



## Stones River National Battlefield

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Significant Person's Name: JOSEPH T. MEBRIDE

Unit: CO, D, 45TH REGIMENT MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY

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#### List Contents of Donation Below:

(3) ARTICLES FROM CONFEDERATE VETERAN

(1) COMPLETE COMPANY ROSTER FOR  
45TH REGIMENT MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY

1ST CORPORAL JOSEPH

T. M BRIDE

Co. A, 45TH REGT MISS. INF

Color Bearer

RECEIVED FROM:

ROB SWINSON

WICHITA, KANSAS

(316) 262-1922

## HAND TO HAND FIGHT IN THE ARMY.

L. G. WILLIAMS, Memphis, Tenn., gives an account, of which the following are extracts, concerning a fight between Corporal McBride and Maj. Rosegarten:

During Christmas week of 1862 the Forty-fifth Mississippi Regiment Infantry, of Wood's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, was on picket duty near Triune, Tenn. Rosecrans and Bragg were advancing their armies and maneuvering so as to make Murfreesboro or its vicinity the scene of battle, where was fought one of the bloodiest and most stubborn engagements of the great war. It was fought December 31, 1862, and January 1 and 2, 1863, and the Confederates were defeated.

The writer, then a youth of eighteen, was second sergeant of Company A, of the Forty-fifth Mississippi. J. T. McBride was first corporal of the same company. This fight actually took place, and I trust that other witnesses on both sides are still alive who will be able to correct me if I make mistakes. I write from memory.

At the time mentioned, our company was deployed as skirmishers to meet an advance of cavalry of Gen. McCook's Corps. We engaged with a body of horsemen from a Michigan regiment, I think it was the Fifth. When the crack of carbines and rifles got to be pretty lively, our colonel gave the command: "Skirmishers retreat!" The entire company heard and obeyed except Capt. Connor and Corporal McBride, who were too far away to hear and too busy at the time to heed.

To the rear of our skirmish line, some seventy-five or eighty yards, was a ten rail worm fence which would have to be climbed in the retreat. McBride had his eye on some ten or twelve cavalymen, led by an officer, who were advancing at a gallop, and at the same time realized that his company had fallen back. He determined to make their leader, who was some distance ahead of his men, a target, fire, and then join his command, which by this time had almost passed out of view. Waiting till the officer got within twenty or thirty feet, he took deliberate aim and pulled trigger, when his gun snapped. The major, for that was his rank, dashed forward, almost standing in his stirrups, his saber raised to cleave his enemy's crest, confident of victory, when McBride clubbed his gun and before the major could strike he was knocked from his horse and badly stunned. This was the corporal's chance to retreat, as the men had not reached him, having stopped to capture Capt. Connor and talk to him, so McBride made for the rear in "double quick time." Arriving at the fence, he attempted to get over, but being rather clumsy, and the day damp and drizzly, on grasping the top rail to aid him in getting over, it would slip or be drawn toward him, causing him to let go and fall flat on his back. Three times he made efforts to go over the fence, but each time it was a slip and a fall. Rising for the fourth time, the major, having recovered from the blow and still on foot, was upon him savagely cutting and thrusting at him with his saber, making his mark in good shape across the front of McBride's body. This infuriated the corporal, who sprang at the major like a bulldog, caught him around the body, threw him down, straddled him, and nearly pounded the life out of him with his fists. At this moment the major's troopers, a sergeant and eight or ten men, came up, excitedly and angrily shouting: "Shoot the rebel! shoot him! kill him! No, don't shoot, boys, you'll kill the major! take him off! jerk him off!" interspersed with other expressions more profane than

polite. At last they got him off the major, who was beaten into insensibility almost and was powerless. But McBride had his "dander up," and struck and kicked at the sergeant and his men ferociously, who threatened to kill him if he didn't give in at once. His own captain finally commanding him, "Surrender, Joe; surrender, you fool!" caused him to submit, but even then reluctantly. The cavalymen were very much incensed at such pugnacity and nearly frenzied at the condition of their commander, whom they seemed to love very devotedly. They put irons on the corporal as a mark of disgrace as well as a means of safety, and marched him with other prisoners to Gen. McCook's headquarters. On the way to the general our prisoner was still belligerent and unconquered, fighting the yankees with his tongue, saying: "Ef yer'll turn me loose, I kin lick every one uv yer, one at er time!" When they reached headquarters, the sergeant saluted Gen. McCook, and said: "General, I bring you some prisoners."

After returning the salute, the general asked: "What's the matter with that man's hands?"

"I had to put irons on him, general."

"What for?"

"Because he wouldn't surrender."

"Take them off instantly, sir. It's the duty of a soldier not to surrender."

After questioning Capt. Connor as to Bragg's strength, etc., and receiving from the captain the somewhat flattering as well as politic answer: "Why, Gen. McCook, you are too good a soldier to expect me to answer your question, even if I knew," the general dismissed the sergeant with his prisoners. Shortly after this incident commenced the tramp, tramp, tramp of the captured "rebs" and their escort or guard toward Murfreesboro.

Ah, how many brave lives went out with the midnight knell of the old year on that memorable December 31, 1862, in that battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's River!

The temptation for reminiscence and retrospection is great, but I won't indulge. I rejoice, however, that

The lines which the wheels of artillery had traced  
In the blood-softened loam long since are effaced;  
And the footprints the enemies left on the mold  
Are lost 'neath the harvest fields surfeit of gold.  
May the bloom of the wild flowers by the clear river's side  
In sweetness and beauty mark the spot where each died.

But to our hero. By the time they arrived in the neighborhood of the battlefield the number of prisoners had increased until there were two hundred or three hundred, they having been picked up here and there. Here McBride was pointed out to the Federals and others who came to see the prisoners as the vicious rebel who killed Maj. Rosegarten, it having been reported that the gallant major had died. I have often wondered if he did die, or was it rumor? The morning of the battle the prisoners and their guard (which had been increased in numbers) were grouped around fires trying to keep warm. Among them was a tough-looking, stoutly built Irishman, who was full of fun, guying everything and everybody, scoring the Southern Confederacy and Confederate soldiers, and in a spirit of banter said he could "lick the devil out av any bloody Confetherate from Jeff Davis down to the lowest private, be dad!" Finally McBride, seeing that the remarks were to him, said he couldn't lick him. So the guard and guarded, being in for fun, gathered around the champions, exclaiming: "Make a ring, boys! make a ring, and let 'em have it out!" A ring was formed, and at it they went, the cor-

poral terribly in earnest, the Irishman indifferent and smiling. McBride was soon "knocked out."

In the midst of the battle that raged that morning, McBride would shout to his friends, the enemy, as they ran and dodged, "What yer runnin' fer? why don't yer stand and fight like men?" and tried his best to rally Rosey's men, until his fellow-prisoner, Capt. Connor, interposed, saying, "For God's sake, Joe, don't try to rally the yankees! keep 'em on the run. Do anything to continue the demoralization, and let's make our escape."

With all the disorder, however, the guard kept their prisoners well in hand, escorting them to a place of safety. Corporal McBride was sent to Camp Douglas. The following spring he was exchanged, and you may be sure his return was greeted with hearty welcome by his comrades of the Forty-fifth. He returned in time to take part in the campaign beginning at Tullahoma, Tenn., passing unharmed through the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold Gap. In all these engagements Corporal McBride added fresh laurels to his fame for courage and devotion to duty as color bearer. At last, however, after bearing our colors fearlessly through Resaca, at New Hope Church, on the Kennesaw line, Marietta, Atlanta, and Jonesboro, he bravely planted them on the fateful breastworks at Franklin, Tenn., on that awful November evening in 1864, and there gave up his life.

Corporal J. T. McBride was mustered into service at Jackson, Miss., November 4, 1861, Company A, Third Mississippi Battalion of Infantry. He was from near Westville, the county seat of Simpson County, where he owned a little farm on which he supported himself and family. He was a devout Methodist.

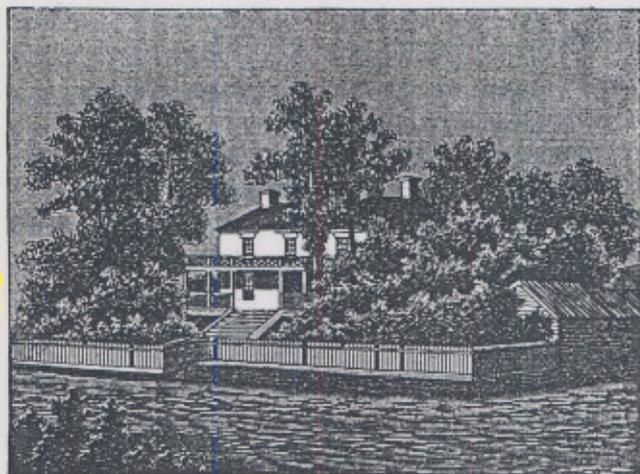
Is war wrong? God knows.  
Only one Judge is just, for only one  
Knoweth the hearts of men, and hearts alone  
Are guilty or guiltless.

#### VETERANS IN OLD NORTH CAROLINA.

COMRADES at Pittsboro, N. C., had a good time recently. It was the occasion for the annual reunion of Leonidas J. Merritt Camp (387 U. C. V.). The platform was gracefully decorated. In it was the last flag placed upon Jefferson Davis's coffin before his burial at Richmond. Capt. W. L. London, Commander of the Camp, officiated in the proceedings, and the old chaplain of the Fourteenth North Carolina led a prayer. Oran A. Hanner, who was a lieutenant in the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, gave a vivid account of prison life on Johnson's Island, speaking from twenty months' experience. He read a poem on the battle of Gettysburg, written by a Texan, who was his fellow-prisoner. Col. J. R. Lane made an address upon the war record of the late Senator Vance. Vance was the first colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, and Lane the last. The address was replete with tender recollections and interesting incidents in the career of the "great war Governor," and many instances were mentioned which illustrated the deep affection of the soldiers of his regiment for him while their colonel. Col. Lane received a severe wound in the mouth, while leading that regiment, with its flag in its hand, at Gettysburg, in which battle it lost heavily in killed and wounded.

H. A. London gave a sketch of Chatham's companies in the Confederate army, and also gave some official statistics of the losses at Gettysburg, showing among other things that of the 15,299 Confederates killed and wounded in that battle more than one-fourth (4,053) were North

Carolinians. He eulogized the valor of North Carolina's soldiers in that great battle, and cited as an illustration the storming of Cemetery Heights by the Sixth North Carolina Regiment, which broke through the enemy's line and captured and held for a time their artillery. Mr. J. H. Williams, who was in that charge and who was loading his musket, while standing by one of the captured cannon, and firing at the retreating Federals, was called on to tell of that gallant charge, which he did with a modesty that was equaled only by his valor. Mr. W. W. Edwards, of the old Twenty-sixth, the "Orator of the West," spoke. He was frequently interrupted with



MR. WILMER M'LEAN'S RESIDENCE.  
[Where Gen. Lee Surrendered.]

applause and laughter, alternating with tender and touching pathos and amusing anecdotes.

Mr. John M. Edwards, of old Chatham Rifles, was the last speaker and pictured the bright side of things. The members of the Camp reassembled and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Commander, John R. Lane; Lieutenant Commanders, O. A. Hanner, T. B. Laster, and J. H. Williams; Adjutant, Henry A. London; Quartermaster, Abram J. Lane; Surgeon, Dr. L. A. Hanks; Chaplain, Rev. A. H. Perry; Treasurer, John M. Edwards; Color Sergeant, J. M. Burnett.

L. HUGHES, Dyersburg, Tenn.: "Shake hands across the bloody chasm? Can't do it, injury too great. I was hospital steward with Surgeon Rice, Chief Surgeon of Cheatham's Division. When we were before Nashville in December, 1864, between the lines was the residence of Maj. Vaulx's father. They had to vacate it suddenly, and left lots of provisions behind. That night Maj. Vaulx organized a raid, went in and brought out sugar, coffee, hams, canned goods, etc., galore. A can of oysters fell to our lot, which I carefully stowed away in our medicine chest to stuff a turkey for our Christmas dinner. Now you can imagine the pleasurable anticipations. Our cook, a genius, had secured a turkey and hid it to fatten. But then the 16th and 17th came along, and we went quickstepping toward the shore of Tennessee River; and on Christmas day, weary, worn, depressed, and hungry, while waiting our turn to cross the pontoon, about three o'clock, Dr. Rice came around and said: "Pony, haven't you that can of oysters?" He and I had oysters for dinner with hard-tack, but not with turkey. Forgive, not much; forget, never."

There is nothing printed of equal benefit save only "the book of books," and its holy mission will be maintained. Let us all continue diligent until the end comes. The advantage of the united brotherhood of Confederates, co-operating through one channel, is manifest in the fact, already demonstrated, that comrades are scattered over the face of the earth. In nearly all of the hundreds of Camps throughout Texas, there are representatives from the various Southern States. This unity of action will help largely that charity work so much needed among thousands of unfortunate veterans. While the subscription (\$1) is payable in advance, no Confederate has ever been cut off from patronage who asked indulgence. Besides, thousands of copies, in the aggregate, have been sent to comrades through requests of subscribers. Single numbers will be read with interest by many who would not ask their names placed on the subscription list, hence subscribers will do such a favor when remitting by sending the names of such veterans.

In the reports of the Houston reunion it is sought to give the best papers, and to report such of the proceedings as will be of greatest benefit, but the articles will be in independent form.

The veteran library has been enriched by the Confederate Memorial Addresses, etc., of the Ladies' Memorial Association of New Bern, North Carolina. In May, 1885, they had completed, after eighteen years, a beautiful monument, having raised \$3,700. The front inscription is "C. S. A., 1861-1865. OUR DEAD." The little volume is largely devoted to a sketch of the life and military career of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew.

Captain Will Miller, of Aacadia, La., writes of his pleasure in Captain Ridley's Journal, as published in the VETERAN, for he was there too. His part of the \$54,000 given to the soldiers was \$1.12½ cents, and he adds: "My bedfellow and I threw heads and tails for the odd 2½ cents. I won it, and next day gave my five cent piece for \$60.00 in Confederate money—the worst trade I ever made. The Mexican dollar and United States ten cent piece I have yet, which my daughter prizes very highly, she and her brother cut their teeth on them."

Particulars of the death of a Mr. Thurman, a young Confederate soldier from Mississippi, who died in Virginia in 1862, and who was a pupil at William and Mary's College, in Virginia, when the war began, can be obtained by writing to Edward W. Roberts, Bremond, Robertson Co., Texas.

H. McInnis, of Lakeland, Fla., in renewing his subscription says: "CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be the countersign with your humble servant for this year or until next guard mount."

#### EVENTS IN BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

Dr. F. G. Hickman, Vandalia, Ill., whose noble service to Confederate prisoners has been reported in the VETERAN, writes:

Johnson's Division of McCook's Corps, which was on the extreme right in the battle of Murfreesboro, was the first to give way. I had selected for my regimental hospital a house which had been vacated. This house was on the Wilkinson or Manson pike. Soon after the commencement of the battle, an ambulance was driven to the hospital, bringing Gen. Kirk, of Illinois, badly wounded. He would not allow us to remove him from the ambulance, and said to us, "Boys, get out of here as soon as possible, or you will all be captured." His ambulance was driven on at once and escaped. I gave orders to the ambulance drivers to follow, and they did so as soon as the horses could be hitched (they were already harnessed), but were too late, for the Confederate Cavalry soon overtook them. I was more fortunate. I did not follow, but went across the fields. One of the ambulances contained all of my surgical instruments, my valise and surgeon's sword. The valise contained a brand new uniform. The sword, too, was entirely new. The instruments, doubtless, fell into hands of others who knew what to do with them. The uniform was evidently not so much appreciated, especially on account of its color. The surgeon's sword was a Christmas present from my assistant surgeon, and I regretted to lose it. In my valise there was an ambrotype of my brother-in-law, Capt. B. H. Sturgiss, of the Eighth Illinois, that I had just received. I regretted the loss of the picture more than all else.

Col. Sturgiss was promoted from Second Lieutenant to the command of his regiment. He answered to his last roll call five years since. His memory is revered by every soldier who ever heard him give the command, "Come on boys!" If I could recover that picture I would be under great obligations. I have often thought of advertising for it, but there has never been so good a way of doing so as now in the VETERAN.

L. G. Williams, in the August C. V., speaking of a hand to hand conflict between Capt. McBride and Maj. Bosegarten, says, "It having been rumored that the gallant Major died, I have often wondered if it was true." I can answer. The Major survived this combat, but met his death shortly afterwards. He and Maj. Ward, both of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, were mortally wounded in a skirmish on Monday evening, and carried to the house of Dr. Manson, where they both died the same night, attended by my assistant surgeon.

Letters from veterans are an important feature. Many for this number are held over.

Frank Anderson, Nashville, Tenn., who was one of Gen. John B. Hood's escort, writes for information concerning one Capt. Saunders, from Kentucky, who commanded the escort of some Major General in Hood's army. Mr. Anderson adds: "He did me a great personal favor the morning after the Franklin fight."

cause and their contempt for Lincoln's hirelings. The commander of the post has issued the following order, which is not quite so brutish, but akin to that of Butler:

"HEADQUARTERS, POST OF ST. AUGUSTINE, May 17, 1862.

"Certain women having conducted themselves last evening and this morning in a manner grossly insulting to the United States forces stationed here by collecting together in the plaza and there openly manifesting their disloyalty to the United States, I have ordered that hereafter any woman who shall be guilty of any open and offensive exhibition of disloyalty shall be held in strict arrest. And furthermore, if another such disgraceful scene is enacted, I shall enforce the full vigor of martial law on the city.

"By order of Louis Bell, Lieutenant Colonel 4th N. H. Vol., commanding Post of St. Augustine, Fla.

H. F. WIGGIN, *Acting Adjutant.*

"Information has reached us to the effect that many poor families whose husbands are in the war are in very destitute condition. The Federals refuse to allow them to leave the city, and will not sell them the necessities of life. They should by all means be relieved. It would be better to have the little 'Ancient City' laid in ashes than to allow our noble-hearted women and children to suffer for the want of food and be subjected to all kinds of insult."

#### EXPERIENCES IN CAMP CHASE PRISON.

John W. Robinson, Arcadia, La., who was a member of Company B, 12th Louisiana Regiment, and who was captured at Nashville December 16, 1864, and sent to prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, gives an account of his experiences:

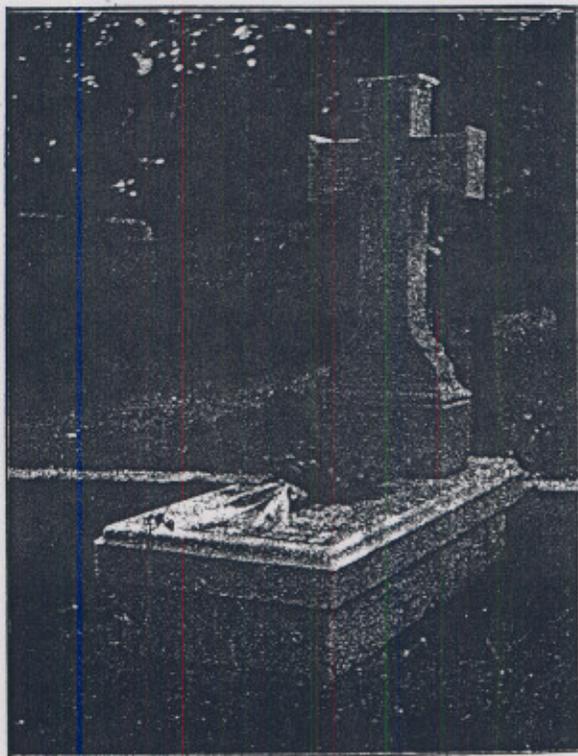
"My first night in prison was spent in Nashville in a rock quarry, surrounded by a strong guard. There were about one thousand of us. It was a cold, sleety night, and the Federals would not allow us a spark of fire. On that memorable night several of us came near freezing to death, and it was with much exertion that we survived it. The following day we were put in the Nashville Penitentiary, where we were fed on a small ration of bread for ten days. From there we were taken to Camp Chase, which, from all accounts, was the best prison the North afforded. Our rations were limited. We were fed at nine o'clock in the forenoon and at three in the afternoon. These rations consisted mainly of one hard-tack each and a small piece of pickled beef for breakfast, and for dinner a tin plate of corn meal mush and a tin pint cup of salty beef water in which the beef had been cooked the night before. We did not have at all the luxury of a cup of coffee. From Camp Chase we were taken to Point Lookout, Md., and were put into an open prison, without house or shelter, overlooking the bay. We were guarded there by negroes altogether. On the first night in that prison the guards shot into the prison all around, the fusillade lasting ten minutes. It was like a strong skirmish fight. The guards' beat was on a wall around the prison about twenty feet high. On the following morning we were told that the firing the night before was simply a custom when a new lot of prisoners were put in. Some of my company were killed and others wounded."

STONEWALL JACKSON CONVERTED A UNION SOLDIER.—A. C. McLeary, of Humboldt, Tenn., gives an account of how Stonewall Jackson made a Christian of an infidel Union soldier: "Seeing the poem, 'Stonewall Jackson's Way,' in the issue of the VETERAN for September, reminds me! While I was spending last winter at Wagoner, Ind. T., I attended the Northern Presbyterian Church, as we had no Southern Church there. The pastor organized the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and

Philip, composed of men old and young, and we met every Sunday afternoon. The subject one day was faith while praying in secret and in public. Each one was called upon to make a talk and give his experience, and in a way I gave mine as a young Confederate soldier. The pastor made an interesting talk during which he mentioned an ex-Federal soldier back in Pennsylvania, now a strict member of the Presbyterian Church, but who had gone into the army an infidel. He said that he soon learned that when Stonewall Jackson spent the night in prayer they would always get the worst of the fight the next day, and that it showed him there was a God, and he came home when the war closed a converted man."

#### MONUMENT AT BILL ARP'S GRAVE.

The family of Maj. Charles H. Smith have erected a neat monument with the funds sent through the VETERAN. A note from Miss Marian Smith states: "The beautiful cross resting on the marble slab is the one bought with the Confed-



erate Veteran money. The cross is massive—about six feet high. Across the bar are the letters 'C. H. S.' On the base is 'From his Confederate Veteran friends.' We think it lovely, and thank you. . . ."

#### GALLANTRY OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.

BY J. E. CARRUTH, AUBURN, MISS.

The article in the September VETERAN, "Why General Sherman's Name Is Detested," prompts me to write of an incident that is worthy of publication and shows the spirit of true manhood in General Rosecrans.

Just prior to the battle of Murfreesboro Wood's Brigade (afterwards Lowrey's), Cleburne's Division, was protecting the rear of the army as it moved from Nashville to Murfreesboro. Companies A and G, of the 45th Mississippi, com-

manded by Capt. Thomas P. Connor, were on picket duty, and were being hard pressed by the Federal cavalry, who made a sortie around their left flank and captured Captain Connor and several of his men. One of them was Joel T. McBride, a man of powerful frame and a fine soldier, though he had some infirmity of the feet which disabled him greatly when attempting to run.

On the battlefield a few days later we captured some copies of the Chattanooga Rebel. The paper gave a detailed account of the capture of Captain Connor and his men, stating that when commanded to surrender they all complied except McBride, who wheeled and fired at Major Witherspoon, who was in command of the squadron, but missed him, whereupon the Major gave him a severe saber cut on the head. Nothing daunted, McBride with the butt of his rifle struck the Major and killed him. McBride was taken to General Rosecrans with handcuffs on. After hearing the statement, the General ordered the handcuffs taken off, stating that instead of special punishment he should be commended, and ordered that a surgeon dress his wounds and that he be well cared for, given plenty to eat, etc.

These prisoners after a while were exchanged and returned to their commands. They verified the statement as being true, and McBride till the day that he went down bearing the colors of the old 45th in the battle of Franklin carried the scar on his head from that saber cut. Your scribe was captured at Franklin, and was released from Camp Douglas Prison on June 18, 1865. Yes, all "honor" to the men, general or private, friend or foe, who under those trying circumstances proved by their actions that they were men!

#### DRINKING FOUNTAIN FOR HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

It is reported that on the spot where Col. Thomas G. Woodward, commander of Woodward's Battalion, lieutenant colonel of 1st Kentucky, and then colonel of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, fell, pierced by four bullets fired by a hidden foe, the Christian County Chapter U. D. C. have undertaken to erect a handsome drinking fountain. In 1864 Colonel Woodward was killed from his horse at the intersection of Main and Ninth Streets. The city at that time was occupied by Federal troops. Colonel Woodward had galloped into town from the south at the head of a small force. He was followed by only one man, but rode slowly down Main Street, pistol in hand. When he reached Ninth (then Nashville) Street, a command to halt came from the upper window of a store near by. Colonel Woodward raised his pistol in the direction of the voice. Instantly several shots were fired. One killed his horse and four bullets entered his own body. He did not regain consciousness after being shot, and died in a few moments after being removed to a hotel. His men, seeing from a distance their leader's fate, fired a volley down Main Street and rode at full speed out of town.

Colonel Woodward's grave in Hopewell Cemetery has been cared for by Confederate organizations. He was a New Englander by birth (born in Vermont), a graduate of West Point, and an accomplished scholar. He went to Christian County in 1847, and taught school until the war, when he was one of the first men in the county to join the Southern army. He is described as a cunning strategist and a cool, deliberate fighter. One of his most notable exploits was the capture, at Clarksville, Tenn., of Colonel Mason's superior command of Union troops encamped on the college grounds. During the night Colonel Woodward, having fewer than half the number of men under the Federal commander, planted a battery of logs

painted black and mounted on wheels to look like cannon, and disposed of his men so as to deceive the enemy into believing he was outnumbered. A stern demand for unconditional surrender met with prompt compliance on the part of Colonel Mason. When the Union officer learned of the ruse and later saw the diminutive, uncouth figure of his captor, his sense of humor mastered his rage, and between bursts of laughter he begged the little colonel for a photograph, saying: "I want to send it up North to my friends to let them see what an insignificant little cuss I surrendered to." Colonel Woodward generously acceded to the request, and the picture accompanying this dispatch is said to be a copy of the one he gave Colonel Mason.

#### HUMORS OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.

BY ROBERT C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

The writer has enjoyed various sketches of prison life at Johnson's Island in the VETERAN. The account of the cyclone that visited the prison brought to mind many amusing circumstances connected with the storm that had been forgotten. I especially enjoyed the programme furnished of the dramatic entertainment given in the September VETERAN in connection with "Asa Hartz," Capt. John R. Fellows, and others. I attended some of those entertainments. They were heartily enjoyed.

As the years go on one lives more and more in the past, and in reviving the memory of the two years spent at Johnson's Island I call to mind particularly one little circumstance. The prison proper was surrounded with a stockade, on top of which was the sentinel's beat, and on the inside of the stockade, between the buildings occupied by the prisoners and the stockade, was a ditch some four or five feet deep and perhaps six feet wide. Block 1 was perhaps twenty-five feet from the stockade, the ditch between. There were many escapes by prisoners digging tunnels from their quarters to the outside of the stockade. Of the many tunnels dug, I remember particularly one from Block 1. In order to get to the outside of the stockade with this one, it was necessary to go down below the bottom of the ditch spoken of. To dig these tunnels was slow and very laborious. They were made as small as possible, and it seemed that this one was not deep enough for the bottom of the ditch and not large enough. After some of the prisoners had gone through, Captain Cole, of Arkansas, following, got stuck, and the dirt caved in. In order to give those in advance of him time to escape, he made no alarm; but remained stuck in the hole, for how long I have forgotten. The next evening I remember Col. John A. Fite, Captain Fellows, and others on the steps of Block 1, relating an account of the escapade to their fellow-prisoners, and concluding the story with a song, two lines of which I can recall:

"And now three cheers for Captain Cole,  
Who wouldn't holler when he stuck in the hole."

This is written from memory, and in some particulars may be inaccurate. Some of the actors are still living.

Inquiry has been made of the VETERAN for some history of the famous guerrilla leader, Quantrell, and his command. It would be interesting to have a sketch of him from some one who knew him personally or of him so well that the information given would be accurate. A picture of him is also requested. The VETERAN hopes to have prompt response to this request.