain Wilson, of Indiana, who was care-taker from 1897 to 1903, was succeeded by Alonzo Turner and his wife, who were always ready to do what they could to make visitors to the park welcome and comfortable. Mr. Turner died September 18, 1908, and was followed by J. T. Bickel.

After the Woman's Relief Corps had purchased the prison ground and had it fixed up, they caused bulletin boards to be erected upon which were figures showing the mortality at Andersonville, and comparing it with the prisons in the north occupied by Confederates. These bulletins were put there to refute the false statements being made by southern historians.

The Woman's Relief Corps, finding the park needing much constant care and vigilant policing by parties of authority, on account of the lawlessness of some irresponsible persons who threw rubbish in the famous spring and put mud into the drinking fountain at the pavilion, concluded to give the place to the government. It was accepted by act of the 59th Congress and ratified by the National Woman's Relief Corps September, 1910, at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

And now that old prison pen, sacred to the nation as the token of how much loyal men would suffer for the welfare of their country and its free institutions, and still remain loyal, is being cared for by the government those loyal men suffered and died to maintain.

THE CEMETERY AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

Away back in the summer of 1865, when Miss Clara Barton went, with a company of helpers, down to Andersonville to mark the graves of the deceased Union prisoners there and put the cemetery in decent condition, and to report, so far as possible, the names of all buried there, she made the modest suggestion—it may be found on page 265 of this book—that the cemetery at Andersonville be made a national sanctuary, and that a suitable monument be erected to the memory of the martyrs there at rest.

The noble soul of Clara Barton could make this suggestion, but she could not foresee the half of what would by-and-by be done at Andersonville. Since that time the bodies of our dead at Macon and Millen have been brought there for burial, and the cemetery has come to be, not a great charnel house, an uncared-for city of the dead, but, through the patriotic and loving efforts of our Woman's Relief Corps, a beautiful, well-kept cemetery,—one of the most beautiful in all our land. A government headstone marks the grave of every one of those 12,960 green mounds where rest the brave young fellows who so suffered for the cause of liberty and the Union. The government now owns the grounds, as Miss Barton suggested it should do, and that sacred spot will ever be a shrine of national devotion. May we all rejoice in the fact.

PROVIDENCE SPRING.

Our prisoners in Andersonville suffered fearfully from thirst. The water in the little creek running through the grounds was altogether insufficient for their needs; and what there was of it was vile,—thick with the germs of disease. There was a constant longing, not only for food but for good water to drink. On the night of the 16th of August, 1864, there was a terrible rain,—a veritable flood. The prisoners suffered fearfully from the storm, yet great joy came in the morning, when the good news flew about the camp that during the night a spring of pure water had burst forth from the ground, where everybody might drink his fill.

This spring was within the dead-line, but be it said to the credit of Captain Wirz that he allowed spouts to be placed in such manner as that the water might be brought to where the men could get at it. Believing the breaking forth of this spring to be a miracle of God's goodness, the devout men in the prison named it "Providence Spring;" and it is still Providence Spring. The water is now carried in a pipe to the pavilion shown in the picture, where there is drinking fountain. This fountain and pavilion constitute a perpetual memorial of the self sacrifice of the brave young spirits who suffered there for the sake of their country,—your country and mine.

Report of the Treasurer of the Monument Commission.

RECEIPTS.		
By appropriation, Chapter 322, Laws of 1903....	$10,500 00	.....
By appropriation, Chapter 321, Laws of 1905 ...	600 00	.....
By appropriation, Chapter 137, Laws of 1907....	1,000 00	.....
Total.....	.....	$12.100 00
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid Alexander Miller, consulting artist.....	$30 00	.....
Paid for advertising.....	47 66	.....
Paid Fred Hibbard, for second choice of design	50 00	.....
Paid C.A.Fink, for design and working plans..	363 20	.....
Paid for iron fences around wells.....	83 00	.....
Paid C.J.Clark, contractor.....	9,123 50	.....
Paid expenses of Commissioner's R. R. fare, hotel, superintending erection of monument, and expense of dedication.....	2,249 39	.....
Paid back into treasury, as provided for in chapter 269, Laws of 1909.....	153 25	.....
Total	.....	$12.100 00

(Signed) LANSING WILLIAMS,
Treasurer.

DAVID G. JAMES, *President.*
CHARLES H. RUSSELL, *Secretary.*



Lansing Williams

A PATHETIC POEM.

The following poem was found in the knapsack of James W. Hyatt, private in Company H, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who enlisted August 12, 1862, and who was captured and died at Andersonville, Georgia, December 3, 1864. A copy was taken by D. C. Smith, a fellow prisoner, and Secretary of Indiana Monument Commission:

HAVE YOU LEFT US HERE TO DIE?

When our country called for men, we came from forge, and
store, and mill,
From workshop, farm and factory, the broken ranks to fill;
We left our quiet homes and the ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all our Union foes, or fall where others fell.
Now in prison drear we languish, and it is our constant cry:
Oh, you who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you that our hearts were weak with
fear,
That all, or nearly all, of us were captured in the rear.
The scars upon our bodies from musket-balls and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms, a truer tale will tell.
We have tried to do our duty in sight of God on high;
Oh, you who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?*

There are hearts with hopes still beating in our pleasant North-
ern homes,
Waiting, watching for the footsteps that may never, never
come.
In a Southern prison pining, meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt.—
Growing weaker, weaker daily from pinching cold and want,

* It should be said here that the rebels undertook to make us believe that our government would not exchange prisoners. They tried to make us think that Uncle Sam was indifferent to our condition. While we knew better than that, it is no wonder that some of the poor fellows, in their suffering and discouragement, almost lost faith even in our good president Abraham Lincoln, our whole government, and even God himself. Such was the state of mind of the poor fellow who wrote the above lines; and of others of us from time to time.
—D. G. J.

There brothers, sons, and husbands, poor and hopeless captives, lie;
Oh, you who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

Just outside our prison gate there's a graveyard near at hand,
Where lie twelve thousand Union men beneath the Georgia sand;

Scores and scores are laid beside them as day succeeds each day,
And thus it shall be ever till the last shall pass away.
And the last can say when dying, with uplifted, glazing eye,
Both faith and love are dead at home, they have left us here to die.

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