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PERSONAL NARRATIVES  
OF EVENTS IN THE  
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE  
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS  
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The Sword of Honor.

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FROM

CAPTIVITY TO FREEDOM.

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BY

HANNIBAL A. JOHNSON,

[Lieutenant Third Maine Infantry.]

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## FROM CAPTIVITY TO FREEDOM.

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I ENLISTED at the age of nineteen from the city of Augusta, having been previously rejected without examination by my own brother, the recruiting officer at the city of Hallowell, our home, who was forming a company for the Third Maine Infantry. I was refused enlistment for the reason that I was physically unfit for the life of a soldier, and, as at that period, April, 1861, there were plenty of men only too anxious to enlist, they could choose their material, a thing which later in the war could not have been done.

When the first gun was fired on Sumter I was at work in a dry goods store, weighed 112 pounds, and did not look like a very promising subject for Uncle Sam's uniform, but I wanted to enlist just as badly as my big brother of 175 pounds. My first application at Augusta was to Captain Staples, Company B, but there met with the same reply, "Do not want

you." Instead of being discouraged, I determined to enlist, and, in the Third Maine, as the regiment was to be formed from companies from the Kennebec valley. So I applied to the adjutant-general of the state, and even he tried to discourage me. At last, however, he gave me a written permit for Captain Staples to enroll me among his men. With this document I did not apply in vain, but was at once enlisted as a private in Company B. Now comes the singular sequel of this hasty opinion formed of what a person can do by the looks of his physical make-up; for when our regiment arrived at Harrison's Landing, July 3d, after thirteen months' service, three in the swamps of Chickahominy, marching, fighting, retreating, and enduring everything that was rough and tough in a soldier's life, this brother of mine, captain of Company E, was taken on board the hospital ship a physical wreck, while I, his rejected brother, had not up to that hour seen a day of sickness, answered a doctor's call, taken a blue pill or had my tongue examined by either our regimental surgeon or his officious hospital steward. In less than six months from this date,



my brother and also my colonel were obliged to resign on account of severe and prolonged sickness. We shall hear from this brother of mine before I get out of the army, for after he recovered his health he was commissioned in the United States navy where he served until the end of the war.

July 1, 1863, the Third Corps, of which my regiment was a part, arrived on the field of Gettysburg too late to take part in the action of the first day, but soon enough to find the situation anything but promising. The death of General Reynolds, the repulse of the First and Eleventh Army Corps, the abandonment of Seminary Ridge and the occupation of Cemetery Hill by the Federals, also the occupation of Gettysburg town by the rebels after a battle of seven hours were events not at all encouraging. During the night both armies received heavy reinforcements, and, as the Third, Sickles corps, was on the extreme left of the Union lines and supposed to be facing the right of the Confederate army, it was of the utmost importance to locate their position. Our regiment was posted in the Peach Orchard. On the morning of July 2d our command, numbering

only 196 rifles with 100 United States sharpshooters, was ordered by General Sickles to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. At the word "forward" we advanced for half a mile outside our lines where a dense wood obstructed our front. We then advanced one-quarter of a mile through these woods, where our skirmishers became hotly engaged, driving the rebel skirmishers and pickets before us. We soon engaged the enemy in force, and they commenced to take us on the flank, attempting to cut off our line of retreat. We engaged this body of rebels for thirty minutes, though the odds were thousands, but when the bugle sounded the "retreat" we fought our way back foot by foot. We had nearly reached the open ground, when one of my men who had fought by my side for two long years fell with a musket ball through his hips, and, as he fell said, "Sergeant, don't desert me. Help me out of these woods." Another one of my company, noble fellow that he was, came to my assistance, and with his help I seated Call, the wounded man, across a musket, and, with his arms around our necks, with the bullets flying around us, and with the exultant rebs

at our heels twenty to our one, we were making slow but sure progress, when Jones dropped his end of the musket and fell dead, shot through the head. Before I could recover, get Call's arms from around me and escape, for I could not think of trying to assist him farther alone, the Johnnies were on top and around us, and all three were prisoners. But a dead and wounded man were of no use to them, so I and a few equally unfortunate were secured. It is useless to attempt to describe a person's feelings at the time of capture. No one knows anything about it except from dear bought experience. It is needless to say that I would have taken my chances with my regiment a hundred times over could the choice have been given me.

I found that my captors were Wilcox's brigade, a portion of A. P. Hill's corps. How a single one of our little command ever escaped is strange. As it was we lost forty-eight men in killed and wounded in this single half-hour. Like all prisoners of war, we were taken to the rear far enough to be out of range of the guns of either army, but near enough to hear hundreds of cannons and thousands of

rifles engaged in deadly conflict throughout that day and the following.

We remained on or near the field until the night of July 4th, when with the beaten and retreating army of Lee we took up our line of march for the Potomac, which we crossed July 10th. Could the victorious army of Meade only have been informed of the condition of the Confederate army, nothing could have prevented their surrender or destruction, for they were discouraged, weary and beaten, without ammunition or food.

When we arrived at the banks of the swollen Potomac at Point of Rocks, the pontoons by which we were to cross the river had been swept away by the sudden rise of water, as it had rained every day since the battle. But no such good fortune was in store for us, and, after a little delay, pontoons were collected, and we, with the heretofore victorious army of the Confederate leader, were soon over the river and on Virginia soil. Now for a long tramp down the Shenandoah valley to Staunton, Va., more than a hundred miles away. There were about 5,000 prisoners in our column, guarded

by a few of Pickett's division, who were left after their brave but unsuccessful charge. After being searched at Staunton and having our blankets and everything of value taken from us, we were put in box cars, sixty to a car, and started for the rebel capital, which we entered July 21, 1863, just two years to a day from the date of the battle of the first Bull Run. We prisoners, who were made up of all grades of commissioned, non-commissioned officers, and privates, were at first put in Libby prison, but soon the enlisted men were taken from Libby and put upon Belle Island, a small, sandy tract of land in the James River, just above but in close proximity and in sight of Richmond. Here we soon began to feel all the horrors of prison life, for the island was fearfully crowded; we had poor and insufficient food, little water, and only a few condemned army tents. Our rations were barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and many would have died but for the hope of home and future deliverance. After seven weeks upon the island with 600 sick Yankees, I was taken to City Point to meet a flag of truce boat that had an equal num-

ber of rebs, not sick, however, for when Confederate prisoners left our Federal prisons for the Southern lines they were in condition to join their armies at once, while Northern prisoners were subjects ready for their graves or lingering sickness in hospitals.

When we came in sight of the flag of truce ship with the dear old Stars and Stripes floating over it, we forgot all our past troubles and privations. Never did it seem so dear to us as now, although as soldiers it had meant very much more than a beautiful piece of bunting; but now it meant protection and liberty. We were taken on the flagship as soon as the 600 well-dressed and fat rebel prisoners, that were to be paroled for us sick and weak soldiers came off. We were fed at once on soft bread and coffee, and if ever food tasted sweet that first meal did. Arrived at the Annapolis parole camp, I was at once taken to the hospital. When I had recovered sufficiently I had a short furlough home. I remained there some ten days when an order was issued from the War Department declaring all paroled prisoners of war legally exchanged and ordering that those that were able were to report for duty to their regi-

ments at once. October 15th I joined my regiment in the field at Brandy Station, Va., glad to be with the old Third again and fight for and under the flag I had learned to love so well.

May 4th under General Grant the Army of the Potomac commenced its onward march toward the rebel capital and that night our division encamped on the old battlefield of Chancellorsville, and the following day found us hotly engaged in the battle of the Wilderness. During this engagement and while our brigade and regiment were having a most desperate struggle with the enemy a report came to our colonel that there was a rebel line in our rear, or in other words we were flanked; also instructions that he should furnish an officer to accompany General Ward's chief of staff and find out the truth of the report. My colonel said I was selected to accompany Captain Nash and to lose no time in reporting as to the truth of this startling rumor. We started to the rear on the run, as we did not consider it necessary to use much caution in going in this direction. Less than three minutes found us in

the midst of a rebel line of infantry lying down so close to the earth that we mistook them in the imperfect light of the woods for the ground itself, and, before we had time to change our course, they were on their feet and around us. I grasped the terrible situation and turned to run for life and the front. Nash, who had never been a prisoner of war, surrendered as he saw resistance was useless, worse than folly, but I with my seven weeks of horrible prison life just passed and all its terrible features still fresh in my mind, thought that life again in a Southern prison was not worth saving. So I made another dash for liberty, when a hundred muskets at less than fifteen paces covered me with the order to surrender or I was a dead Yankee. I did surrender and was at once disarmed. Snatching my sword from my body, a Confederate captain of infantry buckled it around his own body in exchange for a poor one that he had worn; his name was J. C. B. Smith, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry, as I learned thirteen years later. This Confederate command entered our lines where they did not connect, but being a small body, if word



could have been taken to the front, a short distance away, every man could have been captured. The only result of their trip was the capture of a few prisoners.

The day after capture, May 6th, we were taken with 300 prisoners gathered from the battlefield on the day before to Orange Court House, distant twenty-seven miles, where we remained over night. The following day we were put into box cars and taken to Gordonsville where we were searched by the Confederate authorities and everything of value taken from us. May 8th we were taken to Lynchburg and there put in the military prison. June 1st we were removed to Macon, Ga., where a large camp of Federal officers, all prisoners of war, had been established. I knew if the four lieutenants who were captured by Mosby on their way to Gettysburg more than twelve months before were still alive they must be in this prison stockade at Macon; and almost the first persons I saw as we passed inside the inclosure were Lieutenants Anderson and Day, and, as soon as they had got their mouths closed from crying "fresh fish" as usual to all new ar-

rivals, they rushed forward more pleased to see me than I them, as I was the only officer they had seen from the regiment during their long term of imprisonment.

Every prisoner after a time accumulates little articles that make prison life endurable, and Lieutenant Anderson was quartered under a sort of shed or simply a roof of boards which he invited me to share, and also loaned me his cooking utensils, which were half a canteen, that he used to cook his corn meal in, for at that time the commissary was issuing to the prisoners sorghum and corn meal. For a bag for my meal I used one of the legs of my flannel drawers. The only fault I ever found with this improvised bag was that it was altogether too large for the quantity of meal issued.

We remained at Macon until August 15th, and just before this date our camp was honored by the presence of General Stoneman of cavalry fame, who had been captured with a portion of his command outside the city, while trying to liberate us from our captivity. About this date, 800 officers, I among the number, were put on the cars, but for what pur-

pose or destination we knew not; we knew it was to be a free ride; as to the direction we were not consulted, but our final stopping place was Charleston, S. C. Here we were distributed among the different buildings prepared for our reception, viz., the Roper and the Marine hospitals, the workhouse and the city jail, the latter being my stopping place; but I had learned not to be particular in my hotels, so said nothing when I was put in a seven by nine cell.

At that time the city of Charleston was under a state of siege from the water side. General Foster was daily and nightly throwing shells from the batteries on Morris Island, Battery Gregg and the Swamp Angel, right into the heart of the city, and we had been taken to this place and put in the most exposed locations to prevent if possible, the bombardment of this rebel stronghold. Our Government was notified of this inhuman act, which was a violation of all articles of honorable warfare. Foster paid not the slightest attention to the demand to cease firing upon the city on account of our exposed position, but if anything increased the severity of

the siege. As the casualties among the prisoners from this artillery duel were very small, being so well sheltered in these buildings, we rather enjoyed the change in our prison life, and liked to watch the effects of three hundred-pound shell from guns four miles away. One of the strangest parts of this duel was that my brother, who had resigned from the army fifteen months before, had recovered, and, having been commissioned in the United States navy, was taking part in the siege of this Southern city. Here he showed his brotherly feeling not only by this red hot reception in the way of shell and solid shot, but also by sending from the fleet, while I was confined in Charleston, a box of everything that would have made our hearts and stomachs glad could it have been received. I learned of my brother's location off Charleston by the capture of one of his brother officers attached to the same ship, who was caught while doing picket duty under the walls of Sumter.

My diary commences at this date, September 17th, as follows:

Shells from our guns caused a large fire last

night, destroying twenty-nine buildings, several shells striking our prison, but not doing much injury.

Sept. 20. Gave draft on rebel broker for \$100 in gold, receiving \$1,000 in Confederate money in exchange, but as this broker had to run the blockade to present this draft for payment in the North, there was not much chance of its ever being honored and paid. (But unfortunately they were, and when the premium on gold was at 235, as I found to my discomfiture when I finally went North.)

Sept. 25. Two hundred officers left our prison for exchange; happy few. Naval officers received money and boxes from fleet, but most of the contents of boxes had been taken.

Sept. 28. More shelling to-day than any twenty-four hours since being in Charleston, Foster throwing ninety very heavy shells into the upper part of the town.

Sept. 30. Naval officers left for Richmond to be exchanged.

Oct. 1. Firing on the city continues very heavy. Eighty-four shell thrown during the past twenty-four hours.

Oct. 2. Shelling of the city unusually severe, 170 heavy shells having left Foster's guns for Charleston during the past twelve hours.

Oct. 5. Without an hour's notice started on the Southern Georgia Railroad for Columbia, arriving at that city at 12 midnight. We regret this last change for we were better sheltered in Charleston, notwithstanding the exposure to the guns of Foster, than in any other point inside the rebel lines. Yellow Jack was said to be the cause of our removal.

Oct. 6. Placed in an open field and kept in the burning sun all day without shelter or rations of any kind. Toward night it commenced raining and continued throughout the night, and we, without blankets or coats passed a sleepless and miserable night.

Oct. 7. Early this morning we were given a small piece of bread and then marched two miles from the city and left in an open field without a tent or even a single tree for protection.

Oct. 8. Last night I suffered more from the cold than ever before in a single night, the frost being

very heavy and the ground our only bed. Such inhumanity on the part of the authorities is uncalled for, for there are plenty of vacant buildings in Columbia that could shelter us until some arrangements could be made.

Oct. 9. Passed another fearfully cold night without shelter. Although the early months of the Fall we have frost. Had axes given us to-day, four for each 100 men.

Oct. 10. Passed the night more comfortably, as our tent of pine boughs keeps off the cold very well.

Oct. 17. We had an election to-day in our camp for president, and of the 1,161 votes cast Lincoln received 889, McClellan stock being very unpopular. This result was much of a surprise to the prison authorities who supposed the camp was strong for McClellan and said, before we had balloted, they would print in the Columbia papers the vote as it was cast; but when they learned the result, refused.

Oct. 19. Camp alarmed; guards firing all along the line on account of some of our men trying to escape. Hounds were put on their track and they were soon recaptured and brought back to camp.

Oct. 21. Lieutenant Young, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, accidentally shot; died at once.

Oct. 26. Some of our officers in attempting to escape last night were fired on by the guard, doing them no injury, but on the contrary shot one of their own men. Hope to take this chance myself before long. Might as well be shot in attempting to escape as to die from exposure and lack of sufficient food. One of our officers shot fatally while attempting to escape last night.

Nov. 7. Thirteen officers brought into camp to-day having some days before succeeded in getting by the guard at night, but were recaptured, as every white man in the country is hunting for rebel deserters or for escaping Yankee prisoners.

Nov. 9. Twenty-one officers recaptured and brought back to camp, but believe if I can once get outside the rebel guard, I can succeed in reaching our lines either at the coast or at Knoxville, Tenn., 500 miles distant.

Nov. 12. Received box from home, but most of its contents had been confiscated by the prison authorities before it was delivered to me.



Nov. 20. Another one of our men shot last night while trying to run the guard.

Nov. 21. Last night three officers, Lieutenants Anderson and Gilman of my regiment and Lieutenant Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, also myself, made a break for liberty and God's country by running down the guard. Had him helpless and at our mercy; the balance of the guard fired upon us, but in the darkness and confusion of the moment, we escaped into the woods unharmed.

It was in the midst of a severe rainstorm when we broke camp, the night being pitch dark was all the better for our project, but as we had no stars for a guide, or compasses, we had to go it blind. We only knew that Knoxville lay in a northwesterly direction from Columbia, and our aim was to travel as nearly in that course as possible, so we struck out for all that we were worth, wishing to put as much distance between us and prison camp before morning as possible. Traveled in the woods the entire night and what seemed to us to be twenty miles, and about daylight lay down in the woods to rest and get some sleep. Had slept perhaps an hour

when we were awakened by the sound of drums beating; we were upon our feet in an instant, and, as soon as we could get our scattered ideas together, found to our surprise and horror that we were listening to the rebel reveille at our prison camp at Columbia, and instead of being miles away from that hated spot, were within a half mile of its grounds. In the darkness of the night we had been traveling in a circle, and we then knew it would only be good luck and fortune that would prevent us sleeping the next night in prison camp. Lay in the woods all that day and at night started again, as we hoped in the right direction; it was still raining; toward morning struck the Saluda River, and determined to follow that stream for a guide until we found something better; traveled all that day and at dusk ran into a plantation by accident; before we could retreat started the hounds, and soon a pack of these man hunters were after us, we running as we never did before. It would have been a short race if it had not been for the river that we had left a short time before, for we made for that, plunged into its icy waters and were, for the time,

safe as far as the dogs were concerned. Slept in the woods for a few hours in our wet clothes until the moon arose, for the weather at last had cleared, then took the main road to Lexington Court House.

Nov. 23. Struck the river again this morning, but have not found the proper road yet, or one that leads in the right direction. Came very near being captured by running on some white men, but saw them first, concealed ourselves, and escaped. For the past twenty-four hours have had nothing to eat but dry corn which we found in the fields. Must find some trusty negro who will feed us and put us on the right road. At night we approached a negro cabin for the first time; we did it with fear and trembling, but we must have food and help. Found a family of trusty negroes belonging to Colonel Boozier, who gave us a good supper, such as we had not had for many long months, and we did full justice to it for we were almost famished. Here we remained till nearly morning, when we were taken to the woods and hid there to wait for a guide which these negroes say they would furnish at dark. Distance made the past twenty-four hours twenty-five miles.

Nov. 24. Still in the woods, the women coming to us twice during the day to bring us food and inform us that a guide will be ready at dark. God bless the poor slaves. At dark Frank took us seven miles, flanking Lexington Court House, striking the Augusta road five miles above. Traveled all night, making about twenty-two miles.

Nov. 25. Lay in the woods all day, and at night went to William Ford's plantation to get food. Here the negroes could not do enough for us, supplying us with edibles of a nice character.

Nov. 26. Remained in a corn house during the day, the blacks bringing us plenty of food. At night our guide informed us that he could not take the road with us until the following night, so we were obliged to wait one day longer; but it may be as well, for the negroes report that Sherman is nearing Augusta. If so, we may attempt to strike his army rather than continue our long tramp to Knoxville, Tenn.

Nov. 27. Still at Ford's plantation, where we are kept secreted during the day, but at night go to the negro cabins where we are plentifully fed.

Eleven officers who escaped from Columbia the day after we did joined our party, and we are going to get horses and arms if possible and make a bold push for Tennessee.

Nov. 28. Still at Ford's. The party that joined us yesterday have given up the idea of attempting a bold move on Tennessee. About midnight we got a guide by the name of Bob to take us seven miles on the Edgefield road, as the Augusta state road is too public to travel, and some of our officers were captured on that road to-day. Turned over by Bob to a guide by the name of George, who hid us in the woods.

Nov. 29. George has brought us food during the day, and will try to get us a guide to-night. At dark went to the negro quarters, where a nice chicken supper was waiting us. This is on the Lee plantation, the owner, an officer in the rebel army, now at home on sick leave. Could not get a guide to-night, so were taken to the woods and hidden.

Nov. 30. George came to us in the morning with a warm breakfast and we could appreciate it after lying in the cold woods all night without any pro-

tection and scantily clothed. At night went again to the cabin where another chicken supper was waiting us. This kind of living is in marked contrast to our prison fare for the past seven months, and, if we were not in constant dread of recapture, also making such slow progress toward our lines, should think we were not very badly off.

Dec. 1. Just comfortable for a winter's day. At night after eating the usual diet of chicken, Peter, our guide, told us he was ready for the road. Went about twelve miles when Joe took us in charge and Peter started for home again. Were then hidden in the woods for the day.

Dec. 2. As soon as daylight the negroes on this place commenced coming to where we were hidden, all having something for us in the way of food; they also promise us a guide for the night. If such kindness will not make one an Abolitionist then his heart must be made of stone. This is on the Matthews place. At dark were taken to the Widow Hardy's plantation, where chickens, etc., were served for our supper. Here Jim took us eight miles, and gave us into the care of Arthur, who, after going

with us fifteen miles, gave us to Vance who hid us in the woods. At dark Vance brought us more chickens for our evening meal, then started on the road with us going eight miles, then Charles took us, he going five miles; then David took us four miles, he giving us into the care of Hanson who took us a short distance and left us at the Preston Brook's plantation (late United States Congressman from South Carolina). Distance made during the night about twenty miles. This plantation is located at a place called 96, and is one of the best equipped and most extensive places we have yet come across. Here one of Brooks's negroes who goes by the name of Russell took us in charge. His first duty was to hide us in the woods, or rather a pine thicket too near the widow's house for absolute safety.

Dec. 4. Early this morning the slaves brought us a nice breakfast, for everything is in first-class condition on this place; do not seem to have felt the effects of the war as the rest of the country we have passed through. We are now less than one-eighth of a mile from the Brooks's homestead,

where the widow and her children live, three daughters and one son, who no doubt would like to hang us Northern mudsills, as their late father was wont to call us, if they only knew how near we are to them; for we very well know their feeling toward us of the North by the cowardly assault of the husband and father, Preston S. Brooks, upon the person of Charles Sumner in the halls of Congress just before the war, and the Rebellion has not improved or sweetened their dispositions. The day being Sunday the family are going to church and the Brooks house servant, who has been in the woods to see us, has promised after the family are out of the house to show us the identical cane that Brooks used upon the uncovered and defenseless head of our senator. After the family were out of the house this woman brought a wash leather sack into the thicket for our examination. The cane was a large rosewood stick with a massive gold head, and on its face this inscription: "Hon. P. S. Brooks from B. D. Vick." Must have been a presentation cane from some admirer of this Southern bully. The stick used upon the head of Sum-



ner was broken in three pieces. My great desire was to take this cane away with me, and I so expressed myself, but the servant protested with so much earnestness that I gave up the idea, for she said the house was left in her charge, and if this cane was missed, which it certainly would be, she would be called upon to produce it or satisfactorily explain its absence.

We, at that time, were entirely helpless without the assistance of these poor ignorant negroes. We were dependent upon them for food, shelter, and guides; so it was incumbent upon us not to make them any unnecessary trouble when they were risking so much for us; and for that reason alone this cane is still at 96, South Carolina, instead of being in the hands of some of Sumner's personal friends in Massachusetts, who would appreciate it as a memento and relic of those troublesome times that preceded the war which ended at last in the freedom of the slaves of the South.

At this time it was cold, ice forming every night, and, we had escaped from prison with only what we stood in, and not much of that; but here

we received valuable additions to our worldly possessions, each a warm comfortable, more valuable than gold or all the canes in the South, one pair of pants, one pair of socks, one pair of knit gloves, and food in abundance. I think a good portion of the entire donation must have come from the Brooks house rather than the negro quarters; but as beggars should not be choosers, and, as the end justifies the means we asked no questions but willingly and thankfully received this Godsend to us in our destitute and almost naked condition. At night we bade good-by to the Brooks plantation and its most loyal servants, and every mile that we advanced towards our journey's end, Tennessee, the stronger was our regard for the poor blacks, for to be detected feeding or assisting an escaping Federal soldier was the promise of one hundred lashes, well laid on; although knowing this would certainly follow, they never failed to meet us with full hands and willing hearts and feet, never weary in accompanying us nights away into the small hours of another day, and always after a hard day's work. But thank Heaven or the fortunes of war, I had within

eight months of that date an opportunity to return some of the many favors done me by these same faithful negroes, but at no sacrifice or risk on my part as it was on theirs, so I take no credit upon myself for what I did. That night we made no progress; were simply taken three miles up the road and left in a better place of security, as it was not possible to find a guide for us, a darkey by the name of Dan taking us in charge.

Dec. 5. At dark we were taken four miles, when we found we were going in the wrong direction, retraced our steps, got another guide who took us to Colonel Frazier's. Distance in right direction about ten miles. During the night crossed the railroad above 96, and here Ned took us in charge. The boys on this place were good foragers, for while with them we lived on the fat of the land. At dark, December 6th, two of the Frazier servants took us eighteen miles and then gave us into the hands of Ben and Harrison, who took us to Henry Jones's place. Just before we arrived at this plantation it commenced raining and we got as wet as if thrown into the Saluda River. Here we were put into a

negro cabin with a fire and bed at our disposal, and we took advantage of both.

Dec. 7. Our breakfast was bacon and eggs and pea coffee, also a good dinner with negroes to watch the cabin during the day to see that we were not surprised and captured; best place we have yet struck not excepting the Brooks place. At night Henry took us to Elijah Waters, he in turn to Sam Jones, distance nine miles; he giving us, after going five miles, to the keeping of Andrew who hid us in the woods for the rest of the night.

Dec. 8. Nice breakfast of chicken, wheat bread, and preserves, and at dark after taking a warm supper Ned took us six miles, giving us to John Wesley, who after going eleven miles turned us over to Sandy Latimore who went three miles, he giving us to Balus who went six miles, he finally leaving us with Sam Matterson, making twenty-three miles during the night with four different guides.

Dec. 9. We were hiding in the woods when it commenced snowing, the first of the season; soon our guide came for us and hid us for the day in a negro cabin. At night some negroes came six

miles through the storm to bring us food. We are gaining in strength and weight, for we are eating most of the time when we are not on the road tramping. The snow being so deep it is not safe to travel to-night, so we are hidden in a fodder barn.

Dec. 10. This morning two poor runaway slaves, brother and sister, came to see us. They are living in the woods to keep out of the way of their master, and are suffering much from exposure this cold and wet weather, and they think that because we are from the North we can help them; but we are in as bad if not worse shape than they, for we are liable to capture in any unguarded moment. The slightest carelessness or accident may throw us into the hands of the enemy which is every white face in the South. So, although we sympathize with them in their terrible situation, yet we can do nothing to relieve them. It has continued raining and snowing and we are very fortunate to have even this fodder barn for shelter; yet here it is fearfully cold as the corn-stalks do not keep us warm.

Dec. 11. Emmanuel came to see us last night and said it was not safe to travel as the snow would

prove an enemy, so we keep hidden and wait for the weather to clear.

Dec. 12. Last night we almost froze, and had we been on the tramp think we should have perished with the cold. Even in this fodder barn the drinking water in our pail froze almost solid in twelve hours. But we must start to-night, cold or not. Another chicken supper, and at ten o'clock we took the road, making nineteen miles before daylight. Tough on our poorly shod feet, as it was snow, ice, and water every foot that we traveled; but every mile, although marched in pain and discomfort brings us nearer the Union lines and God's country.

Dec. 13. Lay in the woods all day. Last night was the first time we have attempted to travel without a guide. Passed through Pickensville and at this point took the wrong road, for instead of taking the Pumpkintown road, by mistake took the Pickens Court House road; distance made during the night seventeen miles.

Dec. 14. At dark started by ourselves, struck a cross road where four roads met, but the guideboard being gone were at a loss which one to take. Took

the one we thought right, and, after traveling two hours, were at a loss to know where we were, but made up our minds to approach a house, find our location, get further directions, also something to eat, for we had been on allowance for the past twenty-four hours. Fortunately we struck the cabin of a Union woman and her three children by the name of Prince, and she proved a princess to us who fed and warmed us, for we were wet, hungry, and cold. After this woman was convinced we were escaping Union prisoners of war, she opened her heart to us; told us that her husband was a Union man but had been obliged to go into the rebel army, where he was shot and died. She also told us that ten miles from her house, up in the mountains, there was a camp of outliers made up of rebel deserters and Union men who had never been in the Confederate army, who were living in caves in the mountains to avoid being captured and shot or taken into the army by a company of rangers who were in the Confederate service. These outliers had told this Union woman, Mrs. Prince, that if she ever came across any Yankee prisoners that were making for

the Yankee lines, to bring them to their camp and they would go through the mountains with them and join the Federal army. After hearing this, to us welcome news, getting dry and rested, we at about midnight with this Union woman for a guide started for this outliers' camp, which we reached just before daylight, for it was ten long miles and in a mountainous country. A rougher looking set of men I never saw, all armed to the teeth with knives, revolvers, muskets, rifles or axes, and at first we did not know but what this woman had betrayed us to a pack of bushwhackers.

Dec. 15. This camp consisted of about fifteen men, whose Lomes were scattered through the mountains. To these homes they go occasionally to get food or a change of clothing, or else their families come into the mountains to see them, and living such a life as they do are willing and anxious to go through to Tennessee with us, and we are very glad of their company, for they are familiar with all the passes in the mountains. At night went to another haunt in the mountains where these men are kept hidden.



Dec. 16. This morning the outliers began to come into our camp having heard we were there, and now we have twenty men well armed who will go through to our lines with us or die in the attempt. The wives of these men came to see us to-day and said they were willing their husbands and sons should go with us for they are certain to be caught and shot by the rangers before long, as they are constantly being run from one camp to another. Went at night to the house of two Union women, and it is a relief to talk with people whose principles are so loyal, for it has been all secesh for so many months.

Dec. 17. The Union women came to our camp before daylight this morning to see their husbands. These rough mountaineers are intelligent and true as steel. Can fire a rifle and bring down a deer as well as a man. At dark went with two outliers to their homes up the mountains ten miles away; slept in a feather bed for the first time for three years, but with my clothing on all ready to jump and take to the woods if we are surprised by the rangers.

Dec. 18. At daylight we three went into the

mountain to remain until dark, for the rangers are all out and we must keep out of their way. At dark went back to the house once more, got a warm supper, then went down the mountain to a good Union man by the name of Alexander, where we remained all night, and during the night some twenty Union women arrived at this house, for this is the spot agreed upon to start for Tennessee.

Dec. 19. To-night we start for Knoxville in earnest, for our party now numbers forty-six men, quite a strong party for the rangers to strike. The parting between these men and their wives and children was very affecting, for they love their kin with a devotion and affection I never before witnessed. Traveled in a mountainous country all night, making about sixteen miles.

Dec. 20. Remained in the mountains all day, and at night it commenced raining very hard, so we were obliged to remain where we were for the night.

Dec. 21. Went to the summit of Chimney Top Mountain, and remained there until the next morning. We are now within three-quarters of a mile of the North Carolina line, which we shall soon

cross and be glad to get out of the state of South Carolina. Crossed the first range of the Blue Ridge. The mountains we have crossed during the day have been covered with snow and ice, and it is as cold on their top as in Maine in winter.

Dec. 23. Yesterday we made twenty miles and at night encamped at the foot of Hog Back Mountain.

Dec. 24. This morning fourteen of our party started back to South Carolina, frightened at the prospect of meeting Indians some thirty miles in advance of us; also are afraid of the snow and cold we are encountering in these fearful mountains. They say they had rather be shot at their own doors by the rangers and be buried by their families, than die of cold and starvation so far away from home. We do not blame them, but we have no choice left us; must press through although the prospect is very gloomy. A mistake taking this fearful course in midwinter through these mountains that are full of snow, and we dressed in summer clothing, no underclothes, stockings worn out days since, shoes all to pieces and clothing in rags from rough usage in the mountains, as we slip and fall every dozen steps.

Got a guide from this section who says he will go through with us, as our present South Carolina friends are no good to us; are so far away from home that they know no more of the passes in the mountains ahead of us than we Yankees. Crossed Tennessee Mountains to-day, the highest range we have yet struck, being three miles to its top. Made fifteen miles to-day.

Dec. 25. Early to-day crossed a very high peak known as the Balsam Mountain, three and a half miles to the summit, and, being covered with snow, was very hard to climb. At noon crossed the Rich Mountain, another very high peak, and at its top we seemed to be above the clouds. At night encamped at the foot of Chestnut Mountain in a very severe snowstorm which continued all night. Distance made, thirteen miles.

Dec. 26. Crossed many high mountains during the day and at night encamped near the state road that leads to Georgia. Have been on allowance since Saturday, only three bites of bread and meat for twenty-four hours. Distance made, twelve miles.

Dec. 27. Crossed the state road at daylight. We are now four miles past Scott's Creek, Balsam Mountain, which took us all day to cross, encamping at night at the foot of Catalouch Mountain in a rainstorm. Distance made, only eight miles.

Dec. 28. It rained all last night and this morning, commenced snowing and continued all day, and God only knows whether we shall ever be able to stand the exposure and suffering we are hourly called upon to endure. Seems as though there must be a limit to our strength and power to suffer. Are now living on raw corn and wet chestnuts which we find in these mountains, for our food gave out a number of days ago. Teeth and gums are so sore from eating this kind of food that it is painful to open and close our mouths. Distance made to-day, nine miles.

Dec. 29. Snowed again last night until morning. No sleep for any of us. Went to a house for food and directions, for we are almost starved. Found a good Union man who fed us and gave us the information wanted. Distance, ten miles.

Dec. 30. Slept in a house last night, and if ever

I enjoyed the protection of a roof it was on this occasion, for we have had nothing but the heavens for a covering for many days; rain, snow and cold to contend with, always with wet feet and frequently thoroughly wet from head to foot for several days at a time, hungry, tired, and discouraged; the protection of this roof and a full stomach once more makes me think life is worth struggling for a little while longer. We are now within one mile of the main road to Knoxville, which I hope we can take, for we have suffered so much in the mountains that I want to leave them at once and forever. The party have concluded to take to the mountains again, for we hear there are guards on the road. Started over the mountains once more, but after going four miles three of us vowed we could go no farther through the mountains, but would take the road, guards or no guards; so we left the main party with one of our Third Maine lieutenants, S. L. Gilman; and Anderson, Childs, and myself, started for the public highway. Came near capture, as we were approaching a house where we had been told lived a loyal Tennessean, who, unknown to us,

was feeding four rebel cavalymen; but as we jumped the fence to enter the house his wife chanced to come to the door, and, seeing us, just in the nick of time, motioned us back and away. We kept the house in sight, and, after the rebs had filled up, mounted their horses and drove off, we took our turn, and had a square meal from the same table that the Johnnies had vacated.

Dec. 31. Remained at this house all night, for we were too tired to continue our trip.

Jan. 1. Went six miles last night with the rebel cavalry just ahead of us, but as long as we kept them there we were all right. Stopped at night at Jimmy Caldwell's, a good Union man, who, after feeding us, hid us in his barn, not thinking it safe for us to remain in his house.

Jan. 2. Remained in the barn during the day, were fed by loyal Union women; took the road again at dark, making twelve miles very comfortably during the night, for we are now traveling on the public highway.

Jan. 3. Hid during the day and night. Are nearing our lines. Must be cautious and not get captured when so near God's country.

Jan. 4. Took the road at daylight and made sixteen miles during the day.

Jan. 5. Came into the Union lines at noon to-day meeting a squad of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, who were out getting fodder for their horses. Slept at night in the camp of the First Ohio Heavy Artillery. Distance made, nineteen miles. Made a portion of it on one of the army wagons which were out with the Tenth Michigan gathering forage.

Jan. 6. Pressed three horses of the farmers and rode to Knoxville, some twenty-five miles distant, entering that city January 7th, after being on the road seven weeks.

No human being can imagine our feelings as we entered that city unless he has been in the same situation that we had been in; could hardly realize our situation; were more like children than men; would first laugh at our good fortune and then we could not keep back the tears when we knew it was all true, and we were at last in God's country and our sufferings at an end. We were like a man condemned and then at the last moment receiving a pardon, for we were hoping against hope during our



entire trip; hoped to get through yet there were so many things to prevent it, for the slightest accident or carelessness in any unguarded moment would have proved our ruin, and we did not feel safe or willing to speak above a whisper until we were in the lines at Knoxville; and even ten days after our arrival we would speak to each other in a whisper.

After our long trip through the mountains of South Carolina, North Carolina, and Tennessee, we were fit subjects for a sick bed, and, after reporting to the commander of the post we were admitted to the Government hospital to get a change of clothing, and eight months of rebel dirt from our persons, also shelter for the brief stay we should make in that city. We arrived at Knoxville Saturday, and the next day Lieutenant Gilman, with his party of South Carolina outliers arrived all right but terribly worn out. They were given quarters at the same institution we were in, and all, both Southerners and Yankees, received the same kindness.

As our regiment had been out of service since the previous June by reason of expiration of its three years of honorable and severe service, we of the

Third were ordered to report to our state capital for final muster out, while Lieutenant Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, whose command was still in the field, was ordered to report to Washington for orders. We were given transportation home, and on our papers or blanks was the notice that we were officers that had successfully escaped from Southern prisons, and we received many acts of kindness and attention on our way North. Received two months' pay at Louisville, Ky., so were in good condition financially to enjoy the trip home. Arrived at Augusta, Me., Jan. 28, 1865, where I was mustered out and paid all due me from the Government.

The war at that time was nearly over, yet no one knew how long it might last, and, after I had got over my fatigue and replaced some of the flesh lost in my long captivity, I had a strong desire to see the end of the war and was anxious to get back to the army again; and, after remaining at home about six weeks, was commissioned by the governor as first lieutenant of one of the four companies then forming at Augusta to recruit the Fifteenth Maine, then in the field; but when we joined them in the valley

early in April, we found their ranks filled from other sources. So our command of four companies was made into a battalion called the First Maine Unattached Battalion. Our senior captain was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, I was made his adjutant, and thus served the last twelve months of my army life.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia and all the troops under the rebel flag took place when we had been at the front but a short time, and, after the grand review at Washington of the Potomac and Western armies, most of the troops were mustered out; but as troops had to be retained to garrison Southern cities and forts and protect the freedmen, with other late enlisted commands our battalion was retained and served its entire time out, one year, and was finally mustered out April 5, 1866, twelve months after Lee's surrender.

This last term of service as a soldier was one of pleasant and light duties, in marked contrast to my life and experience in the field with our ever hard-worked and fighting brigade; for as a brigade or regiment we never knew what it was to have an

easy time; always in the forefront if there was anything to be done. Now for a change. About July 1st, the battalion was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, the city that had held me a prisoner only the September before, taking the shot and shell from Foster's guns. I took much pleasure in visiting my old prison quarters and rejoiced in the change in my surroundings. About July 20th we were ordered to relieve a colored regiment then on duty in upper South Carolina, stationed in Greenville, Abbeville, Laurens, and Anderson districts away up toward the mountains with headquarters at Anderson Court House. When I found we were going into this section of the state I thought it would be strange if I did not see many familiar spots and come across some of the tried and true negroes who had been my friends a short time past, now freedmen, then slaves and guides. I had traveled as a helpless refugee through the entire length of three of the districts our command was to garrison.

We stopped one day at Columbia on our way up the country, and the contrast between the present condition of the city and when I was a helpless

prisoner was as marked as the contrast between my conditions at these two dates; for between them Sherman had made his march to the sea, and he had put his hand down heavily on this place; for at that hour half the city was in ashes, and I did not mourn in consequence. While there I visited my old prison camp of the November before; found what was left of my miserable apology of a brush tent that had served such a good purpose in sheltering me from the cold; visited the spring where we got our water, the spot where we broke through the lines on the 20th of November.

This simple visit to this abandoned camp meant much to me, far more than you can think, and I felt like a brother in an interesting prayer meeting that "it is good to be here under the present circumstances." While at Columbia as a prisoner every morning the guard under command of a captain used to visit our camp, make us fall into line and count us off and see how many Yankees they had lost during the night, and report the number to issue rations to, and as this same officer came every day we soon came to know him very well, and a very de-

cent fellow he was, too, for a rebel; used to do us little acts of kindness, which, if known by the post commander would have cost him his commission. His name was Martin.

After leaving Columbia our first stop was at Anderson Court House, and, while the command were disembarking from the cars, I jumped on my horse and rode to a little cottage house near the depot, and, seeing a gentleman in the yard, asked him if he would oblige me with a glass of water. As soon as I saw his face it struck me as very familiar, but at the moment I could not tell when or where I had seen him, but on his return it flashed over me in an instant that it was Captain Martin, our old prison captain of Columbia, and at once addressed him as such. His surprise at being addressed by name by a perfect stranger in his town can be better imagined than told, but when he found who I was and that I had been one of the Yankees at Columbia, his joy was as great as his surprise. He invited me to the house, introduced me to his family, and, for the eight months we remained at the Court House, our friendship and acquaintance was unbroken. I

found him a true, polished, but unfortunate Southern gentleman; who had lost all he had by the war and was trying to make the best of the situation, and was then teaching school in the neighborhood.

Our command was divided into five different towns with headquarters at Anderson, it being the largest town in our sub-district, and I was appointed assistant adjutant-general of the district by General Ames at Columbia, to make contracts with the planters and freedmen throughout the region where our command was located; also to do other duties of a similar nature. This, of course, threw me into direct contact with all the freedmen and planters for many miles around, and scores of negroes whom I had met only a few months before. Then I was a refugee (not from justice, however), trying to hide my face from anything but a black one. Now, how changed; I was in temporary authority making contracts with these same loyal, faithful, and true blue negroes. Seven months before I was avoiding the white man's house and presence as a pestilence; now I was invited to share the best his house afforded; not out of respect for me or the Gov-

ernment I represented, only for policy's sake, trusting to make a favorable impression by his seeming whole-souled hospitality; hoping I would make his contract with the freedman favorable to him rather than the blacks. Some of the freedmen did not remember me, while on the contrary very many did, and some of the latter were afraid even at that late day to have the fact made known to their former masters that they had ever met me before; afraid that these men might still do them harm for their acts of humanity to escaping Union prisoners. It was, indeed, strange to be found sitting at the table as an invited guest, partaking of the hospitality of these Southern rebels on whose plantations we had skulked and whose hen roosts had been robbed to feed us; some of the very same negroes waiting on the table whose hands had brought us food in the woods or thicket of some damp and cold swamp where we were being hid. We severally held our tongues, not from fear of wounding the feelings of the planter, but to save the negroes any future annoyance, although I think they were needlessly alarmed.



Before I forget it let me say just here that all contracts made by the planter and freedman, and they were many in the season of 1865, were considered very unjust by the planter, as they gave the negroes too large a proportion of the crops, stipulated too many conditions for their benefit, also gave each two suits of clothes a year where before he received but one. He, the planter, may have been right in his complaints, but it was the only known means at my disposal by which I could reach the entire number of negroes who had been my only friends when they were most needed, and return a small portion of the great debt and obligation I was under to the loyal black men and women.

We remained in this location until the following April, some eight months, and among our duties was to assist all destitute loyal Southern people in the way of issuing Government rations; but they must prove their loyalty as a necessary requisite. We had many applications, some worthy and others not. To one of the former I wish to draw attention. One night in December when we were without a guide and also very much in want of informa-

tion and food, we were obliged to go to a house for all of these, and found a poor widow lady by the name of Prince, who, after feeding us took us to the band of outliers in the mountains. The night we were at her house before we started for the mountains she asked me if I would not give her a paper showing what she had done for us, as it might assist her should any Federal troops pass through that section. I was only too glad to do this, trusting that at some future time it might do her some good, although there was little chance that Union troops would ever be so far up the country. I made a simple statement of what she had done for us and recommended her to the kindness of any future Federal officer or soldier who might read the document.

One day in August I was sitting alone in my quarters when my orderly said there was an old lady outside who wanted to see the Yankee officer who was giving food to loyal whites. I said, "Admit her," and a true type of a poor white Southern woman came in. She told me her wants, said she was very poor, had no husband and three children on her hands, and, as the Government was helping such,

she had applied, as she considered she was as loyal as any man or woman in Anderson district. My next question was, "What have you got to prove all this," and she at once took from the bosom of her dress a neatly folded paper for my examination. As soon as my eyes dropped on the paper the writing looked familiar, and looking at the bottom of the sheet I saw my own name where I had placed it the December before. As soon as I recovered from my surprise I turned to the lady and said, "Madam, did you ever see me before?" and she said she reckoned not. I then asked her if she remembered feeding four Yankee officers the winter before and then taking them to the outliers' camp in the mountains. She said she did. I then said, "Mrs. Prince, I am one of those Yankees, the one that wrote that letter." She said, "Good God! are you the little lieutenant?" I answered that it was indeed so. Then there was a scene. I do not know who was the most affected, for to tell the truth I was "all broke up," for I had yet a tender memory for this woman and her acts of kindness.

Well, in a short time we got down to business, let

tender humanity and feeling pass. She felt that it was good to be there and renew old acquaintance again. This time I was the host, she the guest. I found she was living in the same locality where we had found her, some seventeen miles from the Court House in Pickens district. She told me that the men who had started through the mountains with us and had turned back on account of snow and Indians, had been met by the guard and many of them killed. Those that went to Knoxville joined the Union army. Some had been killed in late engagements of the war and the rest were at home where they would no doubt be glad to see me, although since their return from the Union lines some of them had been murdered by the returning rebel soldiers when they learned they had joined the Union army. Mrs. Prince went to her home in the mountains with a mule load of Government rations, much more than the allowance of a family larger than hers, but it was a case that made unusual demands upon my feelings and disposition, and I simply gratified my inclination to return good in kind with compound interest included.

In May, 1875, while a resident of the city of Lynn, I was surprised by receiving the following correspondence from Augusta, Maine and Columbia, S. C.:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 19, 1875.

To F. A. CHICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was visited this morning by Capt. J. C. B. Smith, cashier of the Citizens Savings Bank of this city, who, learning that my home is in Maine, desired to obtain the address, if possible, of Lieut. H. A. Johnson, formerly of Company B, Third Maine Infantry.

Captain Smith stated that Lieutenant Johnson was captured by his command (Company K, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry), at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and that he has in his possession the sword and sword belt of Lieutenant Johnson which he is desirous of returning to him if living, or, in the event of his death, to such of his family, if any, as may appreciate its value. The sword, which is a very elegant one, was presented (as appears by an inscription plate on one side of its metallic scabbard) to Lieutenant Johnson by his company, and, upon the opposite side, is a sim-

ilar plate on which is inscribed the name of some twenty battles commencing with the first Bull Run and ending with Chantilly.

Captain Smith states that it has always been his desire to restore this sword to Lieutenant Johnson as an evidence of admiration for his determined bravery when captured, where although surrounded and entirely cut off from support, he absolutely refused to surrender, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he prevented his men from firing in the excitement of the moment upon Lieutenant Johnson who appeared to regard the danger which menaced him with fearless indifference. When disarmed an excellent revolver was also taken from Lieutenant Johnson, but this afterwards was lost or stolen, and Captain Smith regrets his inability to restore it with the sword.

Very truly yours,

JAMES H. COCHRANE.

AUGUSTA, ME., May 25, 1875.

H. A. JOHNSON, ESQ., LYNN, MASS.

DEAR SIR: It is with pleasure that I have the privilege of forwarding to you the enclosed letter

from Maj. J. H. Cochrane of Augusta, and now in Columbia, S. C.

Very respectfully yours,

F. A. CHICK.

June 4th, our regiment held, at Augusta, its first reunion since the close of the war eleven years before, and it was suggested that it would be a pleasing incident of the reunion could this sword be received in season to have a second presentation by my old company, but I knew the time was too short for the mail to notify my captain and captor, so I was obliged to telegraph to have the sword forwarded by express to Maine and later I would explain my seeming haste. This letter called for the following reply from Captain Smith:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 27, 1875.

H. A. JOHNSON, ESQ., LYNN, MASS.

MY DEAR SIR: Your telegram is just received at the hands of Maj. J. H. Cochrane. I assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to be the medium by which your beautiful sword, the merited emblem of respect and honor, is now to be restored to you.

Scarcely had the clouds of war been dissipated ere it became my earnest desire to return the weapon, with an expression of my sincere admiration of the gallantry with which you used it, but circumstances have hitherto prevented the execution of my design. I now forward the sword by express and accompany it by a sentiment which is common, I trust, to all sections of our great Country:

*“May all animosities be buried and hereafter may amity and an earnest co-operation prevail between the States of the Union for the general good.”*

I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. B. SMITH.

I went to Maine to the reunion and the train that preceded the one I was on had among its express matter the sword.

June 4th, just fourteen years after our muster into the United States service, the sword was again presented to me in the following words:

“LIEUTENANT JOHNSON: I have now the pleasure to place in your hands the sword, which through circumstances beyond your control was taken and kept



from you; but permit me to assure you that even in the act of surrendering the same to the gallant Captain Smith of South Carolina, you have proved yourself true to the trust which the company put in you when first presenting this sword to you. May you have the pleasure of keeping it for many years, not to be drawn except in defence of right and justice for our beloved country, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, South Carolina and Maine against a common foe."

At the reunion the following resolution was passed:

THIRD MAINE VETERAN ASSOCIATION, BATH,

June 4, 1875.

DEAR SIR: At the first reunion of the former members of the Third Maine Regiment, holden this day at Augusta, Me., it was voted that the secretary officially notify you of the proceedings. In accordance with that vote it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the unanimous passage of the following resolution, after which three hearty cheers were given for Capt. John C. B. Smith, of the Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, Company K.

RESOLVED, That we have a lively appreciation of the soldierly and chivalric conduct of Capt. J. C. B. Smith, of Company K, Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, in returning to a member of our organization his sword, taken from him under circumstances reflecting nothing but honor on both parties.

C. H. GREENLEAF,

*Secretary.*

To Capt. JOHN C. B. SMITH, of Company K,  
South Carolina Regiment.

June 8, 1891, I received the following letter:

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 8, 1891.

DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON: On the day of your capture, the brigade to which my regiment was attached, occupied a position holding the left wing of that section of the Confederate army, Cook's brigade was engaged on the plank road, and, being hard pressed, my brigade was ordered at a double-quick, for a quarter of a mile or more, to the scene of action where the fighting was going on around Cook's ordnance wagons.

My regiment went into action by the flank, proceeding into line by column of companies, when fire was opened upon us by infantry and a section of

artillery consisting of two pieces at short range. The colonel of my regiment fell, mortally wounded, and the lieutenant-colonel severely. Once in line, the regiment known in the brigade as the "bloody Twelfth," not from thirst for blood or cruelty, but for its well known fighting qualities, with the Confederate yell swept everything before it but the dead and wounded, capturing the two pieces of artillery, before a second shot could be fired upon it. Going a considerable distance beyond the line, and finding no obstacles, and there being heavy firing on the right of the regiment, the left wing was swung around and moved on the rear of your line, and I am of the opinion that but for a ravine, difficult to cross, would have captured many more of your men. And it was here, that I, a little insignificant captain, with no sign or badge of rank, save three small bars on the collar of my grey jacket, and three good and well tried soldiers came in contact with you and a fellow officer, in rank a major, as my memory serves me. Well do I remember your complete astonishment and your unwillingness to surrender. When I ordered you to, you exclaimed, calling to your fellow officer, "What shall we do?" and I answered the question for him by saying, "Surrender, by all means," for my command was not more than

twenty paces from you, and in full view of you, and an attempt to escape would have been sure death. For as it was, when you showed a disposition not to surrender, the soldiers by my side, all crack shots, had their guns leveled on you, and I ordered them not to shoot for I had too much respect and appreciation for a brave and good soldier, though an opponent in war, to let him be shot under such circumstances. I took from you the beautiful sword presented to you by your company as a token of respect and honor, for your gallantry and noble daring on twenty-two or more battlefields, engraven thereon, indicating clearly to me, that we had often met before!

Very truly yours,

J. C. B. SMITH.

Dec. 11, 1901, I received cards from Captain Smith's youngest daughter inviting me to her marriage at Columbia, but circumstances prevented my attending. Oct. 24, 1902, I received a card from this daughter stating a little baby boy had been given her and she was a very happy mother. These two events again opened the broken correspondence with the Smith family, much to my joy, for I did not

want them to drop out of my life, and, thinking I could reach the mother's heart best through her child, and, being very grateful for the kind acts of the grandfather, Captain Smith, I procured an appropriate loving cup properly inscribed, for the baby boy, the first and only grandchild in the family.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 5, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON: Last night your note, ever to be kept in memory, heralded the coming of the beautiful loving cup, and to-day your loving words and the exquisite testimony of the affection you feel for papa's grandchild, are welcomed by us all with supreme joy. If he was only here, how happy he would be, for the affection he bore his "Friend Johnson," as he called you, was very great. Those few moments of your only earthly meeting were ever green in his memory. Countless were the times he referred to it, and during the last years of his journey here, in recounting the incident, his great heart had grown so tender, that, great, brave man that he was, tears would fill his eyes as he lived again in those memory laden years. At no time did he seem to think he had showed any special humanity in his attitude towards you. "He was such

a splendid, brave fellow, he couldn't bear to surrender to the enemy. Instead he faced death unflinchingly. Shade Thomas, the 'crack shot' in my company had his gun leveled on him to shoot, but he was too brave and I called out to Thomas, 'Don't shoot! he's too brave!' Then I persuaded him to surrender. The bravest fellow I ever saw." Those were the glowing words with which he described you. We, that's my sister and myself, would ask with a child's love for the comely, how his hero looked, and he would answer enthusiastically, "Oh! he was a strikingly handsome fellow!" You were his knight, in a measure, his "Lockinvar."

This afternoon, on their return from town, mamma and Daisy brought the lovely cup. Your exquisite gift was unpacked by mamma's careful hands, and she, as the person most fit, presented the cup to our little one. As its beauty was revealed to his inquiring little eyes, two dimpled hands clutched each handle and two dewy lips were pressed to the rim. He was as much delighted as four months of humanity can be. When it was taken from him he protested so violently that I had to allow him to touch it again.

This loving cup will be cherished always in the loving memory of the two great men who inspired it. Nothing could be more appropriate than the inscrip-

tion embellishing our boy's cup. May it be God's will that my child shall live, so that as soon as possible, we may teach him to love and revere the very significant inscription on his cup. You will be his hero as well as his grandfather's. Your memory shall be ever dear to him.

## FRIDAY MORNING.

At this juncture I was interrupted by Berry (my husband), coming in from the store. His delight over the cup was supreme. I assure you, my dear Mr. Johnson, *our* cup is very full as we behold it. In all time, in adversity and prosperity, this loving cup will stand as a treasure above price in our household. No words can convey the overwhelming joy and gratitude we feel for this gift of love.

Further words will be in vain to express all I feel. May it be God's will that your years may be many more upon this earth; may his greatest blessing, happiness, be heaped upon your head. May we meet upon this earth, but if it is His will that it should be otherwise, may we all meet in that Eternal Home beyond the skies. Let us pray daily for this final meeting. Hoping to hear from you often, believe me, always,

Yours in love and gratitude,

LILA MOBLEY.

The *State*, a paper printed in Columbia, had the following:

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

*Taken from a Northerner in Memory of a Southern Friend.*

Berry Hill Mobley, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Mobley of this city, have recently received a beautiful loving cup from Mr. Hannibal A. Johnson of Worcester, Mass., a friend of Capt. J. C. B. Smith, the grandfather of the infant. The cup bears this significant and appropriate inscription:

“Oct. 24th, 1902, Berry Hill Mobley, Jr. From his grandfather’s friend, Lieut. H. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass. Met as enemies May 5th, 1864, at Battle of the Wilderness, as friends May 27th, 1875, and ever afterward.”

Lieut. Hannibal A. Johnson, Co. B, Third Maine Infantry, was captured at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, by the late Capt. J. C. B. Smith of this city. On that occasion the valiant Lieutenant Johnson refused to surrender to Captain Smith. Whereupon the “crack shot” of Captain



Smith's company leveled his gun on Lieutenant Johnson to shoot him, but Captain Smith interfered because of the Northerner's unusual bravery, and finally persuaded him to surrender.

Singularly, Lieutenant Johnson was imprisoned in Columbia, Captain Smith's native town. He escaped from the Confederate prison here and after many thrilling experiences rejoined the Union army.

In May, 1875, Captain Smith returned to Lieutenant Johnson his sword, a very valuable one, on which twenty-two battles were engraved. Since then a very warm friendship has sprung up between these two families. The loving cup is an appropriate reminder of the tender regard in which Lieutenant Johnson holds Captain Smith's memory.

Possibly some of my comrades may criticise my friendship for my Confederate friend; if so, God pity their narrow souls, for when Robert Lee's brave and beaten veterans stacked their muskets at Appomattox and took their parole from the big-hearted Grant and returned to their homes to once more become citizens of our reunited Country with but one flag for all, all my hostility ceased,

and I could take the hand of a Southern veteran and wish him well. My bitterness departed when the armies of Lee and Johnston turned their backs upon the past and became loyal citizens of the United States, and, while I condemn rebellion as much as any one who wore the blue, I have never taken much stock in those the last to forgive.

Captain Smith had no call to return my sword, for with everything lost but his honor and manhood, he was entitled to all he received in honest encounter, and I tell you comrades, it takes a mighty large heart and a magnanimous soul to do as he did, but he, like our noble hearted GRANT, when the end came, said,

“LET US HAVE PEACE.”









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