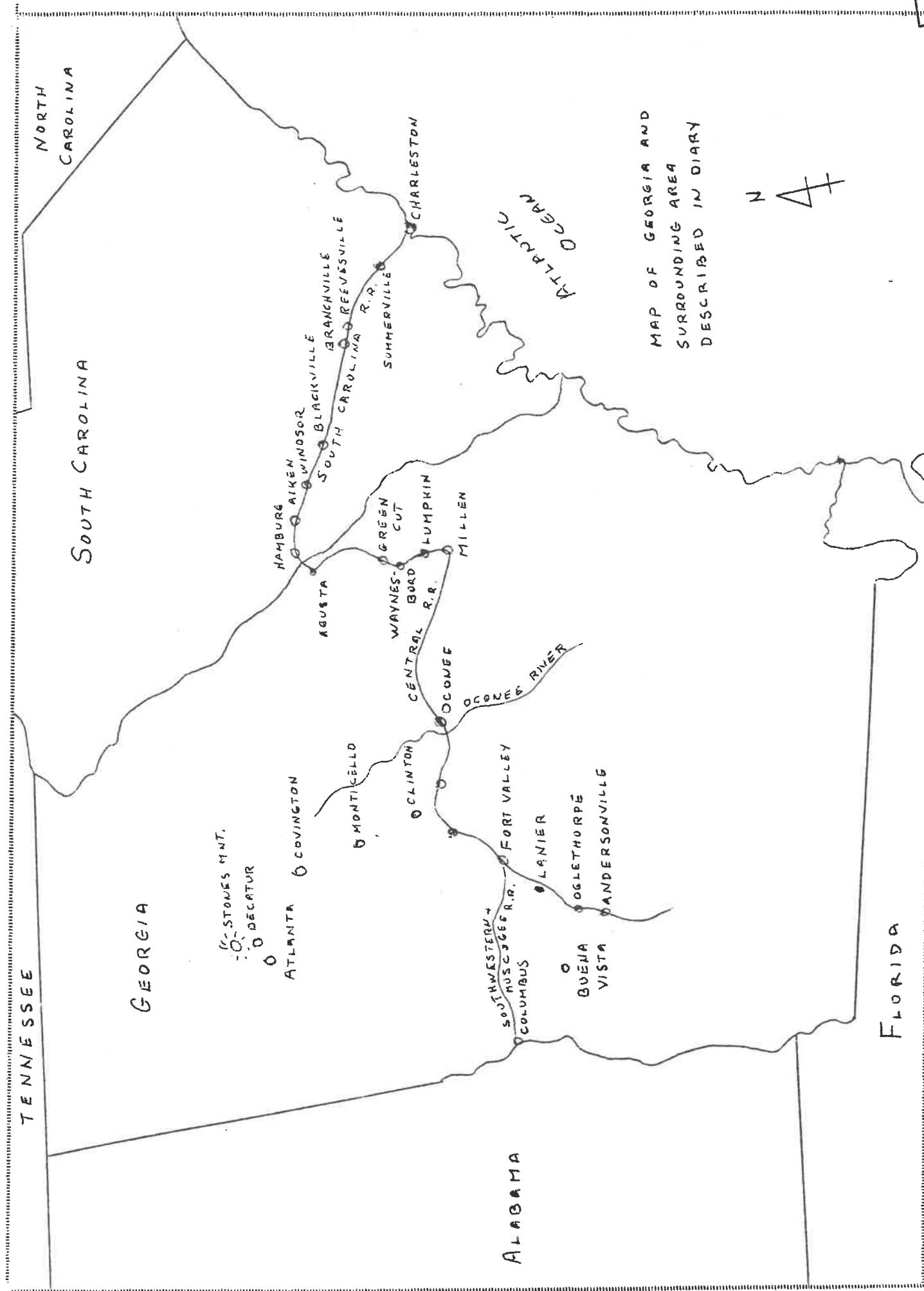


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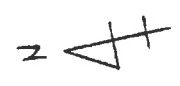
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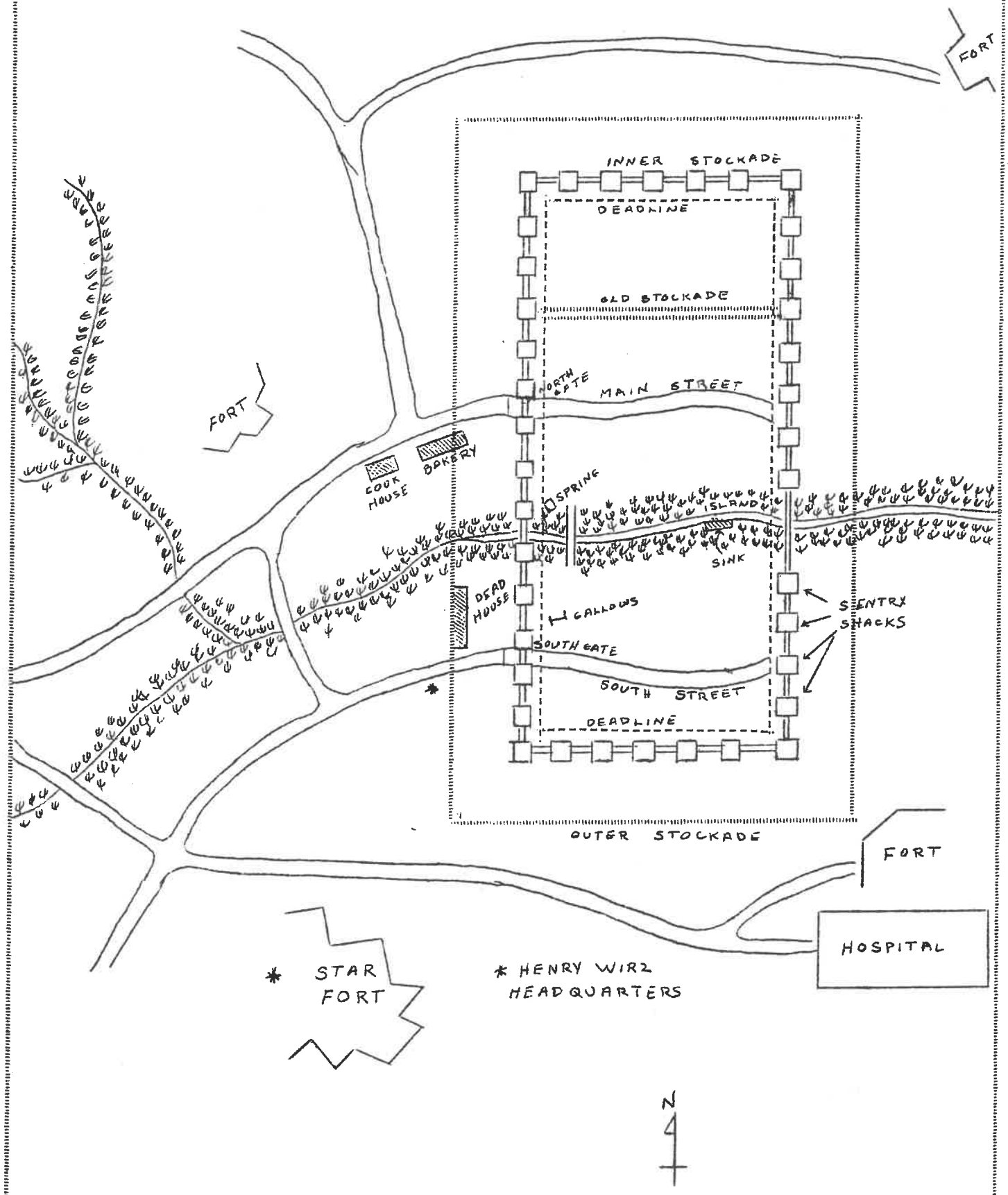
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ANDERSONVILLE PRISON, GEORGIA  
JULY 27, 1864 - NOVEMBER 6, 1864



MAP OF GEORGIA AND  
SURROUNDING AREA  
DESCRIBED IN DIARY





July 27, 1864 -- Wednesday

Left camp this morning at 2 o'clock & marched 2 miles and a half to Decatur. Leave Sherman's line of battle to the right. Pass Stone Mountain at 12 o'clock N. We leave the mountain to the left, pursuing a southeasterly course. After marching 20 miles, stopped for supper.

Thursday -- July 28

Marched 47 miles yesterday and last night & took breakfast near Covington. Started at 6 o'clock this morning & march in a southeasterly direction. Tom Gill & I started on an expedition in search of mules or horses. 3 men being ordered from the Comp. for that purpose. We took off to the right, through a big cotton plantation. After traveling some 5 or 6 mile we came to a farmhouse & enquired about mules & horses. They had none of course, but we got something to eat and bought a ham off the lady. Paid her in Rio or "Yankee" coffee as they call it in this country. Had a pleasant chat, but we both concluded that the lady was a grain too sociable, or at least more than the occasion called for, as we could see. So tipping each other the wink, we were off. Much no doubt to the lady's chagrin, for we're followed very closely by the Graybacks. We passed a house where Sergt. Doosing & his squad were stopping for dinner. They were fired into in a very few minutes after we passed on a mile or two. Stopped at a farm house and got a good dinner & some fine watermelons. Struck out again (before this however, we procured a mule) one mile or so from here I found a beautiful white blanket, worth in Indiana some 10 dollars. Before going a quarter of a mile I found another I sighted, but 'twas no use, I had no transportation. I found on enquiring, there had been a skirmish there in the morning. Here we met a first Ky. Cavalryman & Sergt. Gill struck out to find a mule, with him. I gon on the track of the 1st Ky. Regt., but could not find my own, so I followed in the track of the Kys., until just before dark. They had stopped for supper. I eat some crackers & ham with Doosing, who had also come up to the Kentuckians. Then rescude one man. Went into camp about 12 o'clock P.M., 5 miles from Monticello. Unsaddled & went to bed in my blanket. Slept like a top.

Friday -- July 29

Was up & in the saddle early. Marched through Monticello & so on to

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Clinton. Joined my Regt. at Holme's farm house, 17 miles from Macon. After feeding, we marched 8 miles & camped for the night at Mrs. Morton's farm house, 9 miles from Macon & 6 miles from Clinton, on the left hand road.

Saturday Morning -- July 30

Up and off toward Macon. Skirmishing commenced 2 or 3 miles from Macon, but we drove them rapidly, until within a mile of town, when heavier fire was indulged in. (My company were ordered in the skirmish line after fooling around an hour or so. They poured shot & shell into us at such a rate that Genl. Stoneman sent for us. Well we were ready to go.)<sup>1</sup> I particularly noticed Henry O'Hara & John T. Pritchard, while they were shelling at such a rate, they were very cool & seemed to be firing very close to the ground. A mighty good sign. I think Genl. Stoneman burned his baggage wagons a while ago & we are off on the back track. I guess we are to fight Wheeler tomorrow.

Sunday Morning -- Aug. 31 (Should be July 31)

Sure enough, here we are in a most beautiful predicament. Old Wheeler or somebody else of large size, right square in front & rumors coming to us that the very devil is to pay on both fronts & in the rear. Well we have been skirmishing for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, when we was ordered to strip all extra baggage from our horses. Here I lost about 75 lbs. of fine tobacco, which some man had overloaded himself with & threw it on the ground & I saved it & hired a negro to carry it for me. Before this, at Holme's house on Friday, I had mounted a negro for a Kentuckian on my mule. But Orderly Sergt. Harmon, on not thinking the mule strong enough for service, ordered me to turn him loose & advised me to send the negro home. I did so & told him to keep clear of the Yankees on their raid. For my own part, I very much prefer to let these negroes alone in this State of Georgia or any place else where they are at home & settle this, with other questions when the war is over. Here I lost 65 plugs of tobacco for want of transportation. The negro was riding a big mule for somebody, I don't who now, but he skeedaddled to the rear in double quick. We are now lying in the sun in an open field. Instead of cutting out, we lay around like some easy set of gents whose fortunes are made. Maybe like Micawber, we

<sup>1</sup>The part in parenthesis was crossed out.

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are waiting for something to turn up. Later something did turn up. After lying here for 5 hours, the Rebels opened on us with round shot & shell, followed shortly after, with heavy musketry. I cannot describe the fight, only the part of it I saw. Our battalion, commanded by Capt. Russ P. Finney, was ordered into a piece of pine brush. An old field burned out some 15 years since. Here we formed a line and had some very hot practice with our carbines & pistols. Falling back when the occasion required. The captain was in his usual good humor, talking to us very pleasantly. Had a deep ravine to cross, with smaller ravines running diagonally into it. We of course were looking up & down, some ahead of the rest. This kind of a line did not suit the captain under fire & he let fly a few volleys, more expressive than elegant. After crossing the ravine we fell in and whelled by 48 into line. The captain saw it was all right. By this time he had not seen the confound ravine before (You walk right to a river in Georgia without seeing it, if don't keep a sharp lookout). Taking off his hat, "Beg your pardon gentlemen, I did not see the ditch before." He smiles, came back & all went merry as a marriage bell. After some more very sharp carbine & pistol practice. We were ordered to fall back, which we did, to the cannons on hill, about a 1/4 mile in our rear. About this time I noticed Fred Werner, is our Herculean Bl'k smith, putting a poor fellow from Comp. D, whose leg was torn off, (John Smock was his name) on his horse. He carried him to a house on the hill in the rear & left him in the hands of the Dr. He joined us again at the guns. Genl. Stoneman surrendered himself & 440 of his men to the enemy. Three men of our comp. would not surrender, but struck out for themselves. My messmate, Tom Gill, William W. Kinneck & James Armstrong, are the ones I speak of.

Sunday -- August 7, 1864

This is not a very hot day, but a very tiresome one. ~~We have been inside this steekade.~~ To be a prisoner of war, is to me, to say the least, a very lazy way of living. There is two very important subjects discussion, i.e. rations & the exchange. We came from Macon, Georgia on the cars, Wednesday - ~~July-3rd~~ Aug. 2nd, 1864. Of F Company there came on that day: Joseph Harmon, Ord. Sergt.; Erastus Holmes, Q.M.S.; George M. Whitenack, 1st Serg.; Charles H. Graham, 3rd Serg.; William W. Doosing, 4th Serg.; Corpl. John Duncan; Corpl. Andrew Kramer; Corpl. James W. Kinneck; David S. Whitenack; Henry

O'Hara; James T. Roberts; Fredrick Werner, Bl'k. Smith; Leander Zaring; John T. Pritchard; James T. Williams; Isaac Vohries; John T. Poor; Josiah K. Titus; Benj. Thompson; Peter Morman; Louis Dousher; Moses A. Harbert; Andrew J. Mock; William Sylvester; Harvey Turpin; Doctor Turpin; John Decker; James Braden; Anthony Early; Joseph M. Johnson; Nelson Rogers. We found inside the stockade of our Comp.: Corp. John Graham, Isaac J. Prickett, John Heron, captured at the Battle of Resacca, the 15th of May, 1864. John Heron died 17 Aug., '64. (W.W. Tucker 21: Gratiot, Licking Co., Ohio; Carpenter, 135<sup>R</sup> ONOG. 100 days) We also found John Thom Ross, Wm. P. Waggoner, who were missing from our Comp., July 18, 1864.

August 18, '64

5 men of us dined today on 1 qt. of meal, made into mush. (Farmer, Harvey Cain, Outville, Licking Co., Ohio) (Elisha R. Standiford, Gratiot, Licking Co., Ohio; 20-2 Plasterer) (W.M. Tucker, Carpenter 21-3) (Joseph A. Smart, Bl'k. S. 21-3; Gratiot, Licking Co., Ohio).

Sat. Morning -- Aug. 20, '64

I am sitting only a few feet, say 10, from a dead man who has layed out in the rain all night with no clothes on except drawers & shirt, so dirty & filthy that you can come to little conclusion as to their original color or material. Such a sight is only one of hundreds that you can see any week. (Corpl. Hugh Kennedy, 1st Mich. Sharpshooters, Cold Water, Branch Co., Mich.; Henry Blatz, C.J. 118th Regt. Pa Voln., scenic artist - takes this ground, E.H.). (John McClusky, wood seller - close to gate, 5th Ky. Cav., lives 5 miles from Burksville on the Cumberland River south of Burksville & across the river) (James Sharkey 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, Lansing, Michigan.)

Route from Andersonville, Georgia to Charleston, S.C.:

Anderson - East to NE, Beuna Vista, Oglethorp, Lanier, Winchester, Fort Valley - R.R.C. here, Columbus near to Alabama being its termination, Macon - R.R.C. here, Gordon, Oconee, Powers, Millen, (Powers & Millen cross a river), Millen, Lumpston, Waynesboro, Green, Allen, Augusta - R.R.C. here, Hamburg, Aikin, Windsor, Whitepond, Blackville - station, Branchville, Reeves, Birds T, Summersville, Charleston.

August -- Friday 26, 1864

Still the burning sun pours down upon us its fiery rays, and hope



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dies. Rumors of an exchange seem to fade away & many weary ones, who held up their heads & smiled, look down again & groan. It seems to many that our government has forgotten the soldier, who did not forget the government in its peril. I have talked to men today who have been prisoners for 13 weary months, whose time as 3 years troops has expired & they look out on the burning seething & stinking sands of Georgia & groan in agony of pain. Fresh rumors have reached us. A Rebel sargent has said Genl. Winder has ordered to parole the men for exchange. Some are again filled with hope, others say its no use. The government have run negro mad. A poor devils for sooth must starve simply because they are white men & wear Uncle Sam's uniform. A great big villain is being tried for murder down on the street. I note the result. He is one of our soldiers that are employed by the Rebs to assist in bringing in rations. It is said he knocks things around at a terrible rate. Some of the men who have taken work from the Rebels, and given their parole not to escape, are the most inhuman monsters on the face of God's green earth. Why, as wicked as I have always been & as much vice & wickedness as I have looked upon until I thought my face was hardened until no palor would come, I've seen sights here the made me feel pale. I've seen men today, two of them, lying out in the sun near the bank of brook, that runs through the camp, crying with pain. Why did you not assist him? Well sir, if I did pick him up I would have no place to lay him down again. I tried it one day. A man was lying in the sun, blood mixed with excrement and maggots running from him, & he was helpless as a child. I pitied him and begged me in pitiful tones to bring him water. I did so. Then I asked him if he had a tent? He had, but could not get to it. So calling a comrad to my aid, we lifted him and started to where he said his tent was. We were met with volleys of abuse by the inmates of the tent. They saying he was an old scalowag who had been lying around them long enough. After a good deal of swearing & lugging about, until the poor fellow was almost dead, we finally succeeded in lying him in the shade & went away, resolving to be more careful in future. But, I have every day since I arrived in this God forsaken place, succeeded in helping some sick & helpless one, and may God grant that my heart may never get callous to the cries of the weak & helpless.

Saturday -- 27 August, 1864

[10]

John T. Pritchard, my messmate & I went to the brook to wash. Before we got to the brook, we saw a poor fellow who died in the night. He had been in the brook washing himself, but could not put on his clothes again. So there he lay, stark & cold, with no friends to pity. The police will allow some 4 (lucky fellows) men to make a bier & carry him to the Dead House & as they return they will bring a load of wood - wood worth 1.50¢ per load on an average. While washing, we saw a brutal fist-fight fight between a couple of excited individuals, who after some 10 minutes hard pounding one another, were parted, walked away from one another, laughed at by the crowd, for fighting on such short rations. Fist fights are said to average fifty a day. The big villain I spoke of yesterday is to wear a ball & chain until he gets to our lines & then handed over to the proper authority for punishment. 12 o'clock N. The sun is almost strait over us and the heat is almost unbearable. I verily believe it would roast an egg in the sand. Everyone, who can do so, has a blanket or some other shade over him, but alas, there are hundreds - aye, thousands, who have no shade, who sleep at night on the ground with no covering, but the stars. The temperature changes here more from noon until midnight than any country I have ever seen. I have often, in Indiana, heard my elders say they would rather live where there was not such sudden changes. They would rather live in the South, where the heat, when it came, was steady. Well! now if they only knew what they was talking about, it would be well enough. I suppose they understand the weather though about as well as they do anything else in the "Sunny South". They talk of thick impenetrable shade; well I would like to be under the maple shade in the grim old north, a shade that is a shade. You ask if there is no shade? Yes sir, the turpinetine tree & the universal nigger. The Rebels are very busy today. They are issuing some molasses much reduced from the original consistency, by mixing water & reboiling. Then they have the hardihood to tell us that it is syrup. Mix & change or twist about as they may, it is very little better than starvation. It slowly, but surely tends to that in the end. Men who came in 3 or 4 months ago, hale & health & have suffered from no disease since, can scarcely walk to the brook & back without stopping to rest. Men raised, as we of the north were, must have more meat or we die. Beans, only one grade higher in the scale of C, than the Gauber or peanut, will not very well support a northwestern farmer or a northeastern McCannice. 6 o'clock has come & our detachment

is busy drawing their rations. It reminds me more of feeding the animals in a menagerie than men. The one who cuts them up, like the man in the show, has to be careful to make no mistakes or there is danger of being hurt. Tonight we received a little corn meal, less than a pint apiece; a little piece of pork, say 1 oz.; about 4 oz. of beef; & a half pint of rice; with a small pinch of salt, not more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of tablespoonful; to the man. Now to cook this, ration of wood are issued, consisting about the weight of the back-post in a common country split-bottomed chair. One ration of wood to last 3 days.

Sunday Morning -- August 28

The sun rises this morning bright & beautiful. It rained during the night, making it very uncomfortable for us. We have only 2 old blankets for 6 men to sleep under and one oil blanket to sleep on. We got out at 3 o'clock and made a pot of coffee, which we sold on the street for 25¢, to buy wood to cook our breakfast. Anthony is as busy as a naylor, cooking rice. I have been run very sharply with disentry. I have just been to the sink for the 4th time since midnight. Sand has been dug out of the hill & carried on hand barrows down on to the swamp & spread out over it, to cover up the excrement deposited thereon by the miserable prisoners who are too much weakened to go to the sink. At night when it is cool, the maggots come to the surface & spread out all over the ground as thick as they can lie. It seems to look as if the whole plateau is alive, they squirm so. The sun is about 4 hours high when they disappear, killed by the heat & trodden under the foot of man. I counted twelve men was bring roots, they had just dug out of the swamp, out of this filth, I just been writing about. When they are washed, they lay them in the sun 3 or 4 days & then cook with them. I am told, by a comrad, when I write about things I see here, I should write it as it is. Well, I do see all the sights I write about. But to give a full account of the horrible sights I see, my friends at home would say, "You have learned to draw the long bow." If I was to say that in taking a walk of 250 yards, I could find a dozen men dead and more dying. Others laying out on the ground with scarcely and sometimes totally without clothing, suffering from such diseases as bloody flux, chronic diarrhoea, scurvy, dropsy, scrofula & running sores, in their most horrible forms. It is, I say, hard to make others who do not see them, believe that there is men on the face of the beautiful earth, so lost to every feeling of humanity,

as to when the fortunes of war has thrown men in their hands, they will strip them of their money, their blankets, their pocket-knives & forks, spoons, jack-knives, combs, leaving on such articles as are damaged or badly worn, take them up to the stockade & turn them loose like pigs in a pen, where there is no law, where might rules, rather than right. Yet all these things they do. And almost all the misery and wretchedness we see here is directly attributable to their inhumanity. They dare not kill men when they surrender, but murder them by inches. A cruelty that we fondly hoped had passed away or was only found among savages, who never had heard the Gospel or looked upon the Stars & stripes. I saw a man with a sore foot today, the whole bottom tissue wrong side out, with rags to dress it. It was filled with sand & dirt, maggots & matter. He will suffer a few days more & then be found dead, carried to the Dead House, then thrown in a ditch, by the slaves, a few shovels of dirt thrown over him & left to rot; unknown, unhonored & unsung.

12 o'clock: I just this moment returned from a well on the other side of the brook, in returning I pass close to the gate the dead are carried out at. I saw there lying 22 corpses & was told 46 had passed out since morning. One great reason why men die here, I think, is when they first arrive, the horrible sights & sounds, which everywhere abound, strike a terror to their hearts, from which they never recover; but put up their blankets, if they have one, sit down & scarcely ever move out. If they do move it is sheer necessity drives them to it. I have often noticed a young Irish lad, who has been a prisoner here for a long time. He has a sore on his ankle joint, caused by the rubbing of his boot. It would heal but has become poisoned by the sand & become a running sore. He has become is almost a living skeleton. Whenever it rains, he of course gets wet & such yells & screams as he kicks up, is perfectly awful. He wants someone to take an axe and cut it off. If a stranger stoops to look under his blanket, he gets very indignant. Threatens to shy a canteen at your head, swearing there is no show there. You go away sorrowful, but admire the little soldier's pluck. He will die, when he can't help himself, but not sooner.

Monday -- Aug. 29

I saw another horrible sight, in the street market, this morning. A soldier who came here only a few months since, well enough, has been

reduced to extreme poverty & is nearly starved besides. So he and another unfortunate one sleep side by side in the street. Some other one had stolen the bread from the boy during the night. When he waked up this morning he was horrified to find he had nothing for breakfast. So he came tottering along in search of his sleeping companion. Found him forwith, proceeded to seize the bread. Each held on & both rolled in the dirt & excrement together & 'twas a horrible sight. Such men should be in the hospital with a nurse to take care of them, and if they were prisoners to our government, instead of being naked & starving, they would have some comfortable shelter & be well fed. So they roll and scream, one with fright & pain, the other with angry determination to save his breakfast. He finally succeeded in rescuing about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of his companion's bread & left swearing at his old friend for a thief, when in truth some other had stole his bread & he forsooth had done no better. Our detachment was broken up this morning & we were distributed all through the camp. We had hoped that we would be kept in one detachment, but more prisoners die than they capture. I will explain what a detachment is or how organized. When the first batch of prisoners arrived at this camp, 270 men were put together, then divided into messes of 90 men each, no. 1, 2, & 3 & so on. Now when we arrived there was enough came in the course of a week to make 5 detachments, numbering from 118 to 122, beside filling vacancies in the old detachments caused by death. A man being sick is no excuse, he must come to roll call or be accounted for by his Sert. of 90. To each detachment are 3 Sergts. of 90, one being chief. Every morning at drum beat the Yankee Sergt. calls the roll of his men in the presence of the Rebel Sergt. If some unlucky night (knight) fails to come to time he must be hunted up to see if he has escaped. If he is found, he is simply cut of his rations for the day, unless he proves refractory & continues to offend. Harsher means are resorted, putting in the stockade, wearing ball & chain and such other light afflictions, as the inhumanity of the Rebel Commandant may order. After roll call comes the doctor's call. The sick are carried to one of the gates, where he examines & issues medicine or not as he may happen to have them on hand. If there is a vacancy in the hospital he sends the worse cases to it. I am told that very few, if any, come back again from the hospital, because none are sent until they are almost dead. At the same time the dead are being carried out at the southern gate. Rations are issued from 10 o'clock A.M. until 7 P.M. if the weather is fair, but if it rains we sometimes fail to get them

& it is an awful thing to miss the rations, they are so very small. I was sent to Detachment No. 73, Mess No. 1, Squad 1. By a squad I mean a small detachment of the mess, consisting of 30 men. My Sergt. of 90 is named Bartlett, & my Commisary of 30 is named Swatz. The men dead yesterday, inside this stockade, was 96, beside what died at hospital. The number of living prisoners amounted to 118 detachments, 1 mess, & 9 men, or 31,959, at sunset last night. Tonight at sunset, alas! alas! the number will be fearfully decreased. Our chances for life & limb in the midst of battle is far better than here. Why, o why! has God permitted it of men to suffer & die like this for being loving of the Starry Banner? Men must remember we are here in prison for no crime, but love of country. Soldiers by choice & surrendered by our Genl. in line of battle. If I had been a conscript & taken prisoner in a struggle, I might not have been in a hurry to get out, but it is easier to go through with the hardest battle with unflinching nerves than to look on the sights one sees here. I will make it my election, & I heard many others say the same, to go on the skirmish line. It is safer to hear the shell, round shot & grape, than to see the sores & hear the groans all round. I would rather spend each day in battle than spend it here.

There is a street running from the west to east on the northern side of the brook, commencing at what I have spoken of as the Northern Gate & terminating at the stockade on the east side of the same. This is Main Street & used by the Rebels for issuing rations. They drive their waggons in and issue it to the men. It runs parallel with the brow of the hill. Sidelong like the hill & overlooking the brook, sink plateau and swamp. Here you can always see a busy scene, from sunrise until after dark. Here is the street market, where prisoners meet to barter & exchange their rations, buy & sell knives & spoons, coffee, pots & pans, tobacco, pipes, bean soup, rice soup, coffee made of rice meal, rye & bread crusts. Some preferring one kind & some another. I've counted 15 bean soup, 5 rice soup, 2 beef soup, 13 coffee & 9 beer peddlers (the beer is made of corn meal). Hawkings selling their different mixtures at one time, beside many others that I did not count, who had rice in plates with molasses over it. Another, mush with molasses, another bread baked in ovens & so on ad in finitum, making a noise & din I never saw equaled at any place in my life. The hawkers & showman at the state fairs is nothing to this. Some one may ask if soldiers are starving as you say, how is it they

they have so much to sell? Well! I'll tell you how it is. The rations are issued & part cooked. Say one half the detachment get cooked rations for a month, then the other half will get them. Well then, one soldier can't eat his beans, but wants more bread, another has eat some mush & don't need his bread, but can eat more beans. So they trade. The bean soup man trades bean soup for raw beans, salt pork, beef or anything that is to eat. Some old prisoners, who had money when they came here, have made money, go well dressed, look as clean and nice as soldiers & sailors do anywhere. Of course in a pen of 30,000 Yankees, some money will be made. The others, peddlars, take beef & all kinds of rations or money any way to be convenient. Men sell the last shirt off their back & covered with their blouses, to buy things to eat. The crowd & jam on this street is perfectly fearful. The roll call of 5 or 6 detachments is made here. The sick from the northern side of the stockade are carried through & across it, likewise the dead. Here is where we find sometimes men dead in the morning.

Tuesday -- Aug. 30

Our arrangements are very much disturbed this morning. A party of men have been lucky enough to procure a spade & axe have been digging up a stump there for 2 days & they have dug up our tent stakes & left us in the sun. John T. missed his beans & rice by not being on hand. I have just been talking with an Irishman from New York, who justifies the Rebels in all their ill treatment of us. Such a man should be drummed out of our lines the moment he gets into them. I find from his conversation that he has lived in the country many years, is a voter & a citizen, took a larger bounty, but now because he suffers for the Country's sake, he exhausts all his energy to abuse it, & swears he would take the oath of the Confederates in less than 60 days.

I must hunt plates to eat dinner in. John T. has cooked it. Between the main street & the north side of the brook there is a very sideling piece of ground which terminates at the foot of the hill where the swamp commences, interlined with thirty-two streets & alleys & inhabited by about 5,000 people, having 32 sutler's stands. On the northern edge the swamp lies south of this & fills all the space between it and the brook. The west end has been covered with sand or ditched or both, until it is full of ditches & holes & the corresponding hillocks,

this is called the island (about 8th of an acre), and is inhabited by between 3 & 4 hundred people. Some call the prairie dogs. Their huts, a good many being built of roots & the black muck of the swamp. When it rains it is very difficult to get to it. You must jump from one hillock to another. I would not undertake to cross it in the night for- for- for a plate of bean soup, or the most valuable commodity to be found inside this stockade. There is danger of sick ones being drowned here in the night. One was found dead but a few days ago, with his leg in a sink hole, dug in the street on the hill. He had stepped in & fell forward & was too weak to help himself, so there he died. Standing on the island, look west & you see a black boggy swamp where the weak ones squat to deposit their excrement. It is by all odds the most abominable place I ever seen. I have no language to describe how filthy it is in looks, it smells very bad. The stench of the, of the pig pens, attached to the great distillery at Edinburg, IIIInd., a few years back, was a mild pleasant odor in comparison. A citizen told one of the Yankee prisoners, on his way to this place, that when the wind was right, you might smell this camp 5 miles any day. The west or upper end of the swamp has been covered with sand and made smooth by constant trampling. Guarded jealously by the police it is kept comparatively clean of the excrement, every where so plentiful. Here the working squads receive their rations & sometimes preaching & prayer meetings are held here. It is said there is 2 Protestants & one Catholic minister. The priest I have often seen. He comes in everyday. It is never too hot or too cold for him. I like that man. Next on the west to this plateau is the foot logs which cross the swamp & brook. There is a little bridge across the brook. Between the end of the bridge & the dead line, the brook is confined in a chute of planks to keep it clean for drinking & cooking purposes. Guarded by the police. Men have to be severely handled by the police to keep them from washing in it. I seen more than a dozen bundled out of it crop & heel. Washing commences immediately below the bridge and continues 200 yards to the north of the sink. Here the water is again confined in a chute & forced through at a rapid rate for 130 yards, then under the dead line & so on out of the stockade.

Wednesday -- Aug. 31

It is a little cloudy today, not so scorching as it has been for a few days. My health is not very good & feel very tired. Am taking



a walk this morning. I have so exhausted myself that I can scarcely sit up. I saw another man dying on the plateau. He had, because lumbering round in the swamp, but was rescued by the police and laid on the ground. I seen him at 10 o'clock. Hundreds had turned aside to look, but none recognized him, but the police will find who he is and put his name on his breast after he is dead. Some would take off their caps & scare away the flies. I seen one fellow eyeing his boots, which were tolerable good. At last he got so full he couldn't stand it any longer, so he says, "The fellow has on a pretty good pair of boots, which might be saved if they was taken off in time." Some of the bystanders looked suprised, some disgusted & some a little of both. The fellow saw his mistake and said, "'Twould be a pity to let the Rebs have them." He was told he had better wait until the man was dead before he took the boots. He said he did not want the boots himself, he had a pair & so on, but it was no go, he had to leave. This is only another specimen of what ill treatment will bring a man to. I suppose the best of men will want to take a sick man's boots.

Thursday -- Sept. 1, 1864

Today commences with carrying a sick man from my detachment to the gate. I am sick myself & it has nearly upset me. 12 N. I have had nothing to eat yet today, except about 1 oz. of bread. The sun is very hot. I have been suprised many times to see how many ways the prisoners have to carry water. Some men take wooden canteen, take off the hoops, take out one end, put on the hoops, trim the edges or chime. That part makes a wash pan. The other head makes a bottom for a pail. Now he fastens his knife in a little piece of blank to straiten the edges of his staver. Cuts the chime with his knife, pays 25 cts. for a small hoop-pole to someone who works outside & then sets up & hoops it off & has a pail worth 2\$ in greenbacks. Some sew up the leg of an old boot, others fit a bottom in a boot leg & fasten it in with the tacks from the sole. One fellow, right close to my tent, carries water in an old haversack. A nose bag makes a bully pail. I've seen hundreds carry cooked rice in the filthiest of old caps. If some fellow was to ask for a drink at the brook, another would pour water out of his cup on to his cap, he don't want his mouth touched by the scurvy.

Friday -- Sept. 2, 1864

A bright sunshiney day, very hot. I have just been to see John T.

Ross. He has had diarrahae for a week & is very weak today. On the south side of the brook, you going from the brook toward the south, you start up a gentle acclivity, which continues about the same until you arrive at the dead line, where the ground is about 25 ft. higher there. This was very populous, but a great many have died. It comprises about 5 acres. Has a main street, corresponding with the one I before described, & used for the purposes. Having about 25 sutlers on either side of it. Crossing this in paralels are little alleys about 3 feet wide, 44 of them. Along these the tents are very thick & wells are very frequent & you must keep a very sharp lookout or you will slip into a hole, made for the use of some sick man who can not go to the sink. This is ocupied by about 8 thousand men. From the north side of the main street to the dead line in another part of this field of death I've described. It has nothing peculiar from the rest except 5 acres of it, which was added to this old part I have been writing about. The whole contains, from the best information I can get, about 21 acres. There are many streets I have not described on which sutlers & beer sellers have their stands. But I think I have wrote enough to give you an idea of the whole. The dead line is marked by posts set in the ground. They are about two & a half ft. High & a light strip of plank is nailed along the top. It stands about 20 ft. from the stockade. To pass this line is almost certain death. The guards have orders to fire without challenge, which they usually do. The guards are very prompt with their orders, as are the militia, & hate the Yankees as they do the Devil. It is no uncommon thing to hear a shot at the dead line. Several men have been shot dead since I have been here.

Saturday -- Sept. 3, 1864

It is cloudy this morning. Looks like it is going to rain. I got up after 10 o'clock last night and went to the brook, washed a shirt, pr. of drawers & the towel & socks. I could not sleep & so rather than have the blues, I went to work. I have often noticed a young man, a German by birth I beleive, named Henry Blatz, a member of the Painters' Association. He is defatigably engaged in sketching this camp & its surroundings. The Rebs outside are all the while making new stockade, building breast works, making new cages, but not to fast for Henry. He is done with one set of pictures in time for them. If anyone wants correct pictures I would recomend them to look for

Blatz's name on the bottom. I just noticed a new feature. The police chief has moved his office down the plateau. I saw a man bucked for stealing a card of bread. The bread is issued in large cards by inches thickness. When the cards are issued, sometimes the rush is so great that they are stolen & the Sergts. of 90 are making a great effort to save them. The cards in my 30 have to be cut in 28 pieces & we have a piece beside equal to 2 more, that makes the 30.

Sunday Morning -- Sept. 4

Weather still cloudy, looks like rain. As I have spoken of the police, I will note down some account of them. When this stockade only contained ten or fifteen thousand prisoners, a set of ruffians organized themselves under a leader. When all was still they would sally out from their tents and go to garroting every one they met that promised the least sign of booty. Men were choked & searched in the midst of a crowd by them. Several were murdered & hid under the tents. It went on at such a rate that at last some resolute men, who went for the right, got after them and ferretted them out. So procuring an order or rather, I believe, sending a petition to the Rebel Commandent, they had them arrested, some 30, and sent outside for trial. It was a job of no little difficulty. They had a trial and were condemned to be hung. Which sentence was executed on Monday July 11, 1864. Six were executed, 15 or 20 others were variously punished, such as ball & chain & c & c. Meanwhile a public mass meeting was held by the prisoners. Peter Obrey was chosen Chief of the Police Force. He is a very energetic officer and keeps as keen a watch as is possible under the circumstances. The police force consists of 10 companies of 30 men, 1 captain, 2 lts. & one sergt. to each comp. Several of our comp. have been sick since we came here, & here they must lay & suffer with no medicines. Eat the coarsest food & scarcely any shelter. No one having more than a much worn government blanket to shelter him from the burning sun or dashing rain, which we have alternately. It makes my heart bleed to look at them and know that I can do nothing, or little more, to help them. I have seen these men when the battle raged fiercely, when round shot shells, grape & cannister & minnies were as thick as bees. I've seen them, I say, often in places like this as merry as at a wedding. No signs of fear and each striving to do his duty, that all might go home & learn war no more. Then my heart was full of exultation. Then was the time when if asked what comp.

or reg. I belonged, I answered, "Sir," proudly, "F Comp., 5th Ind. Cavalry." We were strangers to no one in the Army of the Ohio. Our men do not whine or complain now, but they do suffer.

Benj. Thompson has been sick for three weeks, but is some better. Still very weak. John T. Poor likewise has had camp diarrhoea for two weeks. Is very weak & feeble today. I have just returned from carrying sick man to the hospital & in the turn trip carried another one back from the gate. The gate, very tiresome work. Our company is scattered all over the stockade. I have just met James T. Roberts. He has a night or two since had a spell, something like colera morbus. Is now so weak he can scarcely walk. I very much fear if there is no exchange soon, they will die. This morning, when I went out of the stockade to assist Swatz, I seen at least a dozen wounded that had proud flesh swabed with a great rough swab, wet with nitric acid, to burn out gangrene. No such thing as caustic or even calcined alum to be had. I think the Rebels are pretty nearly played out. Jake Giles brother died this evening.

Monday -- Sept. 5th, 1864

Heat, heat, the sky is as brass & the earth as ashes. Our forces are reported to be at Macon. 6 cases of yellow fever on the other side of brook. The above is disputed, no yellow fever. One-hundred prisoners came in & say that Sherman has taken Atlanta with 30,000 prisoners. Great excitement about the exchange. Yankee ship reported to be in Charleston Harbor with prisoners on board to exchange for us. Rice & molasses to be issued tonight.

Tuesday -- Sept. 6, 1864

Not a cloud to be seen. John T. P. & I had 3 spoonfuls of rice, boiled then thickened with 1 pt. of meal without sifting, then 5 spoonfulls molasses with very little salt in it. 'Twas breakfast for two & it tasted so good. There is a recipe for you. You who have your dainty meals can try it. I wish I was certain of as much more for dinner, but alas, we can eke it out for two.

12 o'clock noon. The weather has changed with an hour. A whirlwind passed through the camp carrying up sand & dirt at a terrible rate, 5 or six shelter tents. 3 or 4 coats & spreading general discomfort every where. 20 minutes later it rains in torrents with thunder & lightning for accompaniment. O yes it is delightful to live in the

Sunny South, where the changes are not so sudden. Just now 2 men are trying to take a poor fellow up the hill to his tent but he is so weak he can't get on his feet, but tries to move on his knees & they are too weak to carry him. Just even with my blanket he falls to the ground as limber as a rag & lies prone in the mud & dirt & filthy water. He is rested little & they have taken him on. O my God! how long, o how long must they wait? Their suffering is more than they can bear. May God, who notes even when a sparrow falls, notice these little ones. May the sins of this great government soon be expiated & may the Angel of Peace inclose her beautiful wings and fly through the land from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. That all may see and bless her. Then will go up the great shouts from many millions. Then will mothers clap their young to their breasts & send forth songs of thanksgiving. Friend meet friend & shake hands for joy. Aye, 'twill be a glorious day.

Saw John R. Clarkson, from today he has been a prisoner for some 4 months, is very weak & feeble.

Sundown - Great excitement & great enthusiasm. Men dashing round shaking hands, swinging hats & I never saw the like in my ---. A Rebel Sergt. has given orders to the first 18 detachments to move in a moments notice & says there is a general exchange.

Wednesday -- Sept. 7

Sunrise - The excitement is still very high. The detachments are forming to march out. No mistake about a move, that is certain. Some & great many too, think they are only moving men to another camp. It rained yesterday & the maggots cover the ground here for 2 or 3 acres. I am sitting now where I can see an acre of them & men moving over them in solid columns. O! it is horrible. Been selling beans today. Done very well. Made 35¢, which will buy half an onion.

Thursday -- Sept. 8, 1864

15 detachments have gone. Josiah K. Titus is very sick this morning. Attack of colera morbus. 3 o'clock P.M. Titus left with his detachment an hour since, sick as he was.

Friday -- Sept. 9

Very hot day. Many detachments leaving. Tried an experiment, baking bread.

Sat. Morning -- Sept. 10, '64

Leaving to sell my bread, after breakfast. Later sold the bread, got my money back. Going to make another batch. Think I can make enough to pay for my supper & breakfast. Sun beaming down until the heat is perfectly --. If you sit in the shade you simply evaporate, if you stand in the sunshine, prospect for a coup de solis is very flattering. You are almost sure to make a blister if you walk about, if your shirt or another part of your apparel is worn in hot.

Sunday Morning -- Sep. 11, 1864

Sold 2 batches of bread & 2 of beans yesterday. Rec. seven dollars & 20¢, profit 3.08, 1.54¢ apiece for my partner & I. My partner's name is Dennis A. Caldwell Jr. of Westport, Ky. & the 6th Ky. Infantry. Taken prisoner in Richmond & Belle Island. Escaped several (3) times, been chained a time or two. Been prisoner at Saulsbury, N.C. & finally brought here. In one of his trials to escape he swam a river (Oconee) in Georgia. Above a guarded bridge, turned over his plank & lost everything he had except his blouse. He was taken to Saulsbury Prison, N.C., chained to Sam Carson of the 4th Ind. Cavalry. Traveled through swamps & over mountains in the night without a guide. Was often chased by the hounds, but got within one mile of Genl. Sherman's lines on the Chataoachie McAfee Bridge. Ran into a Rebel scouting party in a lane, told them he belonged to 4th Tennessee. They belonged to the 4th Tenn. & did not know him, so they brought him up standing. Ordered about face & kept him in that position until they mounted. Walked him in front of them, they following with cocked pistols, until they got him at a safe distance from our lines. He finally landed here five months & ten days after they started him from Richmond, for this place. His adventure & suffering would fill a book themselves. No one, except his nerves were as steel & his courage as firm as a rock, but would die. A better man than Dennis is hard to find.

Monday Morning -- Sept. 12, 1864

Was up at 2 o'clock this morning cooking rice & beans. As soon as daylight came Dennis eat his breakfast and went to his stand, on the street, to sell rice. After the rice was sold, he sold the beans. After this I cooked dinner. We had rice, corn bread & mols. Dennis has gone down street to see what is in the wind. I will wait. Evening -- 20 more detachments ordered out, it takes Dennis. Well I am

sorry to loose so good a messmate, but glad that one more can go who ought to be in a better place than this.

Tuesday Morning -- Sept. 13

The southside of the brook is pretty well cleared out. Oh I hope to get orders today. Hot! Heating! The sky looks like an inverted brass kettle.

Wednesday Morning -- Sept. 14, 1864

In line making an attempt to flank, don't know whether I will be successful or not. 12 o'clock N. Sept. 14, 1864. A train ran off the track 4 miles forward. Reported loss: 8 Yankees killed & 40 wounded. So I have come back to my shanty to stay awhile yet.

Tuesday -- Sept. 15

The sun is very hot. The break in the railroad must be something very serious, for not a man has moved for 24 hours from here, to be exchanged. Noon -- The police are very busy today. 2 men have been whipped for stealing rations from the sick. One with 20 lashes with a cat of 3 straws & 2 knots, shaving his head & whiskers leaving a roach on top. Mustache & whiskers taken from the right side entirely. Another has just received 30 lashes with the same cat.

Friday -- Sept. 16

This is the very hottest day I ever seen in my life. I have been sick all day with a fever. They are enrolling 2,000 of Sherman's men for special exchange. No prisoners left camp today. They are carry many dead past my quarters today. The mortality is fearful.

Sat. -- Sept. 17, 1864

No prisoners moved out. Many are afraid that the exchange is played out. My head aches dreadful. I never was sicker in my life than yesterday.

Sunday -- Sept. 18, 1864

Seven Hundred men left the stockade for Sherman's lines. Rained last night. Cloudy today. My health is much better today.

Monday -- Sept. 19th

Rained last night. Very warm & cloudy this morning. Detailed to carry rations today. Am very weak.

Wednesday -- Sept. 21, 1864

Nothing unusual occurred today. Weather cloudy & cool. Picking out soldiers from Tenn. & Ky. & sailors for, they say, special exchange.

Thursday -- Sept. 22, 1864

Still cloudy. Looks like rain. The plateau & swamp is covered this morning with a scum exactly the color of chrome green. Maggots are plentiful every where I have been today.

Friday -- Sept. 23, 1864

Still cloudy. No more sign of moving. Many are downhearted.

Sunday -- 25, 1864

Very cool morning. Very chilly. God help the man who has no clothes.

Monday -- 26 Sept.

Clear & cool. No sign of moving. Men are very downhearted. My confidence is unbroken.

Tuesday -- 27 Sept.

Sailors & marines are ordered to report at the south gate with all their traps packed to move.

Wednesday -- Sept. 28, 1864

950 soldiers & sailors went out last night & more are expecting to go today.

Thursday -- Sept. 29, 1864

4 detachments went out last night.

Sunday -- Oct 2nd

Another trainload of prisoners went out last night.

Monday -- Oct. 3rd

Very heavy rain today. Rumor says another load will go tonight.



Sunday -- Nov. 6, 1864

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I have been a policeman for a month. 2,000 prisoners have left here within the last week. We look to go every hour. There is about a thousand prisoners altogether here, beside the sick & wounded.

Reader, for I suppose someone will read this, you must not start out with great expectations, or you will be as badly disappointed as some of us were. When we started to the war some of us thought we would be back in six months, covered all over with glory. We were covered all over with vermin and dirt before we got back and as to the glory, I for one, after waiting five years, have seen no glory for me or men like me. Do not think I am complaining about it, or think that I will lay in a bill against my friends for not using me as well as I deserved. I have no great actions to boast of, but I will endeavor in my way, which is a way of my own, to write you some anecdotes, give you some ideas of how we fared, what we did, what we seen and how we seen it. My principal object in writing this sketch is to lay before the people, whoever may chose to read it, some of the sufferings of the unfortunate soldiers of the Army of the Union. I do not propose to give you a history of the war, or a history of prisoners in the South, but I do propose to tell you some stories of Andersonville, of Millen, and of Florence. These prisons I know something about. I was a prisoner. I was confined in them. I propose also to tell you some stories of the camps and marches and some incidents I seen myself, and some others my comrades have told to me. I have good reasons to believe them and I can prove what I say about what I seen myself. I kept a diary of what happened from day to day, but I lost two little memorandum books, in which four or five months of the seven was written down and have to depend on memory, so my dates may not always be correct.

On the 18th day of August, 1862 I enlisted in the 5th Indiana Cavalry and shared its fortunes through Kentucky, East Tennessee and Georgia on the campaign against Atlanta, until the 27th of July, 1864. On that morning at two o'clock we started on what was known as the Stoneman Raid to Macon. It was understood among the boys, from what source I do not know, that we were bound on an expedition to that city for the purpose of releasing prisoners confined in the stockade there and if successful to go right ahead and release the prisoners in the stockade at Andersonville. After marching all day and part of the night we breakfasted near Covington. After breakfast moved on again. About nine o'clock an order came down the line to send men from each company to right and left of the line of march in search of horses and mules. To recruit animals to fill up our losses in the regiment during the marches and battles in the expedition to Atlanta. If I remember rightly, we had on this raid

about four hundred and twenty men of our regiment mounted. The balance was left behind to work on the lines like infantry against Atlanta. And of course we were anxious to improve the opportunity to recruit horses to mount our comrades when we got back. So after a short consultation, Orderly Sergt. Harmon, afterward promoted to captain, ordered Sergt. Gill and I to investigate the country on our right. So striking out through a big cotton plantation, we traveled five or six miles and came to a planter's house and inquired for horses and mules. They had none of course, so we ordered some lunch which was served in double quick time. After enjoying the lunch we procured a very fine ham and a mule, which the lady said she did not have, and was about to go ahead, but the lady was so very sociable we could scarcely leave her. We both concluded that she was much more sociable than was agreeable or was warranted by our conduct in taking the grub and mule. So tipping each other the wink we made off and as soon as we got out of sight of her we put our horses on the double quick, Gill leading and I persuading the mule with the point of my sabre for four or five miles. When we passed another planter's house where Sergt. Doosing, of our Company had stopped with his squad of five or six men, and ordered dinner. We told him we thought we were pursued, so he stationed a pickett, which was fired into in a few minutes. Doosing and his men mounted and drove the Rebels off and got their dinner as coolly as if they were on drill instead of a raid in the rear of the Rebel lines.

Gill and I did not stop with them, but galloped away in search of other fields and pastures where it was profitable horses and mules might be found. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon we came to a farmhouse and concluded as the people were so very sociable we would take dinner with them. Gill rode up to the house and I stopped by the way to investigate a large watermelon patch and fill a sack that had been accidentally left in my possession. After I had two big ones in my sack and was lugging it to my horse, he called me with a yell. I mounted and rushed up expecting to see him in the hands of the Philistines, but found him with his sleeves rolled up and washing his hands and face as though he meant business. I asked what the duece he meant by all that noise? Oh, he said, they was about to dish up and he feared I would be late making my toilet for dinner. So the cook dished up in the kitchen, a couple of rods or so from the great house, and Tom and I fell to standing at the table. About forty "niggers" stand in two or three semi-cir-

cular rows around us, staring in perfect wonder at two live Yankees, eating like anybody else. All at once they commence to slide out, first one than another until in the course of thirty or forty seconds there was perfect panic among them. We looked out and saw the "Mistress" coming down on us in great dignity and state, but she was a woman and apparently carried no firearms. We held our posish bravely at the table. When she got to the door she stopped, looked at us, and oh - oh - oh - didn't she give us particular fits, I guess not. We finished our dinner, laughed at her some and rode away. Oh, she was a terror.

After leaving this plantation, a mile or so, we came suddenly into the midst of another family, in the wildest alarm. The "niggers" running to and fro, ladies standing in the portico giving orders, family carriage standing just outside the low rail fence, a small spring wagon conveniently near, an old farm wagon a little further off in which the "niggers" were loading trunks and bandboxes. Out in the field were "niggers" (women) ploughing cotton or corn, I know not which, but this I know, they had found out that something was up. Two mules were running away with their ploughs flying in the air. One woman was urging her mule, at a fast trot across the field toward the house, while she was trying to keep the plough from uprooting things useful. Her cotton dress, narrow in the skirt, impeding her movements, throwing her in the most fantastic positions possible. As we came dashing at a full run over the low fence and making a sudden stop in the yard, everything in our immediate vicinity stopped as it was. Gill looked on as blank as though he had never seen anybody alarmed before. Enjoying the thing hugely, in his quiet way, while I roared with laughter.

My friend and bunkie, Gill, was as queera stick as I ever knew, usually slow, lazy in his movements, careless in dress, voracious in appetite for grub, perfectly temperate abstinence, I may say, as to liquor drinking, having no little mean contemptable streaks in his composition. A good horseman and as brave as a lion. Get him into battle and he was not slow to get there. He was up in the saddle and up to business, I tell you. Long may he wave.

Just at this point a First Kentucky Cavalryman came suddenly out of the brush, saying, "Come with me. I know where to find the finest horse in Georgia."

Gill passed the halter on our mule over to me and away he and 1st Ky. went and I saw him no more that day

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I kept on up the road, supposing I would strike the column somewhere ahead. Didn't know exactly where, or didn't care much, so that the Rebs didn't get me. In a few minutes a party of 1st Ky's. came across my track and followed me up. When they came up they urged me to join them, which I did. Away we went after a train of refugees from Atlanta, and was among them before they knew that there was any Yankees in the rear of Atlanta. At all the train consisted of about 100 wagons, carriages, and carts of household goods, accompanied by the family and negroes of the owners. Our object or rather the object of the Kentuckians (I had a mule) was to capture horses and mules. Our force was only about twenty men, which made it necessary for us to create a panic, for it was possible that the train was guarded. Now mind you, I was leading a mule, so could not very well do anything but keep my place and yell for the balance of them. So in we went, yelling and firing in the air. Then, dear oh dear, what a panic, hurry, scurry, turn over, upset, scream, screech, whoop, holler. Old men, women, children, "niggers", dogs, cows, calves, mules with packsaddle, mules with sacks, everything and everybody try to leave that place at once. The Ky's. all the time procuring the best mules and horses in the train. The thing was done and we were gone as soon as possible.

After this we got into the road in the rear of the 1st Ky. and followed them until 10 o'clock at night. We came up with the regiment, I found my regiment was some two miles ahead, so turned in under a tree, in a new blanket, I had picked up in the road, and slept for a couple of hours. When the bugles blowed to horse, then commenced a weary night march. I finally joined my regiment about noon next day. My friend Tommy not finding the finest horse in Georgia, was in place in the line without him.

So on we marched that day until late at night. We came to Mrs. Morton's plantation nine miles from Macon. Here we slept a little, but was soon up and in the saddle once more on the road, tired and cross as we could be. After marching about six miles, firing began in front. Then usual business movement commenced. Forming lines and moving for war skirmishing and following up as they retreated before us, until we were in the very suburbs of the city. After severe fighting for several hours orders came to us to fall back to our horses. I do not propose to describe the fight, as I know very little about it. I, with four others of F Company, being sent on the skirmish line early in the fight and I

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know very little about what others did. I got a shot at one individual about forty or fifty feet in front of me, I having a dead rest with as fine a Smith's Carbine as I ever saw. When we fell back to the road we found everything gone a mile or two to the rear, so we had to march back toward our horses, hungry, thirsty and tired. When we got to my horse, I was as neared played out as ever want to be again. I tell you, it's no joke for a cavalryman to fight on foot six or seven hours in Georgia on a sunshiny day in July. After asking a few questions, I found that we had got ourselves into a bad box and were going to make a hard push to get out of it. That night was a night of suffering, nothing to eat, tired and suffering for water, our horses weak from hunger and the Rebs in the rear. The General kept us moving every thirty minutes, trying to keep us awake. This could not be done, we were played out. When orders came to move up, the order not to leave the saddle might as well have not been given. The horses no sooner stopped, then down we humbled in the road, hold the hammers in our hands, they constantly pulling loose from us. hunting for something to eat.

Once there was firing in the night and we were mounting in haste. My horse did not get away that time, but Tommy's did so. His knee and mine met just as I thought I was about to seat myself and there we stood and quarrelled until I convinced him it was my horse and not his. At daylight there was a general exchange the thing having become seriously mixed during the night. When daylight came I found that my horse was entirely played out. I never seen a horse before that was such a fit. He was as stiff as could be, running at the nose and his eyes were as red as balls of fire. Thinks I to myself, "This sort of thing won't do. I must have a remount at once." So looking around I found a nice chestnut sorrel hitched to the fence and I swapped even for him.

After getting some breakfast we commenced to retreat in good earnest. Every man was at his place, straglers were no where to be found. Such a orderly well directed march I do not remember to have seen ever before. But no end to my trials. In the midst of my congratulations to myself, a 5th Ind. man rode up to me demanding my horse, saying it was his and as we could not leave the line to get any other horses I must swap with him, which of course I did, with seeming cheerfulness. The horse was his. Some of my own comrades knew it and told me so before he found me. They did what they could to keep him from finding his horse, but so it was he found him. In this last trade I got a little mule about

twelve or thirteen hands high and as thin as a rail. When I was mounted my feet came so very near the ground it made me feel like I was riding a sheep.

Pretty soon the firing commenced. Then such a charging and skirmishing as I never saw before. It did not take us long to find that we were surrounded on every hand. It made us perfectly desperate to think the Genl. had led us into such a scrape. But we did not stop there to find fault with him or anyone else. There was no flinching, no skulking in our regiment that I could see, and I never have heard of it since. There was six regiments, I believe, of us and a battalion called the McGlothlen Squadron, commanded by Major Rice. The fighting continued for three or four hours, then there was a lull for an hour or two and then they came down on us like a thousand of brick. I tell you, my little mule made me plenty of business when we were ordered to take the pistol. I could not hold the little rascal and load, so everytime I emptied my revolver I had to dismount and load and hold him at the same time. If I had not been a remarkably good tempered individual I think I would have swore some, for I was confoundly vexed. Hard fighting did no good. We found after fighting awhile and retreating a while, then fighting again that the 5th Ind. was all we had left and we had no ammunition. So the Genl. sent an aide out with a sponge stick with a white rag on it. We screamed at him to use the sabre, but no sir, he had quit.

We were drawn up in line, as we supposed, for another bout at them when we discovered his intention to surrender himself and us. He was standing on a rail pen, thrown up by his order, so that he could see better. F Comp. being on the left came very close to him. So Fred Werner proposed to me, to give me morale, if I would do the talking. I did so, and urged the General, with all the force I could muster, to use the sabre, but he said it was no use, we were out of ammunition and would have to retreat at least two hundred miles to regain our own lines. He told Col. Butler that more men of the 5th Ind. would thank him two years from that day, for surrendering them than fighting any more. Col. Butler was anxious to go in with the cold steel and cut through if possible. Other officers showed great anxiety to do the same thing, but the General's opinion carried the day.

It was a strange sight to me to see great rough fellows, who I thought feared nothing on earth and seemed to care for nothing, but to fight

Rebels, just sit down and cry like a woman, because they could fight no more. To run out of ammunition a hundred miles or so from the base line is not the pleasantest thing that can happen, I tell you.

I want no one to think that I am setting myself up as a critic, or that I am pretending that I would fight longer than other men, or that I know more than Genl. Stoneman, but surrendering, with Andersonville only seventy or eighty miles away is perfectful awful to contemplate, and our fellows did it with tears in their eyes. Some of them swore worse than our Army in Flanders, as for me the "gas" was taken out of me for once, and you know that I would rather gas than fight. Genl. Stoneman is a brave man. I saw him after, during the day, and he exposed himself as freely as he did us. In fact I saw no skulking anywhere. It was the most terrific fight I ever saw. It seemed to me that we would all be killed, but the idea we was whipped never occurred to me. I supposed that we were in the nip, but that the other regiments was "just a give in our thunder".

Capt. Finney of H Company commanded our battalion during this fight and behaved as he always did, bravely, gallantly. I shall always remember him for his kindness to all men alike, whether officers or common men. Fred Werner, before spoken of, was a big blacksmith of our company, and he did a brave thing that day. One of the fellows of Company D (John Smooth) had his mule killed and his own leg torn off and was about to be left on the ground, when orders came for us to fall back. Fred sprang off his horse, picked him up, swung him into the saddle, was up behind him and off like a shot, before the Rebs could lay hands on him. Stout men with willing minds are very useful in a tight place. Fred could shoe a horse, do such a thing as above mentioned, or whip-wallop a wood thief in prison as quick and as well as any man I know of.

Well the fight was over for that day. The white rag was up and we of the 5th Ind. had a new drill to learn. It makes me shiver even yet as I write it for you. The order, "Dismount! Six paces to your front and lay down your arms.", was obeyed.

Oh dear to see the poor fellows looking right and left at one another to see how the thing was done, not a word out of them. Then taking their places again at the bit, fairly grinding their teeth and cursing, not loud, but deep, was a sight no man ever wants to experience the second time. When we came to count noses we found of F Company: Joseph Harmon,



Orderly Sergt.; George M. Whitenack, Sergt.; Charles H. Graham, Sergt.; J. W. Doosing, Sergt.; Corpl. John Duncan; Corpl. James W. Kinneck; David S. Whitenack; Henry O'Hara; James T. Roberts; Fredrick Werner, Blk. Smith; Leander Zaring; John T. Pritchard; James Thomas Williams; Isaac Vorhees; John T. Poor; Josiah K. Titus; Benjamin Thompson; Peter Morden; Louis Dousher; Moses Dousher; Moses A. Harbert; Andrew J. Hock; William Sylvester; Benjamin W. Overstreet; Harvey Turpin; Doctor Turpin; John Decker; James Braden; Anthony Early; Joseph M. Johnson; Nelson Rogers; and yours respectfully.

My bunkie, Sergt. Thomas J. Gill, William H. Kinneck and James Armstrong, getting an inkling of the surrender a little sooner than the balance of F Company, would not stay to see it, and after incredible exertion got back to the main Army and are all alive and well today. One in Missouri, one in Indiana, and one (Armstrong) I know not where.

Oh as I read their names over after I have written them down and think as only a friend can think. The clock has just struck 12 midnight and I am alone in my rooms and they are scattered, God alone knows where. Some are buried in the glutted grave yard at Andersonville, others near the Florence prison, others yet at Salisbury and some thank God are back home again and I see them sometimes. But they are scattered everywhere but when I meet one my heart thrills with a different feeling from when I meet another friend. As I grasp his hand and look at him, oh how glad I am to see him. Better dressed, better fed and altogether in happier conditions than I remember them in the gloomy walls of the infernal prison pens of the South. As I see their names as I have written and think of them my tears run down my face and I am blind almost. But why should I be sad. I have a wife who loves me, children who are a delight to me, a home that is pleasant and suffer no more from hunger and nakedness. And then again my wife and children rejoiced when I came home. Oh I see them yet as they came running down the lane to meet me, a quarter of a mile away and embraced me and wept over me in their delight, but oh how sad was the family of those who did not come. I saw one widowed wife the other day, a widow still, a young and beautiful woman, and oh how quickly I thought of her husband moldering away near the Florence prison pens, where she can plant no flowers or cast no tears of regret on his grave. And the others, I wish I knew them, but I do not. They no doubt are suffering for the loved ones, longing for their return, but they will never come again.

But enough of this. I set out to tell you a story and I must not be prosy about my feelings, for who cares about an old broken down soldier. In the rush for gold and honor he is passed by, and well enough. For him perhaps, he ought to have had better luck.

We surrendered, as I said before, in the evening after fighting all day. The terms were that we should keep all our private property and be treated as prisoners of war. Now let us see how they kept their promise. After we laid down our arms, a half an hour or so they came up to us, slowly at first, very slow for we had given them reason to hold us in high regard. When they found us quietly by our horses and our arms on the ground, they came up readily crying, "Good evening, gentlemen. How are you?"

Our reply was, "As you see us."

"Where is your infantry?"

"Infantry, infantry, what are you talking about?"

"Now lookee here Yanks, where's your infantry?"

"We are all the infantry there is around here."

About this time I noticed a big fellow riding along the line asking some of us to give him a pistol. No one noticed him for awhile. Finally I sung out to him, "They are all before you, take your choice."

He said, "Bring me yours, you had a good one, I'll bet."

So I stepped forward to the line of arms and gave my pistol. I would have liked to break his head with it. As I handed him, I asked, "Did we damage you any in that last little muss over the hill?"

"Yes", he said, "You ruined one of our regiments."

I afterward heard we killed 85 of them in that one field in front of the 5th Ind. Cavalry where they had secured our arms and horses.

They commenced to beg us for everything they could see about us that they could make useful. They were particularly anxious to get our spurs. I suppose they would particularly need spurs the next time they happened to meet any of our regiments. Capt. Jackson, the man who got my pistol, told me that their force against us that day was 7,000 men and we started from Atlanta with 2,500, and this was our fourth fight. And for the last hour or two they was fighting the 5th Ind., our regiment being ordered to act in defense of the rear.

After they got ready, they ordered us to march on foot, they forming a heavy line of mounted guard all around us, a few miles, I do not know how many, and put us in camp in a lot where a planter had fed his hogs,

I suppose about ½ acre lot. There was an immense amount of cobs on the ground and it was a rough place to sleep sure. After eating a little that we had in our haversacks, they furnishing us nothing. We turned in and slept as only tired men can sleep. Next morning we got a little breakfast and started out toward Macon (we were near Monticello when we surrendered). We marched all day without rations. Some of the Rebs seized watermelons along the route and gave us some as we marched along, they kept us pretty steadily, until after dark, making twenty-four miles. When we went into bivouac on the side of the road, they allowing us one roasting ear apiece, but we were too tired to eat it. In the night they brought us a little flour, about a half of pound apiece, and perhaps a quarter of a pound of meat, for the next day's rations. But we could not cook it, except to hold the meat on a stick over the fire. In the morning the orders were to pile our overcoats and rubber blankets on the bridge of the little creek we were camped on. We growled at this and told them this was not the contract, but it was no use, we had to do as they said. I for one did not do it. The next day we were marched into Macon, put aboard a train of cars and sent to Andersonville.

We arrived there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd day of August, 1864. The first thing after we arrived they formed us in line, then we were counted off into squads or messes of ninety men each and marched a few rods by ourselves, then they formed two lines of guards around us, shoulder to shoulder. 'Twas just here I first saw Capt. Henry Wirz. My first impression of him was that he was some old planter that our command had damaged on the raid, who had come down to the prison to have revenge on some of the men, and preparatory to pitching into his victim, had got on a big drunk. He was dressed in a very nice suit of white Irish linen. Clothes which looked as nice and clean as if he had come out of a bandbox. On his head he wore a blue cap trimmed with gold lace, the only thing about him that looked military. He was raving about in the most excited manner and I supposed for several minutes that he was a drunken citizen. He was flying around from one squad to another and talking very fast in broken English (he was a Swiss). But in a few minutes we discovered that he it was alone who was directing every move being made. I think he could do more raving round in a given number of seconds than any individual I ever saw. After getting the squads arranged to his satisfaction he called out, "Attention!"

Next he ordered his sergeants to strip every man and take everything

away from us that was valuable. Well, then they commenced to do so, making about six or eight men strip at once. Meanwhile Capt. Wirz was moving rapidly from one place to another giving orders all the time. He interested me so much I scarcely noticed how things were going. But a remark made by a guard to another, drew my attention to him, they were all in citizen's dress, he said, "Keep your eye on them. If you see any of my silverware, let me know and by God I'll shoot the son of a b---- who has it."

I looked at him, he was not more than six feet from me, holding a double-barreled shotgun and most indicative looking man I ever saw. I suppose he had been damaged by the raiders passing his plantation. I had a mind to ask him, but I thought maybe I might as well keep still and see all at once. He said, "God damn them. I wish the Captain would let me shoot three or four of the damned sons of b-----."

Directly I saw an old officer dressed in full American officer's uniform, his head as white as cotton. When Capt. Wirz saw him he stepped up in front of him and said, "Genl. Winder, I have ordered these men all stripped and searched and every valuable taken from them."

The Genl. nodded assent. Then Wirz, very excitedly came back with, "Strip them! Strip them, everyone! Take everything away, they are raiders and they are all thieves."

This being done, our names were taken down. We were formed in columns of fours and marched into the prison pen. When got inside it was quite dark and we could not see how to go or where to go to. After winding around awhile and getting no satisfaction from anyone we rolled ourselves on the ground and slept until morning. When we got up in the morning it was daylight, but I was so hungry and exhausted I could scarcely understand anything about the place or people. The crowd was so close and thick that I seemed stifled and kept trying to get away to a place of quiet to rest by myself and recruit my exhausted faculties. But no quiet could be found, nor could anyone get away by himself. The crowd was everywhere. After awhile a man found me, who had been a prisoner since before the Battle of Chickamauga. He recognized me and as I had some tobacco in my pocket, was very sociable and helped me find my detachment. In the evening I got some rations, and oh what rations they were. A piece of corn bread, about twelve ounces, and about four ounces of old rancid bacon. I say about, less rather than more. And as I was a green-horn and did not know what was the best way to do with it, I

just seated myself down on the ground, the first place I could find room enough, and eat every bit of it. I had received a whole day's ration and of course had nothing to eat until the next day. And so from day to day.

To make you fairly understand what a day's rations were I will give you an exact description from my diary: "Aug. 8th, 1864. The rations today are a square piece of corn bread, about 14 oz.; about 1 oz. of rancid boiled side meat; and 4 oz. of boiled beef." While we recooked ration this was its value. Sometimes it was changed to molasses instead of meat. At other times it was boiled beans instead of bread. Now there was so many prisoners in the stockade that they could not cook for all at the cook-houses outside, so half of the detachments were fed for a week on cooked food while the other half had raw rations issued to them. To give you the value of the raw rations, I quote again, "Saturday, 27, August. Tonight we received a little corn meal, less than a pint; a little piece of pork, about an ounce; 4 oz. of beef; half pint of rice; a small pinch of salt, not more than the  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a teaspoonful to the man. Now to cook raw rations we receive about the weight of the back-post in a split-bottomed chair. One ration of wood to last three days."

Ninety made a mess, three messes made a detachment. Now on the 5th of August, 1864 there was inside the stockade 124 detachments. 33,480 men, beside the hospital camp outside, 3 or 4 hundred men, and the paroled men, about three hundred. These outside numbers I can not give exactly, as I was inside. Now there was twenty-seven acres inside of the stockade wall and seventeen feet from the wall, still inside of the stockade was the dead-line. Next the little brook and the swamp on its margin, occupied about two acres. If you make the calculations from these facts you will find that there was very little space left when we laid on the ground to sleep. It is not far from 1,500 men to the acre. A policeman had to go ahead with his mace to open the way through the crowd when a corpse was carried out, which happened on an average, for some weeks, a hundred times a day. One day I counted 198 dead Yankees, lying with their heads against the second stockade wall, who had died in twenty-four hours preceeding. There had been a heavy rain-storm the night before and the poor sick and starved fellows could not stand it and so they died. And we looked on wondering how long we could stand the treatment and live.

The Rebels furnished us no shelter, but some had tents they had saved.

"How did they save them?", you will ask. Well nine regiments of infantry came here at one time that surrendered on terms allowing them to keep and use their baggage and they kept faith then. Mine being a cavalry regiment and somewhat noted as a raider they did not do so. Stragglers caught up in the rear were stripped, so you see thousands had no shelter. Men who were exposed died very quickly.

Now I propose to tell you something about shooting at the dead-line. I was a policeman and one day I was stationed at the brook to keep men from loitering on the crossing. A young man about nineteen years old with an old coffee pot in his hand walked into the brook to get some water, and as it was very dirty, wanted to get it as clean as possible, so he reached up stream as far as he could, in doing so his head passed the line. A guard who was watching fired, tore the top of his head off. He fell dead in the water. 'Twas a terrible sight to see, his blood coloring the water. For no fault of his, he did not even think of disobeying the order. I sprang into the brook and dragged him out, another helping. We laid him on the bank and thought, "Another mother will never see her son again." But 'twas not very uncommon and so in a few minutes everything went as usual. I saw two others killed at Florence prison afterward, and they did not give any reason to be shot. I may tell you that story when I come to it. Men were shot very often, but have not time to tell you all about it, two or three will be enough to show you how men suffered there for the good of their country.

As I was going to the brook to wash myself one morning very early, I saw a man, as I supposed, standing on his knees with his head down hill. It looked so curious to see him in such a position. I went to ask him why he was doing so. After talking to him and he did not answer, I shook him to make him wake up. He did not wake up, he was dead. He had stepped in a hole in the ground up to his knee, fell forward, broke his leg, and when I found him he was dead and cold. I saw another who had slipped into the swamp in the night, was too weak to get out and he too was dead. But why go on?

After a rain I have seen the ground covered with maggots, acres of it. How could men live in such a place? It was a relief to die. Death is usually considered the worst of calamities, but here it was a relief. I saw a great many men who had syphilis in the arm, vaccinated there by the Rebel physicians, who pretended they were vaccinating them to prevent smallpox.

I just now think of a narrow shave I had, on one occasion, for my life. Before I became a policeman, I followed the business of a trader or smuggler. I mean I bought, off the Rebel guards, provisions and sold them to our own men. The risk was very great and very few men could take it. But I am a man who loves to live and one who always did like to have my belly filled with something to eat, and being of a rather investigating sort of a chap, soon found out the way the thing was done. The guards had orders to fire on any Yankee who spoke to them. They were punished if they were caught selling us anything to eat. But they wanted lots of things we had and we wanted something more to eat. Now on this occasion, a sick soldier sent for me and I went to him. He had a blue overcoat and he told me all I could get over twenty-five sweet potatoes for the coat, he would give me for my troubles. So I took the coat down to my little hut. I had waxed rich by this time and had a little hut of my own. It was not so good as a pig sty, but there, it was a palace and I was a big fellow, I tell you. I had a friend, his name was Sharky, of the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters. So I sent Sharky to the right place, near the dead-line, to wait for me. After awhile I came along with the coat on my arm. "Hello Sharky, my boy. How are you?"

"Not very well. How are you, o buddy?"

"Got anything to trade?"

"I don't know. What you got?"

"Overcoat."

"Let me see it." Takes it, examines it all round, turns it over, puts it on, talks about, takes it off. I put it on, showed him all about it. Asked me what I wanted for it. Told him I'd take five sacks of sweet potatoes. Well, Sharky said he did not have the potatoes. Well then I must find somebody else. So Sharky sauntered off and I set down on the ground and waited a while to see if I had got a bite.

After waiting half an hour, maybe, so everybody forgot it round, one of the guards up in his box says cautiously, "Yankee! Yankee! Yankee!"

I looked up, easy like, and nodded.

"If you bring that coat here at 10 o'clock tonight I will give you three sacks of sweet potatoes for it."

I nodded assent and walked off. So at 10 o'clock I was on hand. My Reb was ready and the exchange was made. The man on the top of the wall, I had get under the dead-line and run under him and pitch the coat up to him. Then he dropped the sacks down to me. I throwed two sacks over

the line, but in my hurry with the third one I fell down, then commenced to roll it out and crawl out after it. My bungling attracting the attention of a guard farther up. He fired and tore the heel off my boot. I was out quickly. I always could move quickly out of the way when I thought I was going to get hurt.

I returned the sacks to him three days later and thereby made a good customer of him. Next morning by daylight I was in the market, piled my potatoes in little piles and sold twenty-two piles for \$22.00, greenbacks. Then went and paid the man I got the coat from. Then eat my breakfast in company with Sharky and had a half or three-fourths of a sack left. This is one trade out of a great many I made of the same kind. If the Rebel guards had obeyed their orders strictly, more men would have starved than did.

The 28th day of August, 1864, in the morning I was going to the brook to wash myself, early before the sun got up enough to blister me, I noticed a man by the way, picking with a stick, the maggots out of a sore foot. I asked him what made his foot so sore, I supposed it was caused from a wound. But he said he merely broke the skin by stepping on something, he did not know what, and in three or four weeks time it came to what I saw it. The foot was swollen until it looked as large as my head, had bursted in the bottom and looked as though it was turned inside out, the color a reddish purple and fairly squirming with maggots. He said he was captured at the Battle of Chickamauga. He had stood it so long, but now he must die and two days afterward I saw him dead. This is only a specimen of many other gangrened sores. I think I may safely say that I saw hundreds of these.

Right here I will give you an extract from my diary, written on the spot. "August 30, 1864. Between the Main Street on the north side and the brook there is a sideling piece of ground that terminates at the foot of the hill where the swamp begins. Interlined with thirty-two streets and alleys about three feet wide. There is thirty-two little sutler's stands on the northern edge along the Main Street. The swamp lies south of this and fills all the space between it and the brook. The west end has been ditched and covered with sand from the hillside."

Until some miserable wretches who are too weak to contend against the stronger prisoners live here until they die, which happens very soon after they get here. They are carried away and others take their places. This place contains about the 8th of an acre and is called Gopher Island.



Three hundred and fifty or four hundred live here or die here, I don't know which you call it. Holes could not be dug here to crawl away into, so they used to dig in the swamp for roots and make sort of an inverted basket, daubed over with muck and mud from the swamp. Now when it rained the excrement and filth washed by the running water from the hillside, where the 5,000 before mentioned were, came surging down against this place and you see it was a terrible place for any living thing. Not only this, but to add to this discomfort and misery when it rained, the muck being largely composed of sand would not be wet and very soon would leak through. But there was very few that could keep dry through rain, any place inside the stockade.

One afternoon there came a terrible rain storm and a little before night the brook was swollen to such an extent that the stockade wall was washed away for a space sixty or seventy feet. Both on the upper and lower side. That night the police, with torches, carried out all they could find of those poor fellows, but many were drowned and we never heard of them again. When the stockade washed down, a good many prisoners escaped, but others have written so much about escapes, I will leave it with them.

On the upper edge of the swamp was an open space not occupied by any permanently, for the reason that when a rain came this was overflowed and beside there was constant danger of slipping through the crust into the quagmire. This we called the plateau.

On this the religiously inclined often held prayer meetings, which I often attended. There was a man there who I was told they called Boston Corbett, the man who afterward shot Booth. He was a very enthusiastic individual and parted his hair in the middle.

After writing the foregoing pages I have seen a book written by Dr. Stevenson, one of the physicians who pretended to administer medicines to the prisoners. He gives many and varied excuses for the inhuman treatment of our men. Now these excuses and attempts to excuse make it more, if possible, necessary for the men who were prisoners to tell what they did do. I hope any boy or young man, who reads what I write, will if he ever becomes a soldier, get one thing fairly into his mind and that is never to fail to do all his duty when a fight begins, and decimate the enemy in his front, so surely, that there will not be enough left to take him prisoner.

War is cruel and terrible, but it seems to me to overrun and heap

personal abuse on a man after he has surrendered is the cruelest of all cruelties and so cowardly that I am amazed that any man could be found to try and excuse it. So much for that, and now to my stories.

I was at a place on the lower end of the brook that was used for a sink or privy, a man stood beside me who wore a sleeveless shirt and I saw, to me, a curious looking sore on his arm halfway between his shoulder and elbow. I asked him what in the world was it that made such a sore as that? "Well," he said, "I see by your uniform that you are a new prisoner and a greenhorn. If you had been among us a little while you would not ask questions, about a little thing like that."

"Well what made it anyway? I don't understand and want to know."

He then said that at Belle Island; near Richmond, Va., he with hundreds of other prisoners had been vaccinated ostensibly to prevent smallpox, but the vaccine matter being impure gave them syphilis instead, of which some were dead, but many more had sore arms and if I would look for them I could find them. I afterward found many men who had eating sores on their arms, who reported the same story.