

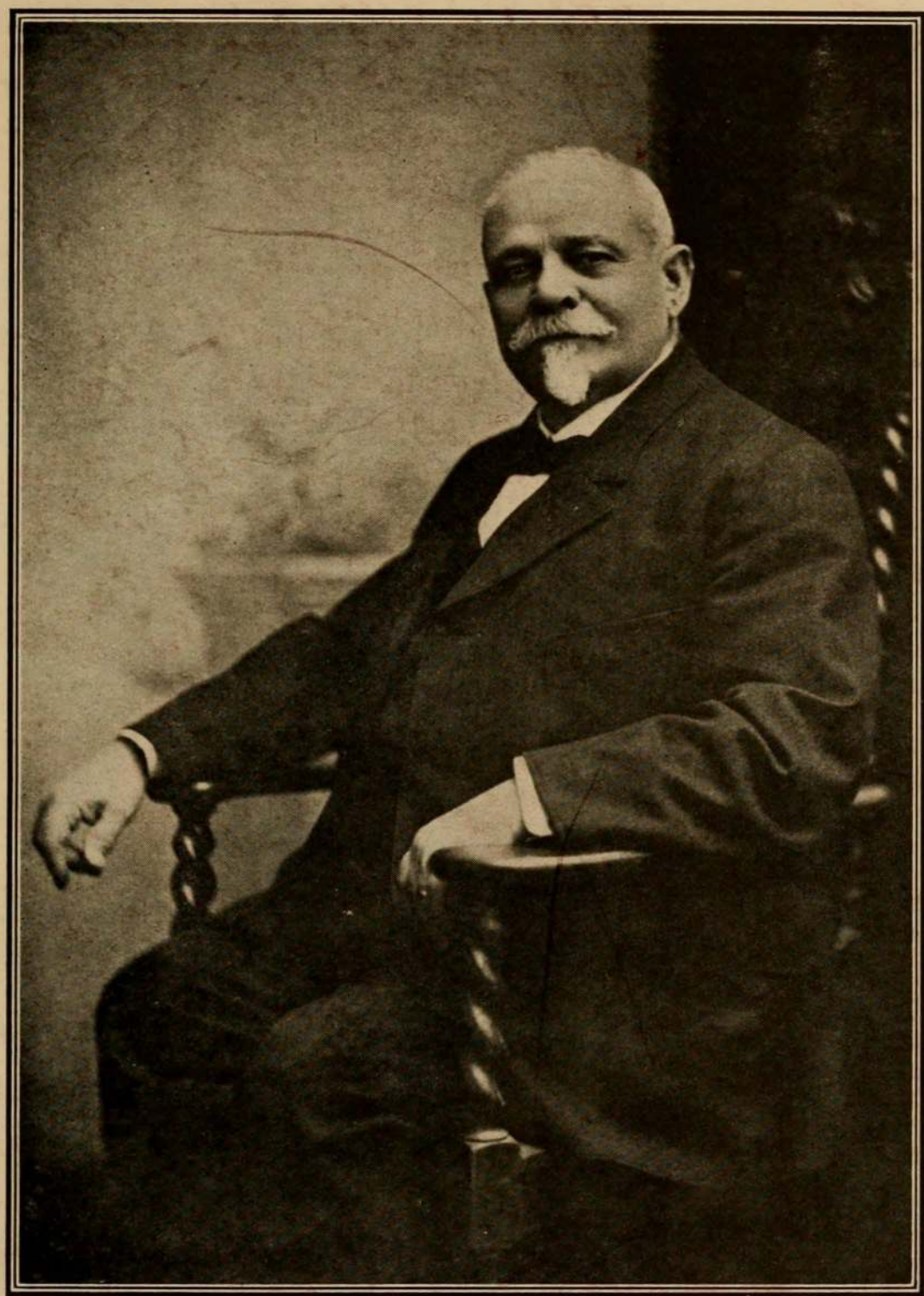


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*Philip*  
*Koempel's*  
*Diary*

*1861-1865*



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### IN EXPLANATION

*To the now thinning ranks of those Boys in Blue who answered the country's summons in 1861, boys not bred or born to soldier life and who kept aloft the flag of our Country, forever preserving the Union, this volume is dedicated.*

*From the pages of a diary kept by Phillip Koempel, Sergeant of his Company, the events here recorded have been taken. Not only because of its originality and as a historical contribution does the writer find excuse to preserve the record, but it is in loving and grateful acknowledgment of his father's stewardship that this review is presented.*

W. K.

Sgt.  
Walter Koempel  
Jan. 27 '23





**P**HILIP KOEMPEL was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, in March, 1840. He received a liberal education and came to this country at the age of seventeen. In 1859 he went to New Haven, Conn., to learn the wood carving trade. In response to the first call for troops for three months he enlisted in Company B, First Connecticut Volunteers (Bridgeport Rifles). Was at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. He re-enlisted October 15, 1861, in Company B, First Connecticut Cavalry, and was promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863, and to Sergeant May 21, 1864. In February, 1862, he served with his battalion under General Fremont in the Shenandoah campaign, taking part in the battles of McDowall's Station, Cross Keys and the night attack on Ashby's Cavalry at Strasburg, Virginia. Coming under General Pope's command he participated in the battles, including Cedar Mountain, Waterloo Bridge and the second battle of Bull Run.

In 1863 the battalion was increased to a Regiment, and after the battle of Gettysburg crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, driving the enemy from Bolivar Heights and Halltown and capturing many prisoners.

In May, 1864, the cavalry of the army of the Potomac, under General Philip Sheridan, on his Richmond Raid, taking part in the fights at Beaver Dam Station, Yellow Tavern, Strawberry Plains, Meadow Bridge, Ashland, Virginia, etc. On the so-called Wilson's raid, to the Richmond, Danville and South Side railroad, the command had a severe fight at Ream's station, Va., June 29, 1864. During that engagement Sergeant Koempel was surrounded and captured.

He was sent to Andersonville prison, where he remained until September, 1864, enduring untold hardships. After the fall of Atlanta, he was removed to Charleston, thence to Florence, S. C., where he remained until he was paroled, February 14, 1865. He was finally mustered out of the service, August 5, 1865.







## *PHIL KOEMPEL'S DIARY*

MARCH 19, 1864

Returned from re-enlisting furlough to join the Regiment at Annapolis Junction. Went through Washington and camped six miles beyond Alexandria. Cold night, rough time.

MARCH 20, 1864

Arrived at Fairfax Court House. Stayed over night. Mosby reported in our front. Heard of fight at Calvert Station. Got new horse and equipment.

MARCH 21, 1864

Broke camp at 8 A. M. Passed Centreville, Manassas Plain and camped at Bristow Station. Cold night.

MARCH 22, 1864

Broke camp at 9 o'clock A. M. Marched past Calvert Station and camped at Warrenton Junction. Very cold. Commenced snowing at 4 A. M. Snowed here all night. Rough night.

MARCH 24, 1864

Arrived at Stevensburgh. Left camp at 8 o'clock. Passed Rappahannock Station. Very muddy. Saw Kilpatrick and camped beyond Brandy Station.

MARCH 28, 1864

Cold and windy. First drill and dress parade with Brigade. New orders and inspection by a Staff Officer.

APRIL 1, 1864

Fine day but cloudy. Good deal of fun about April fool.

APRIL 2, 1864

Raining. Review by General Davies. Wet all through.

APRIL 3, 1864

Stopped raining. Inspection by Major Blakeslee. Rain again at evening. Eleven men went after the wounded at Crafton Church, Virginia.

APRIL 22, 1864

Fine day. Monthly inspection. Great review before General Grant. 40,000 troops present.



MAY 4, 1864

Broke camp early morning. Crossed Germania Ford. Fine day. Many rebels encamped about ten miles from river.

MAY 5, 1864

Went toward Mine Run, skirmishing all the way. Rebels made a stand. We were driven back. Our squadron made a stand, drove the rebels, but had no support. Another stand about two miles from Germania Ford.

MAY 6, 1864

Broke camp early. Picket firing all night. Heavy firing ahead. Great battle going on.

MAY 7, 1864

Fine day. Scouting towards Mine Run again. Went to Chancelorsville battle ground and camped there all night.

MAY 8, 1864

Battle of Spottsylvania Court House. Captured the baggage train. Captured eight rebels on picket.

MAY 9, 1864

Beaver Dam. Arrived 8 o'clock A. M. Light marching orders to start on the way for Richmond. Hard moving for horses. Camped at Anna River 11 P. M. Rear guard fighting with rebels. Burned and destroyed three days' ration for Lee's army. Recaptured 400 of our army taken prisoners at Wilderness. Rebels shelled our regiment, being rear guard.

MAY 10, 1864

Rebels shelled our camp early. Company's rear guard fight with the rebels. Marched again within six miles of Richmond. Rebels made a stand at Yellow Tavern.

MAY 11, 1864

Battle of Yellow Tavern. Rebels attack us in camp. Advance within three miles of their first intrenchment. Our company out as flankers. First Division engaged. Capture two pieces of artillery, 400 prisoners. Advance that night within five miles of the city. General Stuart killed. Terrible hand-to-hand fighting. Rebels partly whipped.

MAY 12, 1864

Strawberry Hill. George Root killed. Our Brigade engaged early at morning. Completely surrounded, hard fighting in the woods. Our Brigade rear guard cross the bridge. Made a stand at Meadow Bridge, supported battery. On picket within speaking distance of rebels.



MAY 13, 1864

Our squadron support for the battery rear guard. Crossed Chickahominy Bridge. Rain all night. Regiment extreme rear guard. Second Division relieved us. Arrived at Whitehouse Landing 2 P. M. Unsaddled horses for the first time in four days. No fighting and camped all night. Very hungry and nothing to eat.

MAY 14, 1864

Rebel cavalry all around us. Left at 8 P. M. Arrived safely at Malvern Hill at James River. Our gun boat shelled us. Thought we were rebels. Went after signal corp to tell them who we were.

MAY 15, 1864

Broke camp and moved toward Harrison Landing. Rations given out. Eat hearty. Lay under protection of the gunboat. Hard rain. Great cheering by our sailor boys.

MAY 16, 1864

Fine weather. Went swimming in the James River. Heavy cannonading heard at Fort Darling. First news heard for over a week. Drew whiskey ration.

MAY 17, 1864

Fine day. Inspection. All ready to march, but order countermanded. Left camp at 8 o'clock. Marched all night, very slow.

MAY 20, 1864

Broke camp at morning. Marched within 18 miles of Richmond. Skirmish. Sick and hardly able to stay on horseback.

MAY 21, 1864

Fine day. Feel better. Had good dinner of Murphys. Meat and pies at farm house. Ready to start, but unsaddled again. Heavy cannonading heard until late at night. Regiment at picket. Skirmishing all night. Slept four hours.

MAY 22, 1864

Relieved from picket 3 A. M. Joined Brigade and marched to Whitehouse Landing, where we arrived at 11 o'clock. Very warm day. Dress parade and divine services near Baltimore Cross Road.

MAY 23, 1864

Fine day. Broke camp. Crossed railroad bridge by twos. Bridge in bad condition. Dangerous work. Pass King William Court House.



MAY 24, 1864

Marched all the way. My horse getting played out. Passed through fine country. Lead our horses part way and camped near Richmond and Chesterfield Pike.

MAY 26, 1864

Broke camp and marched in heavy rain towards Anna River. Crossed on pontoon bridge very slow. Promoted to Sergeant. Boys cheered me when they heard of it.

MAY 27, 1864

Light rain but clears. March toward Chesterfield and Camp two miles below the station.

MAY 28, 1864

Broke camp and marched toward Whitehouse Landing. Ninth Army Corp cheered us. Very warm, had to foot it about 8 miles, my horse being pretty nearly played out. Camped at 4 P. M. Rebels after us. Captured six prisoners running into a trap we arranged.

MAY 29, 1864

Fine day. Broke camp and marched toward the river. When within three miles our regiment had to go back. Formed rear guard and had hard work to keep the rebels at proper distance. Drew rations and forage.

MAY 30, 1864

Broke camp and moved to the woods. Did some washing. Cannonading going on.

MAY 31, 1864

Hanover Court House. Left camp 3 A. M. Moved slowly. Passed baggage train and came up with the rebels at 4 P. M. Had a fight, our regiment being in line of battle from 4 P. M. until next morning 4 A. M. Close call on firing line. While dismounting to advance a shell burst in the rear of my horse.

JUNE 1, 1864

Ashland, advance, rebels falling back fighting. Our regiment was rear guard. Heavy fighting. We had to fall back. Rebels had five brigades. In Company B killed 4, 10 wounded. Wilbur, Tisdale and Egan returned after being captured. Another close shave. Just handed Corporal Flanigan, next to me, my canteen, when he dropped, shot through the head. In falling he nearly threw me from my horse. Our Color Sergeant, Whipple, killed, G. Taylor and myself saving the flag.



JUNE 2, 1864

Stopped the night before at Hanover Court House. Went on picket all day. No sign of rebels. Fell back a mile and marched to the right of Chester. Strongly reinforced. Heavy rain. Hard marching through the darkness. Arrived and camped at 12 o'clock.

JUNE 3, 1864

Broke camp at 10 A. M. Fighting began at 11 A. M. Our division engaged. Drove the rebels. Our regiment on picket.

JUNE 4, 1864

On picket. Rebels reported advancing, but proved false. Relief from picket at night. Went in camp with division. Rain all night.

JUNE 5, 1864

Raining. In camp all night. Heavy firing going on, on our right.

JUNE 6, 1864

Boots and saddles at 4 A. M. Left camp at 7 A. M. Camped at 9 A. M. in a clover field. At 12 M. our regiment went on picket. Had a skirmish from 4 P. M. till dark. Nobody hurt. Held our place all night.

JUNE 7, 1864

Still on picket. At 3 A. M. mounted and advanced to form connection with Burnside, which we accomplished. Lively cannonading for about three-quarters of an hour.

JUNE 8, 1864

Relieved from picket. Went into camp at 10 o'clock.

JUNE 9, 1864

In camp. Had my hair cut.

JUNE 10, 1864

Went on picket. Rizby sent to the hospital. Rebels made a dash in our lines. Captain Becker killed while rallying the Eighteenth Cavalry. Theodore Hulbert taken prisoner while foraging.

JUNE 11, 1864

Relieved at 2 A. M. Went with the Brigade out on Richmond Road. Found no rebels. Returned to our post at 10 A. M. Willis of Company A killed. Three members of 3rd N. J. also.



#### JUNE 12, 1864

Relieved from picket. Left camp at 8 P. M. and marched all night, but very slowly.

#### JUNE 13, 1864

On the march. Crossed the Pamunkey River at Hopkins Mills, also Chickahominy through the swamps and camped for the night near Charles City Court House. Out of rations.

#### JUNE 14, 1864

Fine day. Left camp early and arrived at Charles City Court House at 11 A. M. Drew half day rations. Left at 3 P. M. and came in slight skirmish with the rebels. Camped at 9 P. M. Lively picket firing all night.

#### JUNE 15, 1864

Savage Station. Fine weather. Left camp about 6 A. M. Met the rebels at Savage Station and fought them until 2 P. M. The regiment engaged fell back within two miles to Salem Church. Preston, Lorimer, Sherman, Dyer, William, Volz, J. Russel, Baldwin, O'Daniels and Cando joined the Co. Went on picket.

#### JUNE 16, 1864

On picket. Built entrenchments. Hard to work and stayed in entrenchments a day and night. Fell back in good order towards the James River, where we arrived at 10 P. M. Camped all night. Very hot. Guarding train which rebels tried hard to capture.

#### JUNE 17, 1864

Very warm. Boots and saddles at 5 A. M. Crossed the James River at 8 o'clock on pontoon bridge of 102 boats. Camped on the other side. Started out towards Petersburg. Very dusty road. Camped at Prince George Court House. Heavy cannonading in front until 9 o'clock.

#### JUNE 18, 1864

Broke camp at 4 A. M. and marched back towards the landing. In camp at 10 o'clock. Heavy cannonading heard in front. Very hot. Extraordinary affair to be in camp all night without interruption.

#### JUNE 19, 1864

Very hot. Still in camp. Regiment inspection. Congratulations from Grant. Order read to Brigade for good conduct in covering the movement of the army to Southside, James River.



JUNE 20, 1864

Warm weather. Still in camp. Heavy cannonading heard far off. Removed camp at 2 P. M. to the Woods. Promotion papers to Sergeant received from the Commissioner.

JUNE 21, 1864

Fine day. Went out foraging. Drew rations for three days. Marching order for a ten-day raid.

JUNE 22, 1864

Wilson's raid. Left camp at 3 o'clock. Burned and destroyed Reams Station on Weldon and Petersburg Railroad. The rebels attacked our rear guard of Second Brigade, Third Division. Destroyed locomotives, water tank, tore up roads for three miles. Burning the rails.

JUNE 23, 1864

Norway Court House. Started early. Lynchburg and Petersburg Railroad destroyed. Passed black and white station. Burned, tobacco and other property destroyed. Arrived within two miles of Norway Court House at 2 o'clock. Found the rebels and had a fight. Rebels driven back. Our regiment on picket.

JUNE 24, 1864

Regiment at picket. Advanced towards the Junction. Passed it and struck the Danville and Richmond R. R. Burned it all the way. Horses playing out fast.

JUNE 25, 1864

Broke camp early. Our regiment to work burning the tracks. Passed Great Brand Station and arrived near High Bridge. General Kautz fighting the rebels near the bridge. Order for 75 men of our company, myself one of them, to dash for the bridge at night, set it on fire. Was countermanded.

JUNE 26, 1864

Thundershower and rain. Moved early and took Petersburg Pike. Passed Christians. Took plenty of forage from Col. Gordon's house. Our regiment went to hold the Staefers Bridge. On picket all night. Very hot weather. Horses and men suffering from long march. Left my sabre, being all bent up. Got another from a dead rebel.

JUNE 27, 1864

Started again. Moved slowly. Reported rebels in front. No sign of them all day. Went in camp at Lurenburg Court House for two hours at 8 A. M. Left at 10 A. M. Halted again until 3 P. M. Marched until 2 A. M. Stopped in woods for rest. Crossed Smoky Run.



### JUNE 28, 1864

Stony Creek. Started early. Very warm. Arrived near Stony Creek about afternoon and met the enemy. A sharp fight. Our regiment went in late at night. Lost the regiment. Attacked at the wrong road. Found the regiment in the morning.

### JUNE 29, 1864

Arrived near Reams Station. Completely surrounded. Sharp fighting, wagons and ammunition destroyed. A general retreat. Delayed by crossing a ditch at Reams Station. Hand-to-hand fighting. Rebels right amongst us in dusty road. Got off my horse to assist La Crainey and found he was dead. Taken prisoner by the Thirteenth Va. Cavalry, four rebels demanding my surrender. Well treated. On horseback to Stony Creek. Horses taken away.

### JULY 1, 1864

Very hot day. Marched to the creek in the shade, washed a shirt and had a bath. Got a small piece of corn bread and meat. Generally well treated by the N. C. Infantry, our guard. They took my hat and demanded my watch, which I refused, telling the fellow I'd see him in hell first. He returns with an officer. I smashed my watch all to pieces before them with my boots.

### JULY 2, 1864

At Weldon in the afternoon. At Raleigh 2 A. M. Lieut. Tyler, our guard, treated us well. Drew rations of seven crackers. Left Raleigh at 5 o'clock for Salisbury, 126 miles. Boys in good spirit. Taking it cool. Insulted by citizens at Weldon. We sang "The Red, White and Blue."

### JULY 3, 1864

Passed Salisbury early morning. At Charlotte changed cars for Columbia, where we arrived at 8 P. M., a distance of 110 miles. Heavy shower. Rough time in the car. Fairly packed up. We were refused water. Stopped three miles on the other side of the town on the railroad track.

### JULY 4, 1864

Warm day. Three crackers and a small piece of meat our Fourth of July breakfast. Stopped at the railroad. Boys all went washing clothes. Plenty of graybacks on hand. In good spirits. At 10 o'clock left for Augusta. Passed splendid plantations.

### JULY 5, 1864

Arrived at Augusta early in the morning. Bought corn bread. Drew one loaf of bread and meat for rations. Re-



ported defeat of Johnson. Niggers fortify the place. Fine city. Left at 3 o'clock for Macon, Georgia, the fifth Georgia in the city. Pleasant boys.

#### JULY 6, 1864

Passed through Macon in the morning. A fine place. A good many foundries. Arrived at Andersonville Station at eleven o'clock. Marched one mile to prison. Was searched for papers. Went to prison about 1 o'clock. Twenty thousand men in twenty-six acres land. Terrible sight. Drew rations. No appetite. Eight pieces of artillery at the place.

#### JULY 7, 1864

Roll call at 8 o'clock. Went to see our boys. Glad to see me, but sorry at such a place. Fixed up a little. Saw man dying. Daily sight. Bought a piece of soap for fifty cents.

#### JULY 8, 1864

Very warm. A shower towards night. Boys brought some meat. Reinforced by more prisoners. Reported death of Beauregard. Petersburg in ruins. Sherman seven miles from Atlanta.

#### JULY 9, 1864

Very hot. Corporals Cleary and Fisher went to the hospital. Reinforced. Heavy rain.

#### JULY 10, 1864

Hot again. Fixed canteen to draw water. Showers. Attended a meeting in the evening. Reinforced again.

#### JULY 11, 1864

Cool day. Execution of six murderers and robbers. Terrible sight. Rope broke on one and another tried to escape. Rain that night. Bad cold in my throat.

#### JULY 12, 1864

Warm day. Went to see the boys. All well. Reinforced by Grant's men. Report of parole by the 15th. Each State to take their own men. 300,000 more men called for. Got canteen back for 30c. Throat no better. Report of Petersburg in ruins and lots of other news, which were only rumors to keep up the spirit.

#### JULY 13, 1864

A man killed for crossing the dead line. Throat bad. Very warm weather.

#### JULY 14, 1864

Very warm. Great excitement in camp. The rebels fired two cannon shots and all the troops fall in. Reports of a break-



out on hand. Shower. A man was hung for stealing money. He pleaded guilty and gave the money back.

#### JULY 15, 1864

Cloudy day. Throat better. Reinforced again. Sherman within four miles of Atlanta. Went to see the boys. Sold shirt. Little rain.

#### JULY 16, 1864

Cloudy day. Pretty hot. Attended meeting. Reported route of Sherman. Rebels at Harpers Ferry. William Hall, Co. K, died.

#### JULY 17, 1864

Very warm. A fellow got his head saved for telling about the tunnel. Church. Reported fall of Charleston, Atlanta and Petersburg. Bet made with Church for supper about paying bounty. A. Sutern better. Ibanez comes to see me.

#### JULY 18, 1864

Cloudy and a little rain. Draw wood. Prisoners come from Sherman's army. Report of moving us to Alabama. Rain towards the night. Being Sergeant, I had 100 men to account for every morning at roll call.

#### JULY 19, 1864

Warm day. A small squad of prisoners arrived. Report of a raid of our cavalry at Macon. Rebels get reinforced by two companies guarding us.

#### JULY 20, 1864

Cool and cloudy. Rain in the afternoon. Feel better. Rations short. Report of Ewell's defeat by Sigel. Two men escaped through tunnel. The rebels fortify around the prison. They get reinforcement. Very hot. Thunder but no rain. Reported fall of Montgomery, Alabama. Guterman went to the hospital.

#### JULY 21, 1864

Warm. Man shot for crossing the dead line. Great fuss about the rebel camp and deporting niggers. Atlanta not taken.

#### JULY 22, 1864

Very warm. Two men shot for crossing the dead line and one man shot at the gate. Corporal Phelps of Comp. A died. Twenty-five men of the regiment come. Also Corporal Duzter of my comp. Barry left prisoner at Richmond.



#### JULY 23, 1864

Cloudy and cool. D. Henley came to see me. Felt sick. Caught cold and had a bad effect on my eye. Cool night. Report of parole on the 6th of August.

#### JULY 24, 1864

Cool at morning, warm toward noon. Eye very painful. Atlanta captured again. Seven thousand prisoners taken. Had the blues bad all day.

#### JULY 25, 1864

Cool night, hot day. Rations getting small. Reported Sherman's defeat. Eye still bad. Prayer meeting at night.

#### JULY 26, 1864

Cool and cloudy. Rain in the afternoon. Eye better. Rations short. Four hundred prisoners arrived, mostly 100 day men. Report of Elwell's defeat by Sigel.

#### JULY 27, 1864

Very hot weather. Eye mostly well. Rain in the afternoon.

#### JULY 28, 1864

Very warm. Went washing. John Guterman died in the hospital. Eight hundred prisoners arrived from Sherman's army. The rebels fired a shell over the camp to prevent crowding near the gate to see the new arrival of prisoners. Wirz threatened to fire at us, which he would have done. Church at night. Corporal Smith, Company L, died.

#### JULY 29, 1864

Hot day. The rebels placed white flags in camp to keep the prisoners crowding to the gate. Went to see Perry. All well. Rain. Reinforced. Prisoner a month. Attended meeting. Blackeslee of Company L died.

#### JULY 30, 1864

Very hot day. Short rations. Rebels busy throwing up forts. Report of shelling Macon. Attended church. Looks like rain.

#### JULY 31, 1864

Cloudy and cool. Rebels at work all day building intrenchments. Report of capture of Macon. Six bushwakers hung. Looks like rain.

#### AUGUST 1, 1864

Warm. A chaplain read a part out of the Herald to the prisoners and made a speech. Strong hopes of getting out



soon. Officers at Charleston all to be exchanged by the 20th. Nothing but meat for rations. Cool night.

#### AUGUST 2, 1864

Cloudy in the morning, heavy shower in the afternoon. Terrible rain. Lightning strikes outside the stockade, about fifty yards from my tent, and cuts three trees. Four hundred men of Stoneman's cavalry come in. The report of Stoneman's capture at Macon. The sick are taken out all day.

#### AUGUST 3, 1864

Very hot. The sick are still taken out. Another squad of Stoneman's raiders coming in. Report burning three bridges between Augusta and Macon. Three men shot for crossing the dead line. Little rain in the afternoon.

#### AUGUST 4, 1864

Quite warm. Sick taken out. Still no roll call. Considerable firing at the dead line. Another squad of Stoneman's raiders coming in. Very sick headache.

#### AUGUST 5, 1864

Hot weather. Another lot of sick going out. No roll call. Small squad of prisoners come in. Report of Grant blowing up three forts at Petersburg. Cool night.

#### AUGUST 6, 1864

Cloudy. Rebels still to work building forts. A man shot passing the death line. No roll call. Showers. Headache. Cool night. Graham, of Company K, died in camp.

#### AUGUST 7, 1864

Hot morning, cool afternoon. A tunnel found near my tent. No roll call. Headache all day. Small squad of McCook's raiders come in. Report of General Winder received. Order to parole immediately. Cool night. Drew bully rations.

#### AUGUST 8, 1864

Cloudy. No roll call. Prisoners from Sherman's army come in. Captured at Eastpoint. The guard fired a bullet close to my head. Steady rain for two hours. Bought 50c worth of wood.

#### AUGUST 9, 1864

Cloudy and cool. Small squad of prisoners from Sherman's army arrived. Heavy thunder showers, and rain pours down in torrents for three hours. Washes the stockade away on three sides. The rebels fall in under arms for all night. No attempt made to break out. Rain all night. Great pain in my shoulder. Spring of clear water discovered after the storm.



AUGUST 10, 1864

Cloudy and close. Niggers to work putting up stockade. Another hard rain storm, and continued all night. Drew cooked beef and pork. Report of exchange postponed to October. Roll call.

AUGUST 11, 1864

Cloudy and rained in the afternoon. The niggers finished the stockade and built a new one outside. No rations. Reported fall of Mobile. Orders to build forts by moonlight. One hundred and nineteen died today.

AUGUST 12, 1864

Warm. One-half rations. Looks like rain. Poor fellow died near my camp in great agony. Small squad of prisoners arrived. Heard of Sergt. Tomasson's death at hospital.

AUGUST 13, 1864

Cloudy and cool. One-half rations. Pretty hungry all day. Three pounds of meat for 90 men. Went to see the boys. All well. Number of deaths since February 28, 6,118. Drew a little wood.

AUGUST 14, 1864

Pretty warm. Bean soup for breakfast. Atlanta fell once more. Short of rations again. Fine night. Had the blues very strong.

AUGUST 15, 1864

Warm, as usual. Sick and all to be present at roll call. Report of peace proposed. Traded my last coffee cup for salt. Stock of exchange low. Rations still small. Prisby, Company K, died.

AUGUST 16, 1864

Very hot, then rained for about four hours and became cooler. A General took a picture of camp. Stock of exchange high. More rain towards night. The rebels do a good deal of cheering and firing. Washed my clothes. Splendid moonlight. Slight cold. Rations better.

AUGUST 17, 1864

Very hot. Order issued to keep camp clean. Six men detached for that purpose. Small squad of prisoners arrived. Stock of exchange low. A few sick are taken out. Two regiments of rebels leave for reinforcement. Bad headache. Rations small.

AUGUST 18, 1864

Quite warm. Exchange stock low. Reported raid of Kilpatrick near Macon. Bad cold.



#### AUGUST 19, 1864

Warm and close. Heavy rain in the afternoon, which lasted until late at night. In the evening a fellow escaped. Drew rations late. Roll call late. Pretty hungry. Stock of exchange low.

#### AUGUST 20, 1864

Cloudy but warm. Small squad from Sherman comes in. Good news. Officers exchanged. Enlisting good. Kilpatrick on a raid. Rainy all day. Stock of exchange high. Dissolved partnership with a comrade under my tent. He acted greedy when dividing rations.

#### AUGUST 21, 1864

Cloudy and rainy. Baker comes and lives with us in tent. Cool night. Mosquitoes terrible. Sick suffer. Nothing but one piece of bread for ration. McDavies, of Company K, died. Dreamed of regiment and Margraff.

#### AUGUST 22, 1864

Sun shines. Drew wood. Ration of meat. The first man of our regiment died. A few prisoners from Florida, niggers amongst them. Plenty of beans. The man who escaped on the 19th brought back.

#### AUGUST 23, 1864

Hot day. Rations short. Stock of exchange high. A few men are taken out to be exchanged.

#### AUGUST 24, 1864

Hot, as usual. Heard a rebel paper read of the 21st. Nothing important. Only the officers to be exchanged. Made a bet with Baker for two kegs of beer that we would be in our line by the 15th of October.

#### AUGUST 25, 1864

Very hot day. Drew good rations of rice and molasses. Stock for exchange high. Men for men to be exchanged. Nothing of importance.

#### AUGUST 26, 1864

Hot again. Received rations late. Stock of exchange high. Small squad of prisoners arrived from Florida.

#### AUGUST 27, 1864

Warm, as usual. Heard the exchange paper went off today. Grant takes possession of the Weldon R. R. Peace proposition. The sick received new clothing. Three showers, but not much rain.



AUGUST 28, 1864

Cool day. Had my hair cut. A fellow is brought in captured with the discharge in his pocket. Poor rations of beans. Cool night. Dreamed of Kathy.

AUGUST 29, 1864

Cool day. Two months prisoner. Went to see the boys. Pat Clary very low. Ferris loaned me a book. Counted thirty dead lying at the gate. Stock of exchange low.

AUGUST 30, 1864

Pretty hot day. Stock of exchange low. Small squad of prisoners arrived from Sherman's. His left wing falling back.

AUGUST 31, 1864

Cool day. Stock of exchange high. Sherman's headquarters at Atlanta. Cold night. Oliver, Company E, died.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1864

Cool day. Nothing new of importance. Had a bad cold and pain all night. Stock of exchange high. The rebels built another blockade around the camp. Cold night.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1864

Pleasant weather. Drew rations late. Had pain again all night. Stock of exchange high in the morning, but low in the afternoon. Report of Sherman twelve miles this side of Atlanta.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1864

Cool and looks like rain. Exchange high. Ten men tried to escape and got fired at. Sick coming in from the hospital. Davies, of Camp L, died.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1864

Cool day. Heard of Pat. Cleary's death. Also death of Bill Davies, Company L. Returned book to Ferris. No news of importance. Exchange low. Count thirty dead at the gate.

PRICE LIST AT CAMP SUMPTER, ANDERSONVILLE, GA.  
CONFEDERATE MONEY

Salt, per spoon	15c
Soda, per spoon	25c
Soap, one inch	25c
Watermelon	\$2.00-\$3.00
Potatoes, per dozen	1.25
Onions, per dozen	2.50
Eggs, per dozen	8.00
Apples, per piece	25c



Meat, per ration	10c-25c
Green corn	35c
Beans, per pint	25c-35c
Flour, per pint	30c
Biscuits	25c-35c
Yankee coffee, per spoon	25c
Tobacco, half a block	40c
Bean soup, per cup	10c

#### SEPTEMBER 5, 1864

Hot day. Small squad of prisoners came in, captured this side of Atlanta. Hood badly whipped. Lost his siege guns. Report of loss of one transport of rebel prisoners at Charleston harbor. Six hundred lives lost. Great hope of our force taking us out of prison soon.

#### SEPTEMBER 6, 1864

Quite warm. Thunder shows and heavy rain. Eighteen ordered to leave in the morning. Boys happy and joyful. Drew good rations.

#### SEPTEMBER 7, 1864

Fine day. From one to eighteen leave. Others have orders to be ready. Doubtful where to send us. Looks like rain.

#### SEPTEMBER 8, 1864

Regular fall weather, cool and rainy. More of the boys leave. Reported death of John Morgan and capture of his staff. Not sure when they will send for us. Thirty thousand rebels are waiting for exchange at Charleston. Cold night.

#### SEPTEMBER 9, 1864

Quite warm. Detachments still going away. Reported fall of Richmond with heavy loss on both sides. T. Gallagher of our detachment died. The sick not able to work put in barracks. Small rations. Terrible time in the cars.

#### SEPTEMBER 10, 1864

Received order to leave at 7 o'clock. Left prison at 9 o'clock. Drew 2 days' rations. Sixty men in the cars fairly packed up. Happy when I left that bull pen behind me. Distance sixty miles.

#### SEPTEMBER 11, 1864

Arrived at Macon towards morning. Stopped there several hours and left for Augusta, where we arrived at about 6 P. M. Changed cars and stopped in town until 10 P. M. Boys singing national songs. Left Augusta about 10 P. M. Distance from Macon 160 miles.



#### SEPTEMBER 12, 1864

Passed Branchville and arrived at Charleston, S. C. Distance 13 miles. Marched us about a mile to a splendid fair ground. The people brought us water and bread, but the guard stopped it. Cold night. Poor fellows run around all night to keep warm. Hadern killed accidentally by the car. No rations.

#### SEPTEMBER 13, 1864

Cool morning. Heard shells bursting in town. Three crackers and a good ration of bacon for one day. Union women bringing food, also shirts, and throw them in the line, although it was against orders. In the afternoon marched us out and counted us over again. Cool night.

#### SEPTEMBER 14, 1864

Fine morning. Fresh meat and two crackers. One thousand five hundred men leave. Destination unknown. Brisk firing heard all day. The rebels plant four cannons around us. Ladies bringing things for the sick. Three hundred men go to work for the rebels, among them Jno. Wallace, of Company A. Fire bell ringing at night.

#### SEPTEMBER 15, 1864

Fine breeze all day. Little rain. Brisk bombardment of the city all night. More of the Andersonville prisoners arrived. Two and three-quarter crackers and beef for rations. Report of the sailors to be exchanged.

#### SEPTEMBER 16, 1864

Fine, cool morning. Drew rice, meat, beans, flour, hominy and beef. Nothing new of importance. Some rascal stole my coffee pot.

#### SEPTEMBER 17, 1864

Cloudy and cool, little rain. Our shells set some houses on fire. Fire alarm. Our army keep on firing and made some excellent shots. Little excitement at midnight. A fellow caught stealing \$1.40 from comrade and got a good licking.

#### SEPTEMBER 18, 1864

Cool morning. Rain all day. Marched out under heavy rain to be counted over again. Rations late at night. Nothing to eat all day. Rice, molasses, beans, lard, flour for rations. A spoonful of each.

#### SEPTEMBER 19, 1864

Still raining. Traded my pocketbook for a pan and another one for wood. Rations the same, only bacon. Not much shelling of the town. Report of exchange of 2,000 between Hood and Sherman.



SEPTEMBER 20, 1864

Thunder and rain. Lively cannonading going on. Rations the same. Heavy rain. During the night a crazy man shot for crossing the dead line.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1864

Rain and damp. Cleared off in the afternoon. Lively cannonading heard and brisk shelling of the city. Rations the same. Warm night.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1864

Pleasant again. Quite warm. Report of a speedy exchange. Not much firing at the city.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1864

Pleasant and cool. Hardly a shot fired at the city. McClellan does not accept the Democratic nomination. A rebel sergeant tells me that he hopes old Abe will be elected. Stock exchange high.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1864

Pleasant weather. Rebels counted us over again. Hardly any firing. A rebel sergeant is sentenced to stand on a barrel eight hours a day for twelve days for buying greenbacks. Cold night.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1864

North wind blowing. Warmer towards noon. Ninety out of three hundred returned to camp, the rest to work on Sullivans Island. A good man enlisted (Dibel of Brooklyn). Cold night. Slept under blanket for the first time. Lively shelling. Fire alarm at night.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1864

Cool. Fire alarm in the city. Drew two days' rations. Lively bombarding. It seems the Yanks opened a new battery. Another fire alarm. Jeff. Davis on a trip making speeches. Not very cool at night.

PRICE LIST OF ARTICLES AT CHARLESTON, S. C.,  
WHILE PRISONER AT RACE COURSE ON  
SEPTEMBER 26, 1864

Salt, 2 spoons	5c
Soft bread, per loaf	15c-25c-35c
Potatoes, 5 for	25c
Tobacco, per block	30c-50c
Red peppers, 6 for	5c
Sweet potatoes, per bushel	\$10.00
Bread, per pound, Confederate money	10c-15c



Salt, per pound, Confederate money-----	25c
Tobacco, per block, Confederate money-----	20c-25c
Meal, per quart, Confederate money-----	10c
Flour, per pint, Confederate money-----	10c

#### SEPTEMBER 27, 1864

Pleasant breeze. Washed my clothes. Not much firing. Warm night. A rebel lieutenant is taking names of fellows whose time is up and want to take the oath. Stock of exchange low.

#### SEPTEMBER 28, 1864

Pleasant day. Drew two days' rations. Report of an exchange by Saturday. Early whipped by Sheridan. Grant and Sherman strongly reinforced. The rebels tried to hold out to the first of November. Lively shelling in the evening between 7 and 9 o'clock.

#### SEPTEMBER 29, 1864

Cool day. Three months a prisoner. Nothing new of importance. Shelling in the evening. Rain at night. Crackers confiscated for selling so high.

#### SEPTEMBER 30, 1864

Rainy and unpleasant, but cleared at noon. Drew one-half rations. The sick return to camp. Orders for 1,500 men to leave in the morning. Destination unknown. Rain at night.

#### OCTOBER 1, 1864

Rain and unpleasant. Drew two crackers and bacon. Left Charleston 8 A. M. for Florence, S. C. Got sweet potatoes. Went over trestle work, seven miles. Heavy rain. Stopped in a cornfield. Cloudy, but no more rain.

#### OCTOBER 2, 1864

Florence, S. C. Entered another bull pen. Give up hopes to be relieved this winter. Plenty wood. Gather up a load. Nasty and swampy place. Counted off. Drew four pints of flour and fresh beef. Three mess, 3 detachments. Slept soundly on account of being tired.

#### OCTOBER 3, 1864

Foggy morning. Building a good tent. Rain all day. Four spoons of flour, two spoons of beans, one spoon of salt and two ounces of beef for rations. No news. One thousand two hundred of our men taking the rebel oath to save their lives. Hooted at as they left stockade.



OCTOBER 4, 1864

Cleared off. Pleasant. Report of our force landing in strong force at Georgetown, S. C., 60 miles. A man shot for crossing the dead line. Better rations, molasses, rice and flour. Busy building a tent.

OCTOBER 5, 1864

Pleasant day. Three years enlisted in the cavalry today. More of the Charleston prisoners arrived.

OCTOBER 6, 1864

Fine breeze blowing. One of my detachment escaped. Thunder shower and heavy rain during the night. News of a general exchange. Three spoons of meal, four spoons of beans for rations.

OCTOBER 7, 1864

Fine breeze. Clear morning. More of the Charleston prisoners arrived. Two pints of flour for rations.

OCTOBER 8, 1864

North wind. More of our detachment escaped. Rations a little better. Troops moving about. Very cold night. Great suffering.

OCTOBER 9, 1864

Cold north wind. Warmer afternoon. One pint flour, four spoonfuls of meal. More of the Charleston prisoners arrived. Bring the story of officers exchanged. Our troops reinforced. Macon and Andersonville captured.

OCTOBER 10, 1864

Wind changed. Quite warm. Nothing of importance. Two men found frozen to death. Two hundred and seventy took rebel oath. Most all men without clothes and blankets. Rations same. Warmer.

OCTOBER 11, 1864

Fine day. Lieutenant of the Fifth Cavalry takes command. Two hung for stealing rations and blankets.

OCTOBER 12, 1864

Fine day. Drew rations at 9 P. M. Fifth Cavalry ordered to the front.

OCTOBER 13, 1864

Cool morning. Four spoons flour, meal and eight spoons molasses for rations. Anton sold his pistol for \$2.00 and one block of tobacco. Three men brought back. Report of speedy exchange of 10,000 men wounded. Cold night.



OCTOBER 14, 1864

Pleasant morning. Thirteen sacks beans, seven buckets of molasses, nine of meal, three of hominy for 1,000 men, three days' rations. Nothing new of importance.

OCTOBER 15, 1864

Cloudy but pleasant. Lost my bet for two kegs of beer, made with Henry the 24th of August that we be exchanged today. The rebels' lieutenant whipped a man and drew his revolver on another.

OCTOBER 16, 1864

Pleasant morning. A fellow gets fifty lashes for stealing. Dinner of sweet potatoes. The police take the clothing of the dead and give it to those who have none. Two hundred and fifty men take oath. Five spoons hominy, three spoons of beans for rations.

OCTOBER 17, 1864

Fine day. Drew rations at 9 P. M. The Fifth Guard ordered to the front.

OCTOBER 18, 1864

Unpleasant and rainy all day. Been to work digging a well. Sick for the last four days. Good rations. Cold night.

OCTOBER 19, 1864

Cleared off. Feel better. No news.

OCTOBER 20, 1864

Cloudy but pleasant. Four blankets are issued. Bully supper of cakes and molasses.

OCTOBER 21, 1864

Pleasant day. Rations small. The first 1,000 move on our side to make room for a hospital.

OCTOBER 22, 1864

Cold northeast wind. The sick are moved inside the stockade. Small rations. One regiment went away. One thousand received clothing.

OCTOBER 23, 1864

Cool but pleasant. Got shaved. Rations small. Took a walk on the other side. Saw sickening sights at the hospital. Potatoes and beans for dinner.

OCTOBER 24, 1864

Pleasant weather. Four spoons of rice, four spoons of molasses for rations. Great talk of a speedy exchange. Cold night.



OCTOBER 25, 1864

Pleasant but cool. Rations better. Stock of exchange still high. Rebels turned out for inspection and review. Careful for us not to see the review.

OCTOBER 26, 1864

Cloudy and cool. Sixty prisoners arrived from Charleston. They confirm the news of an exchange going on in Savannah. Between thirty and forty dying daily in camp. Rations poor.

OCTOBER 27, 1864

Still cloudy. Rain set in about noon. Heavy rain at night. Bad flour for rations.

OCTOBER 28, 1864

Cleared off toward morning. One hundred draw clothing, three shirts, three hats, four pairs of socks. Rations better. Hood reported on a raid.

OCTOBER 29, 1864

Pleasant day. Beef for rations. Four months a prisoner. Drew wood. Nothing new.

OCTOBER 30, 1864

Very warm day. My hundred drew five more pieces of clothing. Talk of another exchange. Had the blues all day. No meal issued for rations.

OCTOBER 31, 1864

Cloudy. No news. Raining.

NOVEMBER 1, 1864

Heavy rain and storm all day. Poor fellows without shelter lying about. Ten spoons of meal and beef.

NOVEMBER 2, 1864

Expiration of my three years service. Still raining and cold.

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

Rainy and cold. No news.

NOVEMBER 4, 1864

Cleared off, but cold, wind blowing. Had to eat food half cooked.

NOVEMBER 5, 1864

Sunshine but still cold. The description list of every prisoner is taken. Report of Jeff. Davis recognized the niggers as soldiers. Grand drill by the rebels.



NOVEMBER 6, 1864

Splendid day. Quite a squad of Yankees going out on the oath. Stock of exchange high. Rebels return late. Great cheering going on for old Abe.

NOVEMBER 7, 1864

Unpleasant and raining, but cleared toward noon. Went to work digging clay for fire place. Great talk around the camp about election.

NOVEMBER 8, 1864

Lincoln elected. Unpleasant morning. Some of the detachments are voting. Old Abe comes out best all over. Seven votes cast in our hundred for McClellan, the rest for Abe. Discouraging news about Sherman. Read the rebel paper of the 1st. Rebel, Ltd. Says old Abe would finish the war the quickest. He was no McClellan man.

NOVEMBER 9, 1864

Cleared off and pleasant. Old Abe elected in camp four to one. Busy building a fire place. Report of Jeff. D. calling out 30,000 niggers. Rations middling.

NOVEMBER 10, 1864

Cloudy and signs of rain. Fire place almost done. Small rations. Report of Lee retreating. Cool night.

NOVEMBER 11, 1864

Cloudy and cold. The rebels issued a four-quart kettle to our 100. Rice and flour for rations. Finished the fire place. No news of importance. Cold night.

NOVEMBER 12, 1864

The sun comes out strong, but it is still cold. No news today. A fellow makes a bet for \$20.00 that he can eat six pies, but he gets fooled, as we had no pies. Cold night.

NOVEMBER 13, 1864

Pleasant but cold. Beef for rations. Good deal of exchange talk. Very cold night. The swamp frozen over. Could not sleep on account of the cold. Nothing but a thin blanket.

NOVEMBER 14, 1864

Pleasant but cold. Boys feel discouraged and downhearted because no exchange takes place. Rations were middling. Corn cakes for supper.

NOVEMBER 15, 1864

Fine morning. Great talk of exchange going on. Prison at Columbus broken up. Rations small, meal.



NOVEMBER 16, 1864

Pleasant morning. Corn cakes for breakfast. More Yankees took the oath and go out. Stock of exchange low.

NOVEMBER 17, 1864

Fine and warm weather. Three hundred Yankees who took the oath come back in prison. They are not fit to serve the rebels. Went out and got wood. Beef for ration. Stock for exchange high. Dandy supper.

NOVEMBER 18, 1864

Cloudy and sign of rain. Cleared off at noon. The police received clothing. All rice for rations. The Fifth Guard leaves for the front. Had the blues bad.

NOVEMBER 19, 1864

Cloudy and later rained. Flour and beef for rations. Rebel lieutenant finds a tunnel and demands all shovels, else we get no rations. Report of Sherman taking Macon. Rainy night.

NOVEMBER 20, 1864

Still raining and cold. Rations the same. Departure of another regiment of rebels. No news. Rain all night.

NOVEMBER 21, 1864

Rain very hard. A shanty falls from the effect of the rain and buries a fellow, but he is not hurt. No rations until the tunnel is found. Stops raining, but a cold wind blows. Cold night and could not sleep.

NOVEMBER 22, 1864

Very cold night. Forty-eight hours without anything to eat. Boiled old bones for the fourth time to get something warm. Growing colder. Could not sleep on account of the cold. Great suffering in camp.

NOVEMBER 23, 1864

Still very cold. Rations at last. Very hungry. Report of hanging of Gov. Brown of Georgia. Sherman cutting railroad. One and a half inches of ice.

NOVEMBER 24, 1864

Sun shines and warmer. Poor Thanksgiving Day. Hardly a quart mush to eat. Still very cold nights.

NOVEMBER 25, 1864

Warmer weather. The rebels' lieutenant counted all men in camp. Our boys are knocked on the heads by the guard for not marching quickly. Pint of rations, rice. No news. Very cold night.



NOVEMBER 26, 1864

Pleasant day. Fainted at roll call. Felt very sick. The sick getting paroled. One pint of meal for rations. Different report of exchange around.

NOVEMBER 27, 1864

Fine day. The first thousand going outside to be picked out. Some prisoners from Milledgeville and Savannah arrived. The sick whose term is up are picked out and paroled. Sold my ring. Rations poor. Ring sold for twelve sweet potatoes. Eating them raw.

NOVEMBER 28, 1864

Foggy but warm. Great cheering when the cars left. Another thousand were picked out. Met Sergeant May and heard some news about the boys. Peck of Co. E died. My right eye sore.

NOVEMBER 29, 1864

Pleasant day. Five months a prisoner. Fifteen hundred more of our boys arrived and all paroled. They bring different reports why they were not sent through. Heard of Tisdale of my company dead. Nine sacks of flour for rations. My eye still sore.

NOVEMBER 30, 1864

Warm and pleasant. More sick are taken to the hospital. The rations were good. Beans once again. Still quiet along the line.

DECEMBER 1, 1864

Pleasant but quite fresh. More of the "galvanized" Yankees come back to camp. The whole camp is counted over again. Eye very painful. Light rain at night. ("Galvanized" Yankee means such traitors who took the oath and joined the rebel army.)

DECEMBER 2, 1864

Cleared off and pleasant. General Foster reported between Savannah and Charleston and cut the road. Burnside near Wilmington, N. C. Rations middling. New moon.

DECEMBER 3, 1864

Pleasant weather. Eight years in the country. The two thousand paroled men come back again. Foster burnt the bridge. One of the Sixteenth C. V. shot at night. Too close to the dead line. Dark night.

DECEMBER 4, 1864

Pleasant day. The camp counted over again. Attended service over the dead body of the 16th Conn. boy. All rice for rations. Quite cold at night.



DECEMBER 5, 1864

Pleasant weather. Paroling again. One thousand sick left the camp. Sergt. Monday of the 103rd Penn. died. Warm night.

DECEMBER 6, 1864

Not very pleasant day. All quiet. Molasses once again for rations. The red-headed lieutenant raises a company and gets twenty recruits the first day. Rain during the night.

DECEMBER 7, 1864

Raining and unpleasant. Three and four thousand are picked out to be paroled, also the 5th, 6th and 7th thousands. Rice and sweet potatoes for rations. Two hundred of Sherman's men arrived. He is within twenty-six miles of Savannah.

DECEMBER 8, 1864

Unpleasant and cold. One thousand to be examined. Twelve of our one hundred went. Sent a letter with Sergt. Savage, 16th C., to St. Louis. Feel badly about not getting away. Cold wind. Meal and potatoes.

DECEMBER 9, 1864

Still very cold. The first thousand to be examined again and 2nd and 3rd. Meal for rations. Stock of exchange high.

DECEMBER 10, 1864

Raining and unpleasant. Report 25,000 to be exchanged, which includes all prisoners captured to October. Great thunder shower and rain during the night. Meal and beans for rations.

DECEMBER 11, 1864

Sun shines, but still cold. Windy. Storm in the afternoon and the coldest night to sleep. Rice and beans for rations. Whole camp is counted again. Selected a new 100.

DECEMBER 12, 1864

Very cold. More of the "galvanized" Yankees come back in camp. They saw our boat meet exchanged prisoners. Six men frozen to death. Rice for rations. Sick call.

DECEMBER 13, 1864

Little warmer. Henry's birthday. Meal for rations. The rebels fire off their guns and make a good deal of noise. Bought a block of tobacco for 30c and gave it to some of the boys anxious for a chew.



DECEMBER 14, 1864

Pleasant day. Picking commenced again. Out of one thousand one is left. Meal for rations. Sergt. Wood comes tenting with me.

DECEMBER 15, 1864

Pleasant day. The whole camp is counted again. Thirty-seven men of Kilpatrick's Cavalry arrived. They report Sherman within eight miles of Savannah. Meal for rations. Report of Grant fighting Lee for five days.

DECEMBER 16, 1864

Foggy morning. Cleared off toward noon. Heavy cold settled on my lungs and bad cough. Report of our 1,000 to be mustered. Meal and beans for rations. Some prisoners arrived from Salisbury. Hard time there. Sergt. Wood left for another bunk.

DECEMBER 17, 1864

Cleared off. Pleasant and warm. Selling bread is stopped by the rebels and the boys make raids on the merchants. Good rations of beans and meal. All quiet. No news.

DECEMBER 18, 1864

Fine day and very warm. Some "galvanized" Yankees and niggers arrived from Charleston. The Yankees tried to take everything away from the darkies, but they gave the Yankees a good thrashing. Good breakfast. Exchange news dull. Rations small.

DECEMBER 19, 1864

Pleasant day. Did a little washing, but could not wash my shirt for fear of going to pieces. Reports of a general exchange. Rations one pint of meal and salt. Windy and raining during the night.

DECEMBER 20, 1864

Rainy and unpleasant. More of the "galvanized" Yankees arrived. They were on the railroad between Charleston and Savannah. Sherman doing well. They think an exchange to commence soon again. Took a fellow to tent with me. Two blankets. Rainy night.

DECEMBER 21, 1864

Rainy and windy. Cleared off toward noon, but cold wind blows all night. Meal and beans for rations. Slept soundly and warm under two blankets.



DECEMBER 22, 1864

Cold day. More "galvanized" Yankees arrived in camp. Meal and sweet potatoes for rations. Very cold night. Ice frozen two inches thick in our camp. All quiet.

DECEMBER 23, 1864

Little warmer day. Went after wood. Meal and potatoes for rations. All quiet. Cold towards evening. More "galvanized" Yankees arrived and a few men from Salisbury. Heard two cannon shots at night.

DECEMBER 24, 1864

Still cold weather. Jeff. Davis reported dead. Meal and molasses for rations. Warm night.

DECEMBER 25, 1864

Cloudy, but not very cold. The whole camp is counted over again. Report of fall of Savannah. A rebel sergeant hit me for being unable to get up to have my 100 roll call. The rebel sergeant hit me over the head. That was my Xmas present. Sorry I did not get his name. Might have a chance to get even with him after the war. Had the blues and felt sick all day. Cold at night.

DECEMBER 26, 1864

Cloudy and unpleasant. Hood reported badly whipped. Meal and potatoes for rations. My thoughts were home all night.

DECEMBER 27, 1864

Unpleasant weather, but cleared towards noon. Meal and potatoes for rations. Report of Wilmington being attacked by our fleet. Windy and raining during the night, but slept.

DECEMBER 28, 1864

Thunder showers and rain all day. The rebels raised a flag within twelve yards of the stockade. Beans, meal and potatoes for rations. Could not sleep.

DECEMBER 29, 1864

Very cold again. Six months a prisoner. Meal and molasses for rations. No news.

DECEMBER 30, 1864

Not a very pleasant day. Meal and potatoes for rations. Report of Sherman being thirty-five miles from Charleston. Kilpatrick cut the road between Columbia and Charleston.



DECEMBER 31, 1864

Windy and sign of rain. Report of another exchange of 10,000. Rain set in in the afternoon and cold wind blowing all night. Coldest night yet.

JANUARY 1, 1865

Terrible night. The whole camp is counted again. Meal, molasses and salt for rations. The rebel troops must have been moving, as a great deal of noise at night. Cold night.

JANUARY 2, 1865

Still cold weather. More "galvanized" Yankees come back. Report of Sherman.

JANUARY 3, 1865

Pleasant and not so cold. Molasses and rice for rations. Warmer during the night.

JANUARY 4, 1865

Pleasant but cold. A comrade shot upon getting too close to the dead line at night. Eight men sent out of my hundred to cut wood.

JANUARY 5, 1865

Pleasant day. Report of a general exchange. Rations the same.

JANUARY 6, 1865

Rainy all day. Dreamed of my father being very sick.

JANUARY 7, 1865

Cold. Short rations and no wood to keep warm, while plenty to be had outside the stockade.

JANUARY 8, 1865

Milder weather. The description of our 1,000 is taken. Looks as if exchange was near.

JANUARY 9, 1865

Nothing of importance.

JANUARY 10, 1865

Rain storm and thunder shower. Meal and sweet potatoes for rations. All quiet.

JANUARY 11, 1865

Windy and cold. Fever takes our boys away by the hundred at the hospital.



#### JANUARY 12, 1865

Warmer. Report of no exchange until the war is over. Tempted by the rebel lieutenant to take the oath, but told him never. Rather dead than a traitor. Exposure and hunger begin to tell on me. Very weak, but kept up good spirit.

#### JANUARY 13, 1865

Anton's birthday. High fever. Roll call. Refused to go to the hospital, as I knew it meant death.

#### JANUARY 14, 1865

Windy and cold. Felt slightly better. Meal and molasses for rations.

#### JANUARY 15, 1865

Still cold. Our 1,000 counted over again. Another victim of the dead line. In his fever he crossed and was shot.

#### JANUARY 16, 1865

Still cold. From Jan. 16th to the 25th too sick to keep up daily account. The weather was cold and this was the hardest trial of all since prisoner. One of my tent mates left, taking a blanket, leaving me only one, but I trusted to God and tried hard to be of good spirit. The rebel sergeant kicked me and made me fall in for roll call, although I was hardly able to stand up. Eleven of my hundred died in a week.

#### JANUARY 25 TO FEBRUARY 5, 1865

Rations smaller and smaller. No wood furnished to cook or keep warm. Boys dying fast. All kinds of rumors come in camp. Some of them proved true. At last our day had come.

#### FEBRUARY 6, 1865

Our 1,000 left the bull pen. Boys crying and cheering for joy to be exchanged. Packed in cars. No room to lie down. Took turns. Passed through Wilmington, North Carolina, while our force bombarded the town. Citizens and women expressed sorrow that we did not die in prison. Passed through Goldsborough, Raleigh, Danville and Greensboro. Allowed to stay at the last place a whole day to wash ourselves and stretch our limbs. Many poor fellows died on this awful trip. Actually starved to death. Oh! what a sight. Arrived at Richmond, Virginia.

#### FEBRUARY 13, 1865

Quartered at a tobacco warehouse. Covered with filth and lice. Some citizens tried to bring us something to eat, but the guard would not pass them. Got hold of a loaf of bread which a good citizen threw in the window while the guard marched with his back toward the building. God bless that man. No doubt a Union man.



FEBRUARY 15, 1865

Marched through Richmond to the "Rocket," our flag of truce boat. On our way down to the river we passed Fort Darling and their fortifications. Orders were given to stand perfectly still and not move about for fear we strike torpedoes planted in the river, which would explode and kill all on board. Thank God, we passed those dangerous spots and landed at Aiken Landing. Entered our line through the pickets of a colored regiment, who assisted those unable to walk, giving us a lot of coffee and bread. After marching about two miles into our lines we came in sight of our troops in camp and here we saw Old Glory again, waving as to welcome us. Never will I forget the effects of seeing it again. Poor devils hardly able to crawl tried to stand up, some cheering, others crying for joy. Our boys actually carried us through the camp, and when at our request and by command of the commanding officer, lowered the flag, we rushed for it, kissing it and caressing it like children. Officers and men witnessed this scene with tears in their eyes. One poor fellow sang out, "Now I am ready to die since I saw the old flag again." Remained in camp twenty-four hours and left on February 17th by boat to Annapolis Junction, the exchange camp. Were quartered in barracks, drew fresh clothing and got sixty dollars back ration money. Under doctor's care and kept strictly to the rations furnished by Uncle Sam, while my two companions, Henry Baker, Fifth Pa. Cavalry, and Anton Burkemeyer, of my company, made the terrible mistake by filling up with good things and died, after going through the terrible hardship with me for eight months, poor comrades. Having the address of their relatives, one in Philadelphia and the other in Litchfield, Conn., I notified them of their terrible fate. Met some of our regiment boys at parole camp, giving me news of the regiment and its good work while I was a prisoner.

Remained at camp, parolled until February 23rd. Got mustered for back pay and received \$244.00. Too sick to proceed on to the hospital at New Haven, I stopped over at Baltimore with my friend, George Roth. He and his wife cried when they saw me a shadow of my former self. My trip to New York and New Haven is fully given in the typewritten copy of the Brooklyn Eagle, December 23, 1887. With the best of care at the Knight Hospital in New Haven I soon got better. Old friends furnished me, after the doctor gave them permission to, with good dishes to eat, and many a poor, sick comrade shared those blessings with me. There was not a day but what Mrs. Katch, Mrs. Stockel, Alberti, Mrs. Schwab and many others called. As I grew stronger they took me carriage riding, doing all they could for me to get me on my feet a well and hearty man.



Rejoined my regiment March 28th, 1865, near Petersburg, Virginia, just in time to attend the "finishing up" of Lee's army. Our regiment escorted Grant to the McLean house, Appomatox, to meet and arranged surrender of Lee and his army. Two hours afterward we emptied our haversacks to the poor, starving Confederates. The best of *feeling* prevailed on our side toward our *brave* enemies. On our way the news of Johnson's surrender reached us, and from there on it was homeward bound, singing "Glory, Hallelujah, as We Go Marching On." The great review in Washington before President Johnson is well known to everybody. Our regiment, or what was left of us, about 367 men, joined in the search for Booth, the assassin of our noble Lincoln, and arrived one hour at the scene after Corbett shot Booth, the barn still burning and Booth, the murderer, lying dead on the porch.

Doing provost duty in Washington until July, we at last were to return home, being the only regiment of Custer's command allowed to go home on horseback. At Jersey City the steamer "Elm City" took us aboard, and we entered New Haven 375 strong out of 1,200 on muster roll at 5 P. M., August 4th. The militia and different societies turned out to receive us. It was our gala day and still a sad one for many of us as we noticed many men and women standing on the sidewalk weeping for those comrades and brave men who remained behind on the battle field and in the hospitals. The city gave us a banquet at the State House, and the citizens could not do enough to show us their gratitude. Next day we turned our horses and equipment over to the United States Government, and on August 5th received my honorable discharge.

Left for New York to seek employment on August 15th, and entered the service of Althof Bergman & Company, a wholesale toy and fancy goods concern on Maiden Lane on August 20th. Remained with the house until May, 1884. Shortly afterward they failed in business, to my great sorrow.



## SKETCHES AND ECHOES, 1864-1865

How I gave up my watch: Captured at Ream's Station, Virginia, during a heavy cavalry fight, we had to turn horses' equipment over and were marched to Stony Creek in the broiling sun. Although knowing that the rebels had no regard as to treating prisoners of war, I made the foolish mistake to show my watch to one of the boys asking the time of the day. The guard, a South Carolina subject, seeing this, demanded my watch and chain which, of course, I flatly refused. Shortly afterward I noticed his approach with an officer. I got ready for this "watch delivery" by securing a big stone. By the time the officer reached me, asking for the watch, I had it smashed to pieces on the stone, telling the officer, "Help yourself, here it is." Somewhat disappointed and a few not very pleasant remarks between us, officer and guards fell back, snatching a fine slouch hat from my head, leaving his in return. Not a fair exchange, but I had to be thankful for that much when I think now what was in store for me in Andersonville without a hat in the broiling sun.



## THREE MONTHS' SERVICE COMPANY B, BRIDGEPORT RIFLES 1ST CONN. INFANTRY

Fort Sumpter was fired upon April 9, 1861, and on the 15th I wore the blue blouse of Uncle Sam, along with eleven other friends, and, as far as that goes, perhaps thousands. The boys enlisting had an idea that in three months we would *finish* the rebels to a finish, and all of us anticipated a good "outing." As to the outing, we were always on the alert for fun; full of life, never dreaming that the outing would last four years. We embarked on the steamer "Bienville" off the Long Wharf in New Haven. Above Alexandria, Va., then in the hands of the rebels, a steamer approached us from Washington, and on the upper deck stood Abe Lincoln, our noble President, along with his son Robert, and Seward, Secretary of State, coming to meet us.

His brief speech of welcome was received with cheers, the band playing "Hail to the Chief." While quartered near Washington, I often had the pleasure of seeing him as witness to our dress parade. Considering the short time in camp at New Haven, from April to the end of May, the regiment got to be "one of the best," well drilled and of good morale. Our Captain, Chas. Speidel, later on Lieut.-Colonel of the 6th Conn. and wounded at Fort Wagner, S. C., made "experts" of Company B as to skirmish drills and exercise, which showed good effect and reputation on the advance of General McDowell's army, doing skirmish duty all the way from Falls Church, Virginia, to Fairfax Court House. Here I saw the "first" rebel and rebel flag flying over the court house. The rebels retiring in good order, our artillery fired a few "parting" shots, and in we marched towards Bull Run at Centerville, July 19th.

The Brigade formed a square and General Taylor's order to the effect that any regiment or battery whose time of enlistment (three months) had expired should step to the front in case they wished to return home. His proclamation that we are about to "meet the enemy" in battle had its good effects, as "not a single man" stepped to the front.

The next following Sunday after the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, we were back in New Haven, telling friends about the battle and the "double quick" movement from the battlefield.



As to my idea of a joyous outing when I enlisted, I give one instance to show that lots of fun was in store for us. As stated before, Captain Speidel, every inch a soldier, made his Company B a "specialty" as to skirmish drilling. While out on this particular drill in May through a splendid grove of high trees and a road house where the "Wurzburger" flows one hot afternoon, the boys began to "rally on the center" by left and right oblique. The objective "center" was the road house. The Captain, noticing this "move," gave the order to his bugler, Flynn, "sound the assembly." The bugler smiled and coming to a salute said, "Captain, what's the use, the boys are all here," and so we were, after a few rounds. The bugle sounded again and off we went on the jump, obeying the command, to the great delight of our beloved Captain.

### "A CLOSE SHAVE"

On June 1st, 1864, we had a heavy brush with the rebels at Ashland, Virginia. While on the march our rear, not properly protected, was pounced upon unexpectedly by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, and a fight through the woods as we fell back was the outcome. My regiment lost quite a number of men and officers. Forming in an open field near the town and railroad the fight continued. Repulsing several charges of the rebels, trying to get in our rear, hearing a call for water at the firing line of my company, I handed mine and four more canteens belonging to others to one of the men to get them filled from a well near by. This done, I hung my canteen over the shoulders, when Corporal Th. Flanigan asked me for a drink. I leaned over to let him drink out of my canteen, within easy reach from his saddle. While drinking he dropped the canteen, tumbling to the ground, shot through the head. A braver and better soldier than he never lived.

### RIDE TOWARD THE REBEL LINE

The night after the battle of Cedar Mountain near Culpepper, Virginia, August 9, 1862, our company was ordered to the extreme front of our army on picket duty, the rebel picket within sight. After losing my good horse Sibbe I got hold of one I baptized "Larry," an ugly looking creature with a long head and a mouth as hard as a rock. Experiencing several attempts to stop him when on the run was a hard task, he closing up on his bit, paying no attention to my reins. On this particular early morning he took a notion to visit the rebel line, to which I, of course, objected. Off he started. The enemy pickets began peppering away at me, but were kept in bay by my comrades following me. Seeing a gate leading to a house that I thought wide open, I, with great effort, succeeded in steering him toward the house. The gate was open, but not far enough to admit me and "Larry." I struck the post, my saddle broke, and down came rider and



saddle in a heap while "Larry" stopped his run and began grazing as if nothing had happened. My right leg striking the post was badly bruised, and while my comrades still kept the "johnnies busy," some of them helped me back into our line. It is useless to say that "Larry" was transferred to do quartermaster duty with the supply train. It took two weeks to enable me to obey the command again.

"Prepare to mount, mount this time on a better horse."

### SIBBI, MY SWEETHEART

It is a well-known fact that most all soldiers left a sweetheart when marching to the seat of war to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." A girl even claimed more than "one." As the story goes, she was standing on the sidewalk crying bitterly as a regiment passed by. Asked by a venerable old gentleman whether she was crying because her sweetheart was leaving her, she answered, "Yes, all seven of them." The acquaintance of my girl, whose name was "Mare," I made while I camped at Meriden, Connecticut, in October, 1861. She was a beauty, large brown eyes, very attractive as to slender form, finely shaped head, broad shoulders and had four legs. She responded to my attachment by being gentle, and in course of time proved to be a valuable companion of mine. She would follow me like a pet dog, answer my calling while out in a pasture amongst many horses at day or night, by running up to me when duty called. I could safely sit on her hind legs while she was lying down at night. If a stranger tried this, I venture to say he could not sit on *anything* for some time. On the march, she kept my rear men from coming too close by a gentle reminder with her hind legs. Hearing me eating a cracker she came to a halt, looking around, and would not move on until I gave her a "bite," often parting with my last cracker.

While in active service in West Virginia she prevented my being taken prisoner while scouting or foraging by taking a four-foot fence with ease on several occasions. But the best of friends must part. The morning after the battle of Cross Keys, June 9, 1862, I missed her. The army falling back towards Winchester, some scoundrel stole her, equipment and all, during the night. I felt the loss of my best friend very keenly and never in my four years cavalry service got hold of a horse equal to "Sibbi," my sweetheart.



①

“Morgen roth, morgen roth,  
Leuchtet mir zum frühen todt,  
Gestern noch auf stolzem rosse,  
Heute durch die brust geschossen,  
Morgen in das kühle grab.”

The proof of this beautiful German soldier song I experienced to my great sorrow in 1864. While four companies of my regiment, A, B, C and D, were camped at Bolivar Heights, a suburb of Harpers Ferry, Virginia, we came in contact with Colt's cavalry of Maryland scouting together, playing “hide-and-go-seek” with Mosby, notorious guerilla, through the Shenandoah and Loudon valleys. During October, 1863, to February, 1864, to my surprise and pleasure, I met in Company A of this brave regiment, a George Young, a school comrade of mine, while attending the mercantile school of Dr. Schirmer in Wiesbaden, my native town. It stands to reason that we made good use of our acquaintance whenever opportunity offered itself. His command was stationed at Loudon Heights, across the river from Harpers Ferry. Near my camp at Bolivar Heights lived a German family by the name of Will, staunch Union people. It was my good luck to fall in with this family and some of their friends and neighbors, German and Union people. In my Company B, 1st Conn. Cavalry, we had about eleven Germans, all from New Haven, friends of long acquaintance. Very often we had a good dinner at Wills' house, enjoying home-made cooking, home-made cider, and for this we always paid. To these affairs I had Young as my guest many times. It was a second home for us, enjoying a dance and other sociable events. Their home, situated on the road to the Shenandoah River, where we rode twice a day, watering the horses, had a big tree in front of the house. My horse would always go for that tree. Why? It preferred a clean drink to the muddy water of the Shenandoah, which was offered by their fair daughter “Kathie,” giving me a chance for a pleasant chat until the troops returned, when horse and rider fell into line on the way back to camp. It is useless to say that I never prevented my horse from making that tree a “half way” station. ②

The birthday of Katie Will fell on January 8, 1864, and some of my comrades and I were invited to supper and a dance. I extended this invitation to my friend Young, and getting a furlough up to 12 at night, he was only too glad to join me. We had a glorious time, dancing, singing, drinking “home-made cider” the best the country could afford under the circumstances. George was good company, full of life and animation. I see him yet today, waving his hat, saying “Good night” on his horse on the way to his camp. Others and I remained about one hour longer, having only a short distance to walk to reach camp. Acting First Sergeant of my company,



my tent was near Captain Goodwin's, commander of the 4th Company headquarters. About 3 o'clock I heard the trot of a galloping horse over frozen ground toward our camp. Knowing from experience that something was up I jumped, dressed quickly, when I heard the guard calling out, "Halt, who comes there." The answer came, "Who and where is the commanding officer?" The courier dismounted, delivering a despatch to Captain Goodwin. Then the order came to me: "Sergeant, let the bugler sound 'boots and saddles.'" This order was quickly executed and in less than half an hour we were on a gallop down the road to Harpers Ferry, over the Shenandoah Bridge, up the hill to Louden County and Colt's camp. Mosby's man sneaked through the pickets, attacking Colt's cavalry in their camp, killing and wounding many. The brave Marylanders rallied, drove Mosby out of the camp, pursuing them down the road toward Rectortown, when we joined Colts' cavalry. They gave three rousing cheers. Mosby, the sneak, knew what the cheering was about and made haste in getting away to Rectortown, being reinforced by Imboden. They made a stand and a regular fight was on. The rebels, being repulsed with heavy loss, they broke ranks, the squads scattered in different directions—one of Mosby's old trick—and the fight was over. I came across Company A of Colts' cavalry, inquiring about their loss, killed and wounded. The bugler, a little Frenchman, knowing of my acquaintance with George Young, told me the terrible news. Your friend is lying in this house over there, shot through the heart. Rushing over to the spot I found the story to be only too true. Here he was, the friend who only left me a few hours ago, full of life and vigor, dead and gone.

The news of his death was a terrible shock to the Will family and their neighbors. It has been my good fortune, accompanied by my son Walter and dear wife to visit Bolivar Heights in 1917, showing them the spot where Wills lived, Halltown, a place I stood picketing many times, and several places of interest of my war days. I never dreamed at that time that this great pleasure would be in store for me so many years after the war.



REUNION AND PEACE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF  
YELLOW TAVERN, VA., SIX MILES FROM  
RICHMOND, IN SEPTEMBER, 1871

It had been my good fortune while travelling south as a "commercial tourist," or, in plain words, a "drummer," right after the war, to fall in with a class of gentlemen such as Messrs. E. Osterloh, Krunz, Bochmer, Euker, Philips, some of them serving in the rebel army during the war in the home guards of Richmond. It was not good policy for me, while out on business, to speak about me serving in the Union army. On one of our sociable gatherings, Saturday evening at Wm. Eucker's house the topic about the war came up, and I listened to the interesting talk of adventures and action. Some of the gentlemen went through, especially Mr. Carl Euker, giving an account of the battle of Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864, between Stuart's Cavalry and Phil. Sheridan's Cavalry Corp, in which my regiment served first brigade, 3rd division, commanded by Gen. Geo. Custer. He tried to make the affair as a *mild* encounter, the Confederates withdrawing in good order, losing but few men, amongst the killed the brave J. E. B. Stuart. I know better. It certainly was the biggest thrashing Stuart's cavalry ever had, driving them in confusion from the field of battle, scattered in all directions. It went against my grain to hear such a statement and informed the party that I begged to differ. This seemed to be a "big" surprise to my friends, who wanted to know what I knew about this affair. I then told them that they entertained one of the Yankee cavalry right in their midst, very much "present" at the battle. After more argument I proposed, the next day being Sunday, to visit the battlefield on horseback, starting in the forenoon. This was agreed upon, and Sunday morning saw twelve gentlemen leaving Richmond on the road heading to Yellow Tavern. As we went along I pointed out our positions, where the artillery was posted, the Squirrel Ridge Road, Strawberry Hill, Meadow Bridge, and gave such a correct account of the fight to fully convince them of my taking part in this *mild* affair. That part of the program over, we started "homeward bound," the best of feeling prevailing. Near the ruins of Yellow Tavern a "half way station" or road house, the party concluded to have dinner then and there. Of course it is natural that wine goes well with a good dinner, and we had lots of it. It turned out to be a genuine peace jubilee between the boys in grey and the boys in blue. Mr. Carl Euker, the very man who tried to dwindle down the battle as a "mild affair," proposed the first toast to one of the Yankee boys now with us, not as a prisoner, but as a *friend*, now and forever. My response, telling them of the great pleasure to be with them and toasting the brave soldiers of Lee and Stuart from the bottom of my heart. I gave the keynote to great applause and more wine. To make the story short, the fine body of men starting out on horseback



came back to the city in carriages, simply over-tired and overwhelmed at this great reunion. From that time on, visiting Richmond twice a year, a rousing welcome always awaited me. Many pleasant hours we spent together, and on my way to Atlanta, Georgia, on business in 1890, we (my dear wife being with me) stopped at Richmond and a reception was tendered us such as the Southern people only can extend. Carl Euker drove us over old battle grounds and all points of interest.

Carl Euker presented me with two war pictures, which I admired so much that I, in turn, forwarded a photograph representing surviving members of Company B, 1st Conn. Cavalry, taken at one of our reunions, New Haven, Conn. Acknowledging the receipt of this picture, he wrote whether I knew a man by the name of Coleman of my regiment, whom he had the honor of capturing on May 12th, the day after the Yellow Tavern fight. I informed him that his victim belonged to my company, and appeared on the picture the only man with a cane in his hand, and explained his suffering at Belle Island while prisoner. I received a letter which I will never part with, keeping it as a family relic for my children after I am dead and gone. He expressed his great sorrow for Coleman's suffering and his willingness to help him. He also gave his full pledge of loyalty to our united country and his hope of meeting Coleman some day. My dear wife, always ready to give me pleasure in any form, arranged the biggest surprise party for me I ever experienced. She informed my good friend and comrade, Chas. F. Bollmann, also a member of my company, to hunt up Tom Coleman, living in West Haven, and bring him along on my birthday, March 16th. Also invited Carl Euker in Richmond to participate and arranged all to meet at my father-in-law's house, 336 Putnam avenue, not far from my residence.

About 8 P. M., answering the door bell, I opened the door, when Carl Euker, Chas. Bollmann and last, but not least, Tom Coleman, marched in on me. It is impossible for me to describe my feeling. I was overcome and unable to utter a word, tears streaming down my face. It was a birthday celebration for fair, more of my friends calling to congratulate. Next day Bollmann and I had a picture taken sitting at a table covered by "Old Glory" in the center, while Euker and Coleman stand shaking hands as friends and comrades over the flag. The party went to New Haven, visiting Coleman's family and other places of interest. Comrade Bollmann, Chief of Police at the time, did up our "visit" in fine style. Euker and Coleman corresponded together for many years, while it was my good luck to greet Euker at my residence whenever he came to New York. He died as a commander of the Confederate Home, Richmond, Virginia, where the picture of the reunion of Company B, First Conn. Cavalry, can be seen today at the museum of the Confederate home.



**A**NDERSONVILLE as it was in 1864—Mr. Phillip Koempel describes his Capture, Exchange and Discharge—The Stockade and the Dead Line—Trial, Conviction and Execution—Price Current List—Freedom After Nine Months.

The great conflict between the two sections of our mighty nation now seems, to look back upon it, like a romance. Even those who participated in it have at times some difficulty, after the lapse of these many years, in realizing that some, at least, of its experiences were not a dream. Of these experiences the life of a prisoner at Andersonville was, perhaps, the most weird and unnaturally horrid of any. To be one of a company which numbered at one time over thirty thousand men, confined for nine months in a pen, twenty-two acres in extent, without any shelter whatever, was an experience that probably never had a parallel, and will never be repeated. I met a gentleman in Brooklyn recently who had just this experience in Andersonville. Though much has been written about this Confederate prison, I felt sure that the story told by a fellow townsman whose intelligence and habits of observation well fitted him for the task would prove interesting. Mr. Phillip Koempel is a resident of Putnam Avenue and is connected with one of the large commission houses in New York, in the dry goods district. When I asked him for his recollections of Andersonville Prison he hunted up a diary which he kept throughout the war, and with this he refreshed his memory as he went along.

"I was captured," said Mr. Koempel, "at Reams Station, Va., on June 29th, 1864. My regiment was the First Conn. Cavalry, which was in General Wilson's division. We had quite a brush with the Johnnies on that occasion, and I noticed one of my comrades fell from his horse, so I dismounted, slipped the reins over my arm and was about to render him assistance, when, in a second, the enemy appeared on all sides and I found myself a prisoner with about sixty others of my regiment. The same night my horse was taken from me, my new cavalry slouch hat was appropriated by a Confederate; a new watch they tried to take, and our captors taunted us by saying that we would be sent to a place from which we wouldn't get away in a hurry. After we started for Andersonville we were in charge of Lieut. Taylor, of the Sixty-ninth North Carolina Regiment, who treated us like gentlemen. We received a ration of seven crackers and were made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. At Augusta our guard was changed and we did not fare as well. At Macon I recall a peculiar incident. When I got off the train I noticed a lady sitting in the window of a house opposite who was crying bitterly. By and by she came down and asked the commander of our guard if she could serve coffee to the prisoners. Consent was given and we each had a good steaming cup of coffee. I never knew who the lady was or what was the cause of her



grief; but we remembered her kind act forever afterward. I arrived at Andersonville on July 6, 1864. We were placed in companies of four and searched. When the four ahead of me had gone through this process I stepped one pace ahead and the Johnny did not notice that I had not been searched. I was thus enabled to take into prison a leather roll that I had carried on back of my saddle. This contained a rubber blanket, which was worth more than its weight in gold, a revolver, and, best of all, a quantity of coffee and sugar mixed together and ready for boiling. The latter I could afterward have sold at the rate of 25 cents a teaspoonful. When the searching was completed we were turned into the pen as cattle are turned into a field, except that no good farmer would have his cattle in a field without even a tree to shelter them.

"The stockade was composed of unhewn logs and was erected by the slaves belonging on the neighboring plantations. Dirt was thrown up around the base of the logs and their tops were roughly pointed with an axe. At a distance of 100 feet another stockade of the same kind, but only 12 feet high, was erected as a protection for the inner one. The prison proper was 1,540 feet long and 750 feet wide. Within these limits no buildings, barracks, houses or huts of any kind were built. Not a tree was left nor a brush to relieve the general appearance of barrenness. The hot sun of the summer, the drenching rains and bitter cold of winter found the great mass of prisoners entirely without shelter of any kind. My rubber blanket came in very handy. We put up a couple of sticks and stretched the blanket over them, thus making a shelter which was luxurious in comparison with the situation of others. Being a Sergeant I was placed over 100 men. I had their names upon a list and was obliged to parade the men every morning and to report upon their condition. The painful duty connected with this position was collecting the dead and arranging them for burial. I would tie their feet together and lay their hands over the breast. Sometimes this would be extremely difficult to do, owing to the fact that their limbs had become terribly distorted in their death struggles. A paper pinned fast to the shirt gave the name and the regiment to which the deceased belonged. The bodies collected in the morning would be laid near the main gate, and would then be put into an ordinary box wagon and taken to the cemetery. On a certain morning in August, 1864, I counted 150 bodies thus awaiting burial and which had been collected that morning. I remember men came into the prison strong and robust, who became so much discouraged over their trials and privations that they sickened and died in ten days. It would seem probable that in such a great mass of men an epidemic of fever would break out, but such was not the case. Men had either diarrhea, dysentery or scurvy, and of these they died in great numbers. A good deal of time was consumed in rid-



ding ourselves of lice, which were a great pest. The daily routine of prison life would be relieved by all sorts of rumors which somehow or another would get into the prison. One of these was that Jeff Davis was dead, another that Richmond has fallen, and so on.

"When fresh prisoners arrived the men would crowd around the main gate to learn the latest news. The crowding seemed to frighten Captain Wirz, the Superintendent of the Prison, and he put up poles, flying white flags, marking a line beyond which the prisoners were not to go. He also fired a shell from a six-gun battery opposite the entrance, with the warning that if the crowding continued the next shell would explode in the prison enclosure. For a week I was detailed to assist in clerical work at Wirz's office. He was a repulsive looking man, being in height five feet eight inches, with a slender, weasened form and stooping shoulders. His features were pinched and disagreeable, rendered the more strikingly disagreeable by a light grey eye surmounted by a heavy, protruding brow. He never came into the stockade except with a pistol in his hand and accompanied by a guard. The career of this merciless man and the expiration of his many crimes upon the gallows is probably familiar to all. New men coming into prison would sometimes smuggle in newspapers, and these would be passed around and read until they fell to pieces from much handling. On July 20, 1864, two men escaped by the tunnel which had been dug under the stockade. This made great excitement. No rations were issued to the prisoners for two days in order to coerce them into telling where the tunnel was located. When this failed Wirz sent men into the stockade to hammer the earth with iron bars, thinking to find the tunnel in this way. It is a strange fact, as exhibiting the weakness to which our men were reduced, that a prisoner, for the promise of an extra ration, told where the tunnel was.

"At first the dead line was indicated by a furrow made by a plow and located twelve feet from the stockade. All prisoners were informed that to pass that line meant instant death. I have known men to get up and to wander about in the delirium of disease or troubled sleep, cross the line, and in an instant the bullet of the guard on the stockade would launch them into eternity. Afterward a low fence was put up and on this men, without thinking, would hang their blankets, and going to get them after night would be shot. Rations would be served between four and five in the afternoon. These usually consisted of corn bread and beans. Sometimes the corn bread contained portions of the cob, and was very bad, especially for men suffering from disease. When the men became crowded acts of lawlessness among the prisoners were of frequent occurrence. Cooking utensils, blankets, and other articles would be stolen by men reduced to desperation by their long confinement. Accordingly a regular police force from



the prisoners was organized. There was a Superintendent, Captain, Sergeant and Roundsmen. Each man was armed with a club and wore a tin badge, to designate him as a member of the force. Offenders would be reported at headquarters for stealing rations or similar offenses, and they would be cut off from one day's rations, put into the stocks or compelled to do some disagreeable work about the prison. Some men were strung up by the thumbs until they repented of their offenses. At one time there was a company of very desperate men in the prison. It was charged that they had not only been guilty of robberies, but also of murder. A sutler was missed who had considerable money, and his body was afterward found buried beneath the tent occupied by the accused men. By consent of the prison authorities a jury trial was held, conducted by the prisoners. There were a number of good lawyers on hand, who took care that everything was done that could be done to secure justice. A jury was secured, counsel for both sides were agreed upon and the trial proceeded. The result was that six men were convicted of murdering the sutler and were sentenced to be hanged. The findings of the court were forwarded to our Government and approved. Then preparations were made for carrying out the sentence. A rude scaffold was erected at a point where every man in the prison could see it. It was a very primitive, shaky affair, but it held the six poor, trembling creatures who were to be executed upon it. There was no silk caps at this execution, meal sacks were substituted for them. The boards upon which the men stood, at a given signal were pulled out and they were suspended in mid air. One rope broke and the poor fellow ran a few rods, but was brought back and, on a second attempt, was successfully executed. Then the prisoners passed in procession and looked at the faces of the dead men. This summary execution had a good effect, and there was less lawlessness and life was no longer in danger, at least not from the prisoners themselves. At one time we were told by the prison authorities that we could write home for things that we needed. I did so, and a friend in Brooklyn sent me a package of good things, which would have been a godsend had it reached me, which it never did. I know of many others who had a similar experience. There was a regular schedule price for articles in the prison, and I recorded a few of them in my diary as follows: "Salt, per teaspoonful, 25 cents; soap, per inch, 25 cents; watermelon, \$2 to \$3; Irish potatoes, \$1.25 per dozen; onions, \$2.50 per dozen; eggs, \$3 per dozen; meal rations, 10 cents to 25 cents; green corn, per ear, 35 cents; beans, 35 cents per pint; shaving or hair cut, 15 cents; Yankee coffee and sugar, 25 cents per spoonful; half plug of tobacco, 25 cents.

"From \$6 to \$10 of Confederate money was given for \$1 in greenbacks. Wirz had a pack of blood hounds to chase



prisoners. At one time the pack numbered twenty-two, while there were other volunteer packs within a distance of 20 miles of the prison. The encounters of the poor, emaciated prisoner with these ferocious animals form a chapter too harrowing to dwell upon. I said that the prisoners were entirely without shelter; some of the men soon verified the saying that necessity is the mother of invention. They dug holes in the slopes of the hill large enough to allow four men to lie down close to each other. The dirt taken out of the excavation was appropriated by others to plaster up the shanties they had erected of poles and brush secured from outside the prison. After eight months in Andersonville a number of prisoners, including myself, were removed to Charleston, S. C. At first we were confined in that portion of the city which was being shelled by General Gelmour, but were afterward removed to the Fair Grounds and then to Florence, S. C. This was an enclosure similar to Andersonville, but not as large. The trees and underbrush had been cut down, but not cleared away, which supplied us with partial shelter and firewood. Ten thousand men were confined here, and here I saw my darkest days. A companion left the prison, taking with him the only blanket that we had. We felt the loss terribly. I was too sick at one time to answer to roll call or to keep up my diary, but I rallied and got on my feet again. Some of the men went out and took the oath of allegiance, but there were not many. Raw sweet potatoes were considered at this time a great luxury. Here we were interested in getting the reports from the Presidential election. A vote was taken in the prison and Uncle Abe was overwhelmingly re-elected. I used to go down to the creek and wash my shirt and put it on wet and sit in the sun until it dried. I attribute my survival of the great privations of prison life to the care I took of myself in the matter of cleanliness and keeping myself in a hopeful frame of mind. Men who became despondent lost care of themselves and seemed really to court death. It was wonderful how checker boards, cards, dominoes and chess were improvised and with what earnestness some men went into these pastimes. You would pass one group who were merrily singing and then come within the sound of men moaning, who were in the agonies of death.

"At last, after nine month's of imprisonment we were exchanged. Our troubles were not over, however. My two companions through all my prison life were so indiscreet as to eat heartily of canned fruit, which they procured from the sutler immediately upon their release, and within two days they were both dead men. The sudden change from hard prison fare was too much for them, and their emaciated bodies immediately succumbed. I stuck to Uncle Sam's rations and gained strength slowly, but I was reduced much lower than I had supposed. I went to Annapolis Junction and then



got permission to proceed to the hospital at New Haven, Conn. When I got to the New York side of Cortlandt Street Ferry I fell senseless to the street. The Sanitary Commission had a place near by, and they were on the lookout for soldiers needing help. They picked me up and I finally revived under their treatment. After spending a few weeks with a friend in Brooklyn I went to New Haven. Entering a restaurant of a friend who had known me well before the war, I ordered a cup of coffee, and he came and sat by my side at the table.

"What Regiment do you belong to?" he asked.

"First Connecticut Cavalry," I replied.

"Do you know whatever became of Sergeant Koempel?"

"I am Sergeant Koempel," I said, and the man looked as if he had been struck dumb. I then realized how much I must have changed.

"I have revisited Andersonville since the war, walked over the territory included in that awful stockade and read the names of some of my companions in the cemetery there. It is difficult to realize that 33,872 men were received in the prison, and that of this number 12,872 died. The largest number of men in the prison on any day was August 9, 1864, when there were 33,006. Notwithstanding the very complete precautions of the prison authorities 328 men managed to escape at various times.

FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, DEC. 23rd 1887.



# GENERAL CUSTER'S CONGRATULATIONS

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, M. M. D.,

October 21st, 1864.

SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION:

With pride and gratitude your commanding general congratulates you upon your glorious achievements of the past few days. On the 9th of this month you attacked a vastly superior force of the enemy's cavalry, strongly posted with artillery in position, and commanded by that famous "Savior of the Valley," Rosser. Notwithstanding the enemy's superiority in numbers and position, you drove him twenty miles from the battle-field, capturing his artillery, six pieces in all, also his entire train of wagons and ambulances, and a large number of prisoners. Again, during the memorable engagement of the 19th instant, your conduct throughout was sublimely heroic, and without a parallel in the annals of warfare. In the early part of the day, when disaster and defeat seemed to threaten our noble army upon all sides, your calm and determined bravery, while exposed to a terrible fire from the enemy's guns, added not a little to restore confidence to that portion of our army already broken and driven back on the right. Afterward transferred rapidly from the right flank to the extreme left, you materially and successfully assisted in defeating the enemy in his attempt to turn the left flank of our army. Again, ordered upon the right flank, you attacked and defeated a division of the enemy's cavalry, driving him in confusion across Cedar Creek, then changing your front to the left at a gallop, you charged and turned the left flank of the enemy's line of battle, and pursued his broken and demoralized army a distance of five miles. Night alone put a stop to your pursuit. Among the substantial fruits of this great victory you can boast of having captured five battle-flags, a large number of prisoners including Major-General Ramsuer, and forty-five of the forty-eight pieces of artillery taken from the enemy on that day, thus making fifty-one pieces of artillery which you have captured from the enemy within the short period of ten days. This is a record of which you may well be proud, a record won and established by your gallantry and perseverance. You have surrounded the name of the Third Cavalry Division with a halo of glory as enduring as time. The history of this war, when truthfully written, will contain no brighter page than that upon which is recorded the chivalrous deeds, the glorious triumphs, of the soldiers of this division.

G. A. CUSTER,

*Brigadier-General, Commanding.*

Official:

(Signed.) S. SIEBERT,

*Headquarters First Brigade Third Cavalry Division, A. A. G.*

October 28, 1864.

Official:

DAVID FAIRLY,

*Captain and A. A. A. G.*

A true copy printed from the official manuscript, August, 1882, at Washington, D. C.

E. W. WHITAKER,

*Late Lieut.-Col. First Connecticut Cavalry  
Volunteers, and Brevet Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.*



## HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION

APPOMATOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

*Soldiers of the Third Cavalry Division:*

With profound gratitude toward the God of battles, by whose blessings our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your Commanding General avails himself of this his first opportunity to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which to-day resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army.

The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies. During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle-flags, and upwards of ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers. Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured forty-six pieces of field artillery and thirty-seven battle-flags. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and have never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you. The near approach of peace renders it improbable that you will again be called upon to undergo the fatigues of the toilsome march or the exposure of the battlefield; but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your sturdy arms, be required to hasten the coming of that glorious peace for which we have been so long contending, the General commanding is proudly confident that, in the future, as in the past, every demand will meet a hearty and willing response.

Let us hope that our work is done, and that, blessed with the comforts of peace, we may be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of home and friends. For our comrades who have fallen let us ever cherish a grateful remembrance. To the wounded, and to those who languish in Southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathies be tendered.

And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins—when those deeds of daring, which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name may be written as that of the Commander of the Third Cavalry Division.

G. A. CUSTER,

*Brevet Major-General, Commanding.*

Official:

L. W. BARNHART,

*Captain and A. A. A. G.*

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I certify that the above is a true copy of the original.

E. W. WHITAKER,

*Lieut.-Col. First Connecticut Cavalry, and A. A.*

*Inspector-General Third Cavalry Division.*



## FORT LEAVENWORTH

October 15, 1867.

GEN. E. W. WHITAKER,  
*Chairman of Committee,*  
Hartford, Conn.

General:

I am just in receipt of your invitation of the 7th instant asking me to be present at the reunion of your regiment on the 22d instant. It is no doubt needless for me to assure you that to be able to accept your kind invitation would be a pleasure indeed. But I regret that I shall be prevented from acting in accordance with my earnest wish in this matter. To meet those with whom I was associated during the rebellion is, and always will be, one of my greatest pleasures; to meet the gallant veterans of the First Connecticut Cavalry, would be particularly gratifying. I cannot fail to remember the many triumphs in which your regiment bore such a prominent part. The dangers, toils and privations we have undergone together are still fresh in my memory, nor have I forgotten that in that memorable battle at Five Forks, the First Connecticut Cavalry achieved the honor of being the first to leap the enemy's breastworks, secured his cannon, and turned them upon the retreating foe. This is but one of the many exhibitions I have witnessed of the gallantry and intrepidity of your noble regiment, and I have this to remember that under the many trying circumstances in which we have been placed, while opposed to the enemy, I never made a demand of the First Connecticut which was not complied with; never gave them an order they did not execute, even though it was to ride up to the cannon's mouth, and never saw them yield in the face of their foe, unless ordered to do so. Is it strange, then, that I should cherish a warm and lasting remembrance of the services of the sterling patriots of the First Connecticut Cavalry? Convey to your and my comrades the regret I feel in not being permitted to share the pleasures of your reunion, and believe me truly your friend,

G. A. CUSTER,  
*Brevet Major General, U. S. A.*

Correct copy of the original.  
(Sgd.) E. W. WHITAKER.













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