

After reaching a place of comparative safety, I thought of a promise I had made to Sgt. Fleagle: if he fell in battle and I was spared, I would take his gold watch and silver-mounted revolver off him and send them to his mother who lived in Lancaster, Pa. I went to the Captain and told him what I wanted to do, and asked his permission to go to Sgt. Fleagle. He refused several times but, after urgently repeating my request, he finally consented, but said, "If you go out there you will never get back". I said, "Let me try it, Captain." Then he said, "Go". I stripped off my army equipments and started on a run to Fleagle. When I reached him, he said, "O! Kennedy! What did you come here for?" I said, "For your watch and revolver. Where are they, Sergeant?" I took them off him, put them in my pocket and said, "Sergeant, aren't you cold?" He said that he was. Seeing a knapsack and blanket close by I got them, put the blanket over him and the knapsack under his head. I then cut his canteen off him and put it at his head. While doing this, I had to fall at his side two or three times to save myself from being hit with balls, as the cannon balls were flying in all directions. He begged me to leave him and to get back to a place of safety, saying if I did not, I would be killed. I started to run back to the railroad, and then I realized the danger I was in. I thought the whole rebel army was shooting at me. The balls were plowing into the earth on all sides of me. If ever a man ran for his life, I did then. This I consider the most foolhardy act of my soldier life, as it was going into the very jaws of death, to go to Sgt. Fleagle where he lay between the two lines of battle. All I thought of on starting to him was to fulfil the promise I had made him, and nothing but the protecting care of kind Providence enabled me to carry out my purpose. On reaching the company, I handed the watch and revolver to Captain Denton. At first he refused them saying, "I may be shot". I said, "Take them, Captain. If you are shot and I am spared, I will take them off you". Then he took them and kept them until after the battle and expressed them to the sergeant's mother. Some five or six weeks afterwards he received a letter from her and sent for me to come to his tent. I went to his tent, rapped, and he said, "Come in and sit down. I have a letter to read to you." The captain and I were both young men about twenty-one years of age and the tears flowed from our eyes as he read that letter of gratitude from that dear old mother who lost her darling boy at Stone River.

The second and third days of the battle held very little hard fighting. On the fourth day Rosencrans massed sixty-five pieces of artillery on our left in the woods, in front of a big cotton field. Our battery, Company I, 4th Regular Battery, did the cross firing. Rosencrans threw out a brigade of skirmishers. They were to go a certain distance and then fall back. Then General Brackenridge's Rebel Division charged after our men and General Rosencrans gave orders not to fire until we could see the whites of their eyes. The sixty-five pieces of artillery were all discharged at once. They were loaded with grape and canister and made the whole earth shake and swept almost everything in their path. Men were mown down by the hundreds. Crittendon's department raised and fired a volley, charged and drove the Rebels across Stone River, bayoneting them as they went up the bank. That ended the fighting and Bragg retreated to Shelbyville through mud and rain. This ended the campaign for the next five months, as Rosencrans lay in camp and recruited his army.

While lying there the regular brigade was detailed to go to Eaglesville where we had quite a skirmish and captured 240 prisoners. Among these prisoners was a deserter from an Indiana battery who was recognized by some of his company, was tried by court martial, found guilty, sentenced to death and was shot by 12 non-commissioned officers out of the 18th Regular Brigade. If I had had my shoes blacked I would have been one of the 12 men who shot him. I had just come off picket duty, and had not had time to black my shoes when I was called, and got another corporal to take my place. We did not know what duty we had to perform when we were detailed.

The regular brigade marched out into an open field northeast of Murfreesboro, there formed a square and then came the prisoner following a wagon in which was his coffin. As he entered the square the band at the head of the 18th Regulars stepped out and played the Dead March until they reached the end of the regiment. Then the band of the next regiment did the same, and so on until he went around the square or brigade. His coffin was taken out of the wagon and laid on the ground. He was ordered to kneel on his left knee, his left hand resting on the coffin. The minister offered prayer for him. He was blindfolded and the Lieutenant commanding the twelve corporals gave the order, "Ready, aim, fire!" That was the end of the poor deserter. In order to keep the twelve men from knowing which shot the deserter, there were only 11 balls in the 12 guns, one had a blank cartridge.

The only two persons I saw during the war that I had known before enlisting were two men of the 240 prisoners taken at Eaglesville. It was my duty to place a guard around the prisoners and when I had started that, two of them followed me until I had finished placing the guard, when they ask me if my name was Kennedy. When I told them it was they reached out their hands and we shook hands. Their names were Robert Hindersta and John Shanklin, with whom I had boated oil on the Kanawha River before the war. As the captain saw me shake hands with them, he came to me and ask if I knew them, and I told him I did. He told me to take them to my quarters, give them their suppers and treat them the best I knew how. That evening the prisoners were turned over to the Provost Marshal in Murfreesboro and from there to Camp Chase, Ohio.

As we lay at Murfreesboro our regiment was filled up with 500 new recruits. We drilled company drill, battalion drill and brigade drill until we were sick and tired of drilling. In the time we were not drilling we were building the Tabernacle out of cedars, which was one of the prettiest shaped buildings of the kind I ever saw. Our old Chaplain was awful proud of it. We had services in it on Wednesday evenings from three to four weeks.

Then we broke up our camp and started on the Tullahoma Campaign. Two or three days after leaving camp it set in raining and rained more or less all through the campaign, which lasted 3 or 4 weeks. One night during this rainy weather, I put two rails up against a fence, lay down on them, put my gun blanket over me and went to sleep. I was sleeping soundly, when, sometime in the night my rails gave way and I came down in a puddle of water which had formed in a low place in the ground under me. I didn't say what little boys say at their mother's knees before going to bed, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Three of four days after leaving Murfreesboro we commenced

A deserter is shot!

skirmishing with the Rebel out-post and kept it up until we reached Hoover's gap. There we had quite a fight. We charged through a field of ripe wheat on a battery posted field beyond. We drove the battery off and that ended the fighting on Hoover's Gap. The Rebels retreated back to Decatur Station. From there we followed them to Bridgeport on the Tennessee River. Then Bragg evacuated Chattanooga. So we marched up the Bridgeport and acted as Provost-Marshal of that place for a couple of weeks.

During that time I was detailed with ten men to take 140 Rebel prisoners to Nashville. I also carried a dispatch to General Granger. After giving it to him I started to go out of his room and he said, "Hold on, young man." He wrote another dispatch, gave it to me, and gave me some matches and told me for my life not to lose it, and if the train was captured going back to burn it and not let it fall into the hands of the enemy.

Now comes the funny part. We had not been paid off for the last five months, and being out of money, I asked the General if he would give me an order for three days' rations for ten men and myself. He sent a sergeant with me to the commissary department and there they issued me more rations than we could have eaten in a week. I went down to the railroad where I had left my men, got five of them and went up and got the rations. We traded the coffee, tea, sugar and rice that we did not want to some old Irish woman for pies. Some of the boys traded for the tea called "Old Rye". We lay down and slept peacefully that night and the next morning took the cars for Bridgeport, Tennessee. The boys were all feeling pretty good. There were two old citizens got on the train at Decatur Station with a big black bottle. They were only on the train a few minutes when they took it out and took a drink apiece. The boys saw them and asked them if they wouldn't give a soldier a drink, as it was better than what they had. They emptied the old man's bottle. In a short time they began to feel the effects and commenced singing, dancing, and hallowing. As we had the car to ourselves, it did not make any difference if the boys did make a noise. Suddenly the door opened and who stepped in but General Steadman and asked who was commanding the men in that car. I was sitting at the other end of the car and the boys pointed to me. I rose to my feet, saluted, and he said, "Have you command of these men?" I said that I had and he said, "They are very noisy". I said, "Yes, sir, they emptied a bottle for those two old gentlemen in front and it has gone to their hair and they are having a good time." By that time the boys were all around him and one took off his canteen which contained some liquor, another handed him a tin cup and they asked him to have a drink. Being very much of a gentleman, and too courteous to refuse, he took a drink. He returned to me and said, "Be careful none of your men get hurt. Let them have a good time". He then left us and went into another car. That evening we arrived in Bridgeport and by that time the boys were all straight again. I delivered my dispatch to the Colonel in command. It lifted a great responsibility off me, as I was very uneasy while I carried it, for fear the train would be captured by the enemy.

After being at Bridgeport for a couple of weeks, we left there, crossed the Tennessee River and crossed over Look Out Mountain into the Chickamauga Valley. As Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga, McCook

Crittington was left at Chattanooga and Bragg turned upon Crittington's department. Rosecrans, finding his army so divided, hurried them together by a forced march on the night of September 18, 1863. On Saturday morning September 19, we opened the battle of Chickamauga. We drove Bragg back wherever we met him. On Saturday morning Sept. 19, Bragg received reinforcements of Longstreet's corps from the army of the Potomac which gave them the decided advantage over Rosecrans's army by out-numbering them 25,000 men. That night it was very cold. There was a heavy frost Sunday morning that made us by a shiver on picket. On Sunday morning, September 20, the fighting was renewed at seven o'clock and continued until six o'clock that evening. It was one of the most terrific battles fought during the war, as our regiment lost 55 1/2 per cent of the men composing it. I had several guns in my hands that day and fired over 200 rounds of cartridges. The regular brigade fought on all four sides of it and was not off the ground on which they formed in the morning. We were surprised at 12 o'clock and had our battery taken from us but we did not know it. About four o'clock a brigade of Longstreet's men dressed in blue clothes came marching down in front of our lines. We thought they were reinforcements coming to us. Not being 50 yards from us they faced into line and shot at us. We drove them back. After that they did not charge again as they found they could not drive us. Here we lost our color sergeant, Sergeant Fisher. When he fell I picked up the flag and held it in one hand and my gun in the other until the color corporals came up and I gave it to one of them under a protest as they had both run back when Fisher fell. I refused to give it to either of them until the Lieutenant of my company came up and said to do it, "Kennedy, give them the flag. You are the only uncommissioned officer in the company now, and if anything should happen to me, you will have to take charge of the company". I then gave the flag to one of them and told them both if they ran away from the flag again I would shoot them. They stood like men all afternoon, and that night after we were taken prisoners, we tore the flag to pieces and divided them among us. My piece was about 8 inches square and I carried it all through my prison life, and when I got back to Camp Thomas, my regimental headquarters, gave it to the Adjutant of the regiment. I have always been sorry I did not know the value at the time of that relic. If I had I never would have parted with it.

All this time we were looking for reinforcements. General Thomas tried to send us word to fall back, but all the orderlies sent were captured. We held our lines until dusk. Our ammunition had all run out. By this time we had no field officers. There was a colonel of some Illinois regiment commanding the division I was in. He ordered us to fall back on a battery in the Kelly Field, which was ours in the morning. But the Rebels had captured it at 12 o'clock and had turned it on us. When we got up to the battery we found it was occupied by the enemy and two lines of Rebel infantry around it. It was then we received the order, "Throw down your guns, you Yanks". Some thirty odd hundred were captured. We were then marched back past the Rebel field hospital where there were the most ghastly sights I ever saw. Doctors were amputating limbs and dressing the limbs of the wounded. We lay in the woods all night and the next day were marched back to Dalton's Mills. This was the last battle in which I took part.

After some thirty years of civil life, I visited the battle field and learned from the Southern tablets, that 3,200 men fell in front of the Regular Brigade that day, one of the men being a Major-General. This shows we did not do a bad day's work even if we were captured at the close.

From Dalton's Mills we were taken to Atlanta, Ga. There we were put in a board stockade, and drew rations and were counted off and searched. Our blankets were nearly all taken from us, and all the money and valuables they could find. We were formed in line and marched through one of the main streets of Atlanta to another railroad leading to Richmond, Va. As we marched through the streets we were singing, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree", as loud as we could sing. As we marched along the people of Atlanta thought they had captured all of Rosecrank's army. We reached the railroad and were put in boxcars. About 60 men were put in a car. The 35th Georgia Infantry of the Confederacy had charge of us. That was the best guard we had during our imprisonment. Eleven days after we were captured we reached Richmond, Va., and were taken to Belle Island. Here we had no tents or shelter of any kind and lay on the bare ground. We stayed there 11 days and were then transferred to Libby Prison. Part of us were taken to the Smith building across the street. These buildings were tobacco houses. Here we lost Lieutenant Pollman who was formerly an orderly sergeant in our company. We stayed here some six weeks, during which time our rations were as follows,--

One-half of a five cent loaf of bread was a day's rations for one man. Sometimes we would get a tub full of cooked sweet potatoes that had neither been washed nor peeled. These were smashed up and pretty hard pills to eat. One tub full was divided among from 300-400 men. Hunger kept gnawing and so pitilessly that I traded with one of the guards, giving him a valuable Masonic ring for 20 loaves of bread. When I got the bread Win Newton, Dick Price and I sat down and ate eight of them, so you may know that they were not very big. Every other day for six or seven weeks I shook with chills and fever for six months. After being there for six or seven weeks we were taken to Danville, Va. There we were put in other tobacco buildings. These buildings were two story, having two floors. I was on the second floor. After being there some time the men on the first floor dug a tunnel and about 75 men escaped, but nearly all were recaptured and brought back into the prison. The smallpox broke out among us and carried off a great many men, I took it in the latter part of Feb. and was taken to the small-pox hospital. For the first three or four days I was there I knew nothing. All was a blank to me. After I was able to sit up on my bunk, a comrade from an Indiana regiment came and would talk to me. After a few days he asked me if he could trust me, also if I could march. Then he told me of his plans for making an escape. As the patients were convalescing, there was a square of tents and they made all that were able go to these tents and stay during the day. At night they were driven back to the hospital. It was made out of boards ten feet long set on their ends and a roof over it. It was about 15 feet wide and 100 feet long. In each of the tents mentioned before, there was a bunk made with forked stakes and boards and straw on that. This had a quilt or coverlet as a cover. Three of us went into one of these tents right in front of the place the guards met. Their beat was about 100 feet long each way. This was right on the brow of a hill. In the evenings after the soldiers were driven back into the hospital, the guards went around and examined the tents to see that no one was in them. On the evening we had planned to escape, we fixed the quilt so that it would hang down to the ground, and before time to drive us back to the hospital, three of us crept under the bunk and the quilt hid us from view. We lay there until it was dark. We took off our shoes and waited for the time to

escaped without either guard seeing or hearing us. Then we stopped and put on our shoes and took the road for Ballard's Ford, which was five miles up the River Dan. When we reached the ford we took off our clothes, tied them in bundles, and fastened them on our heads, so they would not be wet if we had to swim. The water took us to the waist until we were within ten feet of the shore and then it came up to the top of my shoulder. It was in the latter part of the march and the water was rather icy for it was March and the water came from the snow covered mountains of Virginia. To dress myself was one of the most difficult tasks I ever did as I thought I would freeze to death before I could get my clothes on. The sores from the small-pox were still sore on us. As soon as we were dressed, we started for Gally Bridge, West Virginia, two hundred fifty miles north of the place we crossed the Dan River. A post of Union soldiers was stationed at Gally Bridge, and we hoped to reach them. We marched that night until daylight, and then went to the thicket of pine and hid ourselves. We ate a scanty breakfast of cornbread which we had saved while in the hospital. We then gathered our piles of leaves, curled up in them and slept until evening. That night was favorable for us. The stars were shining and we travelled by the Northstar. We had to go around the towns for fear of being recognized as union soldiers and taken back to prison, so that we did not travel more than 15 miles a night.

The third night out we were compelled to get something to eat, and ventured to a negro's cabin where we were furnished with some corn meal baked in the ashes which was very acceptable. The negro then went three miles with us and put us on the right road for Gally Bridge. He told us where it would be safe to stop for more to eat. The only white person's house we entered while we were out was on the sixth night and he was a Union man to whom the negroes directed us. He gave us our suppers and directed us how far to go. We traveled for nine nights, hiding through the day, and nothing of importance happened during that time. The morning of the ninth day from our hiding place we saw negroes entering a log building used as a tobacco house. After watching them for an hour or more two of us ventured into the house. Hunger was gnawing so mercilessly we felt we must have something to eat. As we entered the door we saw a white man and we whirled and started on the man. He ordered us to stop or he would shoot. Our other partner hidden in the woods saw us captured. He heard them call the dogs to set on the trail and came up to surrender. The planter who had captured us took us to his house and gave us about half as much as we could have eaten. The planter put us in charge of a white man and a colored man, each having a double barreled shot gun, and marched us the rest of the way to Henryville, Va. When night overtook us we stopped at an old farmer's house and he told us we could lie in the scupper. He allowed us to build a fire as the night was cool. He gave the white man and negro their suppers but would not give us anything to eat. That night about ten o'clock a negro woman came out with a big dish of Irish potatoes and parsnips cooked together and about half a corn pone. I never liked parsnips and could not eat them at home, but that night they tasted better to me than anything I had ever eaten. The next morning we resumed our journey to Henryville. We arrived there about three o'clock in the afternoon, tired and very hungry, as we had not had anything to eat all day. We were put in Henryville jail. Henryville was the county seat of Henry County, Virginia. Just before dusk a Rebel deserter was brought into jail. He was a great, big, broad shouldered Mississippian who had married a wife in Virginia and was living about ten miles from Henryville. He was surprised to see us there and asked us who we were. We told him we

were Yankee prisoners trying to escape. The jail was a little hewed log building all stripped up and down with old wagon tires on the inside and a brick wall on the outside. It had one small window with eight by ten glass and iron cross bars on the outside. This Rebel deserter looked all around the walls and said to us, "Yankees, I'm going to break jail tonight. I'm never going back to Richmond to Castle Thunder. I will either be killed or kill the guard that takes me. My wife and two little babies are starving out in the country here, and it is more than I can stand." We heard a noise and stopped talking, and in came the sheriff with our supper. It consisted of a little corn cake about the size of a pie and about a half inch thick baked on a stone griddle. This was cut in four pieces and given to us four hungry men. After the sheriff left us we tore off one of the wagon tires to break jail with. Then we all sat down and made a bargain with the Rebel prisoner, after asking him if he knew the road to Gally Bridge. We were to give him \$50 apiece if he would take us to Gally Bridge and stay with us until we got our money. We waited until we thought it was between nine and ten o'clock, and then we proceeded to break jail. We smashed the window and broke the bars of iron outside. The sheriff kept a hotel and sold whiskey. Some old fellows who had been staying there to get the last drink he could that night came along and, hearing us, went back and reported to the sheriff. He put three guards around us with shot guns and that stopped us from getting away. The next morning the sheriff brought in our breakfasts which consisted of one corn cake divided into four parts, the same amount which had been given us for our supper.

There was a stage line run from Henryville to Danville. The Rebel prisoner was put on the stage that morning and sent to Danville. We never heard anything more about him. Along about half past seven in the morning the sheriff and a guard came out and took us out of jail. I had about \$15 in Southern money and I told the sheriff I would give it to him if he would give us three men our breakfasts. He said, "No, damn you; I'd rather shoot you than give you breakfast because you tried to break jail last night". The guard said, "Come over to the other hotel. Maybe you can get something to eat over there". We went over and I stepped up to the landlord and told him I had \$15 and would give it to him if he would give us three men our breakfasts. He said, "Wait a minute until I go in and see mother" (his wife). He came out presently and said, "She will have breakfast ready for you in a few minutes". In a little while a girl came to the door and told her father to tell us to come in to breakfast. We went in and sat down to a table for the first time since 1861. Our breakfast consisted of corn bread, biscuits, fried ham, butter, and some vegetables; and Oh! My! you should have seen us eat. The landlady was a very delicate looking, motherly old lady. After I had eaten for some time she looked very earnestly at me and then asked me if I would tell her the truth. I told her that I would if it lay in my power to do so. She said she had two sons who were prisoners of war at Camp Chase, Ohio, and she wanted to know if her boys would be starved as we were. I told her that they would get plenty to eat and that if their clothes gave out the Government would furnish more; and if they were sick they would be put in a hospital to be taken care of; but that they would be confined to their barracks and not allowed their liberty. This appeared to relieve the old lady greatly, and she said that she believed what I had told her. I went out of the dining room and offered my money to the landlord. He told me to keep it, for it might do no good some other time. We thanked him and his kind lady for our breakfasts, and departed with our guard for Danville. After marching

about half a mile out of town, I said to the guard, "That was an awful kind lady and gentleman back there where we had our breakfast. He cannot be much of a Southern sympathizer". The guard answered, "He is as good a Union man as you are, but he has to keep his mouth shut, and so am I". Then he said, "Now, boys, I am under ten thousand dollar bond to deliver you in Danville. If you go along peaceably with me I will do everything I can for you, but I have a double barrelled shot gun loaded with slugs, and if you try to run away, I will have to use it". The guard asked my name and I said to him that it was Kennedy. He then said, "Now, Kennedy, watch this road as you go along and if you ever get out again you will know how to come". We marched along and about noon came to a prosperous looking farm. We went in and the guard ordered dinner for us. While we were waiting for dinner, two Rebel soldiers came in who were going home on a furlough, and asked if they could get dinner. The old farmer said, "Come in, come in, boys". They did not see us until they were in the room and they were badly scared when they saw our blue uniforms. The old farmer said, "Now you are in a fix. You are surrounded by Yankees." But they were not long in learning the true state of affairs. The two Rebel soldiers, the guard, the old farmer, and we three Yankees sat down to dinner together. We commenced asking the Rebels about the war, and they said that it was going just as their general said it did; they had whipped us in every battle that had been fought. That was fun for us Yankees. We then asked them about the battles of Fort Donaldson, where Grant took 30,000 prisoners; of Pittsburgh Landing, of Stone River, and of Gettysburg. They said that they were not whipped. They just had to fall back, that was all. The stage went over the road ahead of us and gave the word that the Yankees were coming. At all cross roads and blacksmith shops, there were men, women, and children waiting to see us, considering it a great curiosity to see a Yankee. We marched on quietly the rest of the afternoon until we came to the nose of a great tobacco planter, and there we stopped. The guard called, "Hello!" and out came the old planter. The guard said that he wanted to stay all night and wanted supper and breakfast for three Yankees and himself. The old planter flew into a rage and said that no Yankee could eat at his table or stay under his roof. The guard said, "No, you'll not touch one of them". He said he had orders from the Southern Confederacy to stay wherever night overtook him and he was going to stay there. This only enraged the old planter more and he made the air blue with oaths. Out came his son who was a Rebel Major and had just reached home. He had been a Rebel, a prisoner of war at Camp Chase, Ohio, and had been exchanged. He asked the guard who we were and he told him that we were prisoners of war who had escaped, been recaptured, and he was taking us back to Danville, Va. The Major turned to his father and said, "Father, those men have nothing to defend themselves with, and they are at our mercy the same as I was in their lines a few weeks ago. Would you have liked it if they had shot me down while I was there?" This touched a soft place in the old man's heart, and he invited us in. As we went into the house, he ordered a colored woman to get a good supper. Then he seated himself in front of a big wood fire; threw his feet against a jamb and took a big chew of tobacco and just chewed and spit, never saying a word. What talking was done was by the Major and the guard. We sat there awhile and the colored girl came back and announced supper. We went in and ate our supper and after we came back where the old planter was sitting, he became very talkative and we talked until twelve o'clock before we went to bed. He was very anxious to know about the "Yankee army", as he called it. We made it as bright as we could for our side. We went upstairs to go to bed. The Major took us into a room where there were

four beds. He said, "Here is a bed apiece for you, boys." I said, "Major, we are not fit to get into your beds. We are dirty and filthy." He said, "Never mind, there are lots of niggers, soft soap, and water, and they can wash them. It is not often a soldier has a chance to get into a bed. Pile in, boys." This is the first bed I had slept in since August, 1861. It was now March, 1864. We did sleep. They gave us a good breakfast the next morning and we started for Danville. After travelling a short distance we came to a tavern where liquor was sold. There were about a dozen people waiting there to see us. Among them was a Rebel Lieutenant and his two soldiers and four nice looking young girls. I stepped up to one of the girls and asked her if she would give a Yankee soldier something to eat if he would go up to the house with her. She said, "Yes, I will give you something to eat and something to drink." I said, "Come on, guard, we will go with this girl". When we got to the house she bought a pint of apple-jack, paying \$15 in Confederate money for it. We drank it and I went back to the kitchen with her to get something to eat, not because I was hungry then but because I wanted something in my haversack to carry back to prison with me. The girl gave me some cold biscuits and cold boiled pork for which I thanked her kindly. I then went into the bar room and the lieutenant and our guard were bantering each other about who could beat in playing "seven up". After some parleying the lieutenant put his two soldiers to guard us, and he and our guard went into the barn to play. In about a half hour they came back to the house. Our guard had won all the money the lieutenant had. He said, "Boys, I can stand a pint now". He bought a pint of apple-jack and we drank it among us. Then, bidding the girls and the lt. good-by, we again started for Danville. After traveling for a half mile we sat down on the road to rest. The apple-jack was working in our hair a little. We had only been there a few minutes when the Rebel soldier and his two men came up and took charge of us. I said, "On what authority do you demand us prisoners from this guard? He was given a bond of ten thousand dollars to take us to Danville and we are going with him peaceably." He said, "For leaving you men and going to play cards." I said, "Didn't you put your two men over us? You and he went out and played "seven-up", and he won all your money from you, and that is why you are kicking". He jerked out his revolver and drew it on me and said if I would open my mouth again he would blow my brains out. The guard cocked his double-barrelled shot gun and said, "If you shoot that Yankee, you are a dead man. So Mr. lieutenant put his revolver up. After parleying around a while he sent some of his men for the justice of the peace who lived about a mile away. When the Squire came, he was a very nice old gentleman, and he began reading the civil law about us. After he talked for some time, I asked if this country wasn't under Martial law. He said, "Yes". I said, "Well, then, Squire, you are a Justice of the civil law. You had better not meddle with soldiers of prisoners of war, or you will get into trouble yourself. My advice to you is to go back home and not meddle with soldiers". He studied a little bit then said, "I think you are right, young man". He left.

After parleying nearly all day, one of the Yankee boys cut three heavy hickory canes. He came up and gave me one, gave one to the other man, and kept one himself. He was a large man and a determined looking fellow. He stepped up to the lieutenant and said, "We will go back with our guard, but we will die before we will go with you. I only give you a minute to leave, or I'll brain you right here". These words were scarcely out of his mouth before our guard drew his gun and said, "Yes, get". They started back and we started again for Danville.

That night we stayed with an old tobacco planter named Jones. He treated us very nicely. The next morning when we were leaving I asked him for a hand of tobacco. He said, "No, young man, I'll not give you a hand". He called a little negro boy and told him to bring him a plug of tobacco. When he gave it to me he said, "There, young man, the best tobacco you ever chewed or ever will chew. It is older than you are". I took it and thanked him and found it just as he said.

That evening we reached Danville and were put in prison again. Nothing unusual occurred while there. A few days we left Danville in box cars for Andersonville, April 11, 1864. We stopped on the way at a place where there had been a freight train wrecked. I found a couple sheets of tin off one of the cars and took them with me. After reaching Andersonville I made a bucket out of one sheet that would hold about two quarts, and out of the other sheet I made a little square pan. These things were of great service to us as they enabled us to cook our food, and it brought me some extra rations as I rented them out for a spoonful of meal to men who had nothing in which to cook.

We were the second lot of prisoners to arrive at Andersonville. There were about 600 or more prisoners in the stockade when we arrived and they were the most dejected looking set of men I ever saw. They had been sitting around pine-wood fires for a month and were almost black as negroes. As the timber was cut to make the stockade, the tops of the trees and small branches were left lying on the ground. These they had gathered and used for fire wood.

The stockade contained twelve acres of land. All around the inside was a "dead line". This was made by posts set every eight feet and a railing at the top of the posts. This was fifteen feet from the stockade. Any man going outside this "dead line" was shot. A run divided this piece of ground included in the stockade into nearly two equal parts. On this side of the stockade was a swamp about 40 feet wide. This run supplied our drinking water.

At that time there were no tents in the stockade except five or six wall tents on the south side which were used as hospital tents. These were full of sick men. At that time there were no prisoners on the north side of the run. Prisoners began coming in very fast and by July 4 there were between 32,000 to 35,000 of us in the twelve acre enclosure. Then the stockade was enlarged and for or five acres more were added to the north side to make more room for the prisoners.

The prisoners were numbered in detachments of 1,000, in companies of 100, and in squads of 10. A sergeant drew rations for 1,000, and divided it into 10 equal parts. Each one of these parts was divided into 10 parts. Each company had its own number and each squad its own number. Each man in the squad had his number. When the rations for a squad was being divided each man's number was called but not in rotation. This was to prevent dissatisfaction among the men, as in this way no one knew whose number would be called last.

Our rations consisted of a quart of corn meal, ground cobs and all, and not sifted, and two spoonfuls of rice, for one day. The next day we would get perhaps the same amount of corn meal and perhaps two spoonfuls of beans. The next day, cornmeal and a couple spoonfuls of sorghum molasses. Three or four times during the month we would get some meat. It was generally a spoiled shoulder or ham that the shippers were working in. A chance time we would get some beef. We never

got more than two ounces at any one time. The great trouble with these rations was, they were issued to us raw and we had to cook them the best way we could. We had no salt with which to season our food. The majority of their men ate their rations raw.

The pine trees were standing thick around the stockade, but they would give us no wood for cooking, and we had to dig up stumps and roots and get it the best way we could. This is one thing for which I blame the Confederacy, as they had plenty of wood, but would not give it to us. This raw coarse food caused scurvy and diarrhea among the men and they began to die off by the hundreds.

A comrade died leaving an old silver watch. When we carried him out I took the watch and traded it to a Rebel guard for a guinea hen, three pounds of flour, five pounds of cornmeal, one dozen onions, and three spoonfuls of salt.

The way these things were given to me was this. He allowed me to go inside the dead line, and he let down over the stockade one-half of what I was to receive. I then handed him the watch after which he handed me the other half of the food. I cooked all that I received for one meal. I made dropped dumplings with the guinea broth. When I had my dinner ready Dick Price, Win Newton and I sat down and cleaned up every morsel of it. This was the most expensive meal I ever ate as the Confederate guard valued what he gave me for the watch at \$150 in Confederate money. This was a rare treat which few ever enjoyed in Andersonville.

I have seen lots of men dig in the swamp for lizards, cook and eat them. This is what starvation will drive a man to do.

Many men came to prison wounded. Having nothing to dress his sores, the wounds would become fly-blown. This added much to their sufferings, which often ended in gangrene and death. Hundreds of men had been vaccinated before they came to Andersonville, and instead of getting well, gangrene set in and ate off muscles and flesh on their arms. This caused death. Men died at the rate of 150 a day during July and August. The deaths of many of them were too horrible for description.

There are buried at Andersonville 14,800 out of 35,000 men imprisoned. These died in less than a year. No one but God can ever know or tell the suffering endured there.

About this time two ladies, whom we supposed to be wives of ranking Confederate officers, came to visit the prison. They entered the stockade inside the dead line and asked a few questions of the prisoners. The elder lady happened to look down at the dead line where there lay about 60 dead men, most of them naked, and asked if they were dead. She was told they were. She said, "If that is the way the Southern Confederacy is treating its men prisoners, I hope and pray to God that it may fall, and that soon," and turned and walked out. The sights were too horrible for her to look upon.

The raw coarse food caused scurvy. It began in the mouth. The proud flesh would grow over the teeth during the night, and in the morning we had to tear it off with our thumb-nails so our teeth would meet. The next place it struck was the thigh and the calf of the leg, which turned black. The leg would draw up so that a man could

not walk. The third point of attack was the stomach, and when it went there a man did not live 24 hours. When a man died of scurvy he turned black all over.

Scurvy!

About the first of June I took the scurvey in my mouth. Then it went to my thigh and the calf of my leg, but I was fortunate enough to steal two muslin meal sacks from old Captain Wirz. Of these I cut a pair of pants, made them, and sold them for \$2.50 in Greenbacks. With the money I bought eight Irish potatoes, none of them being any larger than a hen egg. With these potatoes and some tartaric acid I cured myself of this attack of scurvey, My partner being surgeon of a hundred, drew the acid for the hundred and gave it all to me. The potatoes lasted eight days. I divided each potatoe into four parts and had one in the morning, one at noon, one in the evening, and one at bed time.

Along in June some time there were 160 men banded together as raiders and we had to sleep with clubs at our heads for defense. If they saw a man have anything valuable about him, they would murder him and take it. They got so bold that we were compelled to organize a police force. We elected a chief of police and captains, the same as in a city. We erected a whipping post.

The chief appointed detectives and they joined the raiders to learn their names. When that was done a day was set to capture the raiders. This was the most excitable day I ever saw. They caught the raiders and Captain Wirz, the warden of the prison took charge of them and kept them outside the stockade. A judge and jury were elected from the prisoners to try them. Sixty of them were tried for murder and six of them were found guilty. They were condemned to be hung. After the papers were sent to President Lincoln and signed by him, they were hung in the month of July in the stockade.

The Scaffold

Captain Wirz furnished lumber for the scaffold and it was built. About one o'clock he came in mounted on a white horse and with him were the condemned prisoners and six Rebel guards. He turned the prisoners over to the chief of police and said, "Now, chief, I have kept these men for you. You can do as you please with them. You can hang them or let them go. I want it distinctly understood that I have nothing to do with the hanging of these men". He and his guards turned and went out. The chief and the other police turned and led the six condemned men to the scaffold. While they were making some remarks one of the prisoners broke away and ran through the camp to the North side. He was captured and brought back amid great excitement. After the rope was put around his neck, the chief asked him if he had anything to say. He said that he had nothing to say but this, that bad companions had brought him to the gallows.

The ropes being all fastened around the necks of the condemned men, the bag was put over their heads and the trap was sprung. Mosby, the ringleader, being a large and powerful man broke his rope and fell to the ground. He exclaimed, "O God". He was raised up, the rope was tied around and he was let swing again. It was then all over for these six raiders. I stood within six feet of the scaffold and saw it all.

Some time in this month, June, or the first of July, the Providential Spring broke out on the North side about half way between the run and the North gate and inside the dead line. There

was a trough put into the spring and the water was led out into the main stockade. Men fell in ranks and took their turns getting water. This was certainly a God-send as the pure water saved hundreds of lives.

The Tunnel
Some time in July I joined a band of men who were digging a tunnel on the North side. There were 160 of us divided into three companies. There were three guides, - a Mississippi guide, an Indiana, and a Western guide. Each man taken into his band was recommended by some friend that he could be trusted. The oath administered to us was one of the most solemn oaths that ever a man could take, that he would die before he would tell where the tunnel was. The tunnel was started in a little tent occupied by two men. We dug down six feet before we started out with the tunnel. There was an offset about a foot down on which we laid boards and placed earth on them in the morning. The two men spread their blankets on this and slept on them through the day. The men worked by detail as their tunnel came. I worked two nights in the tunnel. We dug wells in the day time and filled them up with dirt from the tunnel at night. As near as I can recollect the tunnel was about two feet wide and about two and a half feet high. When we were digging, we put our dirt in bags and dragged it out behind us. It was six feet from the top of the ground to the top of the tunnel. The reason we had to have it so far under the surface was, Captain Wirz had a long needle with which he went around examining the stockade for tunnels. When completed this tunnel would be about 150 feet long, as there were two stockades to go under; but this tunnel never was completed. Along the first of September, 1864, the Confederates began to move their prisoners to other places.

The squad to which I belonged was taken to Charleston, South Carolina. There men were put on the race track field, where we lay for three weeks. When we first went there, the women of Charleston commenced bringing us food, but the prison authorities soon put a stop to that. At night we amused ourselves watching General Gilmore bombarding Charleston. The shells would go up until they would be right over the city, then fall and burst on the cities often setting them on fire. After a stay of three weeks on this open field, we left and were taken to Florence, S.C., one-hundred twenty-four miles farther north. Here we were put in a stockade, constructed the same as the one at Andersonville. A run also ran through the stockade. Here I dug out some earth and made a cave in which to sleep at night. It protected me from the cold wind, but not from the rain.

The rations in this place were the same as in Andersonville, but the red-headed lieutenant who had charge of the prison, was even more tyrannical than Captain Wirz. According to the number of men, I think there were more suffering in this prison than in Andersonville, as it was much colder and every morning men were carried out who had frozen during the night. Our clothing was worn thread-bare and a great many men had no shoes, socks, or clothes to keep them warm.

Here I voted my first vote for president. It was for President Lincoln. The Confederates wanted to know the probable result in the coming election and concluded to let the prisoners vote as a test. Two empty boards were nailed to the boards of the stockade inside the dead line. One of these was to receive the votes for Lincoln and the other for McClelland. Two bags of beans were set on the ground under the empty bags. One bag contained black beans which were to be used as ballots for Lincoln, and the other had white beans as ballots for

McClelland. There was a guard where we entered the dead line and one at each sack of beans. As we entered the dead line we had to hold out our hands to show that we had nothing in them. Then we walked to the stockade where the beans were. We then took one bean from the sack representing the man for whom we wished to vote, placed it in the heart of one hand, held out both hands, having our fingers spread to show there was but one bean, then placed it in the bag on the side of the stockade and walked out of the dead line. The voting began early in the morning and was kept up until one or two o'clock. By this time the Confederates were satisfied as to the results of the election and closed the poles. They said that Lincoln would be the next president.

About every week or ten days there was an exchange of sick prisoners. The last exchange took the last man of my company out of my stockade. I had always kept in good heart until this man left, expecting at some time to be exchanged among the sick. I wrote a note and gave it to this man as he was leaving, and asked him to send it to my father when he reached our lines. I told my father how much money was coming to me from the government and how he could get it, as I was taking the scurvy for the third time and knew I could not live another month. I had nothing to trade for food or nothing else, not even a brass button. Everything I had was gone. The third day after Muggerrige, my late companion, was exchanged, there was another call for the sick to be exchanged. I belonged to the first 1,000 and we were ordered to fall in line to be examined for exchange. We stood in line single-file and the doctor came down the line examining each soldier as he came to him.

When I heard the call for exchange of sick in our thousand, I took heart again and thought I might yet get out if I could appear sick enough. I had a plug of tobacco and I began chewing and swallowing it as fast as I could. In a few minutes I certainly was sick. I got a little piece of red pepper from a comrade and rubbed my eyes with it. When the doctor came to me he said, "What is the matter with you, young man?" I said, "Doctor, I am sick and going blind, and my time is up, and I want to go home". He said nothing but went on down the line and examined four other men. When I saw him do that I felt more discouraged than ever. He looked back and I suppose I looked pitiful, for he came back and said I could go. That was the happiest moment of my life. I did not feel any tobacco sickness or any red pepper in my eyes. He told me to go outside the stockade and go to the first letter of my name and sign a parole. The letters of the alphabet were cut in the ground. There was a clerk for each letter, and each clerk had a store box for a writing desk. I went to the letter K and signed my name quicker than I ever did before. The clerk told me to go over in a field where there were a lot of other sick men. We expected to take a train for Charleston at four o'clock that evening, but no train came. It commenced raining and poured down all evening and all night. We got no train until the next evening at five o'clock. We got into box cars, about eighty men in a car. We left for Charleston and reached the city about nine o'clock the next morning. We left the train and were taken on the Confederate flag-of-truce boat. When the two boats met, the prisoners were exchanged. The first thing we did was to throw our old dirty clothes into the bay and get into a bath tub and take a much-needed wash. We were then handed a new suit of clothes and as soon as we were dressed we went on the "Stat of the South", which was lashed to the flag-of-truce boat. Just as we went on to the boats we were handed rations which consisted of a quart of coffee, half

a pound of bread, and a good sized chunk of pork and a large onion. We were told to go up on the upper deck. I followed a poor fellow upstairs that could hardly get up. He sat down and I sat down in front of him. I soon ate my rations. He looked over at me and said, "You can eat your rations". I said, "Yea". He said, "You can have mine I cannot eat them. We are in God's country, now, where there is plenty. There was the first of anything we had to eat since we were paroled at Florence, S.C., forty-eight hours before. You should have heard us yell when we got the old flag. About two hours after getting my rations, a comrade named Jim Allman came to me and asked if I would like to have some tomato soup. He had been detailed to help take care of the sick and had the disposing of the soup. I told him that I would. He took my cup and brought me a cup of soup and two or three large Bermuda onions. He took me and showed me where the barrel of onions were. I never tasted apples that tasted half as good as those onions did. In the three days we were sailing to Annapolis, Md., I must have eaten over half a peck of them.

As we left the harbor at Charleston we sailed past Commodore Gilmer's fleet and the boys all turned out and gave us three cheers. This was the largest navy fleet I ever saw. After passing the navy fleet, I went to sleep and the next morning when I awoke, we were away out on the ocean. This was a great sight to me. It was the first time I had seen the ocean.

We were on it for four nights and three days before we reached Annapolis. When we arrived at that city we left the boat and went to the barracks. There we got another bath and another suit of clothes, leaving the suit we took off there. Then we marched into the dining room and had a good breakfast. The boys of us that were able to march went out to parole camp. There we received two month's pay and twenty-five cents for each day we were in prison as ration money, also our clothing money. Being a prisoner of war for fifteen months my ration and clothing money amounted to \$165. We were also given a furlough for thirty days. After receiving my furlough, I took a boat and went across Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore. There I bought a ticket for Parkersburg, West Va. My father lived in Wood County, W. Va. and I was going home. My furlough stated that I should report back to Annapolis, Md., but instead of doing that I reported, at the expiration of my furlough, to Camp Thomas, Ohio, my Regimental Headquarters, for my discharge. I had served six months over my time.

When I reported to the Major of Camp Thomas, I asked him for my discharge. He said he could not give it to me, but would write to my Company at Chattanooga, Tenn. for it. I said, "Major, I am sick yet and not able to camp out. I want to go to some house and board". He said, "I have nothing to do with you. You are under the provost-marshal of Annapolis, Md.". Then he advised me to go to him and the provost-marshal at Camp Chase, Ohio. I went there and reported to the provost-marshal at Annapolis that I was waiting there for my discharge.

I said, "Colonel, will you please let me go down to the barracks among the Rebel prisoners?" He sent a sergeant with me and passed me into the barracks. I went in among the Johnnies and asked them how they were treated. They said they got plenty to eat and plenty of clothes to wear, and blankets to keep them warm. I told them that I saw that they had plenty to eat for their slop barrels were filled