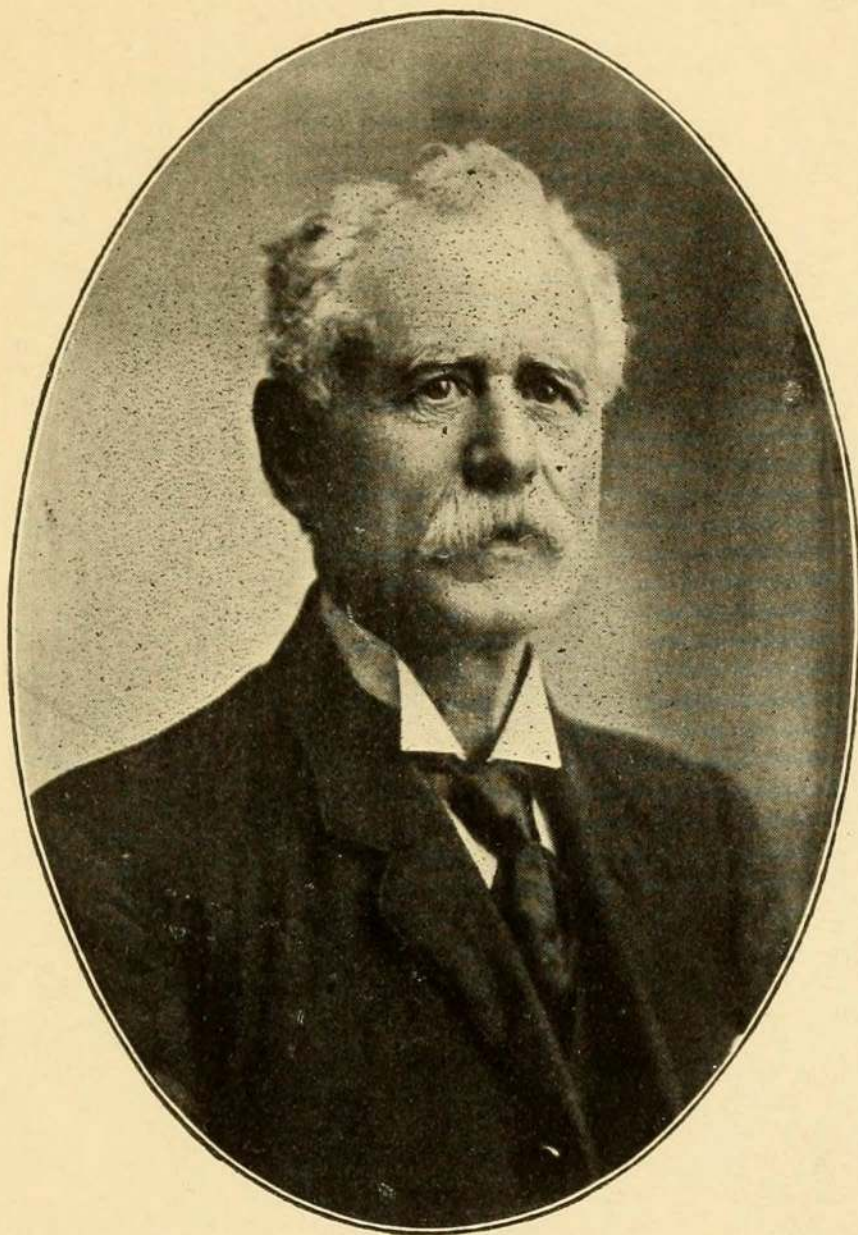




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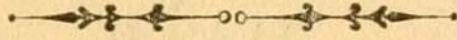
MICHAEL DOUGHERTY.

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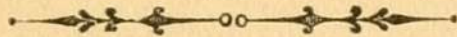
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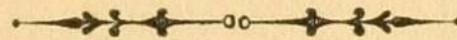
Late Co. B, 13th., Pa., Cavalry.



While confined in Pemberton, Barrett's,
Libby, Andersonville and other
Southern Prisons.



Sole Survivor of 127 of his Regiment Captured the
Same Time, 122 Dying in Andersonville.

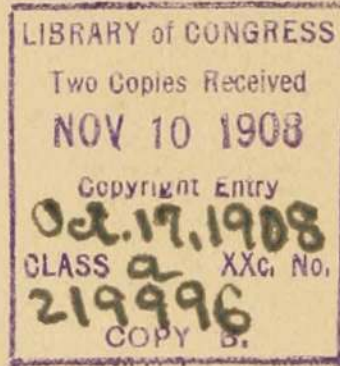


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CHAS. A. DOUGHERTY,
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Bristol, Pa.

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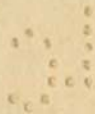


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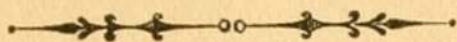
BY CHAS. A. DOUGHERTY,

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INTRODUCTION.



The book to which these lines form an introduction is a peculiar one in many respects. It is a story, but it is a true story, and written years ago with little idea that it would ever come into this form. The writer has been induced, only recently, by the advice of friends and by his own feeling that such a production would be appreciated, to present what, at the time it was being made up, was merely a means of occupying a mind which had to contemplate only the horrors of a situation from which death would have been, and was to thousands, a happy relief.

This book is essentially different from any other that has been published concerning the Civil War or any of its incidents. Those who have had any such experience as the writer will see its truthfulness at once, and to all other readers it is commended as a statement of actual happenings by one who experienced them to the fullest.

In the following pages is given an account of the daily life of the writer while confined in Pemberton, Barrett's, Libby, Andersonville and other Southern prisons. This was my second experience of Southern prison life. When captured the first time we were not treated as badly as the second time, and no detailed account was kept of each day's doings. An account of my first capture, however, may be of interest.

On February 26, 1863, my regiment, the 13th Pa. Cavalry, then encamped at Winchester, Va., was ordered out on a scouting expedition up the Shenandoah Valley and to rout out what was thought to be a band of Rebel foragers or raiders. We captured eight or ten of them and drove the remainder into the camp of the 11th Va. Rebel regiment at Woodsdock, some twenty miles from Winchester. We then started for camp, our horses almost played out. On our return, at Fisher's Hill, we were met by a large force of the enemy, who were lined up on both flanks, and who opened fire on us. Of course,

it was a decoy to lead us on and capture the regiment. We had a hand to hand fight for over half an hour, but their force and position were too much for us and we were forced to retreat. Our loss in killed, wounded and captured was 108. I had my horse shot under me at Strawsburg and along with fifty others were taken prisoners and conveyed to Richmond and put in Libby prison. We were confined there until May 26th, when we were exchanged and rejoined our regiment at Winchester.

We had fighting almost every day while in the Shenandoah Valley. In June we were transferred to the Army of the Potomac and put in the Cavalry Corps, General D. McGreggs, 2d Division, and General I. P. Greggs, 2d Brigade.

War Prison Diary

October 10, 1863. At Jeffersonville, Va., a reconnoitering party of my regiment (the 13th) attacked by Mosby at 11.00 P. M. fell back to the regiment.

11th. Moved forward this morning to Culpepper in the rear of the army ; heavy cannonading ; my regiment detached ; rear guard put on picket in the evening at Hazel River ; enemy in our front and strong signs of fight.

12th. About six this morning enemy appeared in our front and drove in our pickets ; skirmishing all day , assisted by the 4th Pa. Cavalry. At 5.00 P. M. we were overpowered, cut off from the division, and 127 of our regiment, among whom was your humble servant, were compelled to surrender. All the prisoners were dismounted, The enemy proved to be the advance of General Lee's army ; remained prisoner at Jefferson all night.

13th. The rebels took us to Harrington and then back to Jefferson ; had nothing to eat these two days and men very hungry.

14th. Marched from Jefferson through Sulphur Springs to Culpepper, distance about twenty miles ; got some biscuit and raw bacon, which the men ate with great relish. Took the cars for Gordonsville and remained here all night ; the men tired ; the guards strict and will not allow us to purchase anything ; prisoners searched and everything taken from us ; some of the boys hide money in their shoes and stockings to prevent the rebels getting it.

15th. Quite cool here and feel the loss of my overcoat and boots. I hope they will not do the scoundrel who took them any good.

16th. Took the cars this morning for Richmond ; we arrived here at 3.00 P. M. Men tired and hungry ; marched from depot through the principal streets to the Pemberton building, opposite Libby, got one-fourth pound bread and one-fourth pound of beef ; this is the second time we got anything to eat since we were captured.

17th. Rations this morning consisted of about one-half pound of bread and four ounces of beef to each man for the next 24 hours ; men thinking of home and friends and anxious to be paroled or exchanged. Talk of moving us to Libby, opposite here. They say it is a great deal worse than here, but I think it can hardly be any worse than this place.

18th. 400 of us were removed this morning to Libby, weak and hungry.

From the corner of a dingy brick building in one of the streets of Richmond, Va., may be seen a sign which tells the passers-by that Libby & Son, ship chandlers and grocers, invite their patrons to this as the place where their business was conducted and where they must repair who were interested in bargains particularly associated with their vocation. It was not of sufficient importance in time of peace to obtain a very wide celebrity, neither were the owners thereof so distinguished as to be of great notoriety, but as the inauguration of war has induced many into office who were

hitherto obscure and unknown, so the contingencies of our civil strife have opened this place to public gaze and made it famous, or rather infamous, before the world, besides confirming lustreless fame upon the proprietors. The very name of LIBBY has become synonomous with that of terror. It carries tyranny and oppression in its simple sound. The soldier who is taken prisoner in Virginia vale is at once haunted with visions of this darksome den and shrinks from entering a place so full of bitter experiences as this is known to be. Fierce hate and revenge reign supreme here, and consequently there is wrought out a system of discipline which produces a condition such as we might expect when the discordant elements of beings rage unchecked, and we are not surprised to find the culmination reached in almost fiendish expression.

Thousands who have been in Libby will rehearse the story of their misery, want and woe to others; these will pass them along to other listeners still, so that the echo will scarcely die out at the remotest period of the present generation. Households in coming time will gather about the fireside and talk of their friends and ancestors who ended their days in so much wretchedness because of their attachment to the Union, and as their bravery and heroism, their courage and constancy is admired, so will it be with malice and fury their persecutors are condemned. It may be, and probably is, one of the essentials of war that places be provided for the confinement of prisoners, but they do not necessarily include every species of torment which the human is capable of conceiving. They should not naturally pre-suppose the absence of all humanity and the annihilation of every condition of comfortable existence as they have seemed to do in almost every part of the South where the Confederate authorities have opened these dens.

The nights are very cold, and there being nothing but gratings in the windows, the men were obliged to walk the whole night long to keep from freezing, and if they can meet with the friendly

embrace of slumber at all, it was during the day when the sun would shed its kindly beams upon us and so impart sufficient warmth to our bodies to keep us from shivering.

I have seen men draw their bean soup in their shoes for want of a cup or plate of any kind to put it in, and what seemed worse than all the rest, was the almost satanic rule that if a prisoner was caught resting his eyes upon the glad scenes of nature through a window, he must be quickly translated from the earth by a ball of a musket. The whole thing is atrocious in the extreme, but we can expect little else under the dome of the Confederate Capital, where the original framers of secession go in and out.

Of the numbers who have been admitted within the walls of the Libby building, I can scarcely speak, for multitudes have been conveyed thither, to remain only such time as they can be transported to other places. Of the many thousands who have found transient homes here, I think their united testimony will be the same as mine.

The Libby building is three stories high and eighty feet in width and one hundred and ten feet in length. In front the first story is on a level with the street, allowing a space for a tier of dungeons under the sidewalk, but in the rear the land sloped away till the basement floor rose above the ground. Upon passing inside we enter a room about forty feet wide and one hundred feet deep, with bare brick walls, a rough plank floor and narrow dingy windows. This room with five others of similiar size and two basements floored with earth and filled with debris, composed the famous Libby prison, in which for months, thousands of the best and bravest men that ever went to battle have been confined and allowed to rot, starve, and be overrun with vermin, perish with cold, breathe stifling, tainted atmosphere, no space allowed us to rest by day, and lying down at night wormed and dove-tailed together like so many fish in a basket.

The name of Libby prison will appear to the mind and memory of all Union soldiers as that place where all manner of cruelties have been practiced, and will not be forgotten as long as one of them treads the earth. Oh ! my country ! the misery and hardships I am suffering for thee !

Some of us had been secretly warned that we were going to be searched and that our money and all our valuables would be taken from us. We hid our money in our shoe soles, buttons, and in any manner we thought would outwit the rebels. While we were thus engaged, a cruel looking rebel officer came in, followed by three rebel soldiers bearing a table and blank books. The officer called out: "Attention ! prisoners, form in line." Some guards were in front and rear of us and we were ordered not to move or talk.

The officer then said: "I am Major Turner, Provost-marshal of the City of Richmond, C. S. A. I am under instructions for my government to have you surrender to me your money and valuables. Your name, company and regiment will be carefully entered in this book, and when you are exchanged or paroled, it will all be returned to you ; for which I pledge the honor of the Confederate Government. I now give you an opportunity to save your money, and when I am through taking that which you surrender, you will be searched by men who are experts and all they find will be confiscated."

One of our men requested permission to ask a question ; it was granted. The comrade said : "Major Turner, as much as you are acting in the matter of the Confederate Government, will you, as its agent, give us receipts of that government for our money ?" No Sir, I am not here to fool my time away ; I am ready to receive your money and valuables." Considerable money was given up. The searching gang came in (and they understood their calling.) The money put in the brass buttons was lost. They tried the

button with the jaw of a knife, and if the button did not mash, it was cut off, because there was something in it. They found considerable money, but some was so well secured that it was not found. It is needless to say that we never had returned to us any of the money we gave up.

October 19th. Rations to-day half a pound of bread and four ounces of beef. Our guards changed yesterday. I think we now have a better set of fellows than those we had. They are more anxious to trade with us. Greenbacks in great demand; seven Confederate dollars for one of Uncle Sam's.

20th. Rations about the same as yesterday. We are thinking of home and friends. I have written a letter to my mother in Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa., to let her know of my capture and where I am. I hope she will get it, as I am anxious to hear from home.

21st. Rations served out early this morning. I have forgotten to mention before that there are about six hundred prisoners in this room, divided into squads of twenty. One man draws the rations for the twenty and cuts it up. Each man has a number from one to twenty. The twenty rations are put out separately on the floor, and one turns his back and the sergeant points to a ration and says, "Who takes this?" and the man with his back turned to the ration says- "one," "two," "five" or "ten," as the case may be, on up till the twenty are served. This is done to prevent the sergeant from showing any favor to any particular one.

22d. Rations the same as yesterday. The men despondent and anxious to get paroled or exchanged soon. There is a great deal of trading going on here in the evenings.

23d. Rations very small to-day; a mixture of corn meal and flour and only get about four ounces of that, and about three ounces of raw, half rotten bacon for the next twenty-four hours.

24th. Rations about the same as yesterday. Great rumors of a parole this morning. I wish they would hurry, as we are tired of this place and treatment.

25th. Half a loaf of corn bread and about a mouthful of beef. The rebels say their men only get the same amount. I hardly credit that, as they have an opportunity to get more.

26th. Greenbacks in great demand this morning; nine in Confederate for one greenback, as they are called here, So you see Yankee money is considered the best by far right here in the hotbed of secession,

27th. Prisoners busy making bone rings, tooth picks, chains, etc., and selling them to the guards. And selling boots, shoes, shirts, blankets, and in fact anything in order to get something to eat. Men very hungry--a great many weak and sick with hunger. Little we thought we would ever be in this predicament. I wonder if our government knows how we are treated. I hardly think the rebel prisoners in the North are treated like we unfortunate beings.

28th, No change in our rations. We hardly get enough food to sustain life. We cannot live on this treatment long. Some of the prisoners snatch bread and sausage from the guards who want to trade. They snatch it in the dark and then run among the crowd, and of course the guards go in after them; but trade in the dark for Confederate money. We will do almost anything to get something to eat. Some of the poor fellows are in such a state of starvation that they are reduced to mere skeletons and cannot live very long.

29th. Rations about three-quarters of a pound of bread, no meat, but a bucketful of bean soup for each twenty men, about twenty beans to the bucket—nothing more than warm water. It has the name of bean soup and that is all. Oh! what stuff! but we are glad to get almost anything to try to stop the cravings of hunger. God help us! If our friends in the North would see us and the pitiful condition we are in, it would bring tears to their eyes. Fathers, brothers and lovers doomed to a death of starvation among the F. F. V's; in the Sunny South, that land of boasted benevolence. Oh! what a pity that so many brave fellows must die this way.

Better for us if they would take us out in an open space and place us before a battery of cannon and blew us to pieces, than have us dying this way by inches. Some one will have a tremendous account to settle at the last day. To fall in battle is bad enough, but to be doomed to a hell of torture and misery is worse than a thousand deaths.

30th. Rations the same as yesterday. The guards are more careful in trading, and it is dangerous to snatch any more from them. They swear they will shoot. Ten of our men were taken out to the hospital from here this morning. That is the last of them, poor fellows. There were two of my regiment among them. We will never see them any more, as they are more dead than alive.

31st. Rations about half a pound of bread and about four ounces of beef to-day. These are the best rations we have received for over a week. Men very anxious to be exchanged so that we can get into our lines once more.

November 1, 1863. Some of the prisoners altering one dollar greenbacks into tens and succeed in passing them on the guards, who were furious when they discovered the fraud, but they have no redress as they are not allowed to trade with the prisoners. The guards content themselves by vowing vengeance.

2d, Great talk of sending us to Pemberton building, our old quarters, opposite here, They say they must make room for some officers that were captured and that Libby is going to be for them, so that all the officers will be in one place. Well, I think that the change will be for the better for us, as Pemberton is much brighter and we will have the sun shining in on us almost all the day, and that is quite a comfort, for in this place we cannot see the sun more than two hours any day.

3d. Moved to Pemberton this morning, and as a consequence, we did not get our rations till three o'clock this afternoon, almost starved waiting and not much when we did get it; four ounces of bread and two ounces of beef.

4th. Things same as yesterday.

5th. Rations a little better to-day. Guards shot at one of the prisoners this morning because he was looking out of the window. The rebels shoot a prisoner for looking at the light of heaven.

6th. No change in the programme to-day. Have nothing of interest to put down in my diary but hardships and misery, and plenty of that. No one can form an idea of what suffering there is here, and no pen can describe the hardships we have to endure, all through bad management in some department, either Union or rebel. There is talk of sending a petition to Washington to see if we cannot be gotten out of here. Our government should not allow its citizens and soldiers to remain in rebel prisons to rot and die. The rebels blame our government.

7th. About a dozen of our men taken to the hospital, among them one of my company. Don't expect to see the poor fellow again. One of the guards said to-day that they only take them to the hospital to get them ready for burial, and advised us all to stay where we are if we had any one to care for us, as at the hospital the doctors are all young fellows who have no experience and only practice on the prisoners. The old doctors are with the army tending to their own men.

8th. Saw Capt. D. B. Meany, of my company, at the window in Libby, opposite here. They say that the officers have all they can to eat. I wish we could say so.

9th. Rations three-quarters of a pound of corn dodger and about half a pint of bean soup for to-day. We are used to this and there is no use grumbling but make the best of it.

10th. Great excitement in the building this morning. One of the guards said we would be on our way home in a week, I hope so; Richmond and I will willingly part. There is something the matter to-day; we can hear the bells ringing. The guards say they are rejoicing over some victory. I hope not. I don't want to hear anything like that.

11th. Rations about the same; no change. Boys are getting slim of clothing, and in consequence are almost frozen these mornings. This place is filthy and full of gray-backs.

12th. There is great talk of our government going to send us something to eat. We would rather they would send for us. We would not require much coaxing.

13th. Rations half a loaf of corn bread, to last till this time to-morrow. The doctor is in the building now and he is examining the sick, sending the worst cases to the hospital. He said our government is sending us provisions and that they are at City Point now. Well, if that is the case, there is very little chance for parole or exchange this year.

14th. It is hardly worth my while to say what we had to eat to-day, but I must say something. Can see the rebel capitol and the dirty rag on top. We have a good view of it from here. It stands on high ground, almost in the centre of the city. Half a loaf of corn dodger and a spoonful of molasses to-day.

15th. Doctor in again this morning and sent five to the hospital. One of the prisoners died here last night. Cannot learn his name, but he is from some New York regiment. The Doctor said the provisions from our lines arrived this morning. One of the guards said he was going to have some of the Yankee grub or it would not be his fault. I expect they will get more of it than we will.

16th. One month in Richmond to-day. Little I thought they would keep us a month in this place. Rations very poor to-day,

17th. Reported to-day that all the Yankees in Richmond are going to be vaccinated.

18th. I went to the canal this morning with a squad of prisoners to get some water. Saw my Captain (D. B. Meany,) and had a friendly salute from him. He threw me a loaf of corn dodger. It was a god-send, for I was very hungry.

19th. Nothing but a half a loaf of dodger to-day. The guards say that Uncle Sam's rations will be issued to us to-morrow. Two prisoners died this afternoon from starvation. What fine looking fellows they were one month ago. Now they are mere skeletons.

20th. First of Uncle Sam's rations to-day. Quarter-pound of corn dodger, large biscuits and about half a pound of corn beef. Men feel more cheerful.

21st. Rations about the same as yesterday. Prisoners in high glee and think that something is going to happen when there is such a change in the programme.

22d. Great excitement this morning about the exchange of prisoners. The prisoned officers across the street in Libby shout to us that all is right now, that the Cartell has been resumed and all hands are going to be exchanged.

23d. Rations about the same as yesterday and we feel better. The rebs say we will get fat now since we are getting the extra rations. I think there are some here who will never get fat. Poor fellows! I have not received an answer to the letter I sent my mother in Bristol. Sent another to-day. Told her to send me a box for a Christmas present and put some shirts and notions in it. The rebel officers in charge of us say that any of the prisoners who wish to send word home for anything like clothing and edibles could receive them, as an agreement has been entered into by the commissioners on both sides.

24th. Rations good to-day. Have as much as we want now. Some of the prisoners who are weak eat too much since the U. S. rations came in and it almost killed them. Several taken to the hospital this morning in a poor condition. They are never taken from here until they are about dead.

25th. Very cold last night and a cold rain this morning. This is hard on us, as we have hardly any clothing. And oh! how filthy

it is here ! The prisoners busy themselves two or three times a day to try and rid themselves of the vermin which are crawling all around. There are about three hundred of us on this floor, and as many more on the second and third.

The following is a poem composed by one of my fellow prisoners and which I have copied :

Three hundred we are, all shattered and worn ;

Some by shells and bullets torn.

Three hundred we are, in one small room,

Paled by air and poisonous gloom.

Three hundred patriots, mark it well,

From many a quite northern dell.

Bow, our kindred, bow in shame,

We have lost our manhood's name,

And to our general's stern decree

We bow a feeble, childish knee.

Crawl like worms the freeman spurn ;

The oil of pride has ceased to burn.

Who is the general ? you may say,

That drills our noble boys this way ?

Their manhood's gone, they lap the dust ;

Like worms, shrink from a foeman's thrust.

My boy with craven heart left not

The shadow of our humble cot.

My husband, brother, too, are there,

No braver have their country's prayer.

Yet mothers, sisters, wives, 'tis true,

Who pity us, will pity you.

Starvation is our General's name,

Let history write the page of shame.

He comes at early dawn; at noon,

At night he whirls his pale platoon

In gastly line against the wall,

Like shades in death's Erebus hall,

His white pageant of polished bone

Gleamed like a mounted marble stone.

His sword clanks against a fleshless thigh,
He views us with a nervous eye.
Like castanets, his gauntlets play
Upon his bloodless arm all day.
And bow we must, with hearts so drear,
Like the humble beings we all are here.

'Tis General Starvation, mother dear,
I know 'twill bring the willing tear,
When I shall all the horrors tell,
Who reigns within this noisome cell
And starts my hand to trembling now,
And brings beads of sweat to my heated brow.

'Tis he who at my elbow sits,
And ever 'fore my vision flits ;
That makes this form a tottering pile,
Or crawling like the beast of gile.
His edicts, though cruel they be,
Fall heavier on you than me.

Yet mother when the time shall come,
And this sad wreck of life reach home,
The altar of his soul shall burn
No more on earth. The smouldering urn
Alone shall give a flickering flame
To light the dying soldier's name.

Nation's need he can no more supply,
"Go for your country and nobly die."
Those were my words through battle storms,
My heart has kept them ever warm.
Now must this country a father be
An ever faithful friend to thee.

One scanty meal per day he brings,
On four and twenty leaden wings ;
These wings are hours, long and rife
With clamoring elements of life,
Harrowing howls with senseless cry,
With bloodless lips and sockless eye.

Sits the grim visage of despair,
And peers in with idiotic stare,
While patience waits, and faints and dies.

. Richmond, Va., Libby Prison, Nov. 1, 1863.

26th. Rations very good for the last four or five days, but am afraid it will not last long.

27th. Rations for to-day three-quarters of a pound of biscuit and half a pound of beef. The doctor paid us a visit and said we were getting fat living so high. The guards will not allow us any privileges at all and say their government ought to shoot every d—n Yankee that is captured.

28th. Bitter cold last night ; no blankets ; some of the prisoners have hardly enough clothing to cover their nakedness ; rebels took almost everything when we were captured.

29th. Two doctors here this morning and they say that all hands must be vaccinated at once, that being their orders from the Confederate Government ; no rations to be issued in this room till the work is performed, so the quicker it is done the better.

30th. Sergeant Webb, of my company (B 13, P. V. C.,) and myself were vaccinated yesterday and immediately washed it off and put the cloth on again to close the guard's eye. Usual quantity of rations ; raining hard ; prisoners making bone rings, trinkets, etc. They want to take something home to remember this infernal place. I, for myself, need no reminder.

December 1, 1863. Rations not as large as yesterday but it does not do any good to growl. This building was formerly a tobacco warehouse, thirty feet wide and ninety feet deep, and contains three floors. There are about seven hundred prisoners here, and a dirtier, smokier, drearier and more unhealthy place, I cannot imagine where so many are huddled together. The poor fellows have little or no clothing, and what we have is filthy and ragged.

We are compelled to eat and sleep as best we can. We are treated more like hogs than men. Just think of it ! about three hundred men in a space 30 x 90 feet, lying all over the floor. If you want to go from one place to another, you have to walk on top of

those who are lying down, then you are called all the fancy names imaginable ; very fancy indeed. It is a wonder some of them are not black in the face in the morning, after using such language. Pity the poor fellow who is caught walking, for he is sure to get a sore head, as they shove him from one to another until they almost knock the daylights out of him. One poor, unfortunate fellow got badly pounded last night. There is very little mercy shown, so the best thing to do is to lie still until daylight. If we have to endure this long, I venture to say one-half of us will die before a month with disease.

2d. Rations a little better than yesterday. I hardly know what to put in my diary. It is always the same old thing. But I must do something to pass away the time, besides catching gray-backs. If they once get the best of you, it is a great deal of trouble to get rid of them. Some of the men here are neglecting to do it, and they are so despondent and do not seem to care what will become of themselves, and of course that makes it bad for those who are trying to keep themselves clear. Language will fail to convey any of the intense wretchedness one is compelled to endure in prison life in the South. A few who are themselves actors in the tragic scenes may rehearse the story of our individual experience and thus furnish a key, as it were, to unlock the gates through which others may enter and take a look. This is the only way in which the people at large can become acquainted with this thrilling portion of the war, and authentic and reliable statements are, therefore, of deep interest and importance.

3d. Rations took a little change this morning—half a loaf of corn bread instead of biscuit, with about six ounces of beef and about a half a pint of soup. Some of the men have nothing to put their soup in, and there is a great borrowing of cups, as not one-half of the prisoners have anything to get their rations in, and in many instances use their hats and shoes for that purpose. The guards say

we are lucky compared with the prisoners in the other buildings in Richmond. Rumor says that 1500 prisoners have arrived in Richmond inside of ten days.

4th. Rations about the same as yesterday ; no change worth mentioning.

5th. Prisoners at the old trade of exchanging with the guards for tobacco. I am glad I do not use the weed. Rations four biscuits and about four ounces of pork and half a pint of bean soup for to-day. Froze hard last night and quite a snow this morning. The guards say it is an unusual thing for this section. We can see the rebel capitol from here and a flag on each end of it. From the view I can get from the windows here, Richmond appears to be quite a large place and contains some handsome buildings. Our windows are iron barred like a Northern prison, and the guards will shoot any one who sticks his hands out or gets too close to the bars.

6th. Rations same as yesterday. The guards say to us : "Uuns are eaten' uuns' rations fast, and uuns will soon have to eat the corn dodger like we 'uns." That is the Southern dialect.

7th. Doctors in this morning examining the sick. A great many of the prisoners have sore arms from the effect of the vaccination. The doctors say they cannot account for it without it is that our blood is in poor condition. For the life of me I cannot see how it could be otherwise in such an infernal place as this.

8th. Things beginning to look blue for us since the cutting down of the U. S. rations. We now only receive about half the quantity we did formerly. Several of the boys taken out to the hospital to-day with their arms in a dreadful condition. I am glad that I washed my vaccination out, or I would be in the same fix as those poor fellows.

9th. Rations two biscuits and about four ounces of pork per man.

10th. Half a loaf of corn dodger, two biscuits and four ounces of beef; better than yesterday. We are glad of that, as yesterday's rations did not last long. I am under the weather to-day and cannot do or say much. One thing I must do as long as I can sit up, and that is what we call "louse." We are not particular who sees us, for all must perform the same work two or three times a day.

11th. Some of the prisoners have died from the effects of the vaccination, which gave them such sore arms. It is distressing to hear the moans of the poor fellows. They say that the vaccine was poisoned purposely to kill us. One of the guards boasted of it and said it was true. One of the prisoners was taken out to the hospital and had his arm amputated below the shoulder. The young doctors say they must have something to practice on and that a Yankee will answer the purpose as well as anything else. Rations the same as yesterday.

12th. Two months a prisoner to-day. What a change in my condition. I believe I am 25 pounds lighter. When I came in here I was clean and in good health. Now I am in poor health and I am sorry to say dirty and my rags are full of vermin.

13th. Rations for to-day three biscuits and about four ounces of beef; better than we have received for some time.

14th. Quite sick this morning and cannot get up off the floor. A severe headache, neck and head swollen, cannot go after my rations I feel so bad, but I hope I will be better to-morrow.

15th. Not any better to-day. I have not tasted anything since this time yesterday.

16th. A little better this morning. Almost frozen lying on the ground without anything under or over me. I ate a little soup to-day. I don't care for the rations.

17th. Feel much better to-day. I think it must be a heavy cold that I have, as I feel my bones all sore. About three hundred

cavalry prisoners passed by here this morning on their way to Barrett's prison, about two blocks down from us. They were well fixed; the most of them have their overcoats and look well. Poor fellows! they won't look so well two months from now.

18th. One-half of the prisoners will die from sore arms. They say that it is the same in the rest of the Richmond prisons. Some of the best men in the world are almost falling to pieces through the treachery and malice of the doctor against the Northern soldier. Brady of my company died to-day from the effects of the vaccine, his arm almost falling off. Poor fellow, how he suffered. This is getting to be a horribly sickening place, with suffering of all kinds, disease and starvation.

19th. Prison rations about the same. Not enough change the last three or four days to mention. The rebel guards say that there are five or six amputations every day now in the hospital, and it gives the young doctors a chance to practice in that line. While we were talking, one of the guards came up and said he was on guard at the hospital day before yesterday and was a witness to twelve amputations in four hours, three dying while under the influence of either. The guards say they will all die as there is no care taken of them after the amputation.

20th. The rebel quartermaster came into the building this morning and read off a long list of names, saying there were boxes for them from the North and to come and get them. While he was reading off the list, you could have heard a pin drop. Among the list was my name. Oh! how glad I was when I heard that name! About twenty of us went over to the quartermaster's storehouse and sure enough the boxes were there. We had to open them in the presence of the officer and two of the guards. He took everything out that he thought unlawful to pass into our hands. He took a book from my box called "The Collegians of Ireland," but I said nothing, for if I did, he would not let me have it at all, so I carried the box

over to the prison on my shoulder. A happier set of fellows never walked into Pemberton than we, with the boxes. The other poor fellows gathered around us to see the good things from home. My box contained one large sweet cake, tea, coffee and sugar, salt, pepper, writing paper and envelopes, two pairs of drawers and shirts, which I needed badly, stockings and several other things very useful in a place like this. It came in time for a Christmas present and more appreciated than any I ever received.

21st. Some of those that received boxes yesterday had some of the things stolen from them last night. Mine is safe. I had some tea this morning. How good it tasted. Gave some to three or four of the sick boys who are close to me. I wish I had enough to give them all some. Three or four of us belonging to the one company are going to keep watch over it by turns. And of course I have to pony up with them. If I don't do that, it will be all stolen from me in one night.

22d. Prison rations I care very little for at present. I forgot to say I received a ham and two dried beef tongues. How I do enjoy to go to my box and take a piece of boiled ham. I think it is the best thing I ever ate.

23d. I don't feel very well this morning. Probably been eating too much. I must be a little careful how I eat. It is very strange I do not get a letter from home. I sent two and they must have received them, or I would not have received the box. Three of us who received boxes got one of the guards to bring us in an armful of wood for us to cook our tea and coffee, and we paid him three dollars in Confederate money, which is equal to thirty cents in our money.

24th. Webb and Gallagher, two of my company, watched my box last night. Culberson and myself go on watch to-night. There is a great deal of stealing among the prisoners, and starvation is the cause of it all.

25th. Christmas Day, 1863, and still in the Confederacy. Thinking of our friends at home, enjoying themselves, and the condition we are in. The most barbarous country would hardly treat a prisoner thus. One of my regiment died last night. It was a relief to a great deal of suffering. There was a hole under his arm large enough to put your fist in. Rations two biscuits, half a loaf of corn dodger and two spoonfuls of molasses, for our Christmas present, but I will attend to my box to-day.

The Richmond papers state that the stench from the prison is endangering the health and the lives of all in the City, and it would be well to remove these "Lincoln hirelings" to where scant fare and cold weather would reduce them in number; consequently we will be removed to Bell Isle.

26th. Great talk of sending us to Bell Isle, but I hope they won't, for it has a dreadful name and there is no shelter there. To take us out of this building and put us on Bell Island would wind up our career, as two-thirds of us have barely enough clothing to cover our nakedness, not speaking of keeping us from freezing.

27th. Orders given for us to be ready to go to Bell Isle at two o'clock this afternoon, and pass the balance of the winter there. There are a great many of the prisoners here who cannot walk, and of course must be left behind. All hands move as soon as they get their rations, so the quartermaster said, "and get over to Bell Isle; Tote all your dirty rags with yo 'uns, as we won't have them here with we 'uns." One of the boys spoke up and said we would leave them with him for a New Year's present. I did not think so many of our number were disabled. I really believe that one half of them cannot get up. What agony when comrades must part in this way, knowing full well that we will never see each other again. Two brothers from a New York regiment, one of them almost dead and the other was taking care of him, and now they must part. They tried hard not to be parted, but they were not allowed to stay together.

This is part of the horrors of war. Some of the boys did shed tears notwithstanding their hardened hearts.

28th. About five hundred of us marched from Pemberton prison across the bridge to the other side of the James river, opposite Richmond, and then crossed a small bridge which brought us to Bell Isle. The space to be occupied by the prisoners is about six acres, enclosed by an earthwork three or four feet high, and with a ditch about five feet deep and six wide, to prevent any of the prisoners coming near to the grounds. There are about five thousand prisoners here. The part occupied by us is a low, sandy, barren waste, without the shadow of a single tree, and exposed to the chilly damp winds, with only a few tents with which about half of our number are protected from the severe cold and the other half are lying on the ground between the tents to keep the cold wind from them as much as possible.

29th. I was lucky in getting into one of the tents, so did Webb and Culberson. The reason we got in this tent was on account of what we had in our haversack out of the boxes. There are ten of us in this tent, if I may call it that, and I promised to pony up with them. Webb and I went to work and made a large can of coffee for all hands. Those poor fellows, how they enjoyed it. This is a horrible place. Pemberton we thought was bad, but nothing compared to Bell Isle. Very cold last night.

30th. Rations for the next twenty-four hours—about three-fourths pound of corn dodger and two spoonful of molasses to each man. Prisoners dying very fast here. A number of Pemberton men died last night. They say Uncle Sam's rations are all gone. Resorted to box and got a cup of tea, some cake and ham.

31st. Four hundred more crossed from Barrett's prison for here this morning. It is dreadfully cold on the Island this morning. It is not strange that life under these circumstances should become weary. It is a sad thing to have established on the pages of history. These poor defenseless soldiers not only to be deprived of their arms which

were so much their pride to bear and their glory to wield, but also deprived of every personal comfort and convenience and compelled to lie down exposed to the frowning elements of nature, and the still more pitiless abuse of mankind. It were scarcely possible to conceive of more persistent wholesale misery, deliberately heaped upon men, than agents of Southern malice have poured upon their Northern kindred. The tortures of the inquisition were horrible and we shrink with horror as we peruse the history of that period, Those terrible pages telling us how the flames rose from the fast kindling faggots and curled above the form of the martyrs as they were tied to the stake, have a power to stir our souls within us to their utmost depth, but who will say they are more dreadful than the slow burnings which eat out the vitals, leaving the tenement of clay a mere wreck before the spirit quits its frail abode, more to be feared than the lightening which prevents the play of life, more sure than the anaconda's grasp or the tiger's embrace.

There are some of these things which have to be taken as the natural consequences of war, but some of them are not. We know that the misfortunes and chances of war are privations, exposures and suffering, which is the inevitable lot of those who engage in the service, but we seldom hear our willing soldiers complain of these; it is the inhuman and inexcusable treatment they receive as prisoners. They bear their misfortunes bravely and patriotically, blaming only the conduct of our merciless enemies. Later in the history of this war, the people will become acquainted with the treatment of Union soldiers in the various Southern prisons.

January 1, 1864. Ten or twelve died last night, one out of my regiment. About one-half of the prisoners that were captured at the time I was, are sick. Rations very small and the good things that I got from home are almost gone.

2d. Rations three-fourths of a pound of corn dodger and a pint of bean soup for the next twenty-four hours. Hardly any of the

prisoners have anything to get their soup in, and it would make your heart bleed to see the poor fellows trying to get their soup in their caps and anything that will hold it. Two hundred more prisoners came in here this morning. They were captured at the Rapidan. They have their overcoats and blankets. Lucky fellows ! as they will have to sleep in the open air and on frosty ground.

3d. Received a letter from my mother this morning. It was dated Bristol, Nov. 15th, 1863. There were about four hundred letters for the boys. Walter Webb, my comrade, was very sick this morning ; made him a little tea. I must keep the tea and coffee for ourselves in case of sickness.

Some of the new prisoners have plenty of money and keep up a general trading with the guards, buying butter, eggs and wheat bread. I forgot to mention that we are divided into squads of twenty, and one man goes outside prison lines with the guard and brings in three sticks cord wood for the twenty men, and after that is divided up, we have to wait our turn for the axe, there being only three on the Island. We have not received any soap since we came here. We look like a lot of colored persons,

4th. Great demand for greenbacks ; ten in Confederate for one of ours. Prison rations the same for the last four or five days ; several fellows had their feet frozen last night and quite a number taken to the hospital this morning. A little time on this island will soon make one a fit subject for the hospital.

5th. Heavy rains this morning and freezing. Poor fellows sitting around small fires in some of the tents, with wet green wood burning.

6th. Rations same as yesterday. Great many of the prisoners sick now ; Bell Isle's history will be dreadful.

7th. Rations to-day half a loaf of corn bread and half a pint of boiled rice.

8th. Rations same as yesterday. Have a little left from the box yet, but very careful of it. Had a cup of coffee this morning. Froze hard last night and about six hundred of the prisoners who came in last night were almost frozen to death, not having any shelter.

9th. No change in the rations for the last two or three days. The part of the Island I occupy is the part nearest Richmond and washed on both sides by the James river,

At the place where the river unites again, the point of land running in between is very narrow, and here the prisoners meet in hundreds all day long to wash and draw water. You may think it is a very nice place, but no person can form any idea of Bell Isle as it appeared to us unfortunate creatures. It is very much crowded now, about eight or nine thousand prisoners being here, naked and hungry, and shivering with cold and suffering with vermin. And then you cannot walk five yards without meeting men answering to the call of nature, diarrhoea being very prevalent, rendering the camp a wilderness of filth, which requires a company of prison police to clean every day. Hogs are better cared for than us poor prisoners who are in the South. I wonder if our government knows how we are suffering in this hell upon earth.

10th. Rations half a loaf of corn bread. Froze hard again last night.

11th. Rations as usual ; the same kind and quantity ; no change whatever in the bill of fare. Sometimes when I look around and see so many fine fellows carried out dead, I think I will not write any more in my diary, expecting that the same will soon be my lot, and my diary would never be sent home to my friends. But then, again, I think I may probably pull through, and that spurs me on. It occupies my mind for a time at least.

12th. No change in rations. One of the prisoners was shot at by a guard this morning. The poor fellow saw a small piece of wood near the ditch, and in attempting to pick it up, he fell on the

ice, and as he was straightening himself up, a guard shot him through the lungs. He died in about an hour afterwards. Our lives are not safe here for one moment.

A sentinel may at any time of the day or night deliberately shoot any prisoner or fire into a group and he is not even taken off his post or the least attention paid to it.

13th. Rations half a loaf of some kind of stuff, I don't know what to call it. It is cobs all ground up and raw, also half a pint of rice.

14th. Resorted to the contents of the box this morning. Rations half a loaf of bread and two small raw turnips. The rebels say the turnips will give us an appetite and help us digest the corn dodger.

15th. It is reported that the flag of truce boat arrived this morning with political prisoners and that they are going to send a boat load of us North. I do hope that I will be one of the lucky ones. Rations a little better than usual.

16th. Some of the guards reported that Commissioner Auld (rebel) went to City Point to meet General Butler to make arrangements for exchange of prisoners. Rations same as yesterday.

17th. About five hundred more prisoners came on the Island to-day from Richmond. They say they are going to send all the Yankees they have in Richmond on this Island, so as to freeze them and get rid of them. Rations about the same. It is hardly worth while to mention rations and the quantity. There is not enough change to be of any importance.

18th. Railroad trains running all night towards the South. The guards say they are sending re-inforcements to Longstreet, who, the rebel papers say, was badly cut up.

19th. Three men found dead this morning; dying of starvation; no rations at all to-day; many taken to the hospital.

20th. Rations three-fourths of a pound of bread, half a pint of boiled rice, and about a gill of molasses. They say it is to make up for not getting anything yesterday.

21st. The prison police receive extra rations; and well they earn it; they carry the filth away in tubs and empty it in the James river. Heavy rain last night and this morning.

22d. We got rice soup and dodger this morning. One prisoner stabbed another to-day, the result of an altercation.

23d. Great joy this morning owing to the news of a speedy exchange and that every prisoner in Richmond and vicinity would be paroled or exchanged before the first of the month.

24th and 25th. Nothing transpiring.

26th. Guards report great excitement in Richmond about our cavalry making a raid on the city.

31st. Rations for the last four or five days the same, and I thought it was no use to use my diary, as I had nothing to put in it but starvation and suffering.

February 2, 1864. About five hundred prisoners came in here to-day. They were captured at the Rapidan and they say our army is in fine condition for the Spring campaign. Some of them cannot eat the prison rations, and as they have money, they can trade with the guards. They can get one hundred dollars in Confederate notes for a ten dollar bill of our money.

5th. The prisoners who arrived the second bought some beans, eggs and sausages from the guards and cannot get them cooked right; it is making them sick to eat it. I saw one of the prisoners gather up what one of them vomited, wash it off, cook it over again and eat it. Starvation will make us do anything.

Orders received here this morning that some of us would be sent to Pemberton prison and from there to City Point for exchange. About five hundred of us were taken out this afternoon and brought

over to the old place. Some say for exchange but others say that we are going to be sent to Georgia.

7th. Saw Captain Meaney, of my company, had a friendly salute from him. He made signs with his hands indicating that we were bound for Georgia. Rations to-day just twice as much as we received on Bell Isle. The men are in good spirits, thinking they are going to be exchanged. Some new prisoners came in to-day and were taken to Libby to be searched. Reports have it that Kilpatrick is making a raid on Richmond. The guards will not talk to us. One of them fired a shot from the guard room up through the floor. The ball passed through the third floor; on its way it struck one of the men on the finger and smashed it. Another man was struck on the head but not fatally, while standing at the window, and two other prisoners had narrow escapes, having been fired at. Possibly they are furious because of Kilpatrick's raid. It is evident they are alarmed at something.

8th. Left building this morning at 4.00 o'clock and marched to the depot and took the cars. The guards say we are going to Georgia (that is the exchange.) Each man receives a loaf of corn bread as he marches out of the building. There are six hundred of us, about sixty of us packed in each car. No seats, but lying in all positions tall swearing and fighting; remain in the cars all night.

9th. Arrived here at Raleigh, North Carolina, at 4.00 P. M., and will remain here all night.

10th. Four or five prisoners made their escape last night and several died in the cars. Started for Branchville, South Carolina, this morning.

11th. Arrived at Branchville this afternoon and changed cars and guards. Last time we will change until we get to Andersonville, Georgia,

12th. Several prisoners jumped off the cars on the Georgia Central Railroad in the night and made their escape. Several men too sick to take from Raleigh, so were left behind.

13th. Drawing close to Macon, Georgia, and the guards say we will remain there till morning and get something to eat. Arrived at Macon at about 9.00 P. M.

14th. Start out for Andersonville this morning; it is about 40 miles from here and we expect to get there about 2.00 o'clock this afternoon. I wish we were there, for I am tired of being in these old freight cars for the last four or five days.

Andersonville,

February 15th. Our train, after groaning and creaking along for five or six days, during which time there were many adventures, escapes and re-captures, at last reached its destination. The trip from Macon was nearly south over a railroad passing through a continuous stretch of dense pine woods and vine-tangled swamps. After a run of sixty miles from Macon, we stopped in a clearing, where there were few houses, and which we learned was Andersonville.

We were taken from the cars to an open piece of ground just east of the station. Looking eastward about a quarter of a mile we could see an immense stockade. The last few days of our journey we had no water and suffered from thirst; the car that I was in had been used for hauling lime, and had half an inch of lime on the floor. When they loaded us in at Richmond, Va., they put about sixty men in each car and any moving around would stir up the dust. Our lips and tongues seemed parched and cracked; two died in our car on this trip.

There was a small brook within two rods of us, but the guard line was between us and the water. I was pleading with the guards to let us go to the water when a little grinning-faced rebel captain on a gray horse rode up and shook a revolver in my face and said: "You--- -----Yankee, you must wait, or you got so much water wat you drown in putty quick." He rode around us several times,

bounding high in his saddle, flourishing a revolver and swearing at the guards and us alternately ; by this time we learned that this was Captain Wirz, the Commander of the prison.

We were ordered forward towards the big stockade, moving quietly and painfully along, our spirits almost crushed within us, urged on by the double file of guards on either side of our column of ragged, lousy skeletons, who scarce had strength to run away if given an opportunity. We neared the wall of great square logs, and massive wooden gates, that were to shut out hope and life from nearly all of us forever. The cheerless sight near the gate, of a pile of ghastly dead, the eyes of which shone with a stony glitter, the faces black with smoky grime and pinched with pain and hunger, the long matted hair, and almost fleshless frames swarming with vermin—gave us some idea that a like fate awaited us inside.

The guards knowing our desperation, used every precaution to prevent a break ; the artillery men stood with lanyard in hand at their canister, shotted guns being trained to sweep the gates. All being ready, the huge bolts were drawn and the gates swung open on their massive iron hinges, and we marched into that hell on earth. We felt we were cut off from the world and completely at the mercy of our cruel keepers.

The creek that runs through this pen was pointed out to us, and a rush was made for it, as we were nearly dead from thirst. The water soon became cloudy, and two comrades, to get the clean water, pushed above the dead line, and not knowing the danger, reached beyond it, and both dropped dead in the water, shot by the guards on the wall or stockade. We dared not move their bodies until ordered to do so by a rebel officer, who was some time in getting around. The water remaining red with our comrade's blood, stopped the drinking until their bodies were removed. We had not been in the stockade fifteen minutes until two of our number were ready for the dead pile we had seen outside the gates. The poor fellows,

however, missed the horrible torture which was planned for them and us, and which, if I knew I had to pass through again, I would cross the "dead line" and ask the guards to show me mercy by tearing my body with the ball and buckshot from their old musket.

About twenty rods southwest from the southern gates, on high ground overlooking the prison, was a large log house wherein were quartered the rebel officers. The Confederate flag floated from a pole in front of the house. Near this pole were two cannons or signal guns, used to warn the whole rebel force in case the prisoners attempt to break out.

At various places between the gate and this house, there were different instruments of torture ; viz., stocks, thumb-screws, barbed iron collars, shackles, ball and chain, etc. There were three kinds of stocks—one in which the prisoner stood on his tip-toes, his hands protruding over a piece of timber under which his head is crowded forward, another timber forcing the small of his back forward—in the second stocks, the prisoners sits on the ground with hands and feet elevated and fastened to a frame work in front of him.—in the third stocks there was a horizontal frame, the prisoner lying on his back with hands and feet fastened, the head being fixed in a standing head board, which moved outward until the body was in a painful tension. These instruments of torture were brought from where they had evidently been used to hold slaves in obedience. Our prison keepers seemed to handle them with familiarity.

About a half a mile northwest from the pen is a large sandy field, where the dead are carted und packed in trenches without boxes, coffins or clothes, and but a scanty covering of earth. Time drags slowly by, and we feel utterly God-forsaken and beyond the limits of civilization, our praying bands petitioning the Almighty to soften the hearts of our cruel keepers.

The confederate soldiers who did the fighting at the front seldom ever robbed their prisoners. My experience was that they were

well-meaning, humane and honorable, and would divide their drink and rations with their captives. They honestly believed they were fighting for their rights, and of them I have no word of complaint to offer.

The rebel Quartermaster, with an eye to business, put up a shanty about the middle of the northern half of the prison, and appointed two of our "Jay Goulds" and put them in charge of it. He then supplied them on commission with meal, peas, salt, sweet potatoes, tobacco and any article which it was thought would draw hidden money from the "Yanks." We call this the sutler's shop. Its goods were sold at incredible prices—a teaspoonful of salt, 25 cents; a small biscuit, 50 cents; turnips, 25 cents each; sweet potatoes, 25 cents each; and other things in proportion. The famished skeletons would stand around and look in on the good things, then consult their money, then their stomachs, and the money was turned over for the article. No one, except he was there in the prison can form anything like a correct idea of our appearance about this time. We had been in prison nearly five months and our clothing was worn out. A number were entirely naked; some would have a ragged shirt and no pants; some had pants and no shirt; another would have shoes and a cap and nothing else. Their flesh was wasted away, leaving the chaffy, weather-beaten skin drawn tight over the bones, the hip bones and shoulders standing out. Their faces and exposed parts of their bodies were covered with smoky black soot, from the dense smoke of pitch pine we had hovered over, and our long matted hair was stiff and black with the same substance, which water would have no effect on, and soap was not to be had. I would not attempt to describe the sick and dying, who could now be seen on every side.

The prison lot contains about 30 acres, located on two hills with a swamp between and a small stream running through the swamp. In this swamp the men of both hills meet to draw water,

wash, etc. We are served with raw rations consisting of corn meal and a small piece of bacon, so the men have to cook for themselves. A large number have nothing to cook in and bake little cakes on pieces of boards held before the fire.

The prisoners are divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy men, each of these detachments being sub-divided into three companies of ninety, with a sergeant in charge of each ninety. He takes their names, company and regiment and also their occupation and descriptive list, and when and where captured. Roll is called every morning and each sergeant must account for his men, and if he fails to do so, his company is kept in line or ranks until the absentees are found.

16th. Rations to-day one pint of corn meal, about four ounces of bacon and a spoonful of salt ; cook it the best we can.

17th. Yesterday a company of my detachment rode a Jew on a rail about the camp. He was absent from roll call and the company did not get their rations until two o'clock in the afternoon. Instead of nine in the morning.

18th. There were only five hundred prisoners here when we first came, but they are coming fast ; two trains a day for the last three days. There must be in the neighborhood of two thousand here now.

19th. Raining hard this morning. We were told that this was an elegant place for prisoners, a fine stream of water and comfortable quarters, but we know better now. You would pity us to see from five to twenty around a small fire trying to make mush in a canteen and bake cakes on a board.

20th. There are no buildings or tents of any kind, but lie out on the ground. Some of the fellows dig holes in the ground, and when it is cold or rainy they crawl in and are somewhat protected.

21st. I only wish I had some of the good things received from home, but alas, that was all gone two weeks ago. There is a wooden fence or wall around this pen, fifteen feet high. It is made of strong logs put close together and sunk five feet in the ground. The guards walk on a platform, their heads and shoulders above the top of the fence. About five hundred more prisoners arrived to-day from our old quarters, Bell Isle ; they look as hard as ever.

22d. Washington's Birthday ; thinking of friends at home,

23d. Rations the same for the last four or five days. The rebels have a large pack of bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting up any of the prisoners who may happen to escape, but I cannot see how any one can get out of this pen, it is so strong and guards are stationed all around, every fifty yards in full view. They call out the number of their post. It is quite amusing to hear them yell out every once in a while such words as these : "The Yankees are safe and the North is trembling ; make Georgia's soil rich with the black abolitionists ; bury them deep, let the crows have them ; free the nigger and enslave the whites ;" and all the slurs they can think of.

24th. Rations one sanitary cupful of corn meal and about three ounces of half-rotten bacon. Each man got about two spoonfuls of soft soap, something we needed very badly. I have an idea that it would take about two pounds to take the black off some of us.

25th. Five hundred prisoners to-day from Bell Isle ; prisoners getting sick fast ; four deaths yesterday ; a great many can hardly walk to the swamp.

26th. Rations a great deal better ; over a cupful of meal and about a half a pound of corn beef. Men busy all day sitting in the sun and picking themselves. I believe there is scarcely a pair of shoes in the whole place, prisoners all in their bare feet. When it rains, a few of them who have old blankets tie two of them together and stretch it over a pole and keep part of the rain and the night dew off. Ten died yesterday and last night. What a sight ! We are pretty looking soldiers now.

27th. More prisoners to-day. The rebels say they are going to send every damned Yankee that is in the Confederacy here before two months. Five more deaths yesterday and last night.

“Ye sons of Columbia, give ear to my story !
Come hear what I say and your blood will run cold.
'Tis of the poor prisoners confined down in Georgia,
But what they have suffered can never be told.
Deserted by friends and ill-treated by foeman ;
Starvation and hunger from morning till night,
And the hopes of our freedom can ne'er be awaking :
Our visions of hope are almost out of sight.

There is Lincoln and Seward, Gideon Wells and Old
Butler,
Who figure so high in this American war,
They must be devoid of all humanity and pity,
And resolved to leave us die where we are.
In Richmond, in Danville, besides down in Georgia,
Our bones they lie bleaching above the red sand ;
Although for our friends we may weep broken hearted,
We may never return to our own native land.

When Lincoln came out with his great proclamation,
Resolved, as he said, all the darkies to free,
He did not consider the mistake he was making,
Until it had spread o'er the land of the free.

When Butler tried to exchange us poor prisoners,
The negro rose up and stood in the way.
And Lincoln declared if he did not get Pompey,
The white and the black man together must stay.

And now to our fate we have bowed in submission,
Although hundreds and thousands are laid in the dust.
Two thirds of our number, the whole world may wonder,
Are laid neath the soil to moulder and rust,
Although our kind friends at home are waiting,
For those that may ne'er again answer the call,
'Tis those fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers.
All sigh that their friends in this manner must fall.”

28th. Rations the same as yesterday, There is plenty of fire-wood here just now, but how long it will last is hard to tell, as new prisoners are coming in all the time. Five deaths last night. Raining hard this morning and cool, but not as cold as it was on the Island. Quite a number sick.

29th, Rations a little better this morning—about half a pint of meal and half a pound of salt junk. We can live on that. The guards were re-inforced to-day, and they also brought four pieces of cannon here. They say they are going to make a slaughter-pen out of this place. A great number of the guards are boys and crippled old men.

March 1. 1864. Rations reduced to a half a pint of meal and four ounces of salt beef. We were also given a little soft soap. Four prisoners died last night. When a prisoner dies here, if his name can be ascertained it is written on a piece of paper and pinned on his breast, and then the body is hauled away in a wagon, one body thrown on top of the other, head to feet, in a previously dug ditch. These ditches are dug in rows about two hundred feet long and three feet deep, and about enough space between each row for a horse and wagon to drive.

2d. No change in food to-day. Men busy over the fire making cakes, mush, coffee and a variety of things, all out of corn meal. We can beat the cooks at home. Our recipes are varied and numerous.

3d. Four ounces of bacon to-day instead of beef. We prefer bacon for then we can get grease to fry our mush with. The blood-hounds make an awful noise when the keeper takes them out for practice, or drill as we call it. One of the prisoners smothered to death last night; his hole in the ground which he used as a shelter caved in on him,

4th. Nothing but a quart of corn meal to-day. I don't believe I weigh one hundred pounds; have been quite sick since yesterday and don't feel like doing anything, but will try and keep up, for it will not do to let your courage run down in a place like this.

5th. More prisoners arrived last night. They say Richmond is thinning out fast, but I can assure you Andersonville is full. Ten died yesterday. A great many have sore arms, that member dropping off completely, caused by the insertion of the poison in Richmond.

9th. I have been quite sick for the last four days and have not been able to attend to my diary. Well, there was nothing to mention except that a large number died.

10th. I am no better to-day and cannot do anything. Walter Webb gets my rations and makes a little coffee for me out of corn meal.

13th. I am a little better to-day and took a walk to the swamp to wash, and feel a little refreshed.

14th. About five hundred prisoners came in from Richmond last night.

15th. I feel considerably better this morning, although my bones are all sore and am quite stiff.

16th. Rations—a sanitary cupful of corn meal and six ounces of beef. Eight or ten deaths yesterday and last night. Five hundred prisoners arrived from our old quarters at Richmond.

19th. Nothing new last two or three days. Walter Webb, of my company, very sick to-day. Poor fellow, I must attend to him, as he did all he could for me when I was sick. We are going to take care of each other as long as we can.

20th. No change in rations. Webb is no better to-day. More prisoners from Richmond just came in. It is cool here nights and morning but pleasant during the day. Webb, Culberson, Gallagher and I have two blankets which we make serve as a tent.

21st. Some beans and a little soup added to the rations to-day. Webb is a little better, but Culberson is now sick.

30th. Nothing to say for several days, but I must do something. A large number of prisoners arrived from Danville prison. It is getting very much crowded here.

April 1, 1864. More prisoners from the neighborhood of Richmond, Va. Squads of four to six men are let outside of the gates each day to gather firewood for each ninety men. The poor fellows can't carry much but they are glad to get out and get some fresh air.

2d. Rations, the usual quantity of corn meal and six or eight ounces of rotten beef, but it must be eaten. The filth and vermin in this place is horrible. Oh, humanity! oh, Christianity! where art thou? Not in the Southern Confederacy, that I can testify to. Some strangers, men and women, came in here the other day, and when they saw our condition, they turned up their noses and laughed.

3d. They say that three or four of our men while out in the woods for firewood, over-powered the guard, took his musket from him, stripped him of his clothing, and then took him fifteen miles away and allowed him to go.

4th. Rations, pig feed, (corn meal,) about three ounces of salt pork and half a pint of beans. Three men above-mentioned were pursued, over taken and brought back here to-day and ball and chain put on them.

5th. Some more prisoners tried to get away last night. Capt. Wirz, the commander, is greatly excited; he rode through the camp on his horse, and no prisoner dared speak to him.

6th. Considerable fighting and stealing among the prisoners, It is not safe for one to have a dollar or a good overcoat, for you would be way-layed and killed, if necessary, to gain possession of the coveted articles. It is said there is a regular organized gang of thieves here. Deaths are on the increase all the time; from twenty-five to forty dropping off a day. The sun is quite warm now. God help us, if they keep us in this filth during the hot weather.

The dead-line is claiming its victims and the stocks and various instruments of torture are being patronized. The deep-toned baying of the bloodhounds breaks the morning stillness of the forest and swamps; some poor fellow has got beyond the guards and is being chased down. The sound of the hounds dies away and instead we hear the far-away tooting of a horn and the rebel cheer—the runaway is caught. In time they appear with him; he is led bleeding and torn to the stocks and fastened in the infernal machine. The maggot flies deposit their eggs in his wounds and he is punished for ten or twelve hours and then turned into the prison with wounds uncared for; a few days later we see him a working mass of maggots. The raiders, or prison thieves are getting bold. They are known as the “Collins Raiders,” and are growing fat from their plunder while many in the pen are starving to death. The prison is crowded to its very edge and it is impossible to keep from getting near the dead line. There are hundreds of crazy men in the pen who, in spite of our watching, would get to the dead-line; and many sane men would calmly fold their arms and step across it to end their misery. The guards in shooting the men nearly always wound or kill one who was not near the line; the bullet would pass through the body of the man it was intended for, and glancing on through the pen, would find a lodging place in some innocent man’s body. The number shot in this way could be counted by the scores. We were constantly in as much danger of being shot here as at the battle front.

8th. Great many of the prisoners sick with rheumatism, diarrhoea, scurvy and dropsy, and a great many are carried off. The hospital was removed outside of the stockade to-day to make room for more prisoners. The stream of water that passes through here runs from west to east, dividing the camp into two equal parts. The rebel camps are north and south of this stream, with breastworks and battery of artillery on each corner, south and east are the cook houses and west of all is the railroad depot, about three-fourths of a

mile away. The rebels wash their clothing and themselves in this stream, horses and mules are driven into it to drink, buckets, tubs and kettles belonging to the rebel camp and cook houses are washed here, and all the filth of the camps thrown into it; and then it runs through to us. We have to use it, although it is literally alive with vermin and filth of all kinds. If our friends could see us! I know it would make many weep to see the thousands of their fellows who only a short time ago held their heads high in honor and pride, keeping step to the soul-stirring martial music, now rotting in filth and apparently forgotten by their government. Just think of it! seventy-five deaths have occurred in the last 24 hours. At that rate it will not be long until we are all gone. There are about eighteen thousand prisoners here now and more coming in all the time; one shot by the guard to-day.

12th. Have not written in my diary the last three days. During that time three hundred prisoners died. Rations for the last week very fair—corn cob meal and a little over a half-pound of beef.

13th. Getting quite warm, which occasions a great many deaths.

14th. More prisoners made their escape last night. It is said they dug a hole under the stockade and got out that way. Captain Wirz is wild; says his hounds will make short work of them.

15th. Some more prisoners came in to-day. I did not learn where they are from, but, judging from their appearance, they have been captured recently. They have overcoats and blankets.

16th. Wirz gave orders to the guards that if any prisoner approaches the dead-line, shoot him on the spot, and if a crowd congregates near the entrance, for the artillery to open fire on them.

17th. Learned to-day that Sergeant Hope of Co. C, 13th, my regiment, died in Richmond. A number of boxes came to-day. Some of the prisoners are dissatisfied with their friends at home for their seeming forgetfulness.

18th. About five hundred more prisoners came in to-day from Cahaba, Alabama. Bernard Tolen, Co. D, died to-day.

19th Over a hundred deaths the last two days. Corn meal and bacon---a good change.

21st. Nothing to write yesterday. More boxes for prisoners to-day, Some of the boys are getting the boxes which were sent to their comrades who are now dead. Rebels report through camp that United States transports are at Savannah to take away three thousand prisoners, but we have been fooled too often to credit the report.

22d. Five hundred more prisoners came in this morning, being a part of those captured at Plymouth, N. C.

28th. Nothing to write lately. One thousand more prisoners have arrived from Plymouth the last day or two. We are getting very much crowded. A prisoner shot this morning for crossing the dead-line to get a piece of bread. There is a little railing around the stockade and about fifteen feet from it, and the prisoners are forbidden going inside this space, to prevent any meddling with the stockade, guards being posted on top.

29th. About a thousand new prisoners came in to-day. They were horrified to see the condition of things. I got a bag from one of the guards to-day while out after wood. I gave him a Testament which one of the new prisoners had given me, for it. I am going to make a shirt of it. Some of the prisoners made their escape last night through a small tunnel under the stockade.

30th. They say we are going to get cooked rations soon. I hope we do, as wood and cooking utensils are scarce. We cook cakes on boards and then lay them in the sun until the water dries out of them.

May 1st. Sunday rations—corn meal, rice and molasses. Fights all the time, day and night.

2d. Pint of cooked rice and a gill of molasses for the next twenty-four hours. Will have my shirt finished to-day.

4th. Six men shot within the last week. A Yankee made believe he was dead last night, and allowed himself to be carried out to the dead-house on a stretcher, and was laid alongside the dead. I hope the fellow will get inside our lines, but very few escape the bloodhounds.

7th. Rained hard last night and is still raining. Our drinking water is thick with mud and filth. I sometimes think everything is coming on us to hurry us off. Well, probably the sooner out of such misery the better, but I will keep up as long as there is a spark of life left in me. A great many get discouraged and die when they could prolong their lives with a little courage. But it is only a matter of time, as six months is considered a prisoner's life in a Confederate prison, although it has been eight months since I was captured. I am a mere skeleton.

8th. Received a pound of bread to-day, the first we have had since we came here, three ounces of beef, and a bucketful of rice to be divided among ninety men. How we wretches enjoyed it! The bread was made of yellow meal and somewhat resembled fruit cake—the flies taking the place of the raisins. Nearly all the old prisoners now have scurvy, the gums turning black and swelling beyond the teeth, and pouching out the cheek; the teeth become loose and drop out. The mouth becomes cancerous and the patient lingers and dies. In others the limbs turn black and swell to the greatest capacity of the skin, black watery sores open, gangrene sets in, and death shortly follows. The whole prison was a hell of torture and insanity. You could hear praying and groaning mingled with the laugh of the lunatic and cursing. The sun is growing hotter and the raiders bolder. The guards are more numerous, the stocks more terrible and the chain-gangs are full of victims. The ground

swarms with all kinds of vermin, and millions upon millions of mosquitoes come from the surrounding swamps to feast on our emaciated bodies; their buzzing hum adds to the bedlam of the prison, and with the hooting of the owls and the mournful notes of the whip-poor-wills, howled a requiem, broken only by the crack of the muskets of the murderous guards, or the sounds of their voices as they cry out the hour of the night from their perches on the stockade. I have lain on the battle-field in the solemn hours of the night, surrounded with dead and dying and listening to the piteous, agonizing cries of the wounded, but it is nothing compared to this den of misery and woe, the memory of which will be ever present to those who experienced it.

Nearly one-half of the old prisoners are dead and nearly all of those living are prostrated with scurvy and gangrene. There is a place outside the stockade where some of the sick are taken, but they are so poisoned by the stench of the prison, that nearly all die. Unless one was there, it is hard for the mind to grasp the magnitude of this hell on earth. There are nearly 30,000 young men who had been pronounced sound and healthy and the best material in the land, condemned to this hell of torture and misery. There seems to be no relief; we must rot in this living grave.

The raiders are having everything their own way; it is a common thing to find dead men in the morning with throats cut or heads crushed in. The raiders got so bold that gangs of them go about in daylight and rob by the wholesale; great talk of organizing the prisoners into regulars or prison police

9th. Eighteen prisoners brought in to-day from Sherman's army. They bring good news as to the movement of our troops. They say our forces captured four thousand rebels the day they were captured.

12th. About two hundred more prisoners the last day or two. Rebels greatly excited about something. A cripple was shot for going inside the dead-line. Taylor, of Co. D, died to-day. Rations same with the exception of a pint of vinegar for each ten men.

13th. John Moore, of my company, died to-day. About fifty prisoners to-day from Dalton. They say Dalton is in the hands of our army, and that Sherman is marching on Atlanta. The average deaths for the last week has been about sixty per day.

14th. About a hundred and thirty prisoners came in to-day—captured at Dalton. They bring good news concerning the movement of our troops.

15th. We can see wagons haul away the bodies from the dead-house, like so much dirt; as many as twenty bodies piled on one wagon. Upwards of fifteen hundred men have died since we came here.

16th. One thousand old prisoners from Danville, Va., just arrived.

17th. About seven hundred and fifty more prisoners, mostly from the army of the Potomac. They were greatly surprised to see so many prisoners here. Raining hard. There are millions and millions of all kinds of vermin here, flies, bugs, maggots and lice, some of them as large as spiders. If they once get the best of you, you are a goner. A great many of the prisoners are hopelessly crazy, starvation, disease and vermin being the cause.

18th. Rations for the last week have not taken any change. Weather getting warm. Thousands coming in all the time; more guards placed on duty.

19th. Corn bread and about three ounces of bacon for to-day. Some fifteen hundred prisoners came in last night and this morning—mostly from the Army of the Potomac. Great many prisoners suffering from scurvy; some of them are all doubled up and cannot stretch either limb; some have their gums rot and teeth drop out.

20th. What a sad looking place this is this morning; a heavy rain and thunder storm last night and we were almost drowned. No tents or shelter of any kind, and the rain poured down in unceasing torrents. Some of the new prisoners who made tents of their

blankets found them of little use. Culberson, Webb, Gallagher and myself compose the party of my company who have held together so long. Culberson's days, poor fellow, are numbered; he was taken outside to the hospital this morning. A few months ago he was a large, hearty, fine-looking fellow, but now—a total wreck. It is not always the largest and the strongest that can stand it the longest. I am weary and sick; sick in body and mind, and don't care whether I write any more or not.

21st. Fifty prisoners arrived yesterday, captured in Florida. Raining hard to-day. The raiders killed a man last night. Prisoners dying of dropsy; when they are dead, their bodies swell up as large as barrels. There is quite a fight over a dead man's pants; when a prisoner dies, his shoes, stockings, shirt, pants and cap are stripped from him. One prisoner will almost kill another to gain possession of them.

24th. Quite a number of visitors here to-day to see a real live Yankee; he is quite a curiosity, especially in this predicament.

25th. Five hundred more prisoners to-day from Gen. Sickel's command. Getting very warm and vermin multiplying; our water is full of maggots and filth.

26th. Raining hard again to-day. Mud and filth are our bed-fellows. Six hundred more prisoners this afternoon. I am somewhat crippled, myself, but manage to try and wash and keep clean, that is the principal thing. One hundred have died within the last 24 hours.

27th. Rations, half a loaf of corn bread and two ounces of bacon. Prisoners complaining of our government allowing its soldiers to remain so long in misery and suffering.

28th. Eleven hundred prisoners arrived last night, chiefly from the army before Richmond. A great many deaths yesterday but could not learn the number. The rebels are now trying to conceal the number of deaths, but before they were glad enough to tell us how many died. Evidently they are getting alarmed.

29th. Bread to-day. They say they must give meal to one half and bread to the other half on alternate days. Raiders are getting worse every day. Some prisoners escaped from the guards yesterday while out after fire-wood ; Captain Wirz started the blood-hounds after them.

30th. An order from Capt. Wirz has been read, that each Sergeant who passes men outside the gate must sign a paper for the safe return of the men thus detached, and any violation of that order on the part of the squad will be punished by stopping their rations until the escaped have been brought back.

31st. Some of the prisoners while out after wood trade with the guards for onions, potatoes, beans, etc., and bring them in here and sell them for exorbitant prices—one dollar for an onion and the same for a pint of black beans.

June 1st. Rations very small. Five hundred prisoners came in this morning. One man was badly beaten by the raiders last night ; he said they took a watch away from him that his mother had given him as a birthday present when he was twenty-one, and he would almost as leave lose his life.

2d. Eggs are selling at fifty cents a piece ; a solid inch of soap, fifty cents ; one head of cabbage, one dollar ; a shaving and hair cutting saloon has been opened in the swamp.

3d. Those stores are doing quite a business, especially among the new arrivals, who have plenty of money ; it requires a large amount. Weather is getting warm and what a terrible smell there is.

4th. Deaths increasing every day—almost as fast as they are coming in. God help us ! no tongue or pen can describe, or imagination portray, how horrible is this hell on earth.

5th. Raining hard all day ; some cases of small-pox here. There will be no help for us if that disease once gets started. It made me sick when I heard that news, but I will trust in God for He has protected me through twenty fights and skirmishes and through all

the hardships and sufferings of prison life for eight months, when many of my comrades who were captured with me are gone. I believe half of the 127 of my company who were captured with me are dead.

6th. Three hundred more prisoners came in this morning from Sherman's army. They are of the opinion that Atlanta will soon be in the possession of our troops. Raining to-day ; the two men who escaped the other day were brought in and put in irons ; one of them had the flesh torn from his legs.

7th. Raining again to-day ; men lying out in the rain and mud, sick and suffering ; thirty deaths reported from small-pox within the last week.

8th. Got a diary from one of the new prisoners ; glad of it, for mine was almost full. He said I was doing something he could not do. Well, I commenced it and it comes natural to me now, besides, it occupies my mind and gives me some exercise twice a day going from one end of the prison to the other hunting up news. I will soon have to lookout for a new pencil. This is the fourth piece and it is very short. I could not find my cap this morning, but watched my chance among the dead and got another. It is about four sizes too large for me, but as I will not go to see my sweet-heart for some time, it will have to do.

9th. Raining to-day ; it has rained every day this month, adding much to the suffering of us poor creatures. Several detachments got no bread for two days ; they don't know the reason, but I suppose they have the shorts as usual. One man was drowned in the swamp this afternoon. New potatoes sell at one dollar per dozen. I couldn't buy any even if they were a cent a bushel.

10th. Raining as usual. Eleven hundred and forty prisoners came in this morning from the Army of the Potomac ; they bring no news of any kind.

12th. Raining all day yesterday and last night. One hundred and nine have died in the last twenty-four hours.

13th. Raining all the time ; men dying constantly from the effects of the rain and exposure, having no shelter of any kind.

14th. About a thousand prisoners came in to-day from the Mississippi, stripped of blankets, coats, shoes, money, watches, rings, and in fact, everything was taken from them ; they said after their capture they were treated in a most barbarous manner.

But evil for good they returned,
Insulted and abused us ;
Our prayers, our tears, they mocked and spurned,
And worse than brutes they used us.

It was reported that General Sherman sent a large force of cavalry to release us. When Wirz heard of them coming, he issued an order to the commander of the artillery to be ready, and when the Yankee cavalry got within seven miles of the pen, to open fire on the prisoners with grape and canister and to continue firing as long as a prisoner lived : but our cavalry was defeated and a part of them captured and turned into the pen with us.

15th. Raining again this morning, but the sky promises a fine afternoon. It is not worth while to state the kind and quantity of rations we have been getting, as there has been no change.

16th. A fine morning, but everything is wet and mouldy in consequence of so much rain, it having rained every day this month. The raiders attacked a new prisoner this morning and beat him unmercifully. They are a hard looking set of cusses ; they have a leader named Collins, and are called "Mosby and his gang," after the notorious Mosby. A great deal of trading going on—the peddlers becoming a great nuisance ; wood is in great demand, a handful is worth fifty cents. Hardly anything can be obtained for less than half a dollar.

17th. A great many deaths in camp daily. It is clear and warm this morning, and I think I will take a stroll through camp this afternoon, as I have not been around much lately, it having been so wet.

18th. Some of the raiders at work again last night. The prisoners are talking of organizing a police force for protection. Three hundred and ninety more prisoners arrived this morning, having been captured in front of Richmond. Among them were D. A. Callahan, Sergeant Major of my regiment; he did not know me, I had changed so. I don't wonder, as my weight has dropped from 150 to about 100 pounds.

19th. One of the raiders arrested by the police this morning for stealing from one of the prisoners. He was sent out to the rebel guardhouse, as Wirz had given the police authority to send them there. I hope this will lessen the crimes committed here.

Since Satan loves the wicked race,
To him we'll quickly send them;
In hell they'll rue the want of grace,
Then may the devil mend them.

It is reported that the body of a man was found buried under a tent occupied by the raiders. Several fights between the regulars and the raiders; dug-outs and huts were torn down, sticks and poles being used by both as weapons; the "Regulars" were strong in numbers, while the "Raiders" were strong in flesh. The battle lasted all day, the raiders were overpowered and over one hundred of them were arrested and taken outside the stockade and put in the rebel guard-house for safe-keeping.

20th. A great many sick taken out to the hospital every day.

21st. Man was shot at the dead-line last night by one of the guards. Some of the detachments have not had any fire-wood for several days, and cannot cook their raw rations. Another raider arrested to-day and sent to the guard-house. Report says that all the leaders are going to be arrested and tried for murder; there is evidence against them that they have killed several of their fellow-prisoners.

22d. The rice we receive is hardly fit to eat, because of so much handling and measuring. I think we make a piteous spectacle standing in squads of thirty around a half bucketful of rice, in the midst of a drenching storm, thunder rolling over our heads, waiting for our rations of rice, which resembles slop. The men that have old tin cups are considered lucky, while others receive theirs on pieces of boards, and in bags made out of pants legs, and caps. Now imagine, if you can, the men eating that rice with a relish with their dirty black fingers. So much for starvation in the "Sunny South."

23d. The new addition to the stockade will be finished in a few days and that will give us more room. Number of deaths increasing in an alarming manner ; some fall dead while walking.

24th. Four more of the raiders arrested yesterday and sent to the guard-house, where they put a ball and chain on them.

25th. Four more of the raiders arrested this morning, including Collins, the leader of the gang. It is reported they are going to be tried, and if found guilty, to be hanged.

26th. Capt. Wirz came into camp yesterday and ordered the chief of police to have all the leaders of the raiders arrested and sent to the guard house.

27th. Don't feel very well to-day ; I am all broken up with rheumatism, caused by rain and exposure, having only one old torn blanket for the four of us.

28th. The camp to-day presented one of the wildest scenes I have ever witnessed. The balance of the prison thieves were arrested, but not until after a general fight had taken place, in which clubs and knives had been freely used ; four or five men were killed, but the raiders were overpowered and taken to the guard-house.

29th. The new addition to the stockade was opened to the prisoners this morning. They were scarcely in and the guards taken off, when the prisoners commenced tearing down the logs for fire-wood ; I never saw such a scramble.

30th. No rations to-day ; the rebels say it is to punish us for destroying the stockade.

July 1, 1864. The prison Sergeants were ordered to write out new company rolls this morning, there being so many deaths and sick in the hospital, that there are very few of the old prisoners left ; this is regarded as a good sign for parole or exchange. The weather is very hot ; several shots fired at the prisoners last night ; one man shot in the knee ; over a hundred deaths reported yesterday. I am almost crippled with rheumatism ; there are many cases of insanity, the poor fellows not knowing what they do, wander inside the dead line and are shot.

2d. The raiders were tried and convicted yesterday ; the six leaders were found guilty of murder in the first degree by the jury and sentenced to be hanged.

3d. We cannot live long on the quantity of rations we have been getting. Thinking of our friends at home who are preparing to celebrate the Nation's birthday of freedom to-morrow ; they do not imagine the condition of us poor sufferers in this accursed place.

4th. No rations of any kind to-day ; this is the way the rebels intends us to celebrate the Fourth. A thousand deaths would be preferable to this intense suffering ; I have been in twenty engagements and skirmishes, and would rather be in twice as many again than endure the tortures of this hell.

5th. Captain Wirz sent for all the sergeants of squads and told them he was informed of an organization in camp numbering six thousand men who were resolved in breaking out of prison, and capture the guards, muskets and artillery ; he admonished us to beware, for he was well prepared, night or day, and would not be caught sleeping ; he read an order to us received from Richmond, instructing him to open fire when any demonstration was made ; he said he would do so with grape and canister, and would not stop while a man

was left kicking, inside or out. He has two white flags up, one on each hill inside of the stockade; warning us not to congregate in crowds outside of those flags or he will open fire on us.

6th. Rations, one pint of meal and two or three spoonfuls of beans and two ounces of bacon; prisoners almost crazy with hunger; there is a gang of men in here this morning selecting a place to build a scaffold upon which to hang the six raiders; I think they are only doing this to frighten the balance of them.

7th. It is reported this morning that one hundred and twenty-five have died in the last 24 hours; it is comparatively quiet here now since the raiders have been arrested; and we have a good strong police force of about four hundred men, who are divided into squads with a captain in command of each; two-thirds of the prisoners cannot stand or walk, but lie around in all positions.

9th. Men came in to put up the scaffold to-day, and to their great astonishment there was no lumber; the prisoners carried it off during the night for fire-wood and this morning not a stick could be seen; when the news reached Capt. Wirz he was as mad as a hornet and drove all through the camp with twenty of his guards, but could not find any of the lumber; he went out cursing the thieving Yankees; he carried four revolvers.

10th, One hundred and fifty-two prisoners have died within the last 24 hours; they say almost as many die in the hospital as here. It is said the raiders will be hanged to-morrow, and that is the chief topic of conversation. It is awful hot here now; the sun almost melts us.

11th. About twenty men came in this morning to put up the scaffold; rations served at nine this morning; the rebels say the raiders are to be executed this afternoon, as soon as the scaffold is finished.

It had become known about that we were going to hang some of our own men. When the appointed time arrived, a large crowd of

citizens—men, women and children, gathered on the high ground between the principal forts and the prison to witness the hanging. Captain Wirz was alarmed and excited, fearing we had some Yankee trick on hand to get up a commotion and all break out and capture the place. He had the whole rebel force under arms and the cannon of all the forts loaded with grape and canister and trained on the prison.

Everything was ready to fire at the signal. But this act created an exciting scene, which Captain Wirz thought was the expected break. He ran to the signal battery yelling "Fire! fire!—shoot! shoot!" The Captain of the battery being a man of cool judgement, did not obey Wirz. The citizens and guards who were in the way of the cannon stampeded into a regular panic, injuring many of the citizens. Had the Captain of the battery obeyed Wirz, there would be 24 cannon loaded with grape and canister opened upon that human mass in the prison. The 35,000 lives in the prison hung on the firing-cord of that signal gun.

LATER,—5.00 P. M. The six raiders were hanged this afternoon; it was an awful sight; the judge, jury, etc., were all prisoners, no rebels participating at all. At about half-past four, Captain Wirz rode into camp at the head of the guards who had the condemned men in charge to the scaffold, and delivered the sentenced men to our police, who stood around with clubs. One of the condemned men escaped through the crowd to the swamp but was soon brought back.

He knows that he has gong astray,
And sees the danger of his way,
And to the right would turn again,
If a pardon he could gain.
Not for the crime he would repent,
But much he fears the punishment
The spoils he got among the throng,
He had hoped would serve him long.

The six men were hanged together ; after hanging about twenty minutes, they were taken down and carried out to the dead-house. I was one of the six who carried Mosby, the leader, out, and was glad to breathe fresh air for a few minutes.

July 12, 1864. All the talk in camp is about the hanging of the raiders. The scaffold upon which they were hanged was all carried away in an hour by the boys ; I have a piece of it which I want to take home if I ever get out alive. The raiders were buried this morning ; the number of deaths in camp reached its highest mark yesterday, one hundred and eighty-five having died. I don't wonder, as everything is composed of dirt and filth ; the stench from the swamp is sickening and the water full of maggots and all kinds of vermin, which we must use or die of thirst ; there is a spring inside the dead-line, but cannot get to it without running the risk of being shot.

13th. We are suffering very much from heat, as we have no shelter of any kind to protect us from the scorching sun ; we are almost all barefooted and hatless. Have not heard how many died yesterday, but think from the heat there must have been a great many ; the wagons have been busy all day hauling away the dead ; they use a regular hay wagon, and when they throw in one body upon the rest, you can see it shake the whole load. Oh ! what a horrible sight !

14th. One of the guards shot at a man this morning but missed him and struck a prisoner who was sitting smoking his pipe, hitting him in the upper part of the jaw, passing out at the opposite side, cutting his tongue in two. Ten detachments get one load of wood per day for twenty-five hundred men. Oh ! only God in heaven known how we are treated.

We suffer much, we suffer long,
Beneath their vile oppression.
Nor could they say we did them wrong,
Theirs was the first aggression.

15th. Rations, one pint of corn meal and about twenty beans and three or four ounces of bacon, all raw and no way to cook them.

16th. The rebels are engaged in throwing up breastworks and making rifle pits all around the stockade ; we can see them at work. They are evidently afraid of Sherman's raid or Kilpatrick ; they would as soon see the devil as the latter general. Deaths average about one hundred and twenty per day, and the rebels say it will take us all away in August, as that is the hottest month in the year in Georgia.

17th. It is terribly hot here. Another prisoner was shot by the guards this morning ; he was taken sick while near the dead-line and was vomiting, and had hold of the railing to support himself when the guard, who was only twenty feet from him, shot him, the ball passing clear through his breast ; he belonged to a New York regiment. They say when a guard shoots a prisoner he gets thirty days furlough. I guess that accounts for the shooting of so many prisoners.

We are truly in a wretched condition, and the gigantic, the proud, the boasted republic of the world, America is allowing its citizens, its soldiers, its volunteers to remain here to starve, to rot, and to die.

18th. Captain Wirz drove through the prison to-day ; the men hooted at him, but he paid no attention to them.

19th. Upwards of seven thousand prisoners have died in the stockade since I came here, not including the number who have died in the hospital.

20th. One hundred and thirty prisoners died yesterday ; it is so hot we are almost roasted. There were 127 of my regiment captured the day I was, and of that number eighty-one have since died, and the rest are more dead than alive ; exposure and long confinement is doing its work among us.

21st. The rebels have erected large forts and breastworks around the camp, to keep us from making a break to get out. There are thirty-seven thousand men crowded into a space of thirty-six acres.

There are in this place active young and middle aged men from loving northern homes, clinging to the last spark of life, wallowing in their own filth, many of them reduced to idiocy and some cannot speak, the ground under them giving off the most suffocating stench to mingle with that of bodies decaying in the hot sun. Sometimes we would go and carry them water, of which they would drink, but the stench would drive us away before we could serve all. They would stretch out their wasted hands and implore us by word and signs to give them water, but the glassy stare of their eyes telling us they would soon be out of misery, we leave them to die; we have all the sick comrades we can care for and we must not neglect them for those we cannot save with the means at hand.

The churches of all denominations except one solitary Catholic Priest, Father Hamilton, ignore us as completely as they would dumb beasts. Father Hamilton was the only religious minister that I ever knew to come into this place, and I certainly believe he is a true Christian. He would minister the Catholic and Protestants alike. Some of the rebel doctors were kind-hearted and shed tears over our distress, but they were powerless to give relief under the Management of "Jeff" Davis and his assistants, Winder and Wirz. This starving strain on the weakened constitutions of the prisoners carried them off by the hundreds day after day. Wirz was a low, ill-born wretch of the most brutal type. He seemed to delight in, and took pride in showing the guards how he could knock down and kick the poor helpless imbecile prisoners, who were so idiotic that they could not understand him, and would stand and stare vacantly at him when he spoke to them. He practiced the most brutal and barbarous cruelties on this class of helpless prisoners. A large number of

those who had been in prison over a year were now insane. They seemed to lose all power of speech and memory ; they could not tell their own names, and did not know whether they had been in prison one day or one year. If spoken to, their only answer would be a far-away look, as if they were trying to recall something beyond the reach of their memory. They wondered aimlessly about and kept their comrades constantly watching to keep them from the dead-line. Many were murdered at the dead-line. The gangrene is terrible ; prisoners are rotting and falling to pieces from its effect. God save us poor fellows !

22d. Nothing of any importance to state to-day ; it is comparatively quiet since the raiders were hanged and the police were organized. Jeremiah O. Mahany, of my company, is Chief of Police. A great many men get sun struck, and men who lie out in the sun sick are tortured to death by flies and vermin.

23d. Excitement in camp over the rumor of an exchange of prisoners ; I will not believe it until I am inside our lines—we have been fooled so often.

24th. There are about two thousand sick in the hospital, just outside the stockade ; five or six legs and arms are amputated every day, which gives the physicians great practice.

25th. No change in our bill of fare.

August 2, 1864. Have been sick nearly a week ; am totally used up with rheumatism, but feel a little better this morning. Nine men went to our lines to-day with a proposal to our government for the exchange of prisoners ; if the exchange does not soon take place, there will be none left to tell the tale of the suffering and horrible treatment in the slaughter pen at Andersonville. One of the guards was accidentally shot outside the gate this afternoon and killed.

3d. I am better to-day but it makes me tired and stiff to walk much. About one hundred and fifty have died in the last twenty-four hours ; I forgot to mention that Culberson of my company died

in the hospital ; I did not learn when the poor fellow died ; that leaves only Webb, Gallagher and myself out of my company who are alive.

4th. Great excitement here this morning owing to some of the prisoners tunneling out under the stockade last night ; it appears they had been working at it for over two weeks. Wirz came in and examined the tunnel this morning ; he said the bloodhounds would soon catch them.

5th. Wirz came in this morning with twenty guards ; he said he heard there were two or three more tunnels ; but after a diligent search he could not find any signs of them ; The Yankees will fool him again, as he passed over two that I know of.

6th. It is terribly hot ; Wirz was in again this morning with his bodyguard ; he is afraid to come in alone, as there are many who will kill him upon the first opportunity.

The stern arm of vengeance against them we'll raise,
And around them the flames of our bitterness blaze,
For we swore they should pay for the deeds they have
done ;

And we ne'er will relent—not a tyrant we'll spare,
But hang them on gibbets to rot in the air,
Till those that survive them confess that they feel,
That our army's resistless, and our hearts are of steel.

I learned this morning that one of my regiment got away with those who tunneled out. I witnessed an amputation this afternoon ; a prisoner got a sore on his foot and it was decided to amputate it. He did not want to go to the hospital as his brother is here to take care of him, and that accounts for the amputation being performed in the stockade.

We point with pride to the thousands of graves and say, these comrades chose the most cruel death rather than dishonor their country in any way by assisting the enemy to destroy it by taking the oath of allegiance, which they often tried to induce us to do.

Under the most trying circumstances, naked and starving, and raked with pain and disease, with certain torture and death staring us in the face, did we refuse to oft-repeated offers of relief by enlisting in the Rebel Army or working in their shops. Those young men gave up all their bright hopes and prospects of loving homes and pursuits of happiness and submitted to cruel torture and death, believing that their sacrifices and deeds of heroism would ever be kept fresh in the memory of those who would enjoy the freedom for which this price was paid. There are many ungrateful people who would, no doubt, repress the recital of these comrades sufferings, claiming it would only breed sectional hatred, and that these stories are written and told in a spirit of animosity. To this I will say, I know that the truths written and told of these prison hells are very unwelcome to this class of people ; but remember, we do not hold the masses of the people or the soldiers of the South responsible for the cruel murder of our fellow-prisoners. For these misguided people we hold the greatest respect, except for those who admire and applaud those bad bold men who wantonly and premeditatedly did murder their helpless captives. Again we are told that Jefferson Davis and his officers did not have the provisions to feed their captives. This excuse was removed by our government offering to furnish food, clothing and medicines, which was refused. We know that they had no excuse for denying us pure air, water, room and means of shelter. We begged and pleaded with tears in our eyes that we be permitted to save our lives by ditching and draining the swamps in our prison pen and getting the material from the adjoining pine forest to shelter us from sun and rain.

To those that say Jefferson Davis and his cabinet did not murder their captives, we ask them to discard all testimony of Union soldiers and take the evidence of Southern people and the Confederate records. Examine the report of the Confederate surgeons appointed to inspect the prisons, and you will see where they hastened

back to Davis and reported to him the destruction of life there ; see where they recommended the removal of the inhuman keepers and the appointment of humane keepers in their stead. You will see that Davis did nothing of the kind, but he did promote John H. Winder to the command of all the prisoners in the South, with full power to torture and murder as he pleased ; and when you have examined all this calmly, if you have one spark of humanity in you, you will never express your admiration for that perjured murderer and his traitorous advisers. All this does not effect us ; we have seen nothing but misery for over a year and a half. I do not believe that ten out of every hundred will ever reach the friendly shelter of the Stars and Stripes.

Col. C. T. Chandler of the Confederate army was sent by Jefferson Davis to inspect Andersonville prison. He performed his duties carefully, and in his report to Davis, he said : "I called the attention of Captain Wirz and General Winder to the frightful mortality that must certainly follow the crowded and filthy condition of the prison, and pointed out to them how this could easily be remedied, and recommended a change in diet from corn meal to one of vegetables, of which there were plenty in the surrounding country ; to all of which Winder indifferently replied, "The present arrangement is good enough, as it is having the desired effect, and if let alone, will soon thin the prisoners out so there will be plenty of room."

Col. Chandler hastened to Richmond, made his report and recommended change of the officers in charge of the prison. The result was that Jefferson Davis promoted John H. Winder to be General in command of all the prisons in the Confederacy. Who will say with any pretense of telling the truth that "Jeff" Davis is not a murderer ? Where is there a man in existence who has such a pile of murders and brutality untold at his door ? That thousands of murders committed on helpless captives in the Confederacy were done with his full knowlege and permission, there is not a shadow

of doubt, and we need use only the Confederate evidence and records to prove it, and say nothing of the 15,000 graves at Andersonville—that harvest of death reaped from thirty-six acres of ground in one year and a half, and upwards of 4000 of that number in one single month.

Time was moving slowly and we were rapidly sinking into depravity. We had told all the stories we knew and heard and all our neighbors knew. Every scrap of paper that had any reading on it was worn out. Several fights took place daily among the prisoners. Men in our condition were sure to be peevish and irritable, and the best of friends would quarrel about a trifling matter. The “light-weight” would get on his feet, stagger around and then balance in front of his opponent ; stinging words would pass, and then the bony fist launch feebly out ; it misses the mark and the owner following goes to the ground ; the other fellow is trying to ward off the blow, loses his balance and falls. This ends the fight, as they are too much exhausted to renew it.

7th. Nothing new to-day ; there is a stench of things rotting in the heat.

8th. The hounds tracked the men who got out, and one fellow was torn so badly that he cannot live ; the number of deaths is running up ; about two hundred die each day ; I will try and keep up my courage and trust in God to get me out of this place.

11th. Nothing of interest in the last day or so. Thomas Kelly of Co. H died this morning. The sun is a regular furnace. An order was read to us this morning stating that a general exchange of prisoners was to take place.

12th. Ten months a prisoner to-day and what a change !

13th. It still keeps hot and deaths are increasing in an alarming manner ; ten detachments, or about a thousand prisoners are to leave here to-day for the point of exchange, so the rebels say.

14th. About twenty-five hundred left to-day.

15th. Between three and four thousand prisoners sent off to-day.

16th. A prisoner had his leg amputated to-day at the thigh; this is the third time for him, first at the foot, then at the knee and now half way up his thigh; he sat and held his own leg while they sawed it off.

17th. No prisoners left here yesterday or to-day. Alfred Friend, Co. F, 12th. N. Y. C., has just informed me that he is the only man alive out of 53 of his regiment.

24th. Had to give up writing at last, as I am completely used up with rheumatism.

28th. Guess my time has come; was taken to the hospital this morning and put in a tent with ten more sick.

September 16, 1864. Have been in here over two weeks; the doctor says I will pull through all right; I cant hear any news to put in my diary.

18th. The doctor wanted to know this afternoon if I got my medicine; I told him that what I wanted was something to eat, instead of medicine.

24th. The doctor told me that upwards of twelve thousand prisoners have died since we came here.

28th. One month in the hospital to-day, but do not seem to improve; our rations are a little better here than in the pen.

30th. Six men died in this tent since I came here; they say they are dying very fast.

October 6, 1864. Father Hamilton, a Catholic priest, paid a visit to our tent to-day; he is a very fine old gentleman, and seemed to take considerable interest in me; he said he would call again to-morrow.

7th. Father Hamilton called on me again this morning; he says that he is going to attend to the sick at this place, the most of whom are Catholics. He was surprised when I told him I came from "the old sod" and could read Latin; he thought I was too young to be in the army.

8th. A little better this morning; Father Hamilton and two Sisters of Charity called on me to-day and gave me something nice to eat.

9th. I turned on my bed of straw this morning and found that the man next to me was dead; this makes seven out of eleven.

10th. I got the dead man's rations this morning and feel considerably better: there is great moaning here, day and night, occasioned by so much suffering; it would make you sick to see some of the men swollen as large as a barrell with the dropsy, and doubled up with rheumatism and scurvy, and a great number with arms and legs cut off; I got seven new tent mates to day.

11th. Father Hamilton called to-day and brought me an under shirt; he said I looked better.

12th. One year a prisoner to-day.

13th. The surgeons have their hands full taking off arms and legs.

14th. Father Hamilton told me he sold his property in Savannah and bought sixteen hundred barrels of flour for the sick; that accounts for our getting wheat bread.

15th. Another tent-mate died this morning; I don't seem to improve much; it is quite cool in the mornings now.

17th. My diary is almost full; only a few leaves are now left. Walter Wehb of my company was brought out here to-day; the poor fellow is almost dead.

19th. Another tent-mate died this morning, I got hold of a new piece of pencil this morning—mine was hardly an inch long. Webb

tells me that one hundred of our regiment are dead ; Father Hamilton brought me some cold roast beef this morning, and oh ! how good it was.

20th. Webb called to see me this morning, but had to crawl on his hands and knees, as the cords of his legs are so drawn up that he cannot stretch them out.

22d. Nothing to say, except that the groans of the sick and dying are terrible ; they cry in their dying agony for a mother a wife, child or friend to come to them. Oh ! Lord of Heaven, it is awful, awful ! It would bring tears from a stone to hear the heart-rending cries for a distant friend ; some one will have a great deal to answer for.

When our country called for men, we came from forge and
shop and mill ;
From workshops, farms and factories, our broken ranks to fill.
We left our quiet Northern homes that once we loved so well,
To vanquish all the Union's foes, or fall where others fell.
Now in prison drear we languish, and it is our constant cry,
Oh ! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die !
The voice of slander tells you that our hearts are weak
with fear,
That all or nearly all of us were captured in the rear ;
But the scars upon our bodies from musket ball and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms, a truer tale will tell.
We tried to do our duty in sight of God on high ;
Oh ! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die !
There are hearts with hopes still beating, in our pleasant
Northern homes,
Awaiting, watching footsteps that may never come.
In Southern prisons pining, meagre, tattered pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker, daily, from pinching cold and want.
Those brothers, sons and husbands, poor and helpless captive
lie.
Oh ! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die !

From out our prison gate there is a graveyard close at hand,
Where lies thirteen thousand Union men, beneath the Georgia sand
Scores and scores are laid beside them as day succeeds to day,
And thus it will ever be till they all shall pass away ;
And the last can say when dying, with upturned and glaring
eye,
Both love and faith are dead at home, they have left us here to
die.

23d. I forgot to mention that there are fifteen wards in this hospital, twelve tents in each ward, and each tent will contain twelve men ; the floor of each tent is covered with straw, without any quilts or blankets. I am in the eleventh ward, tent No. 4 ; Webb is in the thirteenth ward, tent No. 9. The doctor visits us each day ; he does not come in, but stands at the door and asks each patient how he is, and then tells the hospital steward, who accompanies him, to give him such and such a medicine—all by numbers ; if they would stay away and give us more grub, we would get well sooner.

25th. Have not seen Wirz since I came in here. If some of the prisoners come across him after the war is over, he won't live long.

26th. Father Hamilton called on me this morning and brought me a nice slice of bread and butter ; he says he will try and bring me a little milk.

28th. Feel considerably better ; four died in this ward last night, and one fellow died in my tent this afternoon ; his name was Darus March. He gave me a picture, in case I get home, to send to Emaline Wooding, Jackson, Susquehanna county, Pa.

29th. Walter Webb called to see me this morning.

November 8, 1864. Election Day in the North for President of the United States. Wirz has requested that we have a mock election, and each prisoner is to vote, whether of age or not, and says that whatever will be the majority in the hospital will be a fair test as to the result in the North. We all like McClellan but to spite the

rebels most of us will vote for Lincoln, So this afternoon each man was given two slips of paper with the names of McClellan on one and Lincoln on the other ; two rebel sergeants visited each tent with a basket and gathered the vote, and at five o'clock they announced the result, which stood, McClellan 531, and Lincoln 1,239. Wirz is terribly angry and says it will be "Link-in and Link-out" for us for some time to come.

12th. Had another visit from the priest to-day ; he brought me a bottle of milk. It is the first milk I have tasted for thirteen months.

13th. All the Irish who could walk were called to the gate this afternoon by a Col. McNeill, of the 10th Tennessee (rebel) regiment, to see if any of them would take the oath to join the rebel service. Not an Irishman enlisted, but two Yankees did, one from Connecticut and the other from a New York regiment ; so you see the Irish are the most loyal.

14th. Webb called on me to-day ; we had a talk over the excitement caused by the appeal to the Irish ; he says McNeill is no true Irishman or he would not try to degrade Ireland and her people by making such a proposition. It is quite cool now and we have hardly any clothing.

29th. Had another severe attack of rheumatism and feel badly. While one of the doctors was in yesterday, his dog strayed into one of the tents, and one of the prisoners threw an old blanket over him and killed him ; he ate part of it and said it was elegant ; he buried the entrails, but one of the other poor fellows dug them up, cooked and ate them.

December 4, 1864. I asked Dr. Pollott, who attends this ward, if he would examine the records out in the surgeons headquarters let me know how many of my regiment have died at Andersonville since I came here.

7th. Dr. Pollott kindly gave me the list I asked for ; it gives me the names of the men in my regiment, company, and date of death and number of grave ; I am thankful for it. My diary is just about full.

10th. I feel no better. My diary is full ; it is too bad, but cannot get any more. Good bye all ; I did not think it would hold out so long when I commenced.

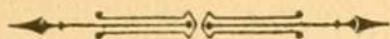
Yours sufferingly,

MICHAEL DOUGHERTY,

Co. B, 13th Pa. Volunteer Cavalry.

Confederate State Military Prison Hospital.

Later Events,



From the time of the last record in my diary in December, 1864, up to April, 1865, I remained in the hospital, and was not able to keep any daily record, even if I had the facilities to do so, which I had not. During this time, as during the previous months, there were constant rumors of exchange and parole, but we heard the same so often that I would not believe it until I found myself homeward bound. We did know, however, that they were sending a great many prisoners north from Andersonville and presumed it was for exchange or parole, although we did not know definitely; and even when my own turn came to leave, I did not know what my destination was until after I had left Andersonville; the sick in the hospital were the last prisoners to be sent away.

April 12, 1865. Leave Andersonville, Georgia, to-day. Start from here by way of Selma, Ala., thence to Jackson, Miss., stopping at the Big Black river for a week to gain strength before we start north.

April 20th. Just heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. Our boys are furious over the sad news, saying it is a Rebel plot.

April 22d. Near Vicksburg, Miss. There are about 4000 of us prisoners at this place. We got orders to be ready to march into Vicksburg to-morrow, as there are two boats ready to take us up the Mississippi to St. Louis, Mo.

April 23, 1865. Vicksburg, Miss. Went aboard the boat called the "Sultana" to be taken to St. Louis, Mo. There are about 2200 of us, mostly old prisoners from Andersonville, Ga.

On the trip up the Mississippi, the "Sultana" met with a terrible disaster, causing complete destruction of the boat ; and hundreds of men who had passed safely through many bloody battles and the horrible suffering of Southern prison life perished within but a few days' journey of home and friends. The story of the accident can best be told by the following account taken from a St. Louis newspaper dated May 1, 1865.

"The Boat Packed"

"The boat was packed to its utmost capacity, the men occupying every available space possible on decks, in the hold, and at other points of vantage. The boat traveled from eight to ten miles per hour, the river being out of its banks about twenty feet and a swift current prevailing. The boat reached Memphis on the morning of April 26th, where a quantity of sugar, which had served as ballast, was unloaded. The boat was towed across the river, and after dark it started on its trip up the river. The terrific explosion which occasioned the destruction of the vessel with its thousands of human freight occurred about four o'clock in the morning of April 27th at "Hen and Chickens" Islands. One of the four boilers burst, and the flying pieces ascended and almost cut the vessel in twain. The fire immediately spread and the cabins burned like tinder, and it was but a short time until the entire craft was enveloped in flames and burned to the water's edge. Hundreds were forced to leap into the water and were drowned in squads, while others who could swim or had secured pieces of drift wood were unable to rescue themselves on account of being grabbed by others, and consequently perished.

“Night of Terror”

“One thing favorable for the occupants of the boat was that a lively gale was blowing, hence, the bow of the boat having no cabin, it faced the wind until the cabin from the stern was burned. The boat gradually swung around, the unburned part acting as a sail, while that below acted as a rudder, and finally all were driven into the water. The very dark night, heavy rain, and the extreme high stage of the river were decidedly to the disadvantage of even those who secured means of escape. From survivors it is learned that hundreds swam for miles, in the hope of reaching some point of safety, and finally sank from exhaustion. Others were caught on protruding limbs of trees, where they remained until the rescue boats appeared the day following. Still others clung to rafts made of fragments from the boat. Seven boats came up the river the next day and picked up all the unfortunates who could be found. Some were taken to Memphis, others to St. Louis and Cairo, and all were placed in hospitals, where they remained until able to be released. A significant fact was that out of only fifteen women on board none was saved. They were members of the Christian commission*—something akin to the present Red Cross movement.

“A Heroic Woman”

“One of these women, with more than ordinary courage, when the flames had driven the men from the boat, seeing them fighting like demons in the water and destroying each other in their mad endeavors to save their lives, urged them to be calm, and finally succeeded in quieting them down, and they were saved on pieces of timber that were

available. This good woman did not heed the flames that were lapping about her, and, when urged by the men to jump into the water and save herself on floating timbers, she refused, saying: "I might lose my presence of mind and be the means of the death of some of you." And so, rather than run the risk of becoming the cause of the death of a single person, she folded her arms deliberately and burned, a voluntary martyr to the men she had so lately calmed.

As the dawn of the new day came, the wreckage began to move down the stream, and one survivor, who had saved himself by clinging to the top of a tree, gives this description of the last that was seen of the boat's remains :

"The hull of the "Sultana" came floating down the river, with a dozen or more of the boys still clinging to the burning wreck. A mound of earth which had not been overflowed had formed a sort of island, and several of the men on the wreck had lodged on it. As they discovered the men on the hull of the boat, a raft of logs was made and they were rescued. Before they landed the last man, the hull of the "Sultana" went down, its hot iron sending the hissing water and steam to an enormous height."

*Among the "Christian commission" above referred to were two Sisters of Charity who accompanied us all the way from Vicksburg, Miss., and one of them was the heroic woman mentioned.

May 3, 1865. I am one of the lucky ones who escaped the sad disaster. I was well taken care of when I arrived here about a week ago. We are going to start to our Northern homes to-morrow to Annapolis, Md.

May 6th. After three days ride we arrived at Annapolis, Md., tired and worn out. Will stay here for a couple of days and will then start for Philadelphia, to be mustered out of the service.

May 9th. Arrived at Philadelphia this noon ; they say that we are going to be sent to a place called Spring Mills until we are discharged.

June 27, 1865. Discharged at Spring Mills to-day. Arrived at Bristol, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, this afternoon, to the great joy of my morher and sisters and not forgetting myself. I am more dead than alive after all my trials of suffering and hardships, with shattered constitution and crippled with rheumatism and scurvy from my long confinement in Southern prisons. When I left for the Army, I weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, now I really believe I do not weigh one hundred.

I placed myself under the care of Dr. E. J. Groom, and in less than one year he had me in a fair condition, and was able to go to work. I cannot stand much yet, for the disease contracted in those prisons is in my system, and will be, I suppose, as long as I live ; I suffered for 23 months and 17 days in Southern prisons.

I have carried you hastily through these scenes, but you have not seen all, as it is beyond the power of pen or brush to portray or tongue to tell of those scenes, which will haunt me to my grave. The reality calls for a better light and a nearer view than your clouded, distant gaze will ever get.

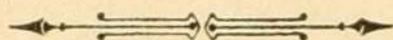
Believe me, I have told you the truth as to what we have suffered in Confederate prisons, which you never can and which I pray God your children never may.

As you would have your own woes pitied and your own cries for mercy heard, I beg of you to read the accounts written by the prison survivors, for while they seem so horrible and you mentally suffer, you will be paid a thousand-fold in being the better able to appreciate the many blessings you now enjoy, and to encourage the efforts of a poor survivor to teach the youth of our Republic to show an undivided patriotism for one county and one flag.

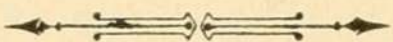
MICHAEL DOUGHERTY,

Late Co. B and Co. M, 13th Pa, Volunteer Cavalry.

Medals of Honor,



I have been presented with a handsome gold medal by the Colonel of my regiment, afterwards Brigadier General M. Kerwin, for bravery in carrying dispatches from General Mulroy's headquarters at the battle of Winchester. June 16 to 19, 1863, in the three days' fight.



I have also been granted a medal of honor in accordance with an Act of Congress, which entitles me to membership in the Medal of Honor Legion ; and the publication issued by the War Department relative to those receiving medals of honor gives the following data :

“Name rank at date of
action, and organization Michael Dougherty,
Priv., Co. B, 13th Pa. Cav.

Date of issue January 23, 1897.

Action { Place Jefferson, Va,
Date October 12, 1863.

Ground of award At the head of a detachment of his his company, dashed across an open field, exposed to a deadly fire from the enemy, and succeeded in dislodging them from an unoccupied house, which he and his comrades defended for several hours against repeated attacks, thus preventing the enemy from flanking the Union forces.”

The following is a copy of the communication I received from the War Department advising me of the award of this medal :

Subject: Medal of Honor,

432,139.

RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE,
WAR DEPARTMENT,

Washington City,

January 23, 1897.

Mr. Michael Dougherty,

Late private, Co. B, 13th Pa. Cav.,

Bristol, Pennsylvania.

Sir :

I have the honor to inform you that, by direction of the President and in accordance with the act of Congress approved March 3, 1863, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to such officers, non commissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action, the Assistant Secretary of War has awarded you a medal of honor for most distinguished gallantry in action at Jefferson, Virginia, October 12, 1863.

In making the award the Assistant Secretary used the following language.

“This soldier, at the head of a detachment of his company, dashed across an open field exposed to a deadly fire from the enemy and succeeded in dislodging them from an unoccupied house, which he and his comrades defended for several hours against repeated attacks, thus preventing the enemy from flanking the position of the Union forces.”

The medal has been forwarded to you to-day by registered mail. Upon receipt of it, please advise this office thereof.

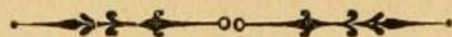
Very respectfully,

(Signed) F. C. AINSWORTH,

Colonel, U. S. Army,

Chief, Record and Pension Office.

SUMMARY



The variation—from month to month—of the proportion of deaths to the whole number of living is singular and interesting.

The following facts were taken from the official report, shows :

In April, one in every sixteen died.

In May, one in every twenty-six died.

In June, one in every twenty-two died.

In July, one in every eighteen died.

In August, one in every eleven died.

In September, one in every three died.

In October, one in every two died.

In November, one in every three died.

Does the reader fully understand that in September, one-third of those in the Pen died, that in October, one-half of the remainder perished, and in November, one-third of those who still survived, died? Let him pause for a moment, and read this over carefully again, because its startling magnitude will hardly dawn upon him at first reading. It is true that the fearful disproportionate mortality of those months was largely due to fact that it was mostly the sick that remained behind, but even this diminishes but little the frightfulness of the showing. Did anyone ever hear of an epidemic so fatal that one-third of those attacked by it in one month died; one-half of the remnant the next month, and one-third of the feeble remainder the next month? If he did, his reading has been much more extensive than mine.

Day and date of greatest number of prisoners at Andersonville—
33,114—August 8th, 1864.

Day and date of greatest number of deaths, August 23d, 1864, 127.

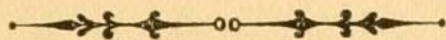
Number of Prisoners received during its occupation, 45,613.

Daily average of deaths during its occupation, 29 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Ratio of mortality per 1,000 of mean strength, 24 per cent.

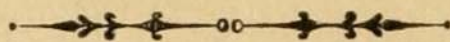
Mortality of 18,000 registered patients, 75 per cent.

THE WAR'S DEAD.



The total number of deceased Union soldiers during and in consequence of the war, is 316,233. Of these, only 175,764 have been identified, and the rest will probably remain forever unknown. Of the grand total, 36,868 are known to have been prisoners of war, who died in captivity. There are seventy-two National Cemeteries for the dead of the Union armies. Besides which there are 320 local and Post Cemeteries. The largest of the Government grounds are: Arlington, Va., the former homestead of General Robert E. Lee, 15,547 graves; Fredericksburg, Va., 15,300 graves; Salisbury, N. C., 12,112 graves; Beaufort, S. C., 10,000 graves; Andersonville, Ga., 13,706 graves; Marietta, Ga., 10 000 graves; New Orleans, La., 12,230 graves; Vicksburg, Miss., 17,012 graves; Chattanooga, Tenn., 12,964 graves; Nashville, Tenn., 16,529 graves; Memphis, Tenn., 13,958 graves; Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Mo., 8,601 graves. The National Cemetery near Richmond, Va., contains 6,279 graves, of which 5,450 are of unknown dead, mostly prisoners of war. The cemeteries are kept in good condition, and are generally well sodded and planted with ornamental trees.

Trial of Henry Wirz,



In the foregoing pages you will find the name of Capt. Henry Wirz mentioned in several instances as being cruel and inhuman to the Union prisoners. He was tried and convicted of murder, the trial commencing August 23, 1865 and ending October 26, 1865, hundreds of witnesses testified that he committed murder on eleven soldiers who were confined in Andersonville, Ga., prison. He was sentenced to death and the sentence was executed at Washington, D. C., between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, Friday morning, November 10, 1865. His body was interred in the Arsenal grounds.

(The above was taken from the official report of the trial of Henry Wirz.)

(THE END.)



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