



[Lewis C. Bisbee Papers.](#)

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*[Written by Bisbee]*

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Enlisted a private July 16, 1862, became a member of the 16th Maine Volunteers. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Aug. 26th, 1862. Promoted to Captain, Dec. 1st, 1863. Discharged June 5th, 1865, at Augusta, Maine.

Regiment detailed as forlorn hope July 1st, 1863, at Gettysburg, and ordered by General Robinson to hold a certain position on the Mummasburg Road at all hazards, to enable balance of Second Division to retire.

Regiment surrounded and captured by Ramscure and McNeil's brigades of the enemy.

In Libby Prison 291 days; in Danville 5 days; in Macon, Ga. 76 days; in Savannah, Ga., 47 days; in Charles-town, S.C., 23 days; in Camp Sorghum, S.C., 69 days; in Asylum Camp, Columbia, S.C., 64 days; and on road to Wilmington for exchange, 15 days.

Participated in the Battle of Fredricksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. Made a bayonet charge on the railroad raid; a squad of rebels rose up out of the ditch and started for the woods, with arms at the trail. I was First Lieutenant then, and I stepped through the ranks and ran around the rebels and invited them to surrender, and they did; they dropped their arms. Then we advanced to the woods a short distance and fired into the woods. We could see no one but we knew some one was there. As we stood there, Major Farnham came to me and said, "The Colonel wants you to move to Colonel Leonard, 13th Mass., and ask him to move his command in line to 16th Maine. I went, and on the way I met a man who put his bayonet against my breast and tried to stop me. I told him I was carrying a message and was coming back, which I did, and returned to the firing line. Many years later I asked the Colonel if he remembered giving me the order. He said he did, but did not know who carried the message.

At the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863, the 16th Maine was detailed on a forlorn hope and ordered to hold a certain position at all hazards. We did this and were surrounded and captured by superior force. Previously, in the same battle, I gave first aid to a wounded man. I was standing at the left, and the Captain at the right, when I saw his throat bleeding. I ran over to him and got him on his back behind a tree, wet my handkerchief with the water I had in my canteen, wrapped it closely around his neck, and then the blood stopped. Then I heard the Colonel give the order to charge, and I told the Captain I must leave him, which I did. I looked and saw the men scrambling over the fence, and I jumped up and followed. Before I reached the regiment the rebels ran and turned into the woods. I returned to where I had left the Captain and found that he had left. After the Battle of Fredericksburg I asked my Captain how I behaved in battle on that day. He said "Splendid."

## WAR REMINISCENCES,

BY CAP'T. L.C. BISBEE,

16th &amp; MAINE VOLS.

ANTIETAM.

In the following description of scenes and incidents of the War of the Rebellion are those which came under my own personal observations- or is credit given to the source from which they were obtained.

The 16th Maine, on its arrival in Washington, was detailed to the forts at Arlington for the purpose of being drilled in heavy artillery practice, but when the army moved on the Antietam campaign the 16th was, by mistake, ordered to join it.

The Colonel <sup>Wilder</sup> feeling that the regiment should not be put in a battle in its undrilled condition, protested and we were detailed as rear guard of the army- arrived on the battle field after the battle had been fought.

The Union dead had been buried. The Rebel dead were being buried by our troops- they lay so thick in some places that we had to step over them when marching across the battle field. I noticed one man hanging on the top rail of a fence- his head on one side and his feet on the other- these dead men were a terrible sight- lying as they fell- in all positions- swollen and discolored.

We went into camp about three miles from the river and remained until October 26th. When the regiment left Arlington the tents, knapsacks and overcoats, etc. of the enlisted men were left to be stored in Washington, and the men suffered severely <sup>seriously</sup> for want of them. The weather was cold and rainy and about one half of the regiment became unfit for duty. The officers made repeated efforts to have them brought up but without result. However, they did arrive at a near by station but ~~too~~ late to be delivered before we started on the southward march.

The tents, knapsacks and overcoats did overtake us at Fletchers Chapel near Fredricksburg on Thanksgiving day.

While we lay at Antietam the army was reviewed by President Lincoln and Gen. McClellan.

On the 26th of October, we started on our southward march in the afternoon. Rain began to fall shortly after and it not only rained but poured and at midnight we came to a halt on the top of a mountain in a dense forest and were told to look out for ourselves as best we could. To build fires seemed out of the question. With my orderly Sergeant and another man, we took to the ~~woods~~ <sup>2000</sup> and soon came to open ground and an artillery camp where great fires were burning. They looked good to us. We procured some wet chestnut rails, found a pile of boulders on the side of a ridge, and after a great amount of profanity had been wast-



When the 16th Maine left Arlington, we trailed along behind the army to Antietam. The first camp we made was at the Montgomery Blair place, twelve miles from Washington- a beautiful place. In a bank on one side was built a grotto with a marble statue standing in a spring of water. Then we went along and marched two or three days until we reached Ridgeville, where we went into camp and remained three days. Then we moved along toward Antietam and arrived at Antietam battlefield two days after the battle was fought, the nineteenth. The next day we marched across the battlefield, stepping over the dead bodies, and went into camp three miles beyond the battlefield. We were assigned to Hartzell's Brigade, Rickett's Division, Hooker's Corps. This was the first time we had joined the Corps.



*Labitner*  
ed, we had a fire. The Sergeant built the fire and did the swearing-and he was a past master in the art- then we made a shed of our gum blankets facing the fire, went to bed-not a dry thread in our clothing. We awoke in the morning, fresh and steaming, feeling fine and when the regiment came along, fell in.

The day before we arrived at Antietam, I crossed the battle field of South Mountain where Gen. Reno was killed. I saw twelve bullet holes in a fence rail six inches wide and twelve inches long, and the scrub oaks on the other side of the fence were cut in shreds, indicating that there had been some hard fighting at that point.

While lying in camp at Fletchers Chapel, I had a good joke on Cap't. Waldron. He was at one time a Colonel of Militia- was the owner and editor of the Lewiston Journal.

*well*  
As a rule we used to provide our own fuel- I did not like to call on the men to do what I could do myself and I liked the exercise. We were joking one day and the Cap't. said he would bring in all the wood I would chop, and I closed the contract with him at once, and I felt sure that he could not carry out his part of it, for like most farmer boys, I was expert with an ax. I took an ax and selected an oak about ten inches thick- felled it and cut it in four foot lengths and split it into convenient loads. The Cap't. stacked up two loads alone and then brought some of the enlisted men to help him.

*Killed & mortally wounded 19<sup>th</sup> Regt.*  
*& 3 companies of 1st Cav 200.*

|             |     |    |
|-------------|-----|----|
| 16          | Man | 9  |
| 6           | "   | 12 |
| 20          | "   | 9  |
| 31          | "   | 18 |
| 1st Cavalry | "   | 15 |
| 7           | man | 15 |

We passed through Pleasant Valley, through Crampton's Gap where we noticed the graves of those who fell in a fight there - through Bucksville and crossed the Potomac below Harpers Ferry. Stopped a day at Lovettsville to make Muster Rolls. I made them for Company I. My table was a trunk with the regulation wooden bands on the top. I had no seat but the ground. A muster roll contains the names of every member of the Company and accounts for them, requiring considerable writing besides the names, and is made in triplicate. Next day we resumed the march. At this time it was very cold and a snow storm was in progress. Water froze in the canteens. About this time McClelland was relieved of the command of the army. We kept on, only resting to build corduroy roads, until we reached Fletcher's Chapel where our tents &c were received, and we went into camp and soon were in a comfortable condition.

*Bucksville*

Through the Country between Washington and the Blue Ridge, by the way of Warrington, one day we stopped to rest near the plantation of Col. Taliferio, a rebel, and the boys always looking for plunder, found potatoes and salt stored in an out house and helped themselves as usual. I was brigade officer of the day, but was too tired to interfere.

I should have said that while we lay at Antetam the army was reviewed by President Lincoln and Gen. McLellan.

*Fredericksburg*

Dec. 9th, 1862, preparing for battle.

Dec. 11th - Broke camp and marched to the river, and on the 12th in the afternoon crossed the river at Franklins Crossing and took position near the Bernard House.

(As we lay waiting on the 12th, a battery just above us on the river bank was exchanging shots with a rebel battery. Feeling a curiosity to examine it more closely, I left my Company without leave and approached as near the battery as I thought was prudent. Fredericksburg was burning at the time, the flames mounting high - magnificent sight.)

*burning*

It was very muddy at that time and place. I spread my poncho on the mud and with my boots for a pillow went to bed, my body settling into the soft mud, pulled my cap over my face and slept soundly with no thought of what the morrow might bring forth.



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*small*  
 Regiment was in line the next morning at 8 o'clock-marched to the left one-fourth mile, crossed a knoll or ridge where the Regiment came under fire for the first time. We were obliged to halt here while the pioneers cleared a passage through brush in a ravine. It was here the first man was wounded. It was here that I noticed one of my company ducking his head as the bullets passed zipping by. I said to him, "No use dodging those fellows Uncle John", but I recollect that another man's head was ~~ducked~~ *ducking* before night on that day.

After crossing the ravine, we came upon a piece of plowed ground. The enemy had a good range on us and when they became too busy for our comfort the Col. shouted "lie down" - we did. As soon as the shelling slackened we were up again, reached the Bowling Green road and marched a short distance to the right and filed to left upon the battle field, in full view of the enemy and under fire of their batteries and musketry. Here the regiment was ordered to unsling knapsacks which was done and they were left in a pile. Then it appeared that the officials were not ready to slaughter us and we were marched back to the road and lay down, partially protected by the banks and ditches.

The road where my company rested had been cut through a ridge and a bank was left on the side toward the enemy. I could not see what was going on in front. *branches*  
 A row of small cedar trees with ~~brushes~~ *branches* interlaced formed a fence on the bank. There was a vast amount of noise being made and shells and bullets were whistling over us. I had a curiosity to see as well as hear and I crawled up to the fence and through an opening I had a view of the battle to right and left for some distance. I can see it now. The scene will never be effaced from my memory. I did not enjoy this scene long, as the Colonel's eagle eye discovered me and he called me down.

The condition at 1:30 was this at this point: The 2d and 3d Brigades of the 2d Division had been put into the fight one at a time, had probably used all their ammunition and had been withdrawn, making no effective impression upon the enemy. They could not, not being near enough for one reason, and the enemy concealed behind ~~this~~ *the* grade of the railroad and in the woods for another. Our Brigade was ordered forward, and we took the place of the brigade then on the firing line. As a member of



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Brigade came through our lines, a member of the 12th Mass., a neighbor of mine, came through my Company directly against me; we shook hands and he said "take care of yourself, Lewis," and went to the rear. I learned later that his regiment formed again on our right and went into the fight again and he was shot dead only a few minutes after I saw him. His name was Jerome Hodge, a brave soldier. He was in the Antetam fight. While we lay at Antetam, he pointed out to me a stump behind which he lay when a shell struck the stump and exploded. His musket had a bullet-hole through the stock where it extends on the underside of the barrel between *his hands*.

We stood in line firing for a short time and then the commander seeing that it was ineffective gave the order to advance and charge. The ground over which we had to pass had been a corn-field. The ground had frozen the previous night and had thawed and was the most slippery, sticky mud imaginable, and as a further hindrance two ditches were encountered so deep and wide that we could not leap them but had to climb down into them and out.

The Brigade Commander noticing some of the boys ducking their heads, said "no use boys." Just at that moment a shell came in close proximity to his head. He ducked - the boys laughed. "O," he said, "you can dodge big ones like that."

During the advance, the enemy were very busy. The air was filled with the missiles. The exploding shells with their devilish whistling, shrieking noises and the bullets zipping, zipping through the air, the mud spattering, the cannons' roar, shouts of the officers, all combined proved that "War is Hell."

Corporal Davis, who carried the National Colors, stepped out in front of the line and maintained that position during the charge. He is now Captain Davis of Minneapolis. He fought his way up from a Corporal Sergeant Lieutenant and Captaincy - a brave man, always ready for duty.

We arrived at the grade of the railroad behind which the enemy lay, our bayonets fixed and numbers of the enemy were fixed. They *arose*, and with arms at a trail seemed anxious to retire. I disliked to have them go and *arose*

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I rushed through the ranks flourishing my revolver, calling them to surrender. My orderly Sergeant was doing the same stunt at the right of the Company. They came back through our ranks and were sent to the rear in charge of two Lieutenants. Some of my men joked me about the figure I cut when I ran out and released those fellows from duty for a while. I must have had a very savage and blood-thirsty appearance. There was not the least bit of danger for me, as they were as meek as lambs.

Then we charged to the edge of the woods a few rods distant and stood firing into the woods until our ammunition was expended when the Col., observing that the other regiments of the brigade had become invisible, gave the order to retire, which we did. Each man for himself, the enemy following and shooting - our loss was heavy on the retreat. Before I had got far to the rear, I came upon a member of my Company whose ankle was shattered. I tried to get him on my back but could not. I told him that we both would be shot. Helped him to a low place and left him. Then I hiked again and soon encountered Lieut. Bisbee of Co. C. He held out his arm and said "I got hit, Lewis - shot through the wrist". Next I came up with Capt. Waldron who was helping one of our men who was wounded in the leg. I helped on the other side and we were soon under cover on the safe side of the ridge. Later in the afternoon I assisted in carrying a wounded man to the hospital, and there saw a most affecting sight - the two Lieutenants who the prisoners had guarded to the rear sitting there appearing quite contented, munching hard-tack. They evidently had forgotten to <sup>return</sup> to the Regiment.

About 10 o'clock a commissary wagon appeared and a slice of salt pork on a hard-tack tasted good. Later, with a party, I went out between the picket lines looking for wounded.

Thus ended one of the most stupendous blunders of the war - a Commanding General hurling his army against the enemy occupying an advantageous position, entrenched and holding the advantages of a much shorter line on a high ridge - it was simply murder.

I knew that our Division was fought one brigade in detail at a time without support. The Commanding General was on the other side of the ~~map~~ <sup>an</sup>, three miles distant. Col. Tilden in his report says he went into the fight with 406 men and 21 officers. The Adjutant's report says that 224 were killed or wounded, or 54 per cent. I have these reports.



Col. Adrain R. Root, Com'dg. 1st Brigade,

Col.:—

I have the honor to submit the following report of the Regiment under my command in the late engagement near Fredricksburg :—

In compliance with your orders, my command, numbering 21 line officers, and 406 enlisted men, was in line at 5 o'clock the morning of the 11th instant, for the purpose of crossing the Rappahannock, as it was understood we were to cross at daybreak. We commenced our line of march with the 1st Brigade at 5:15 A.M., and proceeded some three miles toward the river, a short distance below Fredericksburgh, when it was ascertained that we could not cross, owing to the engineer's being unable to complete the bridges. At this point I brought my command to a rest, and remained through the day and night. On the morning of the 12th instant, orders being received from headquarters of the Brigade to be under arms at 5 o'clock, I had my command in line at the appointed time, and took up the line of march, crossing the river about 12 o'clock M. After crossing and resting for a short time, we formed a line of battle in the rear of the 107th Pennsylvania and 105th New York Volunteers, near the stone mansion occupied as a Hospital, which position we maintained through the remainder of the afternoon and night, with the exception of changing slightly, from time to time, to avoid the fire of the enemy's batteries in position on the Heights at our right.

On the morning of the 13th instant I had my command under arms at 8 o'clock, and received orders to move by the left flank to the left about a quarter of a mile. Here we were obstructed in our passage by a thick growth of bushes and a ravine. Our pioneers soon cleared the bush, and we were again on the march. While waiting at the above place, two of my command were slightly wounded by pieces of shell from the enemy's guns, they having complete range of this point. After crossing the ravine, we moved by the right flank beyond the county road, and formed in line of battle. We remained here for a short time, and were then ordered to retire to the road, where we remained until about 1 o'clock P.M. At this time I moved my regiment, in compliance with our orders, to the front in the open field, and then by the right flank to the right, unmasking the 105th New York, and forming in line of battle on the right. We immediately opened fire upon the enemy, who were covered behind the embankment of the railroad in front of us. Finding his fire very disastrous, and seeing that our fire was doing little ~~good~~ or no execution, the order was received from you, through Lieut. Scovill, to fix bayonets, charge, and drive him from his breast-works. My regiment being some fifteen paces in advance of those on my right and left, I waited some few moments for them to come up, but finding they did not, I gave the order to charge, which was obeyed with promptness and firmness equal to that displayed by veteran troops, driving the enemy from his breast-works, and capturing some sixty prisoners, sending the same to the rear.



After crossing, I advanced into the woods a short distance. My lines being somewhat broken, I ordered a new line formed for the purpose of advancing still farther. But finding that we had no support, I immediately gave the order to fire into the woods, where it was evident the enemy were in ambush. I was hoping that support might be sent to us. None being received, however, my ammunition being nearly exhausted, and finding the enemy had gained possession of the point of woods making out on our left, which I supposed was held by one of the other regiments of the brigade, I gave the order to retire. We retired under the crest of the hill back of the county road, where we remained until 2 o'clock in the morning of the 14th inst. We then moved to the left some mile and a half, and remained until daylight, at which time we advanced, and formed a second line of battle at this point. We remained in this position Sunday and Monday. In obedience to your orders, I got my command into line at 7 o'clock Monday evening, and crossed the river without any casualty.

I should be doing injustice to mention the names of any of my command as worthy of mention in this engagement, as all performed their duty like true soldiers.

My loss of line officers was fully equal to the percentage of enlisted men, being eleven killed, wounded, and missing. Among the number were Capt. Hutchins of Company B, and Lieut. Herrick of Company D, who fell while gallantly leading their commands.

I should be remiss did I fail to mention the bravery and heroic conduct of the 12th Massachusetts, Col. Bates commanding, which regiment we were ordered to relieve. It was with difficulty we gained their front, so determined were they in doing their whole duty. However I hand you a list of casualties.

I have the honor, Col. to remain very resp'y.

Your ob't serv't,

Chas. W. Tilden,

Lt.-Col., Com'dg 16th Me. Vols.

Summary of Adjutants report of casualties in  
the battle of Fredericksburg.

|                             |           |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Officers killed, - - - - -  | 2         |
| Enlisted men killed - - - - | 54        |
| Officers mortally wounded - | 2         |
| Enlisted men " " -          | 32        |
| Officers wounded - - - - -  | 7         |
| Enlisted men wounded - -    | 127       |
| Missing - - - - -           | 6         |
|                             | <hr/> 230 |
| The missing returned - -    | 6         |
|                             | <hr/> 224 |

December 14th, 1862.

Both armies lay facing each other all day- the enemy occasionally sending a shell from our left. I saw one play with a pack of cards- a soldier was in the act of taking off his knapsack and had partly arisen when the ball struck it from his back- tore it in pieces and threw the pack of cards which was in it, into the air about twenty-five feet and they came skimming to the ground in all directions. The ball was nearly spent and struck the ground close to me and went ricocheting away to the right without doing any damage.

Gen. Hood in his book says "he visited Gen. Lee the evening after the battle and Lee asked him if he thought Burnside ~~and~~ made his principal attack. Gen. Hood thought he had and said so. Gen. Lee thought he had not and expected a renewal of the battle the next morning.

On the morning of the 14th Gen. Hood says he accompanied Gen. Lee and Gen. Jackson on a reconnoissance to their right and from an eminence near Hamilton's crossing on the Bowling Green road had a splendid view of the Union Army, seven lines, seemingly a mile in length.

We remained in same position during the night of the 14th and during the 15th and at night under cover of the darkness and rain, quietly folded our tents and stole away -went into bivouac not far from the river- in the morning found ourselves in the water, also found ourselves in the range of the rebel guns. The enemy also found it out and chased us over the hill out of sight. Went into winter quarters near Fletchers Chapel.

During the two days that we lay quiet before re-crossing the river, my Cap't. was sick in the hospital, and I had charge of the Company. I was wondering what I should do if the Johnnies made an attack.

We lay in camp, doing Camp and picket duty, until January 20th, 1863, when we took part in the famous Mud March. I was detailed to the command of another Company whose Officers were either sick or absent. It began to rain in the afternoon and continued all night and the next day. That night we went into Camp in a valley and during the night the water invaded the day tents of the men. I crawled into a ~~day~~ tent with two of the men. Next morning resumed the march and arrived sometime somewhere, I did not know then where we were and don't know now. We stayed all night in the woods, the rain still continuing. Next morning hiked back to the old camp, a sorry appearing army. It is said that the Rebels had erected a sign at the point on the river where Burnside intended to land, reading thus "Burnside stuck in the mud."



It was a wet, muddy but bloodless campaign. The outcome was probably more favorable for the Union Army than if conditions had been such as would have allowed our Army to cross the river.

Returned to old camp where we remained until the opening of Chancellor Campaign.

When the regiment took up the line of march, I was left in the Hospital sick, but arrived at the headquarters of the ambulance corps in the afternoon of the day of the battle and on inquiring for the location of my regiment, was told by Lieut. Gracelon, that the army were retreating. Then we occupied the old camp again near Falmouth until the movement that ended at Gettysburg was begun.

On the 6th of June, we took the road toward Bealton Station and arrived there on the 2nd day. I wore a pair of boots with holes worn through the toes and the sand blistered my feet, making the third day's march very painful and tedious. The 3rd day we left Nealtan about nine o'clock and made no stop except at 10 o'clock P.M. to make coffee, until we arrived at Memphis at sunrise.

As we halted and lay down for a rest, the sun-a big red ball-was just rising. The weather was torrid for many days and the heat was intense. The surface of the roads was worked into a fine dust by the passage of the artillery, teams and the feet of marching men. Every step it would rise in the air all about a person. Long distances away the marching columns could be located by the cloud of dust rising above the woods.

I used to make a bundle of my vest and blouse, tie it to my sword hilt, loosen the collar of my <sup>shirt</sup> short, roll up my sleeves and go for "em".

At night if we had the good luck to stop, we would be plastered with dust, and fortunate if we found water to wash our faces.

*Memphis*

The next move from ~~Memphis~~ was to Centerville and then to Goose Creek. I rested my blistered feet on an ambulance on these two marches. We remained at Goose Creek several days. The Cavalry battle of Alden was fought at this time. It was between us and the Blue Ridge. We were called into line several times on that day. The enemy were marching down the ~~Shannon~~ <sup>Shenandoah</sup> Valley west of the Blue Ridge. Hooker's army were between Washington and Lee's army. Hooker halted his army so that Lee could get ahead of him. At Chancellorville he waited and failed to attack the enemy after he and his Generals were absolutely certain that Lee had withdrawn a part of his army to fight Sedgwick.

Headquarters 2d Div. 1st Corps,  
May 3, 1863, 4 1/2 o'clock P.M.

Col:- You will please send an intelligent officer to the right of your line to ascertain and report upon the condition of affairs on the Rapidan. Observe particularly whether the enemy is making any movement in that direction. The information is wanted this evening.

John C. Robinson, Brig.-Gen. Com'dg.

Col. A.R. Root,  
Com'dy the Brigade.

Respectfully referred to Adj't Small, 16th Me. Vols., who will execute the duty, and report thereon.

A.R. Root, Col. Com'dg Brigade.

In obedience to this order, Adjutant Small mounted his horse, and with an orderly leaped the breastworks and proceeded down the road toward Ely's Ford. Passing our picket line half a mile out, and the cavalry ~~waited~~ but a short distance beyond, he slackened pace and moved cautiously some three miles, and drew rein at the edge of the wood, where the road made a sharp bend to the left, in the direction of the ford. The quiet hush of the woods and the stillness of the air betrayed no presence of a living thing. The Adjutant at once left the road, and meeting a probable owner of the house directly in his way, bade him good evening, and asked if he objected to his crossing the yard and field. He was a most villainous-looking and shabbily-clad tramp. The Adjutant felt uneasy at leaving him at large, but time was precious, the orderly unarmed, and ~~he~~ could not invest in a rebel and proceed, so, politely thanking him, ~~he~~ rode out some mile or so to a bend in the river, on an elevation of some fifty or seventy-five feet, and rapidly noted all of interest for future use. Directly across the river, and from one to three miles to the left, fires from deserted camps and several buildings were still burning. Two long columns of infantry with artillery were rapidly moving from our front in the direction of Fredericksburgh. He saw no other signs of the enemy, and believing the information valuable to an army waiting behind breast-works for an attack from a force, who, unseen, were withdrawing to fall upon Sedgwick, he started on his return, elated with success secured with so little danger. Leaving the field by the way he came, he reached the house yard, and was startled to see the rebel picket line across the road, and following the woods both ways. The reserve was one hundred yards to the left, lying on the ground near their stack of arms. There was but one alternative; it was either prison or the Union lines. The Adjutant had escaped notice thus far, and burying his spurs in his horse's flanks, shot across the yard into the road, followed by the orderly. The first plunge of the horses alarmed the picket, and with the command, "Halt" Halt! came three shots which passed harmlessly by. On across the road and into the woods, when again came the shout, "Halt, you damned Yanks!" They

were in for it, and reckless of the bullets from the rebels, who now crowded the road in the rear, they went madly on out of range, and none the worse for the scare. Luckily for them, carbines were used instead of rifles. Nearly a mile out from our lines was General Reynolds, our corps commander, with staff, anxiously waiting, for the intelligence requested through General Robinson. Meeting the Adjutant, he said, quickly, "well?" Receiving the information with cordial thanks, the General rode rapidly to Hooker's headquarters. Some one knows what was said by the corps commanders assembled there within thirty minutes, - I don't. But I firmly believe that had General Reynold's suggestion, referred to in Doubleday's "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg", been adopted, our defeat would have been a victory. The facts obtained by this reconnoissance, added to the result of a reconnoissance said to have been made by General Webb a few hours earlier, were such as to warrant Hooker in acting up to his intentions, as indicated in his dispatch to General Sedgwick at twelve o'clock M. "If the necessary information can be obtained today, and if it shall be of the character the commanding general anticipates, it is his intention to advance upon the enemy to-morrow." He could anticipate but one thing favorably to his advance, and that was the withdrawal of a portion of the enemy's forces from his front. The reconnoissances alluded to gave him the necessary information.



McLellan failed to take the advantage he had at Antietam and allowed Lee to retire across the river when he might have made it extremely uncomfortable for Lee if he had only threatened.

He was the idol of the army on a horse. Meade failed to grasp the situation after the enemy had retreated from Gettysburg, and were tied up in the vicinity of Williamsport - by high water in the river. Did Grant when he was unable to carry out ~~the~~ design at Spotsylvania retreat? No! he simply brushed Lee's army aside with his right elbow and turned Lee's army by the left flank and continued the same ~~tactic~~ until Appomattox closed the struggle. *his tactics*

We have got a long distance from Goose Creek and will now go back and resume the march.

We continued up the west side of the Potomac to Berlin where we crossed into Maryland and continued through Middletown valley, past Middletown and Frederick City to Emmitsburg near the Pennsylvania line. The country through which we passed was a very beautiful one. At that time the wheat fields were just opening. Wild Cherry trees lined the road in many places and the cherries were abundant and delicious. On the night of June 30th, 1863, the 1st corps camped at Hursh Run, just inside of Pennsylvania. *time*

*Marsh*

## BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, July 1st, 1863.

About 9 o'clock on July 1st, the First corps took up the march in the direction of Gettysburg- the 1st and 3rd Divisions in advance. The 2nd Division, of which the 16th Maine was a member, followed the Gettysburg road nearly to that city and then turned to the left across a field, skirting a piece of woods until we reached the seminary. Here we halted and held in reserve, the 16th Maine forming a semi-circle line about the west side of the building. Breast works were thrown up- that is two rails, one on the top of the other are breast works. The 1st and 3rd Division were fighting at Willoughby Run, about one half mile in front of us and some distance to our right. Through the pall of blue smoke, the forms of men could be seen indistinctly. Bullets came zipping over us, but were too high to do damage. Beyond the line of battle the Rebel batteries were belching fire and smoke. Nearer us were several Union batteries doing deadly work on the enemy.

The 2nd Division lay in reserve until about 1 o'clock when it was ordered to the front but not to the same position on Willoughby Run. The 2nd Division were placed across Oak Ridge near the Mum Masburg road and in a line nearly at right angle with the former line of the 1st and 3rd Division on Willoughby Run.

My Regiment took position behind a fence. The enemy were located in an open field in our front, they had a battery in rear of their line of battle.

Up to this fence, Oak Ridge on its top and west side were covered sparsely with trees- large and small- the slope of the ridge toward Gettysburg was clear of trees.

The men lay behind the fence engaged with the enemy. I stood behind a small tree in the rear of the left of Company. The enemy's battery was firing grape and canister- the shot were too high to touch our line of battle at the fence. They peppered just above my head through the branches of the trees. I was glad that they did and have been glad every since- about fifty years. Branches that the shot cut off came down upon me. The Col. was riding back and forth along the rear of the regiment. The blood was streaming from a wound in the flank of his horse. My Cap't. was in the rear of the right of the company, kneeling on one knee, behind a tree. I happened to be looking in his direction at the moment that a missile of some kind struck him in the side of his neck, the blood spurted from the wound with such force that I thought that the jugular vein had been cut. I ran over to him- got him down behind the tree on his back- took my handkerchief from my blouse pocket- wet it from my canteen and bound it around the wound as best I could. My revolver was in my pocket on top of my handkerchief- I laid it on the ground at my side. I heard an order to charge, given, and told the Cap't. that I must go and did go leaving my gun.

Before I had caught up with the Regiment charging, the enemy retreated up the ridge into the woods.

The 16th came back behind the fence again and I also came back and occupied my tree again.

The Cap't. had disappeared. An order came for the regiment to move to the right to the east side of the ridge toward the Mummasburg road which was in considerable disorder. At that time there was a fringe of scattered maple trees a short distance from the road.

Accidentally, or otherwise, I happened to be one of the foremost to reach these trees. Wilber F. Mower, one of the Sargeants of my Company, who carried one of the flags, was also one of the first at that point. I said to the Sargeant "you take position here and let the regiment form on you."

As that was being done, I saw Gen. Robinson, the Commander of the Division, rode up and gave an order to Col. Tilden. The order was to take position in that road and hold it at all hazards, or words to that effect.

Then the Regiment took position in the road, with one or two Companies refusal, to the left behind a stone wall. The road was sunken by the action of water on the side of the ridge and on the bank toward the enemy, bushes were growing. We could not see anything before us. I walked up to the top of the ridge and found two brigades were just coming from the woods in perfect order.

I went back and told the Colonel, and awaited the onset, and it came soon and swift. Our little band was overwhelmed by greater numbers.

We were forced back from one stand to another until we reached the railroad grade about one third of a mile or more, when another force of the enemy came rushing from the opposite direction and we had to surrender. A Johnnie quite close to me ordered me to drop that sword Yank. I did so at once, as he was aiming his gun at me and the gun had a bayonet attached to it. Some of the men were in the railroad cut in the ridge. The colors were stripped from the staves and torn up and concealed.



Next 15 Bismarck

Previous to the onslaught of the enemy at the Mummasburg Road, I observed the 11th corps on a ridge about 1/4 mile to our right. I noticed when the enemy advanced on them and saw them fall back in the direction of the village.

There was a shallow valley between our right flank and the 11th corps.

It has been written that the enemy turned our right flank through this opening. They did not. The troops that met the 16th Maine were the only ones in that vicinity at that time and they came directly upon our front.

At the moment of our capture at the railroad grade, I noticed the rear files of our retreating troops just disappearing behind the walls of the town.

A body of Calvary was occupying a position between us and Cemetery Hill on the low ground. They must have been near the Emmitsburg road.

Cap't. Wentworth and myself took a rebel guard with us and returned over the ground we had just been driven from to a field beyond the Mummasburg road, where with others, we were held until the next morning.

On the way we came upon the body of Cap't. Wholehouse. He lay upon his face. His dress coat was torn up the back to the collar and his bible and keys lay on him. I took hold of his shoulder and turned him so that I could see that in his throat was a ghastly wound. He told the Adjutant while we lay in reserve, that it would be his last battle.

We passed another sitting with his back against a tree. I asked him where he was wounded. He said nothing but raised his shirt and showed that he was disembowled. He was left to die alone.

On the morning of the 2nd we were <sup>Army</sup> taken to a position in the woods in the rear of the rebel ~~Army~~ where we lay until the fighting was over. We could see nothing of the battle but we could hear a great deal.

I saw Gen. Pickett when he mounted his horse to go on that famous charge. We had little to eat on these two days.

On the morning of the 4th, we were started on the march toward Richmond. Rained all day. Camped in a field of clover at night. On the 5th we passed through the town of Fairfield and over South Mountain. While ascending the east side of the mountain we saw the 6th corps engaged with our rear guard and at the same time, heard commanding on the west side of the mountain.

On the 6th, we passed rebel trains that had been destroyed by Kilpatrick on the 5th.

Arrived at Williamsport and camped at night in a wheat field. The wheat had been sown on corn rows. The Col. made his bed on a corn row, I made mine on the next one and Lieut. B. between us. There was no fore side, back side or under side to that bed, but there was a canopy over it and during the night the canopy leaked, and Lieut. B. lay in the water when he awoke.

I arose and finding a man lying in a position so that his gum blanket had caught a quantity of water, I washed ~~it~~ off ~~him~~ and did not wake him.

The rebel trains- artillery and ambulances, were crowded along the bank of the river in the utmost confusion.

Meade had the enemy in his hands, but did not know it. The river was very high there and there was no conveyance for crossing except an old scow that could take only forty or fifty at a time. We were put across during the day. Began the march up the valley of the Shanandosh to Staunton. It is naturally a very beautiful and fertile country but now had a desolate appearance. Trees were cut down, houses and other buildings burned and wrecked, churches loopholed for musketry and other evidence of occupation by the armies.

Near Martinsburg we stopped to rest at an immense spring. The water boiled up in a volume about four feet in diameter and formed a large pond or pool.

The water was as clear as a crystal and cold. Rations were scarce, consisting principally of loose flour. Once we had some mutton. Once beef was issued. I was detailed to divide the beef among the enlisted men. I was taken from the officers squad to that of the men under guard. Darkness came before the job was done and I was allowed to return to my squad without a guard, and I was fool enough to go back instead of hiking for liberty. Did not know enough then- did later. We mixed our flour with water and cooked it on a chip, a piece of tin or iron, or wound on a ramrod. I named it sinkers.

The river was high and near Cedar Creek the road was overflowed and obliged us to make a wide detour through a plantation wading through water several inches deep. Lieut. B called at a house and procured some ~~basinets~~ and gave me one. I shall always remember him for that kindness. After about ten days of weary marching, we arrived at Staunton and took cars for Richmond. Gen. I.M. Bodens troops came through the cars and took our ~~guns~~ and blankets. Arrived at Libby prison on July 19th, 1863.



Arrived in Richmond on July 19th and was taken to Libby Prison. Passed through the office where we were searched and registered, all money and contraband articles being taken from us. The money was placed to our credit and later its equivalent in Confederate money was issued. Some officers were sharp enough to secrete their money and carried it into prison. I had none. As we were going into battle I gave my watch and eighty dollars to the hospital steward. The money was sent to my wife; the watch was confiscated by someone. The prison officials did not like the prisoners to have much money; they were afraid that on some night, dismal and dreary, a guard might recognize a greenback even if it was dark.

Our examination over, we were passed on higher to second and third floors of the prisons. Lieutenant G. D. Bisbee and myself took up our quarters on the third floor. The windows came down to the floor and there was little or no glass in them. A blanket on the floor and one over us comprised our bed. A cold wind swept in during the night and we suffered severely with the cold in Richmond in July. Later we took up our quarters in the lower East Room.

The different rooms were designated for convenience as follows: Bearing in mind that the building was three stories high and each floor divided into three rooms 45 x 105 feet each. The west room, first floor, was used for officers; the middle room for the cook room; the east room as a Union hospital for the sick; the second floor lower east room, Chidamanga, Milroy, third floor, Upper East, Upper Middle and Colonel Straight's room. The prison had good floors, plenty of good water. There were seventeen hundred officers in the prison at one time, ranking from Major Generals to Second Lieutenants. When they all went to bed, the floor would be completely covered except for a path to the water.

There would be groups of six or eight or ten lying "spoon fashion". When they wished to change position from one side to the other, all had to turn at the same time.

For a while our rations consisted principally of soup and corn bread cooked and brought in to us. I do not know what the soup was made of, but it had the appearance of swill and was brought in in swill pails. Sometimes maggots would be found in it. The bread was made of coarse corn meal mixed with water and baked in large sheets about three inches thick, cut into square pieces that would weigh about three-quarters of a pound and issued one a day to a person. Yanks did not like this kind of food and proposed to the prison officials that they would do the cooking. This proposition was accepted and we organized ourselves into messes as suited our inclination or convenience.

We were given liberty to receive from home food or clothing or



anything that we wished that would add to our comfort, except money, and we were soon in receipt of boxes from home. They looked good to us. Although we were not allowed to send for money, it was found secreted in all sorts of places, sewed into clothing, hidden in different kinds of food or preserves, etc. But the boxes were opened and searched, before being delivered to us, for contrabands of war. The rations furnished us were equal to one meal a day and we made up another out of the supplies from home.

In addition to the rations already mentioned, fresh beef and bacon were occasionally issued. The bacon was of the shoulder variety. It had the appearance of having been thrown about in the mud and dirt. The shoulders were about the thickness of two hands and had a long leg attached. The hogs that furnished the shoulders evidently belonged to the "racer" breed, which gave the boys some lively runs during the war. After washing off the mud and digging the maggots from the cracks and crevices, the meat was sweet and good. A

All trades and professions were represented among the prisoners. There were schools of several kinds established. One officer taught a new system of grammar. I took this up for a while, also geometry. It was not long before the mind was in such condition that it seemed impossible to fix the attention on any study. We were thinking, talking and dreaming of exchange.

We had some fine musicians, both vocal and instrumental. Some of the German officers organized a brass band. There were splendid singers among the Germans as well as the Americans. We had at times what may be called "congregational singing". One would start a tune and a great many would join in and make the prison ring with melody.

Chaplain Mc Cabe, who died recently, used to sing, preach, and lecture. There were other chaplains who used to sing and preach.

A theater company was one of the unique amusements to be found within a prison. They had a stage and a curtain. The entertainments served to enliven prison life and were given without money or price.

The man who could relate a funny story was there, and usually was at his best after retiring, when he would have a large audience to entertain. By retiring, I mean that a prisoner just lay down on the floor. We had no nighties or slippers to monkey with.

The croaking, fault-finding man was there- always growling and seemingly trying to make himself and those about him as unhappy as possible.

The despondent man was there, worrying himself to death about his unfortunate condition. He would sit and brood over his troubles and allow the vermin to eat him up. This was the surest way one could take to the dead house. I said to myself that I would not d

if I could do anything to avoid it. So I kept busy in some way. I measured the room and calculated the number of laps required to make a mile, and used to walk a mile at a time. I read everything I could find. Reading matter was not plenty, however. I played chess and checkers and watched others playing. There were four men who used to play a game with cards called "Muggins". Curiously, the name of one of them was Huggins. The penalty of the game was for the victor to mark the face of the vanquished as he pleased with a coal. I got heaps of fun watching them.

There were many of a mechanical turn who made themselves busy making ornamental articles from beef-bones, - crosses, napkin rings and spoons. I put in much time that way. I made a Masonic emblem which I gave away, also a cross, napkin ring and a book. The book I gave to Captain Wentworth of my regiment. It was as large as could be made from the largest thigh bone of a beef creature. The binding across the back was shown, the front edges projecting, also the ends of same, and the hole through the bone was closed by making pieces of bone very thin and inserting them in grooves across the opening.

On one of the covers was left a portion projecting. Colonel Henry, of Kentucky, a sculptor, carved on it a side view of Capt. Wentworth's head and face. It was a good likeness.

I made a bone paper knife about the usual size, which I have now. At the base of the blade is some ornamental carving. On one side of the handle, within a raised band, I carved the name of my wife in raised letters. I had no tools except a pocket knife and a file. It was very slow work but there was no other work pressing, and it kept me from rusting. I also whittled out a set of chess men, part of which I have now.

Many of the prisoners passed the time card playing and gambling, using beans for stakes. There seemed to be the same enjoyment and excitement in it as if real money was used.

The guards had orders to shoot anyone seen at the windows. If a guard saw a face he would bring his piece into position and order "Get back there, Yank." But we managed to see all there was to be seen (not very much) by taking a look when he was going from us and dodging back when he turned.

Castle Lighting was nearly opposite Libby. One day a guard shot at a prisoner in a window. He did not hit his mark but the ball struck the brick at the side of the window and chipped off a piece. We could see the white spot from Libby. We also saw the man reach his hands through the bars and feel for the place the bullet struck. The guard was loading and was not dangerous for a few minutes.

Across the street from Libby was a vacant lot used for guardmounting. One day one of the guards discharged his piece accidentally and like a flash word came over the prison that a man was



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shot on the third floor. There was a rush to that floor and a terrible sight was presented. Lieut. Forsyth of an Ohio Regiment had been shot dead and lay on the floor in a pool of blood. Excitement was most intense. Many believed the shot was fired purposely and if the guilty man could have been reached, he would have been lynched. This was the only death caused in this way while I was in Libby but there were bullet holes shown in the floor where shots had killed or wounded men. There was no danger for the men shot at but the bullet might and did pass through the next floor and strike a man not seen by the sentinel.

There prevailed in prison a queer custom in the way newcomers were saluted. Officers from all the armies were being brought in almost daily. The salute was "Fresh Fish" in a roar of voices from all near. It was a pretty rough reception and sometimes caused angry passions to rise in the breasts of the recipients.

General Neal Dow was captured in the South and confined in prison at Mobile. He was later brought to Libby and he received the "Fresh Fish" shout the same as officers of lesser rank. He was inclined to resent it but that made no difference. There was no partiality shown. There was a custom that created much amusement. When officers got to talking loud or boisterous, the cry would go up "Louder, Old Pudding Head". This would quiet them.

An aged darky came through the prison every day carrying a frying pan, burning some substance for fumigation. He had a phrase that he was habitually saying "One more smoke and then" and I asked what then and his answer was "Then another". This was all the talk he ever made in prison. General Winder was the official who had charge of all the Confederate Prisons, in Richmond. Captain Dick Turner was in charge of Libby. *Major P. J. Turner in charge of all Prisons in Richmond*

When building a church at Memphis several years since, I learned that Major Turner was located there, a dentist. I called on him at his office and was treated very nicely. Later he sent his "colored boy" down to ask me if I would like a drive about the City. I was glad to accept the invitation and he came down with an eight hundred dollar horse and we had an enjoyable ride about Memphis. He took me to call on a priest who was about to do some building.

Mice were abundant in Libby. They amused themselves during the silent watches of the night by promenading over us as we lay on the floor and they were not particular about avoiding our faces. In the morning the taste and odor of mouse was sickening. Ten months of this was plenty.

General Grant sent General Kilpatrick on a cavalry raid about Richmond. There were things doing in Richmond; great excitement; troops marching to the front to beat off the Yanks. We saw jackass batteries pass the prison. A jackass battery is composed of one of those quadrupeds with a small cannon strapped on its back, muzzle to the rear. It was rumored in prison that the purpose of the raid was



to liberate us. If that was the object, it was a failure.

The Union troops came so close to the City that we plainly heard the cannonading. They succeeded in giving the Johnnies a mighty scare as we in Libby observed and enjoyed hugely.

The prison authorities evidently believed that Kilpatrick was after us, as they placed a mine under the prison with which they were to blow us sky high if the raid succeeded in entering the city. Some of the prisoners believed that powder was under the prison- others did not. It seemed that civilized human beings could not be guilty of such a diabolical plot. An investigation after the war was over proved that the powder was there. Delicate situation- if Kilpatrick broke in, up would go Libby.

The knowledge that this was the condition made no difference in the action or conduct of the prisoners. Everything went on as usual except that the possibility of being blown up made a basis for new jokes. Card playing, relating yarns- more or less true, singing, and reading continued all the same as if no mine was under the prison and no sleep was lost.

There were some men in prison who were not content- they were all the time devising some scheme for escaping. It was not easy to escape from Libby. After we had been there for some time, bars were put in the windows. One day at noon the blacksmiths who were doing the work, threw off their overalls and frocks when they went to lunch. Major Bates, of Illinois, put on a suit, blackened his face, took some tools in his hands and went through the office and out. He was retaken. A couple of prisoners were taken ill and a doctor looked them over and pronounced it small pox. They were not recaptured, I think.

I learned that my orderly sergeant was ill in the hospital. I applied for the privilege of visiting him, which was granted. I found him suffering with typhoid fever. Under the circumstances there was nothing I could do for him. The doctors were doing what they could with their limited facilities, but the chances of recovery from typhoid in prison were small. The next time I went to the hospital he was gone. A noble man always ready for duty. Fourteen of my company died in prison. This was the only time I was outside the prison walls in ten months and then only long enough to walk from one door to another on the sidewalk- about fifty feet.

One day the Captains were all called down to the office to draw lots to determine which two should have an opportunity to be hung. There was no great rush to see who would arrive at the office first, as there would have been if it had been a summons for exchange. Some of them showed signs of feeling pale and did not seem to appreciate the honor. My name was on the prison rolls as first Lieutenant and for that reason I did not feel as much interest in the matter as the Captains.

Lieut. Bisbee was confined in the hospital which was on the floor below the one where I had my quarters.

The inmates of the hospital found some corn meal in the basement below the hospital and rigging up a hook with a cord and a kettle bail fished up some of the meal. Lieut. Bisbee and myself used to communicate by means of notes, passed through cracks in the floor. He informed me about the meal and I arranged to get some. He put some in a sack and took position in his toilet. I with a cord waited in my toilet and when the guards back was turned, I dropped my cord and Bisbee made it fast to the meal sack and I pulled it ashore. It was bolted meal and made a welcome addition to my bill of fare.

The toilets were built of rough lumber outside the brick walls of the prison, they were entered through a window opening. An opening was left in each floor about the height of a man's face. The guards had order to shoot anyone looking from those openings. One day I was in the second floor, another man was on the floor above me and the guard fired at him, did not hit him, but the bullet crushing through the boards made the old wreck quiver and shake.

One day in Libby the Captains were all called down to the office to draw lots to determine which two should have an opportunity to be hung. There was no great rush to see who would arrive at the office first, as there would have been, if it has been a summons for exchange. Some of them showed signs of feeling pale and did not seem to appreciate the honor. My name was on the prison rolls as first Lieutenant and for that reason I did not feel as much interest in the matter as the captains.

A spy had been captured in the West and sentenced to be hung, so orders were issued that two captains in Libby should be selected by lot as hostages, and to be hung if the spy was executed. Captains Sawyer and Flynn were the doomed men. I believe they were confined in the dungeon for awhile. Our government learned of this action, and as it happened, Captain Lee, a son of General Lee and Captain Winder, a son of General Winder, were in our custody as prisoners of War. Our government notified the Confederates that if Sawyer and Flynn were hung, Captains Lee and Winder would meet the same fate. This was coming too close home and the hanging was cut out.

Exchanges were made that liberated Sawyer and Flynn, Lee and Winder, General Dow and several others. Colonel Streight was one of the best hated men held as a prisoner by the Confederates. He led the first cavalry raid into the Southern territory which was made by our troops. His command was captured near Rome, Ga. He escaped through the "tunnel" and was not recaptured. He was a large man and it was said he came near getting stuck in the tunnel.



## WAR REMINISCENCES

By Captain L. C. Bisbee

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*Diary begins here*

January 1st, 1864- Six months a prisoner, cloudy and cold. All who could, made a better dinner than usual. We had a chicken for dinner. Dancing in the evening in the dining room. We were allowed to burn our light until eleven o'clock. Hereafter we are to keep our light until 9:30, instead of 9:00 as heretofore. In the evening an officer dressed in citizens' clothes, escorted another officer around the room who was dressed in woman's clothes. It created a large sized sensation.

January 2d - Last night coldest of the season, water shut off to keep it from freezing. water is brought into the basement by darkies and go there for it. Exchange stock quite low again.

Jan. 4th - Letters from home. Wrote home. worked all day on bone.

January 6th - Snowed. A list of names were called off and verified. It is thought that this is an indication of exchange soon. A good joke was perpetrated upon some officers as they passed through the door. Lieut. Huggins and others stood by and directed them up stairs to Co. Canada for the purpose of signing a parole. Many fooled.

Jan. 7th - Cold and stormy. Gatouche (an official) told Col. Cesnola that he did not know where the next cord of wood was coming from, also that the guards had drawn no meat for five days. Bread alone.

Jan. 9th - Gen. Morgan, Gen. A. P. Hill and Congressman Bruce of Kentucky made a visit to the prison. Morgan is a fine looking man. He found fault with the ~~fair~~ he received while *here* he was in a Union prison. He said they furnished brown sugar for his coffee. He was told that we had no sugar for our coffee, also that we never had a ration of coffee.

Jan. 12th - Considerable excitement relative to the conduct of one of the officers who was sent to Belle Isle to distribute clothing which had been supplied for our enlisted men. -- About midnight heard loud cries of "murder" outside the prison.

Jan. 13th -- Indignation meeting held at which resolutions were passed reflecting severely upon the character of the officer referred to above. in fact stigmatized him as a traitor. Captain Metcalf paroled. Maj. Jones, C.S.A. made a visit to the prison.



He was sent on by the U.S. Government to be exchanged for Major White, which the Confederates refused, and tomorrow he goes back to captivity.

Jan. 14th - Worked on bone napkin ring for Major Knaggs. Truce boat arrived at City Point. Some prisoners tried to escape but failed. Poker players had quarrel.

Jan. 15th - Capt. Metcalf and Gregg were paroled and sent away. Saw a boy with sack picking up the bread thrown into the street by the prisoners. He carried it away. Prisoners who had better food from home threw their bread into the street. Paid \$1.00 for five small apples. Apples \$50.00 per barrel.

Jan. 16th - Boatload of boxes arrived which made us feel quite jubilant. No news on exchange questions.

Jan. 17th - No meat or rice issue. Boxes not to be issued until the Rebs learn that theirs are issued.

Jan. 18th - A couple of officers of my regiment made plans to escape at 12 last night but at the last moment their hearts failed them. No meat or rice.

Jan. 19th - Received letters from home. Exchange stock low. Paid \$1.00 for dozen eggs.

Jan. 20th - No meat. No news. Flour bread one dollar a loaf.

Jan. 21st - At work on paper knife. No meat for six days. Some men removed to Belle Isle from building opposite. Graters are used to pulverize the corn bread which we draw, and when mixed with a little flour it is quite palatable. Wrote to Miss Blake giving information concerning her brother of my company.

Jan. 22nd - Eyes so sore I could not work. No meat. A member of the committee to inquire into the commissary department for prisoners, visited the prison. He is a congressman. He told Gen. Dow that the bread that we received is not fit for human food. An order was issued that there should be three departments made of the prison by closing the doors between the rooms. Later this was modified so as to make only two, viz. Straights and Milroy in one and Potomac and Chickamauga in the other.

Jan. 23rd - Very fine weather, like our Indian summer in Maine. Rebels practicing a battery just over the river. Interested me some with watching the shells explode. I think that the most exquisite music that I could hear would be the sound of Federal cannon. Toward night about one hundred officers were promenading in the dining room singing John Brown and other songs when the officials pounced upon them and made them stand in line until 9:30.

Jan. 24th - Meat issued. I feel uneasy. I don't like this hotel and if such a thing is within the bounds of reason I will change my quarters. When I look forth upon the beautiful sunshine I feel that I am losing much of life's enjoyment and health by confinement in this dark, unwholesome place. Many persons were in the streets loitering about for the purpose of seeing the "Yanks."

Jan. 25th - Meat issued. An old box was issued - Contents that had not been stolen was mostly spoiled. Worked on knife. Many officers on prison rations. Colonel S. says there are but one hundred graves on Belle Isle. Between five and six hundred prisoners died up to Nov. 1st in hospitals here. Deaths now ten per day.

Jan/ 27, 1864 - No meat today. Commenced putting iron gratings in the windows of the prison. Looking and thinking. Two officers, who escaped from the jail in Columbia, S.C., were retaken and arrived here. They were in the woods four weeks and had got within twelve miles of our lines. Hard case.

28th -- Boat up to City Point.

29th - Very warm for the season. Officials found that Captain Porter and Major Bates had escaped and they began to stir about quite lively. During the melee three more escaped. Roll was called three times. They could not make it come out right. Major Bates recaptured east of Chickominy.

30th - Devil to pay all day among the officials. Called roll three times, could not make it twice alike. Some prisoners went over the roof and through the scuttles and were counted twice. They drove us into the dining room and counted us and into the east room and counted us and into the west room and counted us.

Feb. 1st - Received two letters from wife, 10th and 17th ult. All well. Wife had received draft on New York for \$171.00.

Roll is called by driving all of us into the two east rooms and counting us out. They are in a very bilious condition. Order read restricting us to one letter of six lines each week. Lieut. B. came back from hospital. Col. Ould, exchange commissioner, refuses to deliver our boxes until a written statement is received from Gen. Meredith that confederate prisoners receive theirs.

4th- Suffering with jumping toothache. Gratings put on prison windows.

6th - Captains Reed and Ives with Major Sterling of Hooker's staff were sent to Salisbury, N.C. as hostages. Captain Johnson missing. Had three roll calls and did not find him, (Capt.

Johnson was one of the tunnel diggers and remained in the basement until the night of the 9th when the extensive escape occurred).

7th -- Great excitement prevailed in Richmond. A heavy federal force is reported to have landed at White House. Troops are moving through the city to drive back Yanks. Jackass battery went down and second class militia went down by company, by section, by file and singly.

Prisoners hallooed and jeered at them as they passed. One fellow raised his gun and snapped a cap. Whether it was loaded or not is only a matter of conjecture.

A cavalry man passing at a gallop received a salute, hardly complimentary. He turned in his saddle, raised his carbine to aim but did not fire. Altogether it was not pleasant for the chivalry to pass "Old Libby." - The officers displayed a great desire to hear the thunder of federal cannon. I think that it would indeed be music. It has been reported that a skirmish has occurred. One hardly dare to hope that it is anything more than a raid or reconnaissance, but we hope, hope, hope.

8th - Boat at City Point. Ten tons of boxes arrived in evening. A few old boxes were issued. They act as though they were trying all ways to put us to inconvenience and to put stumbling blocks in the way of all amicable arrangements for exchange. I hope and trust they will some time see matters in a different light.

It is reported that our forces have fallen back. It is conjectured that the object of the move was to advance our lines farther up the peninsula. It is to be hoped that such is the case, as it would greatly facilitate the escape prisoners and deserters and others who wish to get in cover of our lines.

9th - Exchange and everything "in statu quo."

10th - Last night 109 officers escaped through tunnel.

11th - worked on bone. Twenty-two officers have been recaptured up to sunset. Several have been killed and wounded on both sides. Those that are retaken are put in the cold dark cells without blankets, with one loaf of bread a day and water to drink.

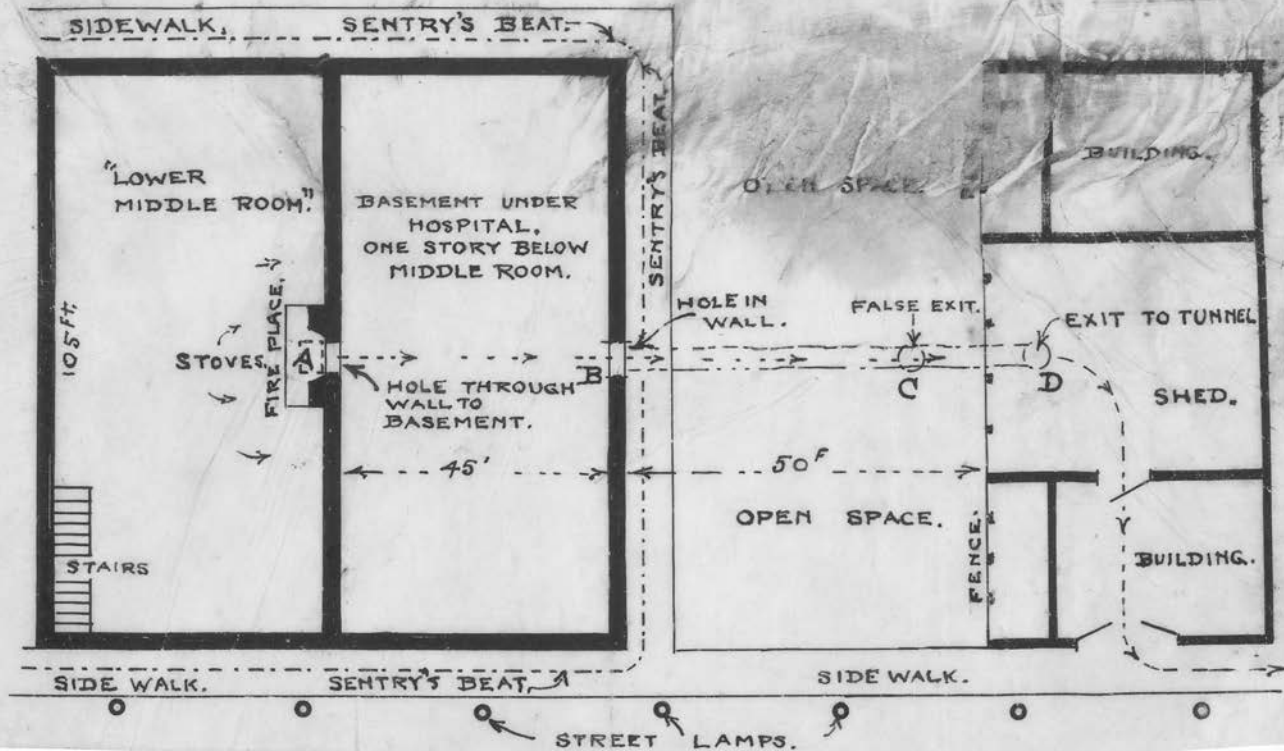
12th - The pursuit of the absconding officers is kept up by the officers with unabated zeal. Several have been brought in today. Bloodhounds are used.

13th -- About forty officers have been recaptured.

14th -- Forty-eight officers have been recaptured. Col. Watts of the Fourth Virginia cavalry gave his men orders to shoot all escaped prisoners that they may find. We will not forget his kindness. Wrote six little lines to wife-- Curse them.



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# *The Tunnel* LIBBY PRISON. *and* *and escape*

## Explanamtion of the Diagram.

At A is shown the fire place through the hearth and back of which down and through the brick into basement. B, the opening through the basement wall where the excavation began. C, when the excavation had reached this point, it was presumed that it was beyond the fence; an opening was made, and the mistake discovered. This opening was stopped by putting a quantity of earth on an old blouse and propping it up so that the surface of the ground appeared unbroken. D, the real exit beyond the fence in the yard of another building. E, the prisoners passed through this archway to the brightly lighted sidewalk, and were seen by the sentinels. This small building was an ell of a large warehouse, which was used to store our boxes while they were being examined for contrabands of war. Our boxes were frequently robbed in the warehouse, and the guards seeing the prisoners coming out supposed that they had been stealing the contents of our food and clothing sent to us by our friends, and they gave no alarm.

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Col. T.G. Rose of the 77th Penn. Volunteers conceived the plan of the tunnel and directed the work. The matter was kept a profound secret from all except about fifteen men until the tunnel was completed. The digging extended over several weeks. It is a wonder that it was done as quickly as it was, considering the conveniences or inconveniences that they had to work and contend with.

A common case knife and an old chisel served as both pick and shovel. A spittoon with two cords attached, one to pull it in, the other to draw it out, was the vehicle for removing the earth, which was concealed under the straw in the basement. The men detailed to work would go down after night set in and work until morning, then come out and cover the entrances.

On the night of Feb. 9th, 1864, the tunnel was complete and the digging party took the lead in escaping. Then it soon became known generally that a tunnel had been dug and the lower middle room was soon filled with excited men seeking an opportunity to escape. It was said that men fought with knives to secure a chance.

Comparatively few could escape by reason of the long time it took to wriggle through. Once in the night

an alarm was given that sent all in the lower room up stairs in a hurry. It proved to be false and the escap-  
ing was soon resumed and kept up till morning. One  
hundred and nine escaped and fifty-five were recaptur-  
ed, some of them in sight of the Union lines. Col. Rose,  
the leader of the scheme, was brought back, which seemed  
especially unfortunate.

Next morning when the first count was made and  
found not to tally correctly, the fun began. We were kept  
on our feet all day. The "Yanks" enjoyed acting mean and  
playing all the tricks possible to hinder a correct count.

Standing in ranks several filed deep a man would,  
after being counted at one end of the line, pass in the  
rear to the other end of the line to be counted the second  
time. Others would hold up a hat in the rear and have it  
counted. They could not get a correct count this way, and  
then they took to counting us through a door from one room  
to another.

They could not get two counts alike for a while  
this way. The reason was that some of the prisoners after  
being counted, climbed through a scuttle in the roof and  
came down again into the room from which they had been  
counted and were again counted. This scheme was discov-  
ered and a sentinel was placed opposite the prison where  
he could watch the roof and a stop was made of that both-  
eration, and near night the correct count was obtained.

The mode of escape was not discovered until late  
in the day. Then the stairs were taken down at night and  
a sentinel placed there to prevent, I suppose, the prison-  
ers from carrying them away.



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15th - No meat. Rumored that rations are to be reduced.  
A six-line Once a Week Letter.

Libby Prison, Richmond, Feb. 7, 1863-- Dear Martha--  
I received your letters of the 10th and 17th ult. on the 1st inst.  
Glad to hear that all are well. My health is good. I expect  
to get a box by the next boat. It is expected today. There is  
no prospect of exchange. Send me a small blank account book for  
autographs. Send sugar, butter, ham, stationary, etc. I write  
for these things often as you may not get all my letters. Of  
course I don't expect you to send only about what one will want.  
Six lines is the allowance. Give my love to all. I am in good  
spirits--keep yours up also. Your husband,

- L.C. Bisbee,

Captain 16th Me. Vols., 1st Brigade,  
2nd Div. 1st A.C.

Feb. 15th -1864 - Cloudy and cold. Snowed at night. No  
more captured today. No meat today. Health good; Rumored  
that our rations are to be reduced.

16th - Cloudy in morning. Quite cold. Health good. Drew  
meal instead of bread. No meat. Double ration of bread. A  
patrol was established at night - ~~peeping~~ through all the rooms  
every two hours during the night. The stairs from middle room  
fixed so as to be taken down at night. This is the effect, it  
is said, of a note sent to Maj. ~~Tanner~~ saying that if our  
boxes were not issued he might wake up some morning and find his  
throat cut. ~~Mate~~

Mustey Haines requested a friend to call on him. Haines  
took his days rations to him and got him to take it to the  
Secretary of war and Gen. Winsler. Result extra rations of  
bread same day.

Feb. 17th - Very cold. Health good. Aggregate of our men  
who died last night 34 - Average 20 a day. No meat, double  
ration of bread.

18th - Very cold. Said to be colder weather than  
ever known for 20 years... Health good. Boat up - Meat issued.  
Gen. Seamon arrived at this Hotel today. Seven months since  
I came in.

19th. Very cold. river frozen over. Health good.  
Boat still at City Point. Exchange stock coming up. Spencer  
Deaton hung at Castle Thunder as a spy. No meat.

20th - Very cold in morning- more moderate towards  
night- clear. Health good. Paper states that several  
died from effect of cold last night. we have heard no more  
boxes will be brought until a settlement of existing difficulties.  
The box difficulties is this; the Rebs claim to have been inform-  
ed that the stores sent to their prisoners are not delivered.

This I imagine is only a pretext. They then inform our government that our boxes wont be delivered until they have a satisfactory answer. A verbal answer is only required - by next boat that answer came- then that would not do; a written statement must be made. Two loads of boxes were on hand. Soon came the statement required, made by Gen. Butler. (Our people had been hoodwinked until the third load of boxes was out). This could not be accepted because Butler was an outlaw. So the thing is at an end and until the Rebs recognize Butler or our Government withdraws or superceeds him. Meanwhile we are likely to go hungry unless some action is taken on one side or the other. If the Rebs take Butler, then the exchange is likely to take place. No meat.

22nd - Weather more moderate. Bright. Health good. No meat. Load of boxes, arrived from City Point.

23rd. Very nice weather. Clear. Health good. Meat issued. Commenced to issue boxes. Whole contents good.

24th. Magnificent day. Health good. Boxes being issued. Meat issued. Capt. Wentworth received two boxes from Boston containing ham, soap, cheese, sausage, fish. Came in good time. Meat issued.

25th. Pleasant. Health good. Received two letters from wife. Boxes not sent. Truce boat arrived at City point.

Feb. 26th - Pleasant. Health good. Stairs in diningroom were fixed to take down at night. A sentinel is kept in the dining room at night, and one in the hospital day and night. Officials are very much frightened.

27th - Pleasant. Health good. A general search was made. For this purpose we were all down to the dining room and kept standing four hours - some without their breakfast. All our matches, hammers, files were confiscated. Some of the bone work was stolen. One pistol it was said. No gunboats, ordnance or light artillery was found. Another boat load of boxes arrived from the so-called United States. *Sent*

28th - Warm and pleasant. Health good. Orders were issued to the guard not to allow us to look out of the windows or put our hands on the bars. Another flag of truce up. Fred Barton, Capt. of 10th Mass. went away. No meat. Wrote Briggs and wife. *Match*

29th - Cloudy, rained a little. Nothing of more than usual interest transpired. No meat. A ration of potatoes issued yesterday and today. Health good.

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March 3, 1864 -- The night passed with no disturbance. The day was made up of rumors that Butler was moving up the pwninsula, and that fighting was going on at Bottom's Bridge. Reinforcements were seen to go in that direction. Great feeling existed in the prison, but not noisy or boisterous. The raid thus far is of no importance. It has done little damage and has failed to release the prisoners, which is supposed to have been the prime object of the movement. My opinion is that there has been a failure of some of the forces to make connections as planned. Three shots were fired by the guard over the prison across the street at the prisoners looking from the windows, but no one was hit. One of the bullets struck upon the window close to the man's head, and while the guard was reloading he put his hand out and made an examination of the spot where the ball struck. Watching him from our prison we thought it an exceedingly cool proceeding. A small gunboat with one gun in the stern is lying in the river ready for any emergency.

March 4th -- The raid is a failure. A lieutenant captured says the miscarriage was in consequence of the failure of Butler's forces to make the connection agreed upon. The papers recommend the blowing of the raider from the cannon's mouth, and to quarter the body of Colonel Dahlgren killed. They publish orders said to have been taken from the person of Colonel Dahlgren giving directions to kill Davis and his cabinet and to burn mills and all public property. Kilpatrick has joined Butler and is to remain in his department a while.

March 5th - Lieutenant Hammond of Ringold's batallion was fired at by the guard while in the toilet, and the ball just grazed his ear. Narrow escape. Flag of truce boat up with 600 men and 62 officers. More hope.

March 6th - Great excitement in Libby. The confederate officers and men passed through the street this afternoon. They looked hearty and comfortable. Well shod. All sorts of rumors prevailed.

March 7th - Several officers were selected for exchange. Captain Wentworth, of my mess, was one of the fortunate ones. Captain <sup>Atwood</sup> was sent back after going to the office.

March 8th - Boat load of boxes arrived. No news of consequence.

March 9th - Assurances are given that the exchange is really going on, altho they say that Butler is not recognized. Cashmanger, the chief detective, was detected in treasonable correspondence.

March 10th - No news. Employed on bone work. The officers in the late raid and the officers of negro regiments who were with us were taken with some negroes and put in close confinement in a room made yesterday from a part of the dining room.



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March 11th - Letters from home. Wife had been sick with diphtheria. Great hope of exchange.

March 12th - A most beautiful day, warm and sunny. No boat arrived yet. Letters of the 8th received give a gloomy coloring to the exchange question. I think that if Butler is willing, we may all be exchanged within a short time on the same terms as the last boat load, which established a precedent. I feel very ~~hungry~~ *anxious* sometimes, perhaps without cause.

March 13th - Exchange matter looks more cheerful this morning. A boat is up with a load of prisoners.

March 14th - Forty-two officers were sent north this morning, General Dow and Captain Alwood were among the number. Exchange looks promising now. Order to write no more than six lines rescinded,

March 18th - Hope is strong that we will be exchanged in a few weeks, perhaps days.

March 20th - Boat up. A guard fired and struck Lieutenant Knapp. Other guards snapped their pieces several times during the day.

March 21st - Sixty-three officers were sent away this morning.

March 22d - All are confident that we are to be exchanged in a few weeks. About 25 boxes were issued.

March 23rd - Four inches of snow. Meat is now issued every day, a fact that goes to show that they expect to exchange us and wish us to tell as good a story as possible.

March 25th - All are now looking for the arrival of boats with anxious expectation; the days seem to be weeks and the hours days.

March 26th - Received letter from S. C. Shapleigh of Boston directing me to receive boxes sent to Captain Wentworth.

March 29th - A soldier shot a guard in the prison across the street.

March 31st.- It is reported that Commissioners Ould and Hatch have gone to Fortress Monroe to treat with General Butler. I am very hopeful that they will be able to make an arrangement for exchange. It looks that the rebel commissioner should go to General Butler. We get meat now nearly every day, have all the corn bread and meal that we wish for, and indeed within a few days they have sold our surplus ~~meat~~ *meal* and bought flour bread.

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April 1, 1864 -- Three inches of snow fell this morning. No news from Commissioner Ould.

April 3d -- Much anxiety but no news in regard to exchange. Guard had orders to shoot any one who should throw anything from the window.

April 4th - Papers say that Ould has returned from Fort Monroe and that an exchange has been agreed upon, though as the "Whig" says, on terms which cause the lovers of their country great mortification.

April 5th - Cold and rainy.

April 7th - Fine weather. Two boats up at City Point. Received one Capt. Wentworth's boxes. It contained 24 cans of milk, 4 hams, about 12 pounds of white sugar, about 6 pounds of butter, 1 cheese and some chocolate. I think it an accident that it was issued. ( But I found no fault).

April 8th - Man shot in Castle Thunder.

April 9th - Damp and rainy in evening; thunder and lightning and pouring rain.

X April 10th- River rising rapidly in morning. It seems as though the fates are against us, for while it is declared that the cartel is resumed, the continued high water prevents the boats from running between Richmond and City Point. The days seem weeks in duration, but looking back over the weeks and months which have passed away since I have been here it seems only like a dream, a mere scrap of time in which nothing has been accomplished. In aggravation of these drawbacks the weather seems to link its influence with rebel barbarism for the purpose of making us more uncomfortable, one day rainy with high wind, then calm with not a breath of air moving, not enough to cleanse the air in our stench box of a prison; next cold and windy, compelling us to close the windows to be comfortable. But while there is life hope still exists.

11th - River very high this morning, the street and basement of prison submerged, driving the sentinels off their beats. Rats were plenty on wood pile and on everything that offered a protection from the water. Timber and lumber of all kinds floated down the river and canal. Two steamboats are anchored off in the river in the eddy of the island.

12th - A terrible deed was done about 9 o'clock. The new guards were drawn up in front of the prison and were loading; one, while in the act of putting on the cap discharged his piece and the shot coming through the window, instantly killed Lieut. Forsyth of the 100th Ohio Volunteers and wounded two others. A general feeling of sorrow and sadness prevailed in the prison. He was much beloved by his acquaintances and associates. My blood boils with hate for the perpetrators of this deed

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of damnable carelessness, which is the mildest word that can be used to characterize it.

13th -- It is indeed discouraging, the manner in which matters go on.

14th - No news. A committee was chosen and resolutions drafted relative to the death of Lieut. Forsythe.

15th - Yesterday they told us that the sick were going today; today they say they are going tomorrow if weather permits. Lieut. Temple paid \$80 for a pair of sewed shoes. Lieut. Nyce paid \$96 for a ham. Butter is \$20 a pound.

16th - The boats got away about 10 o'clock with the sick enlisted men. Appearances are hopeful for all to go within a short time.

18th- Load of Boxes arrived.

19th - Boxes issued.

20th - Received box from home and from R. P. Briggs. Home box contained one ham, flour, butter, sugar and paper and envelopes. A jar of preserves from Mrs. Ferrington of Auburn. (I was building a house for them when I enlisted) .All the articles were in good condition. They came very unexpected. Exchange seems slow.

24th - No news. It was a very long, gloomy day. Some officers think exchange has gone up. But I do not sympathize with them. I think we will be out in a few days. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

25th - Wrote to wife and Briggs. In the afternoon received half barrel of flour from the supplies sent by S. C. Shapleigh of Boston. Report that Burnside had landed at Yorktown with large force.

26th - Delightful weather. It seems too bad to be shut up here. Health quite good. Feel very weak, the least excitement prostrates my strength. Peach trees in bloom. Female employees of the Treasury Department sent south. Impressment of horses in Richmond. No exchange news.

27th - Health about as usual. Rumors were afloat that the armies on the Rapidan were fighting. General Wessel and his staff and field officers arrived from Plymouth, N.C. In the evening listened to preaching by chaplain of 101st Penn. Vols. Text. Exodus, 33d chapter, 14th verse.



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28th - In the evening listened to preaching by chaplain of 101st Penn. Vol. Text. Matthew XVI., 26th; very good sermon.

29th-- Rumor at night that a boat was up, which was received with gratification; Jackass batteries passed down street. It seems that there is some trouble on the peninsula.

30th - A truce boat arrived at City Point last night, and several hundred men and 25 officers were sent down this morning. Two boats started to come up, but one was disabled and put back. Large siege guns moved out in Broad street.

May 1st - Men escaped from prison building opposite by letting themselves down from the third story window by ropes made from blankets. Another boat, is expected.

May 2d - Pleasant for part of day. Near night a fearful tornado came up, which did some damage in town. One church was partly blown down, chimneys torn off. The west end of the prison roof was raised from its bearings.

May 3rd - The grass and foliage in the surrounding country look green and invite us from behind iron bars, but we cannot accept the invitation at present.

One day in "Libby" the captains were all called down to the office to draw lots to determine which two should have an opportunity to be hung. There was no great rush to see who would arrive at the office first as there would have been if it had been a summons for exchange.

Some of them showed signs of feeling pale and did not appreciate the honor. My name was on the prison register as 1st lieutenant so I did not have as much interest in the matter as the captains. A rebel spy had been captured in Kentucky and sentenced to be hung so orders were given that two of the captains in Libby be selected by lot as hostages and to be hung if the rebel spy was executed.

Captains Sawyer and Flynn were the doomed men. I think they were confined in the dungeon for a while. Our government learned of this action and as it happened a Capt. Lee, a son or a nephew of Gen. Lee, and a Capt. Winder son of Gen. Winder were in our custody as prisoners of war our government notified the Confederates that if Sawyer and Flynn were hung Lee and Sawyer would meet the same fate.

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This was coming too close home and the hanging was cut out. There were exchanges made that liberated Sawyer and Flynn, Lee and Winder and Gen. Dow and several others. Col. Streight was one of the most hated men by the "Confeds", in prison. He led the first cavalry raid into the southern territory which was made by our troops. His whole command was captured near Rome, Georgia. He escaped through the tunnel and was not recaptured. He was a large man and it was said he came near getting stuck in the tunnel.

Col. Cesnola an Italian nobleman was another prominent prisoner. I witnessed one day a quarrel he and the prison sargeant engaged in. The sargeant called the colonel a liar. The sargeant had a cane. The colonel sprung for him like a tiger and with one hand seized the arm that held the cane and gripped his throat with the other and with a terrible oath shouted "If I had a revolver I would blow your brains out." We expected that the prison authorities would take up the matter but nothing more was heard about it.

It is said that stolen fruit is the sweetest. Lieut. B-- was in the hospital for a while, the basement room below the hospital was used by the rebels for storage purposes. The fellows in the hospital in some way learned that some corn meal was stored there. Through a hole in the floor with a pail bail bent into a hook with a cord attached, they fished up some of the meal. Lieut. B. and myself used to correspond through cracks in the floor and he told me I could have some of the meal. The toilets were built outside the prison walls of lumber with an entrance from each floor of the prison. A board was left out about the height of the face around each toilet. Lieut. B - took his place in the hospital toilet with a small sack of meal. I was ready in the toilet above him with a cord. When the sentinel was walking from us I lowered my rigging outside and Lieut. B- attached to it the sack and I drew it up. It proved to be bolted corn meal.

May 4, 1864 - It is reported that Grant's army is moving. Also that a force is making its appearance on the James.

5th - Fight reported on the Rapidan, boat up with officers and men. Received four letters from wife; all well.

6th - Anxiety and suspense regarding army movements and exchange affects my health. About twenty-seven ~~others~~ <sup>officers</sup> were sent to City Point, but were sent back on account of our forces on the river. Ordered to pack up at 10 o'clock at night to leave Libby.

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7th - Started for Danville early. Box cars, 55 in a car. Had to leave almost everything we had. Suffered terribly with heat and for water. One hundred and fifty miles from Richmond to Danville. Some officers jumped from the cars and were fired upon by guard. Result not known.

8th - Arrived at Danville at 9 o'clock in the morning, much fatigued and were put in prison No. 500 of us; very much crowded. All water has to be brought from river in buckets. The officers seem to be kind and treat us as well as we can expect. We have quite good rations compared with Libby.

9th - We can get no reliable news from the recent fights. We received corn bread, meat and soup. Report that Petersburg is in our hands and that Grant has fallen back on Fredericksburg.

10th - News appears quite favorable for our army. Our room, 38x78, with 221 men in it, 13 feet to a man. Report that the Fifth corps is the only one of Grant's army engaged.

11th - Many rumors in regard to our future destination. Some say Georgia, some Richmond. At night rations were issued one day in advance

12th - At 3 o'clock a.m. we were ordered to get ready to move. A heavy thunder shower prevailed at the time. We took the cars for Greensboro, 25 miles, left the cars and marched 6 miles, took cars again at 2 o'clock, arrived at daylight. Started for Charlotte at once, 110 miles; arrived at night, drew rations, loaded in cars and waited until Saturday morning. Got very wet while out of cars. Weather quite cool, which made it more endurable. The car leaked very badly.

14th - Arrived at Columbia, at dark, 104 miles. Changed cars and food all night; reached Branchville, 60 miles, in morning. Very tedious riding. Sitting on floor of car, not room to lie down.

15th - Passed from Branchville toward Augusta, where we arrived at 5 o'clock, 70 miles. Changed cars for Macon. Remained in the cars all night.

16th - Left Augusta in the morning. A few miles out we were allowed to leave the cars and dry our clothing and blankets. At 4 o'clock started again for Macon, where we arrived Tuesday morning. Several officers escaped on the route.



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17th - Very tired. Were marched to our new quarters, which consisted of three or four acres of ground, a good spring and well and good facilities for washing. Rations of corn bread, rice and bacon.

18th - Lumber is brought in to build sheds for our protection. The Plymouth officers are here, in all 170.

19th - Capt. Van Buren recaptured. Distance from Richmond to Macon, 683 miles.

20th - Bacon, meal, bread, rice, beans, vinegar and soft soap were issued today. My eyes pain me badly all day, caused by the bright sunshine, I suppose. Papers report that Johnson is falling back and Sherman following.

21st - Very hot. Johnson reported to have made a stand at or near Rome. I think movements are looking well for our side.

22d - Good news from the Georgia front. Capt. Tabb, who is in command here, ordered the chaplains not to pray for the president of the United States, but finally yielded the point, and they prayed for the president, the army and navy, to the great satisfaction of the prisoners.

23d - Very hot in middle of day, mornings and evenings are pleasant. Sherman reported near Atlanta and driving Johnson before him. If so, we will not stop here long. I still hope that our government has not forgotten us.

24th - Shower in evening. Lieut. Wood of 82nd Indiana died last night. Lieut. Smith of my regiment arrived a prisoner. Ten recaptured officers brought in. They report that negroes are allowed only one day's ration at a time. Lieut. Stevens of 5th Maine sick and went to hospital.

25th - The news from both armies, as well as we can judge, is encouraging. The papers keep up a show of courage by lying, but it does not deceive us much, as we have become familiar with their kind of music.

26th - Shower in afternoon. They are building open sheds for us. Up to this time we have had no shelter. Exposed to rain and sun. Good news from Grant's army. He whipped them on the 13th at Spottsylvania. Sick, moved to hospital. Services in evening. We get rations enough in bulk for sustenance, but it is coarse.

27th - Capt. Tabb in command. He pretends to have been an old army officer. He is a blowhard and has not brains enough for even this easy position. He keeps the camp in a

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ferment nearly all the time with his vacillating conduct.

28th - Excitement in camp. A tunnel was found by the officers. Some harsh and foolish language was made use of. Capt. Tabb brought in the guard and said that he would shoot any man found out of the ranks.

29th - Fresh fish from Plymouth. They say that exchange is all right. Capt. Tabb found another hole in the evening, made a great row over it. He brought in the whole guard. He struck an officer with a musket.

30th - Fresh fish from Army of Potomac. News good.

31st - Fine weather. Kendall and the other hostages were brought from Salisbury. News good. Artillery mounted upon the platforms outside the stockade to command the prison.

June 1st - Health not good. Rumor that Capt. Tabb is to be relieved; good. All will rejoice at this if it takes place. He is the meanest man I ever saw in a responsible position.

2d - Health not good.

3d - Cloudy with showers at night. Health not good. Capt. Tabb left for Richmond in morning. Good for us. News for both armies encouraging.

4th - Health not good. No letters have been sent from this place yet. An officer tried to escape by the way of the sutler's cart, but was caught. Smith spoke about trying to escape.

The journey from Richmond to Macon was a terror. Confined in old rickety, leaky box cars, 55 in a car with only one door open and two guards stationed in that, our suffering for air, for sleep, for water, I cannot find language to describe. Arriving at Macon we were drawn up in line near the prison gate. The officer in command, in giving facing order gave it wrong. Lieut. B., who stood at my side, made a criticism which was heard by the officer. He was angry, with a sword drawn he threatened to "Hew" the lieutenant down. The lieutenant faced him, shouted, "Hew away." Heddid not hew. Camp Oglethorpe, as the prison was named, was enclosed with hewn logs set upright in the ground, and about ten feet high. On the outside on platforms, at intervals, the guards were stationed.

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*June*

There was but one building in the prison, and this was quickly filled by the first ones entering the gates, the balance, the majority, made our quarters on the sand. There was good water flowing from a spring (I think) near one corner. On a slight elevation on the west side was a grove. Here a section of a battery of two guns commanded the prison. In this grove were several magnolia trees in full blossom.

For about ten days we were exposed to the wind, sun and rain, with no shelter; then lumber and pine poles were brought in and open sheds erected which rendered our condition more tolerable. The sheds were about fifty feet long and wide enough for two rows of bunkers. We made bunks by driving four stakes in the ground, placing crosspieces on them, and covering them with small pines split and laid flat side up, and they were not so very flat either. Our bunk was in the end of the shed most distant from the stockade. The other end was close to it. On the other side of an enclosure, nearly opposite the shed, stood a building on blockings. A guard was stationed about thirty or forty feet from the shed. The occupants of the bunk nearest to the stockade formed the plan to dig a tunnel out under the building outside. They made arrangements with us to keep quiet and they agreed to notify us when the tunnel was complete and give us an opportunity to escape.

We made a map of the surrounding country by tracing upon oil paper laid over another map. I have this map now. We procured some pepper and onions. The onions were to be rubbed on our feet to bother the dogs in tracking us, the pepper was to be thrown into the eyes of the dogs if they were unlucky enough to attack us. The tunnel was complete and we were notified, and we were ready and anxious for darkness to come, but our hopes were turned to disappointment when the officials came in and carelessly probing the ground near the stockade with ramrods, discovered the hole.

Diary, June 5, 1964 - Listened to two sermons by chaplains present.

6th - Health about as usual; feet and ankles swollen quite badly, some persons say it is scurvy. Wrote to S.C. Shapleigh of Boston for supplies.

7th - Very hot. Health not good. Saw two doctors about my feet. They say it is dropsy. Making chessmen.

8th - At work on chessmen. News from armies encouraging. An officer died of diarrhea.



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*June*

9th - Cooler. Health not good, feel weak and weary. All fresh fish feel confident of exchange very soon. Heaven direct that such may be the case.

10th - Feel better today, vinegar has good effect. Trains were seen loaded with women and children, supposed to be from Atlanta. Fifty general officers sent away. It was thought that they were sent to Savannah for exchange. (They were sent to Charleston and placed under fire of our own batteries with the hope of stopping the bombardment of the city).

11th - About 8 o'clock p.m. Lieut. Gerson of the 45th N.Y., was shot by a sentinel near the sink. He was not near enough the stockade to justify the shooting. He was more than ten feet from it. Ball struck in right shoulder, passed through both lungs, lodged in left breast.

12th - Hot and showery, health not good. Feel very down hearted. Lieut. Gerson died. Wrote to wife. Directed her where to find a text for my funeral if I should not survive (prospect rather blue with me about those days).

13th - Feel very much discouraged. Papers say that fifty officers went to Richmond for exchange. Molasses issued for the first time, one-half pint per man for four days.

14th - Mail arrived from Richmond. Two letters from wife, one from R. P. Briggs; all well. We had to pay \$24.00 express on mail from Richmond. Feel better in health and spirits today.

15th - It is thought that the fifty officers were sent to Charleston. Lumber to finish barracks brought in.

16th-Thursday. Cloudy. Health tolerably good. Feel very weak and have no pluck to stir about or work. Miserable life this. I think if there is to be no exchange I would rather die and get out of this suffering. Issued rations reduced one-fifth.

17th-Friday. Cloudy and wet and rainy. Health not good. Order issued threatening the sellers and buyers of Greenback with confinement in the State Penitentiary.

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June 18th - Saturday - Rainy and cloudy. Health better than for several days. Reported that Petersburg is in our possession; that brigade had surrendered to our forces; that Sherman had taken Lost Mountain; that the Federals hold 75,000 Rebels prisoners.

June 19th - Sunday - Cloudy and hot. Health quite good. Wrote to wife directing her to take measures for a special exchange. Attended Divine services this A.M. Text Romans 5th 1-2 P.M., Eph. 5-14. Feel weak and not inclined to employ myself.

Monday - June 20th - Cloudy and damp but did not rain. Health about the same. feet swollen somewhat, feel very dull and drowsy. 35 officers from Miss. came in - captured by Forrest - disgraceful. One officer from Petersburg thinks Grant's army on the South side of the James. Attacked Petersburg on the 16th.

June 21st - Tuesday - Cloudy and hot. Health about the same. No news of importance today.

22d - 19 officers captured by Forrest from Sturges, arrived. Death of men at Andersonville reported to reach 100 daily.

Clear and hot. Health better than for several days. Bought 3 squashes for one dollar. Squad meeting held and delegates elected to meet and choose a committee to visit Andersonville and report the condition of that ~~one~~ to the Government if allowed by the rebels. I was elected delegate from Squad 8. Prison

June 23rd - Thursday - Hot and dry. Health poor. 19 officers from Forrest's command brought in. They were stripped of almost everything that they had. Feeling subsiding in regard to meeting yesterday.

June 24th - Friday - Very Hot, Health poor. Doctor says I have the scurvy - feeling weak in the legs. Could get no medicine. News from our forces good generally.

June 25th - Saturday - Very hot. Health about the same. Got some vegetables for soup.

June 26th - Sunday - Hot. Health a little better. Two or three officers crawled through the fence and escaped. Dogs were put on their scent but would not follow. Wrote to wife.

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June 27th - Monday - Very Hot. Health improving a little I think. At roll call a thorough search was made for tunnels. ~~They~~ were found. Four more pieces of artillery were placed in position bearing on camp. Orders were issued that all bunks and boards should be removed. *Three*

June 28th - Tuesday - Hot. Health improving. Very good vegetable soups - doing me good. Order of yesterday modified so as to let the bunks remain by raising them two feet from the ground and to be policed beneath each day by eight o'clock - rained at night.

June 29th - Wednesday - Very hot. Health quite good, gaining strength every day I think. Notice was given that officers having money deposited at Richmond might draw it out at the rate of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  for 1 by producing their receipt from Maj. Moffit of the Richmond officers.

June 30th - Thursday - Cloudy and not very warm. Health about the same. Many officers have the scurvy. Two new pumps put in. No news of importance of the armies.

July 1st - Friday - Hot weather. Health quite good. Rumor that Buraregard with 12,000 men was captured - Anniversary of Battle of Gettysburg. Been in prison one year today. I hope my time is one-half passed.

July 2d - Saturday - Very hot. Health quite good. Vegetables and onions, potatoes, beets, tomatoes, vinegar, molasses, tobacco, cabbage, butter, lard boiled blackberry pudding and sauce for dinner. ~~Recorded~~ \$20.00 Greenbacks from Pendleton. Wrote to *Richmond* of Harkinsville.

July 3~~rd~~ - Sunday - Very hot. Health quite good. Heard sermon, a very strong one - union - text 142 Psalm 7 verse. No news; have much trouble on my mind about fixing my mind on any given thing - as I had thought of trying to leave off using many hard words.

July 4th - Monday - Not so hot as yesterday - raining - Health quite good. A meeting was held in large building at which many good speeches were made. A small edition of the good old Stars and Stripes was raised before the patriotic crowd. Officers of the day broke up the meeting.

July 5th - Tuesday - Fine weather but hot. Health quite good. George H. Pendleton, U.S.A. came into our mess with a lot of greenbacks. Capt. Gibbs relieved by Capt. Toinder. Rumor that Sherman had compelled Johnson to fall back - moving works from Atlanta to this place. *bus*



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July 5th - Wednesday - Very fine today - clear and free air. Feet swollen quite badly. Artillery on south of camp was taken away today. Thinking of drawing pay. G.D. Bisbee has the diarrhea. We have very nice, sweet, healthy water in plenty.

July 7th - Thursday - Clear and Hot. Health quite good. Am informed that the free use of vegetables will help the scurvy, symptoms of which I have got. Two officers from Grant's army report quite favorable for our side.

Officers came in camp at night. They are very hard prisoners.

July 8th - Friday. Very hot day. Health not very good. Capt. Robinson is very sick in hospital. Many officers have the scurvy in camp. We hear that officers in Charlestown are removed from under fire. Gov't sent 50 rebel officers for same purpose to cut off the attack on the James Teland *92nd* unsuccessful.

July 9th - Saturday - Very hot weather. Officers in Charlestown are doing nicely, nearly all are on their parole- they communicate with our fleet and are allowed to have money and clothing. My health, I think on the whole, is improving.

July 10th - Sunday - Very hot weather- showers at sunset. No services. 111 officers from Richmond and of ~~Lynchburg~~ *Petersburg* arrived, they were captured at various times and places since the commencement of the campaign. Say that both wings of the Southern army are across the Chattanooga fighting.

July 11th, 1864 - Health improving. Good report from Sherman's army. It is evident to us that Atlanta is being evacuated from what we can see from our camp. Trains loaded with women and machinery are frequent.

12th - Scorching hot weather. Rumors that we are to be moved. Wrote to major Baker and Vose. Pendleton lost \$40.00 from his pocketbook in greenbacks.

13th - Very hot. Feel very weak. Mouth sore. Got some citric acid of the doctor. I am eating all the potatoes which I can procure. Flesh becoming soft.

14th - Not so hot. Health not good. No news of importance from the armies. Captain Robinson died the first of the week. Saw a prisoner about 2 o'clock in the morning take down my pants and search them for money, I suppose. My money was in my shirt.

15th - Cloudy and showery. Health about the same. Captain Platt, who sells for the sutler, says that he was robbed of one thousand dollars (confederate) last night.

16th - Hot weather. Health same. Evenings remarkably fine. No war news.

17th - Cooler. Cool night last night. Feel better than usual today. Only one service today. Four navy officers arrived, captured on the Water Witch. No news of importance from the armies. Think we have a good chance of being victorious this season.

18th - Health same. Lieutenant Davis took command of prison. He made a search for tunnels and found one in No. 8 shed which was nearly ready to use.

19th - A few officers were brought in. Rumor that our forces hold Columbia and Montgomery and it was feared that they would strike for Andersonville and release the prisoners there.

20th - Quite <sup>un</sup>comfortable. Health improved from what it was three weeks ago. Grant's death reported.

21st - Quite comfortable. No news from home for a long time. It is discouraging to suffer such anxiety on account of one's family when it is needless and might be avoided if our government would take proper action.

22d - Cool and comfortable. Health quite good. Twenty-four officers from Richmond. The raiders among them. All the hostages and officers of black troops still in Libby. About sixteen hundred here now. The general health is quite good. Fighting at Atlanta reported.

23rd - Health not good. Lay quiet all day. All are anxious about the army. Fighting going on. Trains of wounded, women and children. Atlanta reported to be in Sherman's possession.

24th - Cool and comfortable; very cold last night. Health better than yesterday. No news to be relied upon from Sherman. Did not attend service. Too cold.

25th - Cool. Cloudy. Feel very dissatisfied and hard toward our own government, because they do not try to help us. I am lonely, uneasy and homesick. If I ever am permitted to enjoy the comforts of home again, will know how to prize them.

26th - Two officers from Sherman's army brought in. They report our army not whipped yet. First division of prisoners notified to be ready to move to Charleston tomorrow night. Various reasons are guessed at. I think they will be put under fire.

27th - Health fair. Six hundred officers left in the evening for Charleston. Some officers came in from Sherman's army. They say that matters are all right with him. I didn't like the idea of moving until I start for a civilized country.

28th - Busy cooking rations and packing for the move. Were called out at 4 o'clock; at 11 marched to cars and loaded. Forty-six men to a box car besides the guards; we numbered 600. We had a pot of beans and corncake to eat on the way (myself and one other)

29th - Started at 4 o'clock from Macon. Arrived at Savannah at 6 in evening. Marched to yard prepared for us, sick and tired. (Our prison was the yard of the U. S. Marine hospital, enclosed by high brick wall and made higher with lumber. There were a few white oak trees in the yard).

(Note. Anything enclosed in parenthesis is in addition to diary.)

30th - Hot weather. Health bad. A tents were issued one to six men. Rations issued. Quite good rations. Axes, hatchets, cooking utensils were issued. No news from Sherman. Grant surprised a brigade at Chapins Bluff.

31st - Very hot. Health poor. Did not move about much; very weak. No news. Very heavy thunder storm last night. Exceeded anything in my experience. The heavens were one great sheet of fire, and the thunder was almost incessant, and very heavy.

Aug. 1st - Hot. Health poor. No appetite; tongue coated; very weak; hard bread issued for two days. We are to have fresh beef balance of week. Good. Better satisfied with quarters and situation than at Macon. There are some exchange rumors in camp.

2d - Quite comfortable. Health poor. Attended sick call and got some medicine. We drew fresh beef. Were turned over to a new commander. No hospital accommodations yet. No news. Report that Storeman and 600 men were captured.

3d - Very hot. Health better today. Fresh beef issued. This is doing us much good. We cook it in soups principally. Paper reports that the fifty general and field officers who were sent to Charleston some time since are to be exchanged today. I hope that this will lead to further exchanges.

(The reason that we were being hurried from Macon was that Gen. Sherman had to liberate us. The raid struck Macon the next day after my division was sent to Savannah, and before the balance of the prisoners could be removed. A fight occurred and the confeds captured the raid and sent Storeman to Charleston).



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Aug. 4th - Very hot. Fresh beef issued to us. No papers are allowed to come in camp. They are exceedingly strict with regard to communication outside. The First Georgia Regulars are our guard, Major Wayne in command. No army news.

(The First Georgia Regulars, our guard, was an old seasoned regiment. They were fighting men, though and had respect for other fighting men, though they were enemies. They performed their duty strictly but with discretion and sense not shown by guards at other prisons, composed of boys and old men who had never seen service. Although papers were not allowed in camp they found a way in somehow. One of the captains of the guard, a tall, black-eyed man with black hair hanging to his shoulders, a man that would be by his appearance classed as a typical southern fire-eater, was one who smuggled papers into camp.)

5th - Hot. Health about the same. Reported that Grant has Petersburg, capturing two brigades, and that the rebels had burned Chambersburg. No fresh beef. Went to sick call. We are getting very good rations here. An open sink in camp is a nuisance.

6th - Hot, but air clean and pure. Health about the same. Fresh beef issued. Paper reports that Fort Gaines at Mobile taken. Rebel officers here say that we will have news that will surprise us within three days. I feel some hope of exchange soon, but do not talk about it much.

7th - Slow cannonading heard all day down at the mouth of the river. Was informed that a tunnel would be opened tonight. Thought that in my present state of health I would not try it. Wrote to wife and commissioner Ould.

8th - Cannonading heard all day down the river. Can get no satisfactory information from the officials. Paper says that federal gun boats have run past the forts at Mobile and destroyed their navy. Tunnels discovered last night and this morning.

9th - Cannonading, heavy, guns heard through the day at short intervals. No hospital arrangements are yet made for the sick, they have to remain in quarters. No news. Officers are very close, will not let papers come into camp. Drawing the best rations we have ever had.

(One of the tunnels referred to above was dug by Lieutenant Larrabee of the Seventh Main Volunteers and Captain

*Mum*

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Manning of the Second District of Columbia cavalry, also from Maine. Their tent was pitched under a monster live oak. Its branches spread 90 feet. From the inside of their tent they dug a dunnel to the vault of an outhouse which was not in use, and which was located near the wall, and through under the wall to the street. When they attempted to make use of their underground dirt canal a sentinel was found ready to escort them back into the prison. A cow had discovered the tunnel.)

Aug. 10th - Cool, rainy. Fresh beef issued. Paper smuggled into camp says that Fort Gaines at Mobile is surrendered and that Fort Powell is blown up. No further news. I am trying to study geometry, but make poor headway. My brains are so unsettled.

Aug. 11th - Rumor that surgeons and chaplains are going home. No army news. Couple small tents were brought in for us to use as small hospital accommodations, when the U. S. marine hospital stands empty close at hand.

12th - Quite hot and close. No news, and for a wonder, no rumors. Health of camp quite good, I think. My mess consists, besides myself, of Lieut. G. A. Deering of Saco, G. D. Bisbee of Penn., M. C. Wadsworth of Pittston, of 16th Maine, and Lieutenants J. H. Acton and G. A. Chandler of Lewiston. All have bunks now. Beef one pound to a man.

13th - Trying to study geometry. Reading "Pilgrim's Progress." Rumor that Savannah had been made a point of exchange. Hope it is so. Captain Gates taken outside to hospital upon his taking oath on the Bible that he would not escape.

14th - Very hot. Two surgeons were sent away for exchange. No news from army. Seemed very much like Sabbath today. The sacred influence of the day seemed to pervade the camp more than usual. The church bells ringing the calls for service seem like sweet music. Wrote to wife.

15th - Very hot. Health poor. Do not eat much at present. No army news. Some exchange rumors about camp. I have some hopes that exchanges will go on before long. Rumors that Stanton had resigned. If it is so more hopes for us. Fresh beef to be issued every day except Sabbath.

16th - Very hot. Exchange rumors very thick. I do not let them disturb the even tenor of my way. Papers smuggled say that Mobile is in a bad condition. Large mail by truce arrived at Richmond.

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*August*

17th - Hot. Shower. Exchange rumors plenty. The papers have several items in relation to it, but I do not put much confidence in them. I have been too often disappointed. Early defeat in Maryland. Mobile about to be taken by federals.

18th - Fresh fish from Macon. Macon officers have gone to Charleston.

19th - Hot. Health poor. Laid in bunk all day, felt better at night. Many officers in camp think we are to be exchanged soon. So may it be. Workman putting in new sink; old one filled.

20th - Old sink was filled up by a gang of slaves; among them were seven females. This was something I had never seen, women using the spade. (There was one man whose skin was white, freckled, red curly hair.) Lieutenant B. sick.

21st - Hot. Heavy thunder shower and rain near night. Health rather better. No service. The officials with whom we come in contact treat us very gentlemanly; in fact, we are treated more like men here than at any prison we have been in. Lieutenant B. quite low and weak.

22d - Very hot and uncomfortable, health better than for several days. Lieutenant B. a little better. I have my fears about him if we are not exchanged soon. Rebs seem to be transferring the theater of war to valley again. Requisition for clothing made up.

23rd - Hot, cloudy, close, showery. Health about the same. Lieutenant B. is better.

24th - Health best for some time. Papers say that a general exchange has been agreed upon. Wounded and convalescent sent from Richmond.

25th - 1864 - Very hot. Health quite good. No news except that the rebs say that Fort Morgan at Mobile has gone up. Cooking today and yesterday. I think that the officers are in better health than one week since. One died in hospital a few days ago. The U. S. Marine hospital is now used.

26th - Very hot. Some thunder. Patching pants. Took my overcoat cape for patches. Officer died in hospital. We can hear the morning and evening guns down on the coast.



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27th - Report that Wheeler is doing damage in Sherman's rear. Another tunnel was discovered. Captain Bensin and Grant put in close confinement.

*Bones*

28th - Paper says that U. S. Govt. has made an offer to exchange man for man, rank for rank and let the excess remain in our hands.

All tunnel diggers caught to be put in close confinement.

29th - Hot weather. Chaplains and surgeons received notice that they were to be released and sent to Fort Pulaski.

30th - Rebs are in hope that exchange will take place soon. What should I do or how could I express my joy if I should be released to see the dear ones at home once more?

31st - Exchange rumors very plenty in camp. Did not take any stock. Captain Bensin and Grant were returned to camp.

Reported that Richmond and Charleston were to be points of exchange. Cooking today; have to cook one day in six. Don't like to cook as well as I like to eat.

Sept. 1st - The exchange news of yesterday proved to be a canard. Chaplains preached a farewell sermon.

2d - Night cooler. Day hot. Head aches. Chaplains and surgeons, nine in number, were released. They were glad men, if I am a judge. Report that Sherman has been fighting. Early is being driven from the valley. Building a chair.

Very cheering news from Sherman's army. He whipped Hardee twenty miles south of Atlanta, cut Hood's army in two, and the rebs are afraid that he will gobble a part. Paper says that 600 officers have arrived at Hilton Head for exchange. While there is life there is hope.

4th. Officer of the day says news is unfavorable for them. Lieutenant Ogden preached from text Math. 8-33. Very instructive and interesting sermon.

5th - Good news from Sherman. He has whipped Hardee and compelled Hood to evacuate Atlanta, the gate city of the confederacy.

6th - Scorching in middle of day. Finished my chair. In third book of geometry.

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*Sept*

7th - Health good. News that Sherman had again whipped Hood. Received letter from Lieutenant Smith at Charleston. Maine men all well. Reading history of Reformation.

8th - Quite cool and comfortable. Studying grammar and geometry. News from army very good. We have those rebs on the hip now and I look to see our successes followed up so vigorously that they can have no opportunity to recover their strength.

9th - News from the army cheering. I find that I am trying eyes and brains too hard with reading and studying. Lieutenant B. and myself determined to cook by ourselves.

10th - Trying to make an arrangement with outsiders for money. Enlisted men being brought from Andersonville.

11th - News very good for the north. It seems sometimes to be very hard to have to remain a prisoner shut out from all that is civilized and comfortable, but I try to be reconciled.

12th - Cooking for the mess. Lieutenant B. and myself left the mess. In evening received orders to cook two days' rations and be ready to start for Charleston at 4 tomorrow morning. I don't fancy the change unless it is for exchange.

13th - Took cars for Charleston at 7 o'clock, arrived at 3 p.m. and were placed in the jail yard in tents; in the next building were the officers who were sent from Macon. We are in the range of Dahlgren's shells. Feet better at night after getting rested. Had to lie on ground. *Feet*

14th - Heard a few shells explode at some distance in the city. Received a letter from home. Saw Pendleton; he agreed to loan me twenty-five dollars in gold. Drew rations. Fifty-one colored soldiers here in jail.

15th - Health not very good. Rations issued rather small, fresh beef, a little flour, meal and rice. Quite a number of shells exploded in close proximity to us.

The colored soldiers say that no missiles have struck here since General Foster has been informed of the locality where our officers were confined.

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16th - Health not good. Shelling continued all night at intervals of thirty minutes. Shelling all day. They pass by us at a distance of a few hundred feet. We are very miserably situated here. No money, rations short, not wood enough to cook with.

17th - About 1 o'clock a fire broke out a short distance from us and soon our batteries began shelling the fire and soon set the second and third fires near by. A whole square was burned by one fire. Our shells were thrown once in six minutes. Some pieces coming among us, too near.

18th - Health not good; sore throat. Pendleton visited us. Bare rice for breakfast and dinner and mush and molasses for supper.

Rumored that Jones had proposed an exchange for 600 officers. Hope it is so. The shelling now at a more healthy distance than yesterday. Two rations of bacon and some molasses were issued. I think our condition will be better or worse soon.

19th - Shells thrown at intervals of one hour or less. Twenty-nine buildings were burned on Saturday and Sunday. I blame the government for letting matters come to this pass when a small concession would have freed all the prisoners.

The jail yard at Charleston was a filthy place. The ground was flat, and when a heavy rain took place was covered all over with water an inch or two in depth. The sink was overflowing with filth. The citadel of the jail was filled with deserters and negroes. Our tent was pitched close to the gallows, which consisted of a post set in the ground, with pulleys arranged for the rope to run over from the victim to a box made to hold the weight that swung the man into eternity. We were short of wood for cooking and I appropriated the weight box for kindling. The fire alluded to in diary was so near us that the flames were seen by us over a twelve foot wall. The papers told us that twenty-nine buildings were burned and the troops were called out to force the firemen to remain at their posts. As soon as it was seen from the battery that a fire had been set, our men by more vigorous shelling tried to make the destruction more complete and disastrous. Bedlum and the other fellow reigned in prison. The prisoners rejoiced at the calamity of their enemies and made all the noise possible.



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Sept. 20, 1864 - Cloudy and showers. Health not good, sore throat, canker. But nine shots fired at city, and most of those at a distance from us. We are in the

most miserable condition which we have been subjected to in rebeldom. Hope they will do something with us soon one way or another. Roar of guns in harbor is incessant.

21st - Cloudy and hot. A shell about once an hour. Lieut. B. and myself sent to Smith requesting him to negotiate a loan of twenty-five confed. Reported that navy officers are to be exchanged immediately. Surgeon says we have to be moved soon to a better place. Drew two days' rations.

22d - Very hot and uncomfortable in jail yard. Health not good; throat very sore. No news from armies. Lieut. B. and myself were transferred from jail to Roper Hospital building. Much more comfortable quarters. Had to give our parole not to escape or communicate with anyone outside the yard.

23rd - Health same. Flags of truce met in the harbor. Surgeons and chaplains and two or three officers were freed. Boat brought quite a large number of boxes of supplies for Yanks, also a mail. No shelling while truce boat was down. I think that if we can get some money from home, we shall be all right here. Yellow fever reported in city.

24th - Hot. Throat better. Early got a thrashing in the valley. Some of Sherman's officers exchanged. Shelling about as usual.

Roper Hospital was a fine building and a nice place for us prisoners. We had an opportunity of buying anything the market afforded.

25th - Health better. Received letter from wife. Very much pleased to learn that all are in good health. Quite a large number of Sherman's officers left for Sherman's lines for exchange. Shelling unhealthy in the morning. Pieces of shell falling in yard.

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26th - Health better. Yellow fever said to be in town. Rumor that Milledgeville was in the possession of the Yanks. Shelling very close this morning, but did no damage. They burst directly overhead. Navy officers received money and boxes from fleet.

27th - Comfortable weather. Health about as usual. Gave a bill of exchange on R. P. Briggs for thirty dollars gold and received one hundred and fifty in confed. money for it. This is a ruinous rate, but was very hard up and hungry. News of cheering character from the army. Early being driven from the valley.

28th - Hot. Health same. No news of interest. Yellow fever prevailing to some extent in the city. It is reported that one case was taken from the jail yard today. I do not believe it. (I did not wish to believe it). The papers say that the shelling of the city was never so furious as from 7 to 10 p.m. today.

29th - Rumor that we are to be moved by reason of yellow fever. True reason, I think, is that Gen. Foster demands it. Shelling vigorously.

Oct. 1st - Hot. Health quite good. Fifteen months today since I was captured. Well, if there is no mistaking the signs of the times my term is at least half served out. Rumored that Gen. Jones was intending to make proposals of exchange of the officers on Morris Island.

(When the fifty general officers were sent to Charleston from Macon the Rebs. put them in or threatened to put them in the Mills house, an exposed situation. Our government notified them if they put our officers in the Mills house that fifty of their officers would be lashed on a gunboat and it would steam up under Fort Sumter with them. The officers were not placed in the Mills house. Later when the six hundred from Macon were placed under fire, six hundred of the Rebs' officers were placed near our battery in retaliation, then other detachments of federal officers were placed under fire in Charleston and an equal number of rebels were added to the stockade on Morris Island, exposed to the fire of their own guns.)

Oct. 2d - Very hot. Several cases of yellow fever among our officer. Said to be. There is some doubt. Not a shell fired at the devoted city today. I do not understand it. Wrote to wife. Heard that Col. Tildon of my regiment had been captured in front of Petersburg and again escaped.

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OC1-  
 3d - Hot and sultry. Health better than when in the jail yard. It is reported that there are a few cases of yellow fever in the hospital. Flag of truce brought back Maj. Owen, who was sent down for exchange. Boat brought up mail and boxes for the prisoners. Gen. Jones made proposals for exchange of his men on Morris Island.

Oct. 4th - More comfortable and better air. Health improving. Mail arrived, a part distributed. Heard nothing of yellow fever. One hundred and seventy-eight shells thrown into the city between 5 o'clock in the morning and 6 in the evening. Some of the shells passed directly over the building we occupied.

*Notice* 5th - Pleasant. Health good. At 8 P. M. received notice to pack up for Columbia at near midnight. Several shells came in close proximity while we were marching to the cars. Yellow fever is given as the reason for removal. Capt. Sheldon, commandant of the prison, and his adjutant died last night of it.

(When the Savannah officers arrived in Charleston, we were all together again. And all confined on one square. On one corner stood the citadel, or city jail, on another the penitentiary, on another Ropers' hospital, and on the fourth corner the medical college and the marine hospital. Roper hospital was a large, good building three stories high, with towers at corners projecting beyond the main walls, and in the center a part four stories also projecting from the main wall. Between these projections all around the building two-story verandas were built. On the second floor of one that faced the harbor Lieut. B. and myself slept. There was no other place for us, the building was all occupied; but this was infinitely better than sleeping on the damp ground in the jail yard. As we lay at night on the soft floor, we could see the flash of fire as the guns were discharged at the battery, then in a few moments we would hear the noise of the discharge. If a fuse shell was coming our way we could see it mount higher and higher as it came nearer, and gradually slower as it rose higher until the energy was spent and then it would seem to drop as quick as lightning, sometimes striking with a dull thud on the ground, otherwise striking and shattering a building, producing a lively rattling among the brick and slate. It was very interesting at night when all else was still to hear the music of the shells.. They were two hundred pounders.



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A shell of that weight is about the size and shape of a six-inch joint of stovepipe except that it is conical. They go hurtling through the air ~~and~~ over end with a terrible swishing noise. *one*

There was a church not far from Roper's hospital, with a steeple with an old style open belfry. In this belfry the Rebs maintained a signal station. I could see the sentinel, and I could see the wire that ran up to the station. One day our battery tried to put that station and man out of business. They planted the *shell* guns in that direction once in a few minutes for two hours. They hit everything else in the neighborhood, but did not strike the steeple. The sentinel stayed.

Our forces on Morris Island learned of our location in the city, and directed the fire either one side or over us, so we were comparatively safe.

The colored people soon noted this and they occupied the buildings facing the square on which we were confined)

Oct. 6th - 1864 - Health good. Pleasant. Remained in cars until morning and remained in street until night. No rations were issued. The Rebs. are endeavoring to crowd us into taking a parole and then not allowing any more privileges than they should as prisoners of war. I am not in favor of taking any parole unless great privileges are to be gained.

7th - Rained last night, got very wet. Slept in my chair. 3 crackers to a man were issued. Moved  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles out of the city - west, to an open ground - no tents, no fence, good water. 12 at a time, no sink. Rations issued for day -  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint syrup, 3 pints meal, 3 pints flour, a little salt. Ground covered sparsely with small pines, 12 ft. to 15 ft. high, on good airy ridge. Sanitary goods secured.

Oct. 8th - A man was brought in badly bitten by the dogs. Cold weather, cold night. Health quite good. Mush for breakfast. Bought four loaves of bread for \$3.00 for dinner. Rice for supper. Negroes at work clearing ground - tools promised.. I like the ground and the water. If we can only get shelter we shall get on nicely. Sweet potatoes \$20.00 per bushel. Four pieces of artillery bearing on us. Sanitary goods issued - received pr. drawers and a handkerchief.

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Oct. 9th - Last night very cold for the season; warmed up during the day. Health good. Rations issued - no meat. Wrote to wife ordering a small box. No news from the armies. Rumored that Grant and Lee had agreed to exchange all prisoners captured since the first of May 1864.

Oct. 9th - It would be rather hard for an old prisoner, but I say go ahead if anything can be done in that way.

Oct. 10th - Monday - Very cold. Much suffering for the want of shelter and proper covering. Health good. Wrote to wife ordering a box immediately. No news in camp. No tents. A large gang of colored men are clearing the vicinity of the camp of trees. We have drawn no meat yet, but it is promised. Mutton sold at \$2.50. Sweet potatoes at \$18.00 a bushel.

Oct. 11th - Fine weather. Health good. Wrote to wife and sent by Brown, U.S.N. No army news. Several men escaped last night. Several were brought in who escaped on the way from Charleston. No change in camp or furnishings. Gen. Gordon says that we will not be here long. The most trouble in escaping is after getting away from camp every one is ready to capture or chase a person.

Oct. 12th - Fine weather. Health good. No change in camp. 1000 lbs. of meat was brought into camp by the sutler and sold for \$2.50 per lb. Supt. has it that Hood is getting the advantage of Sherman. Camp healthy. No tents yet. Several recaptures brought in. Yellow fever raging to quite a severe extent in Charleston. It proves to be lucky for us that we were moved out.

Oct. 13th - Pleasant. Health good. Capt. died in hospital of yellow fever. Col. Puckett of Gen. Hardee's staff was here. Papers not quite as confident as yesterday. Maj. Mattocks exchanged. Rumor has it that we are not to remain here long. Confound the poverty-stricken fools. Orders were to shoot any person approaching the dead line without warning - murder.

Oct. 14th - Fine weather; health good. Col. Spafford died of yellow fever. No army news. Flag of truce in Charleston harbor. No news. Special exchanges says Gen. Hardie. Thick shoes \$65.00 per pair. Meat \$2.25. No meat

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issued since leaving Charleston. Capt. Conelly says he received orders to suspend operations.

Oct. 15th - 1864. Fine weather. Health not very good. Papers say that Gen Hardie had arbitration for general exchange of prisoners in progress. Several officers arrived from Charlotte hospital. I have made me a small carpet bag. The beginning of measures of escape. I am going to get ready and try it if an opportunity offers, but I must have rations for a few days to start with.

Oct. 16th - Fine weather. Health not good. Making arrangements for escaping soon. No news from the armies. Heard that Conn., Ind. and Ohio had gone. Rumors. Religious service at 5 P. M. Officers hid ~~on~~ brush heap to escape but were discovered. Report that mail and boxes were in the city for us.

Oct. 17th - Looks like rain. Health not good. Officers held an election for President. Lincoln received 1034 and McLellan 143 votes. News from the armies not unfavorable for us. Smith and myself had a dispute and he laid me in a lie. I told him that he could not eat with me and there the matter stands.

Oct. 18th - Cloudy and rained a little; cleared off finally. Health not very good. Nothing but meat and syrup issued. Went back to Mess. with Smith upon his invitation. Began to build a hut - chopped off a poplar 2ft. thick - a big job with a dull ax. Bought a piece of fat bacon and laid it away for escape. Officers received from Macon were sent for exchange.

Oct. 19th - Very find day. Health good. Splitting out some shakes for roof of hut. Army news unimportant. Negotiations are being made so that prisoners of war on both sides may be supplied with necessary provisions and clothing to make them comfortable.

20th - Fine weather. Health good. Army news meagre. New commander. St. Cal R. Stark Means, took charge. He makes fair promises the same as all of them do. Could not get ax to work on hut. Maj. Mattocks returned from Charleston where he went for the purpose of exchange.



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Oct. 21, 1864 - No important news in regard to the armies. Lieut. Young, of Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry, was accidentally shot by a sentinel. He died in twenty minutes. Package of money letters arrived. Several gentlemen visited the camp, professing their willingness to do what they could for their friends.

22rd - Very find weather. Health about as usual. Early has another thrashing in the valley. Papers do not speak very encouragingly of their army and of the situation before Richmond. A man in camp with money to loan, two confed for one greenback. Takes a power of attorney and draws an officer's pay from the paymaster.

23d - Fine weather. Health not good. No news. Wrote to wife for money and box. Lieut. Young funeral sermon was preached by Lieut. Abbot. Some exchange rumors. Some of the officers expect to go back to Charleston. Nothing but meal and sorghum issued this time.

24th - Fine weather. Frost las night. News from the armies good for us. Papers speak despondently of the situation in Virginia, but they affect to believe that Hood is doing wonders. Reb. officers here assert that the commandant is doing what he can to furnish us with better shelter and food.

25th - Fine weather, frost. Health good. Getting poles together to build a hut. Hard work. Many letters delivered. An officer caught stealing potatoes from another. Sutler cannot procure potatoes enough to supply the camp. One hundred bushels per day will not do it. Boxes and letters expected bery soon from Charleston. Reb. officers on Morris Island sent to Fort Pulaski.

26th - Cloudy and rained a part of day. Health not good. Dysentery. No news from the armies. One of the guards was killed by a sentinel while shooting at escaping prisoners last night. A change to be made in sutlers.

28th - Health better. Rumor that the armies about Richmond were moving. Drew flour, meal, rice and salt this issue. No meat since we left Charleston (twenty-three days that no meat was issued). We buy meat of the sutler at \$2.50 per pound. at work on shanty. Slept in it last night. More escapes last night.

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29th - Fair and fine. Health good. Grant's army reported to be moving on both sides of the river. No shelter has been furnished us yet. We are busy with all the few axes we have building huts from small pines and making the roofs of boughs and boards split from logs.

Oct. 30th - Mail delivered. None for me. Disappointed. Many letters speak of exchange as likely to take place soon. Papers say that arrangements have been made by the two governments to supply its own prisoners with food and clothing.

Nov. 1st - Fine weather. Health good. Capt. Benson and Lieut. Larabee made their escape.

Nov. 2d - Rained all day and night. Rations being issued. Some escapes being made ~~very~~ dark night, I am *every* very much in need of shoes and clothing, but there does not seem to be any prospect of getting anything.

3d - A large party escaped by going out with those paroled to go for wood. Major Mattocks went.

4th - Escaped by walking past the guard at Post No. 1 in broad daylight, traveled about twelve miles, I judge, through the night, followed up the Saluda river on south side, found very bad country to travel in; swamp. Fell in with Lieut. Heald of 101st Ohio.

5th - Fair but cool. Health good. Lay all day under a tree top in the woods. At night started again and traveled through a pine forest five miles, lost our way, built a fire about midnight and lay down and slept until morning. Three of us had, when we started, two pounds of bread, one pound of bacon, a little salt. Found some corn and roasted it last night.

6th - Fine day. Health good. Lay in the corner of a field. Lived on parched corn and persimmons and hungry at that. That evening found a patch of sweet potatoes and filled out bags. Stopped about 3 o'clock, built a fire and roasted them. Taking them on an empty stomach made me sick. Passed through a village.

7th - Hotter than usual. Subsisted on sweet potatoes. walked ten or twelve miles. Went into a garden and got some cabbages and green tomatoes. Suffered much for water. Found a fine spring near night. Caught a cow by the horn, but she got away from me. Wanted milk. The country more uneven than usual. Ridges with brooks between.

8th - Cloudy, rained in morning. Health good. Lay all day in a deserted hovel, near a road. Saw several persons pass.

Started on our march at dusk, soon came to a river, ferried ourselves across and left the boat. Pushed on about eight miles when we ran into the embrace of a patrol. They took us to the nearest house, watched with us till morning, had breakfast, marched to nearest station and took cars for Columbia. Arrived at 5 p.m. Were put in a filthy stairway in jail and kept there all night. Spoke through a crevice in the wall with Lieut. Bearce of 9th Maine. He told me of the death of my brother at the crossing of North Anna bridge in May.

10th - Fair weather. Health good. Left jail for camp early in the morning. Laid in the stairway all night in the dirt with nothing to eat. Found conditions in Camp Sorghum same as when we left. There seems to be a certainty that ten thousand will be exchanged. Col. Hatch, who has been here, says a large proportion will be officers.

11th - Cold and rainy. Health good. A dozen more officers recaptured. Col. Means says he has orders to send eight hundred officers to Savannah for exchange.

Nov. 12th - 1864- Fine weather. No army news. Papers have some election reports. Lincoln elected. Four hundred boxes arrived and were delivered. The promotion of three of our Sixteenth Maine officers came to notice. I received no box. The contents of boxes were in very good condition.

13th - Fine weather but cold. Health good. Everything quiet on exchange. Many officers about camp who have the appearance of U. S. officers, going to receipt of boxes. No army news. So cold that ice formed on water in pail.

14th - No army news of importance. Exchange business remains about the same. It is going on at Savannah. Col. Means has been put in command of all the prisoners and a major takes his place.

15th - Fine weather. Health good. At work, cut logs to split into roofing for hut. There seems to be no certainty about staying here for any length of time. About a dozen a day captured and returned. They report that negroes furnish any amount of food for all that call on them. No one has been informed upon by them yet.

16th - Fine weather. No news. Potter, the money man, in camp. Exchange going on at Savannah.



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17th - Fine weather. No news of importance; went out with Lieut. Cain on parole for wood. No papers. Fast day yesterday. Report that 100 officers are to be exchanged from this camp. At work when I can get an axe getting stock for the hut.

18th - Clear and warmer than usual. At work splitting out shakes for roof. Papers report Sherman moving toward Macon. Exchange going on at Savannah; 40 or 50 officers have been brought down. A few boxes arrived. A large mail distributed. I received a package of paper and envelopes but no letters.

19th - Cloudy; looks like rain. We hope soon to be in receipt of boxes and supplies from our government and from home, as we see by the papers that our government is allowing the enemy these privileges.

20th - Rainy. Health good. By building large fires we managed to keep comfortable. Continued to rain all night.

21st. Rainy in morning. Clear at night with wind. Many suffered severely with cold. A great many officers in camp have no shoes or stockings about half the camp have huts constructed, which are quite comfortable. Very cold.

22d - Very cold in morning and grew cold until noon with raw wind, which became calm at night, but very cold. Ground froze hard and ice formed on water five-eighths inch thick. News that Sherman was near the capitol of Georgia, burning and destroying everything on his march. A small lot of boxes arrived.

23d - Cold but fine. Health good. Sherman reported to have burned Milledgeville. Every available man is being sent forward to confront Sherman. They fear a visit to this place from him.

24th - Fine day. Health good. No papers allowed in camp; they fear that we should know what Sherman is about. Procured two hundred dollars confed. of Lieut. Saber. Two pieces of artillery were taken away. Old Poeter paying money in camp.

25th - Clear and pleasant. Lieut. B. escaped last night but was caught again. A large number escaped by forging surgeon's passes. No papers to be allowed in camp at present. We could hear nothing from Sherman. About two hundred escaped.

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26th - Fine weather. Reported that two hundred escaped by telling the sentinels at lower end of camp that they were paroled. Smith and myself went outside for timber. An officer shot (killed) in evening while trying to escape and one wounded. An officer captured thirty miles from Augusta, says heavy firing was heard in that direction.

27th - Pleasant. Wrote to wife and commissary at Hilton Head. No news from Sherman. Artillery brought back. The inhabitants of Georgia are now paying dearly for secession. Sherman is doing them great damage. Rollcall revealed the fact that three hundred Yanks had left since in this camp.

28th - Fine warm day. Health good. Augusta reported to have fallen into Sherman's hands. The rebs hardly know which way to turn. At work on hut. Saturday's paper in camp. Vice President Stevens says the Confederacy is whipped and the quicker it makes terms the better.

29th - A few Yanks escaped. Doctor held an examination to select those who are most entitled to exchange. Lieut. B. and Smith went before him. No reliable news from Sherman. At work on hut. Have to do nearly all the work myself. Lieuts. B. and Smith are fitting for exchange.

30th - No news of importance from the armies. Sherman's whereabouts not known. I received five letters from wife of dates July 23d, Aug. 3d, Sept. 11th, 18th, and 23rd, and one from brother in First Maine cavalry; one from Allen and one from Moore. Wrote to Allen and Moore. My brother's death confirmed (killed at North Anna Bridge). The cabin we build at camp Sorghum. Small pines about six inches in diameter were procured and laid up in regular log-house style. It was about six by eight feet inside. The roof was made of slabs split from a white wood tree. The writer chopped it in suitable lengths with a dull axe and split it as thin as possible with axe and wedge, averaging about three inches in thickness. It was tough and stringy and it was a long, laborious and tedious contract. One of my co-laborers was disabled by a wound in the wrist, the other had an aversion for labor of any kind, but the hut was built and served its purpose quite well. We were obliged to get down on all fours to enter it. The securing of the parts together was done with an old inch augur and pins. There were no nails to be had.

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Dec. 1, 1864 - Fine day. Health not good. Wrote to brother. Butler's canal through. Sherman lost in Georgia. Prisoner shot while walking near the dead line by a sentinel - horrid murder. No notice of the occurrence was taken by the authorities.

*Widner*  
2d - General Widner in camp. Negroes will be furnished to cut wood and timber if we will furnish axes for them to use. Twenty more were examined for exchange. Sherman lost - they have put blood-hounds on his track. A "fresh fish" from Sherman's army brought in. Thomas has 125,000 men.

3d - Fine weather. About thirty recaptures brought in, some taken within hearing of Sherman's guns. They report that several of our men have *been killed*

4th - Report that the sick were going away tomorrow. Congress proposed a bill to put 60,000 negroes in the service. Nothing from Sherman. Rumor that we were to be moved into town, also that we were to be sent to Salisbury. Another that we were to be paroled and sent home.

5th - Clear and pleasant. Camp rife with rumors of exchange, etc. Nothing from Sherman. Paper reports that Hood and Thomas have had a fight and Hood was repulsed. Mending my clothes. I think that Sherman is disturbing our box arrangements.

6th - A paper says that exchange is to be resumed at Charleston. Shelling the city to cease meanwhile. The sick to be sent to Charleston immediately.

7th - Rainy in morning. Fine later in day. Sherman pushing toward Savannah. Exchange going on at Charleston. Yesterday some of the guards were put in the stocks. A party of their comrades made a move to release them today; they were arrested and sent to the city.

8th - A couple of the commandant's dogs, which he keeps for hunting Yanks, strayed into camp, fell on an axe and died. (When the officials learned of the occurrence there was a tremendous hubbub in camp. The dogs had been killed and buried by the prisoners. No one could be found who knew what had become of the dogs. After a long search the dogs' burial place was found.



The incident furnished variety and spice to the monotony of prison life, and was much enjoyed by the prisoners, as was anything that added discomfort to the officials. The dogs were ~~examined~~ and taken away. The threat was made *exhumed* that their remains would be placed in the creek, where we obtained our water. I don't think it was done). A list of special exchanges was called off to go to Charleston tomorrow. Four of the guards deserted their posts last night and left with some "Yanks."

9th - Very cold. Health good. Lieut. G.D. Bisbee of my mess exchanged to go this afternoon. I send this diary home by him. (Lieut. Bisbee was a good soldier and officer and excelled in grit, energy and determination. After his exchange he returned at once to his regiment without taking a furlough, notwithstanding he was disabled by a wound received at Fredericksburg. A shot penetrated his left wrist, shattering one of the bones. The wound has never been healed. He became a lawyer and is prominent in that profession in Maine. Has served in the legislature and as county attorney, and as president of the bar association of Maine, and is counsel for the corporation that controls the water power at Rumford Falls, one of the most extensive paper manufacturing concerns in the country.)

#### ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE

The principal topics of conversation and thought in prison were exchange and escape. As to doing any thing to hasten our exchange, we were **Helpless**, but we could escape, or at least try to. At Camp Sorghum escape was comparatively easy, there being no enclosure. Nothing but a line of sentinels to bar the way.

The difficulty was encountered after leaving the prison. Long distances to travel through a hostile country, the location of our forces was indefinite, and the necessity of obtaining food were problems. We did not know that an escaping "Yank" could almost absolutely rely upon the assistance of the colored people. The prisoners were allowed to go to the woods for fuel a few at a time, by giving a written parole not to escape. Lieut. B. and myself arranged a scheme for getting away which worked all right. The headquarters of the officials was outside the guard line near post number one. Lieut. B. went out and gave his parole and went down to the woods ostensibly for fuel. He returned, went to headquarters, took up his parole, came to post one and halted outside the line and called me "Bisbee, come out and bring the axe." His call could be heard all over the camp. I passed out leisurely over the guard line with the guards looking at me and joined him. We had prepared for flight by procuring a meal sack which we cut in two parts, making a carpet bag for each, in which we had placed all our belongings, consisting of one tin cup or can, old letters, autographs book and diary. These we had strapped close under our arms and concealed by wearing our blankets shawlwise. The scheme was a new one and completely hoodwinked the guards. We stood and talked a few minutes and then slowly proceeded to the woods. As soon as we

were out of the sight of the camp we lost no time in putting some distance between the camp and ourselves until we found a place of concealment. As soon as darkness came we hiked in the direction of East Tennessee, the nearest point that we knew Union troops were stationed, three hundred miles. We followed no roads unless they led toward that point. During the first night we came across another fugitive from injustice and he begged to be allowed to share our fortunes. We took him aboard. Lieut. Heald, of the 101st Ohio. We had pone and bacon for one day's subsistence, one day we lived on dry ears of corn parched softened on a fire, one day we lived on raw cabbage entirely.

On that day we were hiding in an old log hovel not far from a road, and we had to lay low all day, as we might be seen through the log if we wtood. This was a day of suffering. There were millions of flees in our clothes soon after we entered. We lay there munching cabbage and trying to realize what a glorious condition it was to enjoy liberty.

#### ~~CHARLOTTE - THREE~~

Lieut. Heald found fault with our cabbage fare and I told him he was too particular about his food. One night we came to the Saludu river; there was a ferry boat on our side and we set ourselves across. About the time we were leaving the boat a voice was heard from the place we had just left, shouting, "Hullo, the boat," "Hullo, the boat!" We did not take it back.

One night dogs were heard, apparently on our track. We found a tree half blown down and shinned up it a safe distance and waited until the dogs passed. As we lay in the woods one day a herd of cows came near us and we had a hankering for milk. I caught one and one of the other fellows prepared to milk. The cow was loyal to the rebels and got up a rough-house, and I could not hold her. I think if the cow had seen us eating cabbage she would not have objected to our claiming relationship with her; and so might have made no kick when we attempted to milk her. Sweet potatoes were our principal food, which we roasted. Our course led us through swamps, over streams and through pine forests. We paid no attention to roads unless they led in our direction. The night that we were captured we were pursuing our peaceful way in a road and about 2 o'clock we were surprised by running the muzzles of guns manned by a party of guards who were on patrol duty. They took us to the nearest plantation and kept us until morning. The lady and some slaves were the only inhabitants-husband and sons in the army. The lady stayed up with us. She sat in an old-fashioned basket-bottomed chair with her toes turned around and inside the chair leg, and smoking a cob pipe. In the morning she gave us a breakfast of corn-bread and bacon, which we relished hugely. Her heart was right if her toes were wrong. In the morning we were taken to the nearest station and sent to Columbia. The name of the place where we were captured was Frog Level. We passed one night in a filthy hallway and then were taken back to "Camp Sorghum."

(Having sent my diary home, my records, until my exchange, were kept on scraps of paper such as I could pick up, a portion on some leaves of what appears to have been a journal or ledger of a business firm. The paper was made in the confederacy and of a yellow color. Another protion is written on leaves of a hospital record which I purloined at Charleston. The large leaves are folded in book shape and the diary is written across the hospital records, making it difficult to decipher.)

*See*  
Lieut. Bisbee started for exchange. I sent my old letters, autograph book and diary up to this date; also letters to father, brother, wife and others. Was very glad that Bisbee was so lucky as to be exchanged. Very cold disagreeable day. News from Sherman good.

10th - Cold and rainy. A great amount of suffering in camp. Health not good. Another order has been issued by our government forbidding the transmission of packages and money through the lines to union prisoners. This looks to me like an indication of exchange. It is reported that more officers are to go within a few days.

11th - Cold and rainy. Health not good. Reported that we are to leave this camp tomorrow. Sherman all right.

12th Pleasant. Health same. Packed up about noon and marched to the city. Our quarters are a part of the insane asylum yard. The water and sink arrangements are good. We were informed before entering the yard that lumber must not be wasted or the tools lost, for in that case, money in the quartermaster's hands would be deducted to pay for such loss. We found one house partly erected to serve as a model. It is 24 feet square, in two rooms, each room to accommodate 18 men, said to be same arrangement as our federal prisons.



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13th - Quite pleasant, though it looks like rain. Smith in hospital. I bunk with Wadsworth. At work on barracks. The officers who were confined in Richland jail were put with us last night. Exchange looks hopeful. Sherman near Savannah.

14th - Cloudy in morning. Quite pleasant afternoon. Health not very good. At work on shanty. Hospital building in the yard.

15th - No boards were issued, they say that a train of lumber is standing several miles from this place waiting for engines to bring it here. All the available engines impressed for hauling troops. Sherman said to be fighting at Savannah.

16th - Very fine days. No news of importance from the armies. A few boards were furnished for the barracks. I like the situation much better than any we have been in. Rations issued - very small - 3 pints of meal,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of rice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of salt and 1 pint of sorghum per man. They are bound to starve us if possible and force us to buy provisions at their price. Very fine weather, like Indian summer in Maine. Report that Sherman has reached the coast and had captured Savannah and a large number of prisoners. Nothing from Grant's army. Frames for 31 houses are erected and four nearly covered. Exchange is said to be suspended until after the holidays.

18th - Very warm, so much so that shade was more agreeable than the sun in middle of day. Health poor. No news of importance from any point. It seems to be the impression of many in camp that there are to be no more exchanges at present. As for myself I cannot think so. I believe that all will be exchanged within the next three months. I think that our government would never have turned back our boxes after they had arrived at Hilton Head unless exchange was likely to take place soon.

19th - Fine weather. Health not good. What news can be gathered from different quarters is of a cheering character. Raid in West Virginia, one from Vicksburg, a column from Baton Rouge marching on Mobile. Sherman has taken Ft. McAlister, by storm and established communications with Gen. Foster. Everything appears to be looking well. Report that seven *hundred* officers are to be exchanged soon. Lumber for houses comes in very slow.

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20th - Cloudy and threatened rain all day - began to rain in evening and continued all night. Good news. Thomas has whipped Hood and driven him several miles, taking 1000 prisoners, sixteen pieces and large quantity of small arms. A very large naval expedition has sailed from New York in charge of Gen. Butler,. Charleston is probably the point threatened now.

21st - Rained in the morning, cleared during the forenoon, cold and windy; grew very cold until night; froze during the night; much suffering from cold. I passed the night very comfortably in one of the barracks. Good news from Thomas. He has whipped Hood again, taking 49 pieces of artillery and 5000 prisoners. Nothing from other quarters. Wrote to wife.

22d - Very cold. Slept in tent; very uncomfortable. Had to keep moving about to keep warm; Lieut. Cary slept with me. *Warm* Three buildings burned in the night. News from the armies first rate. Everything is looking well. The Rebs. are getting hard hits on all sides.

23d - Very cold during the day. Ice formed last night  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. Continued cold all day and night, though not as cold as last night. Health same as usual. Good news. Savannah was evacuated last Thursday, so that is in our possession.

Everything seems to be working well. Rumor that the Rebs. would be willing to parole us and allow us to go home if we would petition to that effect. I place no reliance on it. A letter from Danville says that about fifty of our recaptured officers are there. Major Mattocks, Lieut. Hunt, Capt. Litchfield of Maine are at Saulsbury. Cloth for pants cost \$33.00 per yard, potatoes \$22.00 per bushel, a tooth brush costs \$10.00, butter \$12.00 per pound, meat \$3.00 per pound. One dollar gold brings \$33.00; a silver dollar is worth \$28.00; greenbacks, \$3.50 for one in prison, outside \$10.00 or \$12.00 for one.

24th - Very fine day. Warm in middle of day. Health quite good. Report that 200 officers were to be exchanged soon. Turkeys are selling at \$30.00 each for Christmas. No news of importance from the armies.

25th - Cloudy and cold. uncomfortable. Not a very cheerful Christmas day. Had a good beef soup and Indian corn cake for dinner. No meat. Rained in evening. Rained all night; slept comfortable. Rumor that we are to be moved to Saulsbury. Sherman is said to be on the war-path again.

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26th - Cloudy and foggy all day; saw the sun once. Hood's army retreating southward. Hood's conduct censured by the press. Kilpatrick reported to be marching on Branchville. Fight at Wilmington. Health good.

27th - Cloudy and foggy in forenoon. Sun shone in afternoon. Rumor that we are to be moved from this place. It is reported that Wilmington has gone up. Lieut. Murphy and companies brought in after having nearly reached our *Companion* lines and suffering everything but death. Branchville is said to be threatened.

28th - Fair weather. Health good, procured a paper; paid \$1.00 for it. Our naval fleet engaged Ft. Fisher at Wilmington yesterday. No result; paper says that immediate danger is passed.

29th - Windy and cold. Suffered for want of clothing by day and by cold at night. I have nothing but a pair of cloth slippers which I made to protect my feet. Shoes are \$100.00 a pair. I procured \$100.00 Confed. yesterday by giving my note for \$50.00 greenbacks. No news from any source today.

A few more boards brought in; there are now eight houses boarded. A billet thrown into the prison from the outside said. "All will be well in a few weeks."

30th - Rumor that Ft. Anderson at Wilmington is in our possession. Report that another exchange is to come off soon. There is a great amount of wire-pulling for the chances, some are trying to get in the hospital, others are bribing the officers. I think I will try the money on them. if I can, to the tune of \$100 greenbacks at least. Other troops than the guard are quartered here now. I hear the revellie beat in the morning. Some house frames torn down for wood.

31st - Rained in morning, cleared at night; very cold; no news. Good-bye, 1864. with your weary days of bondage.

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January 1, 1865.

Very cold in the morning, severe cold night. Suffered severely with the cold. No news of consequence, from any quarter. Capt. Whiston, Lieut. Damsell and Lieut. Cary, of 13th Mass. Lieut. Stevens and Lieut. Chandler, of 5th Maine, Lieut. Wadsworth, Capt. Smith and myself of the 16th Maine, joined and had a New Year's dinner. The bill of fare



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was as follows: A turkey, roasted sweet potatoes, pumpkin sauce, turnip sauce, apple sauce, pone made of flour and Indian meal, and pumpkin pie, making a very good and substantial dinner. I enjoyed it very much.

There is a great deal of dickering going on for exchange. Some of the rebs officers connected with the prison are managing to make a pocket full of money by the next exchange. I am going to get out if one hundred dollars G.B. will do it. I cannot pay more, thinking as I do, that I will be exchanged within three months. Our dinner cost \$53.50 for eight of us. Major Griswold has gone to Richmond with the mail.

Jan. 2d - Warmer, clear with west wind. Mush for breakfast. Beef soup for dinner. No paper, no news, no rumors.

Jan. 3d - Cloudy and rainy. Have slight cold. Remains of yesterday's soup warmed up for breakfast with griddle cakes. For dinner pone and fried beef. Rumor that an agreement for exchange had been effected. No war news, pleasant night. Wrote to wife.

4th - Very pleasant. Paper says a load of supplies had arrived at Richmond for Yankee prisoners, also that Col. Mulford was expected to visit Richmond for the purpose of arranging a new cartel for exchange of all prisoners. Health not very good. Mush for breakfast, beef soup for dinner.

5th - No news, no papers.

6th - Rumor that Blair had been sent by our government to treat for peace with the rebels. Kershon's division passed this place for Branchville.

7th - Warm and pleasant. No exchange news. Major Griswold to arrive home Monday with a mail and good news for the prisoners. Tents are to be issued to those who are without shelter.

8th - No news on Sabbath now.

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9th No news of particular interest. Generally it is favorable to us. Rebs appear to be quite sanguine that no exchange will be effected. Tents issued to all who have no shelter. Major Griswold arrived from Richmond and reports that a new cartel has been made, by which it is agreed that all prisoners captured in the future shall be exchanged within fourteen days. No news of any movements.

11th - Major Griswold <sup>says</sup> ways that the rebs have made a proposition to exchange the prisoners now held by both parties, shall be exchanged by the new cartel. I think that certain movements about camp which I have seen indicate that exchange will take place soon. The surgeon was in yesterday inquiring about exchange, also the hospital steward. They are planning to fill their pockets by it and are negotiating for bribes. Gold 40 for 1; 90 for 1 in Richmond.

12th - Major Griswold reports that the commissioners had met and agreed upon exchange, and that Major Mulford had gone to Washington for instructions, also that the rebel government had resolved to put \$200,000 blacks in the field..

13th - Sherman reported to be marching on Branchville. Bought pair of shoes; paid \$100 confed for them.

14th - Our fleet has appeared off Wilmington.

15th - All sorts of rumors are afloat concerning exchange. Preaching by the Rev. Mason of Macon.

16th - Report that a part of our fleet had possession of Fort Fisher at Wilmington. Some officers near my <sup>quarters</sup> ~~quarters~~. ~~Got drunk.~~ <sup>got drunk</sup>

17th - Fighting reported at Wilmington. Our fleet has nearly all passed Fort Fisher. Sherman said to be on the east side of Savannah.

18th - News that Fort Fisher had surrendered with all the garrison. At work making fireplace of clay and dirt mixed with my hands.

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19th - Various rumors afloat concerning Sherman and the operations before Wilmington.

20th - Worked in forenoon making brick for chimney. Rain in night washed our fireplace down and spoiled it. A new commander took charge of us. Just returned from Fort Delaware (a union prison); says he is going to learn us how to behave.

21st - Cold and uncomfortable. Went to bed after breakfast and lay till noon.

The gunboats Tallahassee and Panther taken at Wilmington, Fort Caswell taken; Sherman's forces marching on Charleston. Railroad cut by our cavalry between Branchville and Augusta.

22d - Rev. J. Kreelman preached to us. He is one of the most talented men in the South, and very zealous in the support of slavery. His sermon was very good and contained no allusion to government or to us as prisoners.

23d - Cold and uncomfortable; no war news; money is all gone; trying to get more. Sutler has been letting it at \$10 for 1 gold.

24th - Quite cold; ground frozen. No war news; health good. Some rumors of exchange. Paper reports that 500 rebs had arrived at Richmond for exchange.

25th - Boards furnished for the house in which my tent is pitched. Paper says that 172 rebel officers passed Cairo for New Orleans for exchange. Lieut. Henderson died in hospital of typhoid pneumonia.

26th - coldest day of the winter this year. Ground frozen two and a half inches in depth. Another commander over us. The Frenchman fooled around a few days and played out. Capt. Stewart appears to be a quiet sort of man.

27th - Very cold and uncomfortable. Nothing but mush to eat.

28th - Many rumors about recognition and peace. Sherman on a move toward Charleston and Branchville.

29th - Warmer and a very pleasant sunny day. Nothing to eat but mush and pone with borrowed soghum. Rumors that



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an armistic had been agreed upon for forty days between the armies about Richmond, also that Stevens, Hunter and Boyce had gone to Washington. Received two letters from home dated the 6th and 13th of November.

30th - Pleasant; health good. Mush for dinner and supper. Received letter from wife dated Oct. 30th. No army news. Gold has fallen and sutler is waiting to see what will happen before cashing more drafts. I am very ragged and hungry. I do not feel like remaining in the service if I should get out now.

31st - Deliciously lovely day, not a cloud to be seen all day. Mush for breakfast; cakes for dinner.

Note- In the last batch of "stuff" I copied from my diary of date Jan. 15th, this sentence, "Some officers near my quarters got drunk." It is printed "Some officers near my quarters. (Full stop after quarters, then "Got drunk," with a capital G. forming a separate sentence making me say, acknowledge and confess that I got drunk. I have gone through the temptations of army and prison life, and as a citizen of the Third ward, and never did I drink any. I have thought in my humiliation and anger that I would have a writ of habeas jackass issued and have the blunderer arrested and made an example of for the good of the community.

Feb. 1st, 1865 - Very fine weather. Paper says that Gen. Grant has had the whole matter of exchange put in his hands and that it is the opinion of Washington papers that a general exchange will soon follow. All hostages have been released on both sides.

2d - Pleasant. Gen. Hayes is at Richmond distributing boxes and clothing to Yankee prisoners; is to visit prisons farther south. Lived on mush. Health quite good.

3d - Cloudy and raw, not much rain. Wadsworth loaned me \$25. Mush all day. Reading "Josephine."

4th - Nothing. Fair weather. Had a soup.

5th - Sherman near Branchville. Bean soup for dinner. Rumor that we are to move.

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(Note - As to that bean soup, the rebs occasionally issued to us rations of a kind of small, dark colored bean called "nigger peas." We boiled them but no amount of boiling would make them soft. They appeared to be the favorite dwelling place of a small but or fly. Each bean served as a home for one or more of these little insects. We were not furnished with any apparatus by which we could separate the bean from the fly, as it seemed necessary that we should eat something now and then we ate the beans. The flies were so numerous that a darker shade was given to the dish. We were short on meat and we were thankful for anything that bordered on a meaty flavor.)

6th - Rained at night. Mush for both meals. Rumors of exchange.

(Another Note - To save precious time and for other reasons not numerous, we prepared but two meals a day. Mostly Indian meals.)

7th - Cloudy. Mush. Rumors of moving.

8th - Clear and cold. Sherman moving toward Augusta. Gen. Winder died last night of apoplexy. His last words are reported to have been, "Give the prisoners no meat, curtail the sorghum, sift the meal and give the prisoners the beans." *bran*

Mush (Note - Gen. Winder was the commissary of prisoners for the confederacy, that is, he had charge of all the prisons. Much of the blame for ill treatment of prisoners was laid to him. There was great rejoicing in prison when the news of his death was announced.)

9th - Fine day, but cold. Cold night. Had a soup. Peace rumors and expectations have failed. Old Abe stands up as I expected he would. The papers howl over it terribly.

10th - Very fine. Pleasant day. A slip cut from paper and shown by the adjutant set the whole camp in a ferment; it purported to be that an arrangement for exchange had been effected with Gen. Grant, and that he said he wished to carry out the provisions of the cartel with as little delay as possible. No war news. I take some stock in this exchange news. It is soon or never in my opinion.

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11th - Very fine day. Rumors of exchange pervade the camp. Nearly all are sanguine. Rumor that Sherman is forty miles from this place. Received two letters from wife of Dec. 25th and Jan. 15th. All well.

12th - Very fine day. During the night became much colder. Sermon by Lieut. G. No war news.

13th - Preparing to move.

14th - Very cold. Started for *Charlotte* ~~Charleston~~ about 4 p. m. Rain formed ice on the cars so that the guards who were on them could not move. A large number escaped. The train broke down twice and all but two forward cars were left behind some five miles, had to go back very slowly, and all of us might have escaped without danger, the guards were so cold that there was nothing to fear from them, but the night was so dark, stormy and cold that it was madness to try to get away.

(Note - Gen. Howard with his corps occupied Columbia on the 16th. He says that large quantities of cotton were piled in the main streets, and that citizens brought whiskey to his men. Some of them got drunk, the cotton was fired and about two-thirds of the city was burned.)

Feb. 15th - (Note: Were mistakes in the last installment - where I wrote "Charlotte," "Charleston" was printed and others).

Arrived at Charlotte in forenoon, left the cars and marched half a mile to camp. All the accommodations that were ready for us was an old barn in ruins, which would cover about one hundred. Most of us had brought our tents with us. Some of us had private tents. A ration of hard bread and pork was issued to us at night. Very cold, wet and muddy.

16th - Rather more comfortable weather. Two days' rations of meal and corned beef were issued. Capt. Stewart received an order and read it to us to the purport that a general exchange had been agreed upon. It was thought by many that it was bogus, got up for the purpose of deceiving us, and keeping us from escaping. I think that it is worthy of some confidence. We have been deceived so often that we have become skeptical.

17th - Quite pleasant. The officers in command state upon their word of honor that an exchange is effected.

The Charlotte paper says the same and that a load of men had already arrived. I think that the day of our deliverance is at hand. Hurrah for exchange. One cir-



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cumstance seems to confirm these reports. Major Griswold, who has been very strict, seems to have relaxed his rule. We do about as we please. There is a camp of galvanized yanks near us, they come down near us and look wistfully at us. They are of no account.

18th - Very fine day. Exchange same. Rumor that we would go tomorrow for Wilmington or Danville. They say that our men at Florence are to be exchanged from Wilmington.

19th - Very fine weather. It seems to be a fixed fact that an exchange is to take place immediately. Bully-bully-bully. Good-good-good. It hardly seems possible that it can be true. We have been looking for it and been disappointed so many times that we doubt.

20th - We moved from camp about 4 p. m., 300 of us. We had been paroled during the day. 200 started last night and 200 this morning - they were not paroled. Arrived at Greensboro in the morning, 90 miles.

21st. Quite cold. Riding toward Goldsboro came up with and passed one of the squads that left camp before us. Arrived at Raleigh at dark and were stopped by orders from the Adt. General and were put under strict guard as though we had not been paroled. Were put on a vacant lot near the court house. When the officer in charge of the guards learned that we had been paroled he apologized for his action. In the evening flour and meal were issued. Some of the officers sent it to a bakery in the city to be baked. During the night two trains of officers came up, and one which was ahead of us came back, also two trains of enlisted men.

22d - Lay in an open lot near the city all day. No news from Col. Hatch who went to Wilmington for the purpose of opening communications.

23d - Lay in same place until near night, when we were taken two miles up the Gooton road to an old camp where we are to remain until we can be sent for exchange. I think it possible that Col. Hatch has been captured by our forces from Newbern striking the road after he had passed toward Wilmington. I hope they will fix matters soon, as it is very uncomfortable to be hanging about in this style. Our enlisted men near here are in very bad condition.

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24th - Wet and rainy; lay in same camp impatiently waiting for orders to move to some point for exchange; did not move.

25th - Cloudy and rainy. Still waiting for transportation. Expected to go today. Did not go. Meal and sorghum issued. Lived on mush. No opportunity to buy anything.

26th - Warm and sultry. Started near night for Goldsboro. Arrived about eight o'clock. Were quartered in the court house during the night; another squad joined us.

27th - Lay all day at the court house. Were reparaoled. Enlisted men being sent forward.

28th - Rainy. Started for the point of exchange at night, which is nine mile bridge above Wilmington. Arrived near our lines at 2 o'clock and waited for daylight.

March 1st - Cloudy, but no rain. <sup>Rain</sup> Passed through our lines about ten o'clock. Marched one and one-half miles to the camp of our troops, rested awhile. Hard tack, meat and coffee were issued to us. Then the officers decided to march to Wilmington, nine miles distant, and let the enlisted men go on the boats. Such was our haste to get forward that we marched seven miles without a halt. Reached Wilmington at five o'clock, were quartered in unoccupied buildings about town. Extensive preparations had been made to feed us, arrangements had been made to feed 500 at a time. Hard tack, boiled beef and coffee was furnished in abundance. I felt so overjoyed that I wanted to run and jump, propriety only restrained me from giving way to the most extravagant actions. When we met "our boys" and heard them shout and sing, I could scarcely restrain the tears.

March 2d - One boat load left in forenoon; I remained, went on board the second boat near night.

March 3d - Weighed anchor about 12 o'clock and passed down the river. Arrived off the bar and cast anchor at three o'clock. Every one is disappointed at thus being detained. Passed Forts Fisher and Anderson; lay off Smithville. This is the end of my diary but I did not stop at the same time that my record did.

The next morning we made another start. There were two passages from the mouth of Cape Fear river to the ocean.

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The south one is the best and safest but it makes a longer distance in traveling north. Our ship took the north passage and when it was on the bar it bumped on the bottom several times. Not a very pleasant sensation, as it gave one some thought as to whether a leak would result and we were due to pass Cape Hatteras where it is always rough. My companion was Lieut. Smith of 16th Maine, and at night when it was time to retire we lay down on the deck in the rear of the cabin. Another man took a place on the opposite side of the deck.

The sea was becoming pretty rough and soon the crest of a wave came over the side upon the other fellow. He got all that was coming to him; we jumped and saved the blanket that was over us, but the one under us we could not save from getting wet. Smith went to the engine room. I went into the cabin, crawled under the seats and remained there until we arrived at Annapolis. Hatteras kept up its reputation for rough weather. The ship was a propeller and rolled uncomfortably. The waves run high and the boat rolled and pitched and tumbled about as though she was but a feather. But we landed at Annapolis safely. Now we will go back to Wilmington and look matters up that I said nothing about in my diary. After we left the cars and crossed the river into our lines we were surrounded by our troops. As we passed through them I saw an officer that was raised in the same town as myself. I could have touched him by raising my hand. He was dressed in a new suit with shoulder straps and buttons, a fine looking man. If he had been dressed or undressed, in rags, as I was I should have spoken to him, but I was ashamed to have him see me in that condition. I have always regretted that I did not speak to him. Later I heard of him as an architect in Oshkosh, Wis., Hiram Thompson was his name.

I met in Wilmington Capt. Wentworth, formerly of my regiment, who was exchanged from Libby, and had a position as division quartermaster in Schofield's army. He gave me a pair of blue pants which were a most welcome addition to my wardrobe. One night in Wilmington Smith and myself, searching for a place to lay ourselves away, found a church with the doors ajar and we slept on the soft side of a wood pew seat. But we were not in prison, and the stars and stripes were floating near by and we slept the sleep of free men.



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I will give a description of my wardrobe when I arrived in Wilmington. I had a blue and white mixed shirt that had done duty for fifteen months or more. I had washed it many times and it had become much less in latitude and longitude and other ways. The neck band had shrunk so that I cut it in two at the back and then had to use a string to make connections between the button hole and the button. The wrist bands were in the same condition and buttoned with a string. They occupied a position on my arm about half way from my wrists to my elbows. My pants were citizen's of a butternut color received in Libby from home. They had worn out at the knees and I had patched them with pieces from the cape of my blue coat. Where the chair hits the high places, was also patched with blue. The bottoms were ornamented with an irregular fagged out fringe. I had a short black jacket that still held together and also the vest which I wore when captured. I had worn out my shoes. and bought a pair of English hobnailed shoes, which I took home. My hair and beard were a sight to behold.

When I arrived in Annapolis, Uncle Sam paid a part of my back salary and I soon got cleaned up and into a new suit of clothes. And then a furlough and then home, I had not slept in a house or a bed for two and one half years.

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## WAR REMINISCENCES

By Capt. L. S. Bisbee.

I find in my autograph book the following remarks written in Charleston:

At Savannah, Georgia, where we arrived on the 29th of July 1864, we were confined (five hundred and ninety-two of us) in the yard or enclosure belonging to the U. S. Marine Hospital, now used as a city poor house. The yard contained about one acre, surrounded by a brick and board fence fifteen feet high. There were twenty-five trees - mostly live oaks, which afforded us good shade (the branches of one tree which I measured spread ninety feet). Wedge tents were issued to us at the rate of one to six men. One tent occupied a space of six by seven feet. The rations issued were the best we have received in the confederacy, and consisted of one ration of bacon and six lbs. of fresh beef every seven days; all the rice and meal we wanted. The officers of the guard were very gentlemanly and kind as also were the men.

We were subjected to a more stringent guard than ever before. No papers were allowed to be brought into camp, but we usually got one each day by one source or another. The officers of the day and guard secretly furnished them when they could.

One captain, a tall dark man with long black hair reaching his shoulders, a typical fire eater, used to bring in papers. Taking everything into consideration we had better treatment in Savannah than any prison we have been confined in in the Confederacy.

On the morning of Sept. 12th, we were ordered to be ready to move with two days' rations cooked, at four o'clock next morning.

Lieut. Bisbee and myself (being now by ourselves) cooked a loaf of bread, a small pail of rice and a canteen of crust coffee for our journey.

*ton*

At seven we took the cars for Charlestown and after a tedious ride in box cars arrived at the Headquarters of Secession at three P.M. Marching one mile through the hot dusty streets we found our quarters in the yard of the Citadel or city jail, this contains less than an acre and the large jail building inside of it. There are 70 tents in all for our accommodation. The yard is enclosed by a brick wall 16 feet high. There is a sink in the yard, the vault of which is overrunning with filth and disseminating its noisome vapor through all the surrounding atmosphere. The ground is damp, and we are provided with nothing to protect ourselves with. We are obliged to spread our ~~blankets~~ *blankets* on the ground in the dirt when we sleep.

On Thursday, the 15th, we drew six days' rations consisting for two of us of two quarts of meal, one and a half pint of flour, a little salt, a little soft soap.

We received for three days' ration about one third lb. of beef each day; on Sunday we got three days' rations of bacon, in all amounting to about one half pound for two of us, and one half pint of each

Yesterday, the 19th, we stinted ourselves to two meals - bare rice and rice coffee for breakfast and the last of our meal and flour made into fritters with our bacon fried for dinner and supper in one meal. Morning of the 20th, we cooked and ate the last of our rice for breakfast. So it is go without eating now until we draw again, which will be tonight or tomorrow.

During Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the shelling did not attract particular attention, but on Saturday about noon a fire broke out about two squares from us, and in the range of our batteries, when the opened firing once in ten minutes for a while and setting two other fires, the flames of one and the smoke of the other being visible to us.

The shelling was somewhat nearer than before and a few bursting high in the air sent their compliments to us in a very abrupt and summary manner. But one officer was struck, and he but slightly wounded in Roper Hospital.



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I consider it a rather trying position to be obliged to stand under the fire of our own batteries and take what comes with no opportunity to "talk" back. It seems onesided. If a fellow had a chance to either fight or run there could be some variations introduced..

Monday's papers gave an account of Saturday's fires and enumerated twenty-nine buildings destroyed. The most destructive fire that has occurred since 1861. The paper says that several persons were injured, but not a word about the shelling. We learned that the guards were called out to keep the firemen on duty.

All the Federal officers are near together now. A part in the work house which joins the jail yard on the East, a part in the Marine Hospital on the south and the balance in Roper Hospital.

The two last squads are on their parole - are well treated, and have plenty of rations. In the jail there are confined 51 of our colored soldiers, belonging to the 54th and 55th Mass. and the 26th New York Regts. They have been turned over to the state authorities. They receive for rations one pone of bread a day. They are allowed to come in the yard and communicate freely with us. They are as intelligent as our white soldiers, are robust and healthy; out of 51 have lost but one by death since their imprisonment. About fifty white soldiers are here, mostly belonging to Wilson's raiders. They do not stand imprisonment as well as the black men. A squad of deserters occupy the upper floor of the jale, one officer among them.

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## Re-captured Prisoners.

M.M. Bassett, 53d Illinois.  
 M. Bedell, 123d New York.  
 2d Lieut. S.P. Brown, 15th U.S. Cavalry.  
 Lieut. H.S. Chivester, 82d Illinois.  
 H.P. Crawford, 2d Illinois Cavalry.  
 Lieut. W.N. Daily, 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry.  
 Lieut. P.S. Edmonds, 67th Pennsylvania.  
 Lieut. Col. Eli, 18th Connecticut.  
 Daniel Fransberry, 1st Michigan Cavalry.  
 2d Lieut. S.P. Gamble, 63d Pennsylvania.  
 J.H. Godsby, 19th U.S. Infantry.  
 2d Lieut. G.S. Gord, 84th Pennsylvania.  
 Lieut. Greble, 8th Michigan.  
 J.C. Hall, 112th Illinois.  
 Thomas Hardy, 79th Illinois.  
 Lieut. Adam Hauf, 45th New York.  
 Lieut. H. Hicks, 57th Pennsylvania.  
 Capt. F. Irsch, 45th New York.  
 Isaac Johnson, Engineer Satellite.  
 Col. D. Miles, 79th Pennsylvania.  
 Lieut. A. Moore, 4th Kentucky.  
 Capt. M. Moore, 29th Indiana.  
 Lieut. F. Moran, 73rd New York.  
 Lieut. C.H. Morgan, 21st Wisconsin vol.  
 Capt. Phelps, 73rd Indiana.  
 Lieut. W.B. Pierce, 11th Kentucky cavalry.  
 T.J. Ray, 49th Ohio.  
 Col. T.G. Rose, 77th Pennsylvania.  
 Capt. Roseman, 3d Ohio.  
 Lieut. Schroeder, 74th Pennsylvania.  
 Lieut. Simpson, 10th Indiana.  
 M.R. Small, Adjutant 6th Maryland.  
 Capt. E.S. Smith, 19th U.S. Cavalry.  
 Capt. G. Stair, 104th New York.  
 2d Lieut. J.M. Wasson, 40th Ohio.  
 Lieut. W.L. Watson, 21st Wisconsin.  
 Lieut. A.B. White, 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry.  
 2d Lieut. P.H. White, 83d Pennsylvania.  
 Lieut. Wilcox, 10th New York Cavalry.  
 Capt. Wilkins, 112th Illinois.  
 Capt. J. Yates, 3d Ohio.

Mentioned in Capt. I.N. Johnston's list but not reported elsewhere.

Capt. Lucas, 5th Kentucky Vol. Infantry.  
 Lieut. Mitchell, 79th Infantry.  
 Capt. David S. Flamsburg, 4th Indiana Battery? (Died in Columbia)  
 (Prison S.C.)  
 David Garbit, 77th Pennsylvania.

List of men who escaped from Libby Prison and not recaptured.

Capt. R.R. Adams, 89th Ohio.  
 Capt. S.C. Bose, 4th Wisconsin Cavalry.  
 Lieut. Col. J.F. Boyd, Quartermaster of vols. 20th army corps.  
 Capt. Matthew Boyd, 73d Indiana.  
 Lieut. R.Y. Bradford, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Capt. D.S. Cladwell, 123 Ohio.  
 Capt. H.P. (or H.) Chamberlain, 97th New York.  
 Capt. T. Clark, 78th (or 79) Illinois Infantry.  
 Major J.P. Collins, 20th (29th) Indiana Infantry.  
 Lieut. Col. George G. Davis, 4th Maine Infantry.  
 W.G. Ely, 18th Connecticut.  
 Capt. Fisher, 3d Pennsylvania.  
 Capt. B.F. Fisher, Chief of signal corps army of Potomas.  
 1st Lieut. John C. Fislar, 7th Indiana Battery.  
 Major G.R. (or W.) Fitzsimmons, 30th (or 13th) Indiana Vols.  
 Lieut. Eli Foster, 30th Indiana Infantry.  
 Capt. J.F. Gallagher, Company B. 2d Ohio Vols.-Infantry.  
 Capt. Michael Gallagher, 3d New Jersey Cavalry, or 2d N.Y. Cavalry.  
 Capt. A.G. Hamilton, Company A, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.  
 Lieut. J.D. Harris, 9th Ohio.  
 Lieut. Hatfield, 53d Illinois.  
 Major John Henry, 5th Ohio.  
 Lieut. E.G. Higley, 23d Ohio.  
 Lieut. Col. Harrison C. Hobart, 21st Wisc. Volunteer Infantry.  
 Major J.H. Hooper, 15th (or 16th) Massachusetts. (Dead)  
 Capt. I.N. Johnson, Company H. 6th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.  
 Capt. T.J. (or D.J.) 1st Kentucky Infantry.  
 Col. W.P. Kendrick, 3d West Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Col. Wm. B. McCreery, 21st Michigan Infantry.  
 Major B.B. McDonald, 100th (101st) Ohio.  
 Lieut. N.J. (or S.) McKeen, Company H, 21st Illinois.  
 Col. D. Mills, 79th Pennsylvania.  
 Capt. John F. Porter, Jr. escaped two weeks earlier, 14th N.Y. Cav.  
 Lieut. Randolph, 5th U.S. Artillery.  
 Capt. W.S.B. Randall, (or Rundell) Company C, 2d Ohio Vol. Inf.  
 1st Lieut. Wm. Reynolds, 73rd Indiana Volunteers.  
 Col. Rodgers.  
 Lieut. Mell.  
 Col. Thomas E. Rose, 77th Pennsylvania.  
 Capt. W.W. Seearce, 51st Indiana Volunteers.  
 Lieut. E.S. Scott, 89th Ohio.  
 1st Lieut. Scudamore.  
 1st Lieut. John Sterling, 30th (or 29th) Indiana Volunteers.  
 Col. A.D. Streight, 51st Indiana Volunteers.  
 Col. Chas. W. Tilden, 16th Maine.  
 I.W. Thomas, Lieut. & Adj. 2d Ohio Infantry.  
 Capt. Morton Tower, 13th Massachusetts.  
 Major J.N. (or I.) Walker, 73d Indiana Vols.  
 Lieut. Wallace, 5th U.S. Cavalry.  
 Capt. Wallack, 51st Indiana.  
 1st Lieut. Albert Walber, 26th Wisc.  
 Lieut. James M. Wells, Company F, 8th Michigan Vols. Cavalry.  
 Lieut. Col. T.S. West, 24th Wisc. Volunteers Infantry.  
 Lieut. L.P. (or T.P.) Williams, 72d Indiana Vols.  
 Lieut. W.A. Williams, 123d Ohio.  
 Lieut. Col. Alexander Theobald van Wivel, 74th Penn. Infantry.



When the war of secession broke out, I knew a young man about twenty years of age who enlisted in the first regiment raised in Maine, to serve three months. When the term expired he returned home. Later he and two other young men raised a Company to serve three years, or during the war. He was Commissioned First Lieut. of the Company. The Company joined the North Maine Regiment in the South. The Captain of the Company became Lieut. Col. and this young man was Commissioned Captain of the Company before he was twenty-one years of age.

This young Cap't. was a strictly temperance man. One day while serving as Officer of the day, arrested another Cap't. who was drunk and threatening this man with his revolver, put him in the guard house. He should have arrested him, taken away his arms and confined him in his quarters. For this breach of military discipline, he was Court martialed and discharged. This act was supererogation of duty, or going beyond his duty.

He returned home and re-enlisted in the 4th Maine and took part in the Spotsylvania Campaign, and was killed at North Bridge in May, 1864, while leading his Company as Sergeant. Meanwhile his friends at home, feeling he had been unjustly treated, took his case before Pres. Lincoln. Among those who took an interest in the matter, were Hon. Sidney Perham, then in Congress (I think), Hon. Otis Hayford, Maj. Baker, of the 9th Maine.

The case was re-opened and the President ordered that the young Cap't. should be commissioned in the first vacancy that occurred in a Maine Regiment. It happened that the first vacancy was caused by the discharge of Cap't. Waldron of Company I, 16th Maine. Cap't. Waldron became aware that this young man was about to be placed in the position vacated by him, and he took such measures as resulted in my appointment instead of the other man.

I was in Libby Prison at the time and knew nothing about it. The first intimation I had of promotion was when Col. Tilden, in Libby, shook hands with me, addressed me as "Captain" and congratulated me.

I had never spoken or written a word about it, and I don't remember that it ever entered my thoughts. I do not know whether or not this young man knew of the action of the President.

I did not learn of his death until November after it occurred in May.

He was a very handsome man- six feet tall, fine form, athletic. His hair was brown and curly. This young here was my Brother, <sup>dear</sup> Elisha S. Bisbee.

Another Brother still younger, Hannibal, who served through the war in Co. G, 1st Maine Cavalry. He was captured at Brandy Station, sent to Richmond but was exchanged at once. He took part in all the battles of the Regiment, their colors carry thirty-six, never was wounded. He sleeps in Laymons Cemetery, one of nature's noblemen.

Jan. 14th, 1913.

L.C.B.

## JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA

L. C. Bisbee and Wife of the North Side  
Enjoy a Pleasant Trip to the  
Pacific Coast.



Ed. Chronicle:- On Tuesday morning, February 15th, at 7:30 o'clock, we left Minneapolis on a Great Western tourist car and arrived at Sierra Madre, fifteen miles east of Los Angeles, at 742 Saturday morning - 96 hours and 12 minutes on the road. Eight hours were spent in Kansas City and excepting this there was no delay, except twenty minutes for meals, and no change of cars. The time in Kansas City might have been used to advantage in looking over the town, but we were dropped in a freight yard and shunted about from one place to another and did not know when we were to be taken out and so did not dare to leave the car. We left the snow behind in the vicinity of Des Moines, Iowa. There was nothing of special interest seen until we were in Colorado. We passed to the left of Denver and Colorado Springs. We were told that Pike's Peak could be seen from the train, but there was a fringe of white clouds that prevented us from getting a view of it; further on a range of snow-covered mountains were seen in the distance - said to be the Spanish Peaks. From this on until we reached Albuquerque the country is rough and mountainous; then we passed over vast desolate and barren plains, relieved at intervals by high mounds rising sheer and steep from the surface of the plains. Here we saw the adobe huts of the inhabitants and now and then a station, the buildings partly of wood and partly of adobe. We wondered what those people could do to live; there were no visible means of support at many of these stations. In the vicinity of Flagstaff we came to snow again - about four inches. Here one may take a stage for the Grand Canon of the Colorado, about forty miles distant; this canon is from nine to thirteen miles wide and 230 miles long and in places 6,000 feet below the surface of the plain - that shows us that we were at an altitude of more than one mile at Flagstaff. West of Flagstaff we came into a pine timber country and observed at one place quite extensive mills and a lumber yards. During Friday we passed from the high plains of Arizona down the western slope, thro' deep canons,

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winding along the brink of high precipices, shooting at times with great velocity down steep grades, and when it seemed as though no power could stop us a level or up grade would be struck which would soon bring the train to its normal speed. When we had at last reached low land again and looked back we beheld high rugged and rocky mountains through which we had passed. We were now down on the level of the Colorado river, upon the plains of western Arizona. Here the Indians were in evidence; at every station they were to be seen, dirty and disgusting. They are the Mojaves (pronounced Mohaves). About sunset of Friday we crossed the Colorado which is the dividing line between Arizona and California, which at the present time is a river of sand rather than water. As we rode for some distance along its banks we observed that the water was very shallow, just enough to ripple over the sand, but the bed of the stream is quite wide and it was apparent that at times there must be a great volume of water. At a station called The Needles, the first one in California, a stop was made for supper. Here was a great gathering of Indians, the last we saw, for we pulled out into the night and when morning broke we were at San Bernardino in the Beautiful San Gabriel valley and only about fifty miles from our destination. The balance of the journey was through orange and lemon orchards full of fruit. We left the train at a station called Santa Anita. This is the name of an extensive ranch in the midst of which it is situated; "Lucky Baldwin" is the owner of the ranch, which comprises some 30,000 acres. Sierra Madre, where we are living, is about two miles north of Santa Anita station, directly at the foot of mountains more than a mile high.

L.C.B.

Los. Angeles, Cal., March 1, 1898.



#1

LINCOLN.

Copied from "My Story of the War",

By

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

In Nov. 1862, I found myself in Washington, whither I had been summoned to attend a council of women connected with the Sanitary Commission. The heart of the people had grown sick with hope deferred; and the fruitless undertakings and timid dawdling policy of Gen. McClellan had perplexed and discouraged all loyalists and strengthened and made bold all traitors. The army was entrenched or entrenching. Their advance was forbidden by the Autumnal rains and the policy of its commanding general, whatever that might have been. The rebel army was in front, and every day a new crop of rumors was harvested in reference to its purpose. One hour "Washington was safe", and "All was quiet on the Potomac." The next "The rebels are marching on Washington" "They are blocking our river communications," "They are threatening to overwhelm our forces", or "They have already taken our position." Despondency sat on every face.

"I wonder whether McClellan means to do anything", said Mr. to a friend one day. "I should like to borrow the army of him for a day or two."

Those of the women who had come from the loyal and sanguine Northwest listened with undisguised amazement to the open mouthed secession of more than half of the people we met; for in the Northwest it was hardly safe to talk treason openly; and despite the discouragements in the military situation in the East, the people bated not one jot of their confidence in the ultimate restoration of the Union without the loss of a single state. Our hearts died within us, and when the woman's Council adjourned we were glad to accept an invitation to call upon the President in a body. The President had appointed an early hour for the reception.

I shall never forget the shock which his presence gave us. Not more ghastly or rigid was his dead face as he lay in his coffin than on that never-to-be forgotten night. His introverted look and his half staggering gait were like those of a man walking in his sleep. He seemed literally bending under the weight of his burden. A deeper gloom rested on his face than on that of any person I had ever seen. He took us each by the hand mechanically in an awkward absent way, until my friend, Mrs. Hage, of Chicago, and myself were introduced, when the name of the city of our residence appeared to catch his attention, and he sat down between us.

"So you are from Chicago", he said familiarly. "You are not scared at Washington mud then, for you can beat us all to pieces in that". And then he asked about the weather we had during the fall, the health of the city, and other matters of local interest as one to whom the Northwest was home and dear. It was explained to him that we were all of us identified with the Sanitary Commission, and that we had called before separating to our widely divergent homes to obtain some word of encouragement- something to cheer and stimulate. "I have no word of encouragement to give",

was his sad and blunt reply. "The military situation is far from bright; and the country knows it as well as I do." There was no attempt to question or answer; but a momentary deep and painful silence settled on his auditors. "The fact is", he continued after a pause, "the people haven't made up their minds that we are at war with the South. They have not buckled down to the determination to fight this war through: for they have got the idea in their heads that we are going to get out of this fix, somehow by strategy- that is the word "Strategy" Gen. McClellan thinks that he is going to whip the rebels by strategy, and the army have got the same notion- they have no idea that the war is to be carried out by hard, tough fighting; and no headway will be made while this delusion lasts.

Some one ventured to remonstrate against this, and reminded the President how hundreds of thousands had rushed to the call of the Country; how bravely the army and navy had fought at Forts Donelson and Henry, Pea Ridge, Shiloh and New Orleans, and how gloriously they had triumphed. He admitted this, but returned to his first statement. "The people haven't made up their minds that we are at war, I tell you", he repeated with great positiveness. "They think that there is a royal road to peace, and that Gen. McClellan will find it. The Army has not settled down into the conviction that we are in a treeble war, no, and the officers haven't either. When you came to Washington, ladies, some two weeks ago, but a few soldiers came on the train with you- that you will remember; but when you go back you will find the trains and every conveyance crowded with them. You will not find a city on the route, a town or village, where soldiers and officers on furlough are not as thick as blackberries. They are whole regiments that have two-thirds of their men absent- a great many by desertion, and a great many on leaves granted by their company officers, which is almost as bad. Gen. McClellan is all the time calling for more troops- more troops; and they are sent to him; but the deserters and furloughed men outnumbered the recruits. To fill up the army is like undertaking to shovel fuel- you take up a shovel full, but before you can dump them anywhere they are gone. It is like trying to ride a balky horse, you coax and cheer and spur, and lay on the whip- but you don't get ahead an inch, there you stick."

"Do you mean that our men desert"? We asked incredulously, for in glorifying our soldiers we had not conceived of our men becoming deserters. "That is just what I mean", replied the President, "and the desertions of the army are just now the most serious evil we have to encounter. At the battle of Antietam Gen. McClellan had the names of about one hundred and eighty thousand men on the army rolls. Of these seventy thousand were absent on leave granted by company officers, which as I said before is almost as bad as desertion- for the men oughtn't to ask for furloughs with the enemy drawn up before them- nor ought the officers to grant them. About twenty thousand were in the hospitals or were detailed to other duties, leaving only ninety thousand to give battle to the enemy. Gen. McClellan went in to the battle with this number- but in two hours after the battle commenced thirty thousand had straggled or deserted, and so the battle was fought with sixty thousand- and as the enemy had about the same number it proved a drawn game.

*Proved*

The rebel army had coiled itself up in such a position that if McClellan had only had the seventy thousand absentees he could have surrounded Lee- captured the whole rebel army, and ended the war at a stroke, without a battle. We have a straggler's camp out here in Alexandria, in connection with the convalescent camp, and from that camp in three months Gen. Butler has returned to their regiments seventy five thousand deserters and stragglers, who have been arrested and sent there. Don't you see that the country and the army fail to realize that we are engaged in one of the greatest wars the world has ever seen, and which can only be ended by fighting? Gen. McClellan is responsible for the delusion that is untoning the army- that the South is to be conquered by strategy".

"Is not death the penalty of desertion"? we inquired.

"Certainly it is".

"And does it not lie with the President to enforce this penalty"?

"Yes."

"Why not enforce it then? Before many soldiers had suffered death for desertion this wholesale depletion of the army would be ended".

"Oh! no, no", replied the President shaking his head ruefully, "that cannot be done, it would be unmerciful-barberous".

"But is it not more merciful to stop desertions and to fill up the army so that when a battle comes off it may be decisive instead of being a drawn battle as you say Antietam was"?

"It may be so- but if I should go to shooting men by the scores for desertion, I should soon have such a hulabaloo about my ears as I haven't had yet, and I should deserve it. You can't order men shot by dozens and twenties-people won't stand for it. No, we must change the condition of things some other way. The army must be officered by fighting men. Misery loves company you know, and it may give you some consolation to know that it is even worse with the rebel army than with ours".



## NEAL DOW'S BIRTHDAY

Pleasing Reminiscences of the Veteran Patriot,  
Philanthropist and Statesman of Maine.

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Editor of Chronicle:- It being Gen. Dow's birthday, and much interest being manifested in regard to that grand old man, it occurred to me to send to you the following incidents relating to him, which took place in Libby prison in the fall of 1863 or the winter of 1864, (the exact date I cannot give), under the observation of the writer:

Gen. Dow having been captured in the South was first confined in Mobile for a time and then transferred to Libby. It was always the case that when newly captured prisoners (fresh-fish) were brought in they had to give up all they knew about the progress of the war. So upon Gen. Dow's arrival it was arranged that he should speak to all the prisoners in mass meeting assembled, in the upper middle room at a certain time, upon the progress of the war in the department in which he had been serving. When the appointed time arrived, nearly all were on hand, and as it was known that the prison officials would not allow a meeting to be held for this purpose, sentinels were placed in the lower rooms to give warning if an officer should appear. Gen. Dow began his discourse, but it was not long before the danger signal was given and soon a rebel officer made his appearance in the room. He listened attentively until he comprehended the theme under consideration, then turned and went down stairs. But what he had listened to was a temperance lecture! When Gen. Dow received the signal he changed, without changing his attitude or his voice, from the subject of war to that of temperance, without being in the least disturbed or disconcerted, and he treated the subject in an eloquent, interesting and instructive manner. In his audience of ten or twelve hundred men, there was not the least sign, by look or movement, that could convey to the rebel officer any idea that all was not what it seemed to be. After it had been reported that the officer had left the prison rooms, Gen. Dow resumed his original subject and concluded without further interruption.

Gen Dow's Birthday

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Another incident will show the independence and manliness of Gen. Dow; Gen. E. P. Scammon, captured in West Virginia, was a prisoner with us. The prison officials made a small room off the corner of one of the large rooms and put a cot in it for Gen. Scammon's use. They offered Gen. Dow the same accommodations, which he refused. He would not ask or receive from the enemy favors that were not enjoyed by all. He said that he would remain with "the boys" and sleep on the floor, which he did.

The General, in common with the majority of us, was the possessor of but one shirt - a red flannel, which from long service and frequent washings had become short at both ends and worn thin at the elbows and in a certain other part. He made it a part of his everyday business to keep the value of that shirt as near par as possible by darning the worn parts with white yarn. Often have I seen him sitting on the floor with a blanket over his shoulders patiently working at that old shirt, and I noticed that it was done systematically and well, like all work that he undertook to do.

The room in which we were quartered was directly over the hospital room where many of our poor fellows lay sick, and for their sake we used to try and make as little noise as possible. One day an officer was making a great disturbance and noise, for the fun of the thing, and when Gen. Dow remonstrated with him he became angry and abusive and appeared to be inclined to offer personal violence. Gen. Dow did not ~~acare~~ a little bit, but stood his ground and gave him a lecture in very plain and vigorous language, characterizing his conduct as unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Several Maineites stood ready to take care of Gen. Dow if the officer had attempted any violence, but Gen. Dow was not aware of that fact.

I had always been an admirer of Gen. Dow since old "Maine Law" times, when I was a youth running wild in Maine, and these incidents had the effect of strengthening that admiration for his steadfast character, his courage to attack wrong and his encouragement of whatever was right.

L. C. Bisbee.

Minneapolis, March 20, 1894.

*Written on this on the anniversary  
of Gen Dow's 90 birthday*

### Trip to Washington.

At the time the National Encampment was held at Washington in 1904, myself and wife attended. We had a very pleasant and uneventful journey. I noticed that many of the G.A.R. fellows were always thirsty when a stop was made and they always quenched their thirst at a saloon.

We arrived near the Capital before evening and then were going a little at a time until about nine o'clock, then came the difficult task of finding a place to rest our weary selves.

After following up directions to different places, we found a room not far from the Capital in the house of an Irish lady. A rear room, fairly comfortable in the, and she told us she had a front room that we could have the second night, so we agreed to take it as it was doubtful of us finding a better one.

About two o'clock we found that the bed was occupied by a numerous family. We arose, shook ourselves out, dressed and sat until morning and suffered very much with cold.

The lady had a pet half grown chicken of the male sex, who she had taught to drink beer. She thought it very cute. He roosted on the top of a book-case in the room. Beer was offered to us.

After we got settled the first night, I started out to find the Main Headquarters. Was walking down Pennsylvania Ave. the sidewalk being well filled with people, my attention was called to a man coming toward me, closer to the buildings, running, and another man following, shooting at him. He turned into a store door about opposite to me and the man who was shooting came up to the door, fired one shot into the store, when men in the crowd seized him. I stepped into the store door but could see nothing. A couple of women were screaming. An officer arrived and took possession.

At the time the occurrence did not seem to me anything unusual but rather something of an every day affair.

The next two days we spent in visiting various objects and places of interest. The Capitol, the Library and other buildings; went out on St. Railway to Cabin John Bridge- the National Cemetery at Arlington- the Gen. Lee house, etc. About all there is to the Lee house is several massive columns supporting a heavy pediment together forming a porch and balcony. The inside of the house was a common affair. One looking from Washington would take it for a palace.



Near the Lee house is the tomb or mausoleum, in which are deposited the bones of many thousands of the unknown dead. As I was viewing it, I wondered if the remains of my Brother were there. He was killed at the North Anna Bridge.

On the day after the parade had passed, we took a train for Fredericksburg. We passed through Alexandria and the Camping ground where the First Corps passed the winter after the battle of Fredericksburg, and arrived in Fredericksburg after dark, then hustled for a room. After some delay we secured a good room in a private house. At the hotel was a plenty of drunken G.A.R. men who had been to Spots Sylvania to dedicate a monument.

Next morning we walked out to the battle field. I found there had been little change at the point where my Brigade was engaged. The railroad is the same, the woods were not different- the cornfield with the ditches across it, were there. A few houses had been built near by. I penetrated the woods at the edge of which we stood firing at random, and found some ditches, probably breastworks, used by the enemy.

A short distance to left, of our position were shown a monument erected at the point where a Rebel General was killed, (name forgotten) and it was made of boulders and nine or ten feet high.

Next we went up the ridge over which our charge was made to the Bowling Green road. I pointed out to my wife the bank up which I crawled to peep through the fence to get a sight at the battle. The bank is there but the trees and interlacing branches were gone. I secured a chip from a stump and brought it home.

I pointed out to her the plowed field over which we were marching when the shelling became very hot the Cammander shouted the order "Lie down" There was no need of a repetition of the order.

Having seen all there was to see, we walked back up the railroad to the city, where we occupied the same room at night as before.

Next morning we went to the city Hall and noted the holes made in it by shot and shells. It is, or was, an old fashioned town, the streets not paved, but stepping stones were placed at convenient distances about so a person could cross the street on them.

We visited the Mary Washington house- the Mother of Geo. Washington. It is a small one story house, standing end to the street. Two rooms in the end next to the street are public and

I judged that there was two corresponding rooms in the other end, with the front entrance in the side toward the city, in the middle of the house. In the public rooms were various household goods that had been the property of Mrs. Washington. We were told that everything in the rooms were in the state and position as when she died. There was a plain Mahogany fall leaf table- with small tapering small legs. When the great man visited his Mother- from this table he took his food.

There was a carved Mahogany bedstead- the posts reaching nearly to the ceiling- with rails around the tops to which were suspended a canopy and curtains of silk- I think the cover of the bed was also silk. The top of the bed must have been four feet or more from the floor. A Musical instrument, called a "Spinnet" I think- was there. It looked much like the old time Melodeon, but not so large.

There was a flax spinning wheel- like my Grand Mother used to use and a ~~Nutchell~~ *Nutchell*- this and a large number of spindles set close together in a block of wood through which the flax was pulled to strengthen the fibers, ready for spinning. It was really a comb. There were many other objects of interests, but took no notes and cannot recall.

Behind the door in the front hall, were a number of small marble columns. They had been used at some time in the construction of a tomb, as there was mortar adhering to them. There was no indication that the house had ever been painted outside.

Next we visited the tomb and monument of Mrs. Washington. It is located in the rear of the city in the direction of Mary's Heights.

It consists of a square shaft-tapering- standing on a beautiful pedestal, elaborate, with plinth and mouldings. It is about seventy-five feet in height, of gray granite. There are appropriate inscriptions upon it. It stands near an apparently very old cemetery- very small- with old trees in it- fenced, I think, with a stone wall, with an iron gate- locked.

Returned to Washington and took train for Gettysburg, where arrived in the evening. Found near the station, a fine boarding house, an old fashioned one where the food was placed on the table in abundance and each one helped himself. Found comfortable quarters for the night in a private house.

Next morning, by the courtesy of Hon. George D. Bisbee (a member of the 16th Maine) we were invited to a carriage ride about the battle field in company with him and his wife, Ex Gov. Rabie and others.

The drives are laid out on the lines of battle of the Union and Confederate armies. In the forenoon we drove over the Union lines- stopping frequently to examine objects of interest- Statutes, Monuments and inscriptions.

The burying place of the Union dead is on Cemetery Hill, adjoining the old cemetery. Passing thru an elaborate gateway, the National Monument is the first object that comes to the view, beyond this is the burial place of those who fell in the battle. The graves are arranged in concentric rows in half circles- the walks and graves on the monument.

At the head of each successive, are marble head stones, continues from one ~~walk~~ to another, with the name of the Soldiers engraved upon the top who is buried there. *walk*

In the afternoon the same party rode over the roads built on the Confederate lines, all of which was intensely interesting.

The second day, wife and I spent the day on foot. We stood in the Mummasburg road where the 16th was stationed as a forlorn hope, to retard the enemy so that the retreating First Corps should have more time to escape. My wife took up a root of honey suckle, brought it home and planted it in our yard and it lived and grew.. Later when we moved to Pasadena we took a root with us, planted it at our home there and it flourished. Two and a half years later, we were obliged to return on the account of the illness of my wife, when our place was sold, my Son removed the plant to his place and it is now climbing the roof of his Bungalow at 703 East St., Pasadena. I call it my Gettysburg. My Son sent us a root but it did not live.

The Monument of the 16th is not located on the line of battle, they occupied but near it. The government had not acquired that ground when the monument was erected. It is a square granite shaft, sixteen feet high. Our marker stands at the side of the Mummsbury road near the top of Oak Ridge.

*(Hollowell)*  
It is a square block of Scotch granite, with a sloping top upon which is an appropriate inscription.

We visited High Water Mark Monument and the small grove of Oaks near it. This was said to be the objective point of Pöckett's charge. To be appreciated, Gettysburg has to be visited and seen. No pen description can convey an adequate idea of its extent and magnificence.



WAR REMINISCENCES - Continued

The following from the "History of the 16th Maine," I think will be enjoyed by all who read it, especially veterans.

Major Small's description of a "raw recruit" is quite accurate and exceedingly humorous.

Aug. 14th, 1862

MUSTER IN.

August 14th the regiment was formed in and formally mustered into the service of the national government by Maj. J. W. T. Gardiner, of the regular army.

One moment we were free men to go and come as we pleased, and the next saw us amenable to all the arbitrary and despotic rules of the war department. In fact, we were machines to be perfect and used as men like ourselves, holding commissions of authority, saw fit for the of the service. *good*

During the war this authority was at times shamefully abused. While green and unskilled the "general" and "special" orders were rained down on the rank and file so persistently that the real intent and object of the commanding officer of a department or corps was as vague and obscure as Bible texts in the hands of commentators.

Boys of today may think it fun to be a private soldier, but it isn't. The picturesque blue and scarlet uniform and jaunty laced cap, or symmetrical helmet, seen in cuts, are very deceptive, and the whole soldierly make-up of a picture is misleading.

The "raw recruit" of '62 was suggestive of Falstaff's model private, when foraging a trap. Be a man ever so much of a man, his importance and conceit dwindle when he crawls into an unstarched shirt, pants too short and very baggy behind, coat too long at both ends, and cap as shapely as a feed bag. And the brogans! Were not they just lovely, with soles six inches wide and heels like firkin covers.

The ideal picture of a soldier makes a veteran smile. He knows the knapsack, which is cut to fit in the engraving, is an unwieldy burden, with its rough, coarse contents of flannel and sole leather, and sometimes twenty rounds of ammunition extra. Mixed in with these regulation essentials, like beatitudes, are photographs, cards, "housewife" Testament, pens, ink, paper, and oftentimes stolen truck enough to load

a mule. All this crowned with a double wool blanket and a shelter tent rolled in a rubber blanket.

One shoulder and hip supports the "commissary department," an odorous haversack, which often stinks with its mixture of bacon, pork, salt junk, sugar, coffee, tea, dessicated vegetables, rice, bits of yesterday's dinners, and old scraps husbanded with miserly care against a day of want sure to come.

On, the perfume of that haversack! Loaded down, in addition to the above with a canteen, full cartridge box belt, cross-belt, and musket, and a start on a gunning tour was not fun. No, it was not.

A graduate of West Point in his nobby uniform is a thing of beauty, made to inspire a boy's admiration. His carriage is superb. His posing in the position of a soldier makes an unfledged aspirant for military honor green with envy. Under the most trying circumstances he preserves an immobile face. No amount of abuse or insult will cause him to forget himself.

But the recruit in his baggy contract suit, practicing "eyes right," is an object of both pity and ridicule. He has lost his identity, and all his claims to equality with even a fife major are ignored. He finds it harder to hold his temper than to hold his little fingers on the seams of his trousers; hence, the first day's drill usually ends with promises to "lick seven or eight corporals and a lieutenant when the war is over," and a night in the guard tent for calling the drill sergeant offensively arbitrary and needlessly particular in rehearsing such d--d nonsensical gyrations.

A "private" is anything but PRIVATE. There is nothing in or about him that is respected as exclusive. The day that he enlists sees his whole person exposed to the critical eye of the surgeon--his lungs sounded, bowels manipulated, limbs bent, joints cracked, teeth examined, eyes tested, while he undergoes the closest scrutiny, in search of cutaneous eruptions and varicose veins.

After a few short months the lice claim close acquaintance, and the woodticks explore the second and third cuticle. In camp his tent is ransacked, his knapsack opened every Sunday morning to the view of some inspector. His gun, equipments, and all there is on or about this private is made conspicuously public.

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Although the United States army regulations guarantee him the exclusive privilege of keeping his opinions of officers and measures as his private property, he is tortured into expression, and then is published throughout the army as "prejudicial to good order and military discipline" and he gets into the guardhouse.

There is no aristocracy among the privates. They are thoroughly democratic. A graduate from Harvard and an illiterate from the wilds of Maine were often seen affectionately picking lice together. Polished scholars and ex-convicts Christians and heathen bounty jumpers from the slums of New York would cheat each other at "save-up."

All would bathe in and drink from the same stream, whether prior or subsequent to the watering of the brigade mules.

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#### PRISONERS OF WAR

##### Re-union of Survivors of Andersonville and other Prison Pens in the South.

Wednesday evening the G. A. W. hall, corner of Twentieth avenue north and Washington, was well filled by the members of Levi Butler post and corps and invited guests. The guests of honor were the members of the Ex-Prisoners' Association of Minnesota, which was represented by Capt. C. W. Fisher of St. Paul, commander of the association; Comrade Lamphere, secretary and treasurer; Maj. W. D. Hale and many other members. Commander L. C. Bisbee of Levi Butler post presided. A cordial address of welcome was made by Rev. W. H. Harrington, chaplain of Levi Butler post, and a warm response was made by Ex-Mayor F. B. Doran of St. Paul, who spent nearly two and a half years in rebel prisons during the civil war. Short speeches were made by C. F. Faulkner, superintendent of the Washburn Home, A. B. Robbins of Robinsdale and Mrs C. W. Fisher of St. Paul, president of the Federation. Excellent music was furnished by the male quartette from the North Side High School glee club. Miss Bessie Kelly favored the audience with a whistling solo which was highly appreciated. Among other guests noticed were D. W. Jones, commander of George N. Morgan post, Comrades P. K. Maxon, Perry A. Starkweather, C. P. Silloway and W. H. Tanner. After the conclusion of the formal program, the company was invited into the banquet hall where a sumptuous oyster supper was served. One of the visiting comrades pronounced it the best supper he had ever eaten in a post hall. A social season was enjoyed and the occasion as a whole was pronounced a most delightful one.

*published in the Chronicle*



History of 16<sup>th</sup> Me

Our regiment bivouacked one night in September, 1863, near an old mansion which stood a short distance south of Brandy Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and which General Robinson, Commanding Division, had chosen as his headquarters for the night. As usual the mansion was nearly surrounded by negro shanties, some of which Sergeant Dunbar, of Company K, concluded had been used for smoking ham and bacon; at least his suspicions were so strong that the building contained these two commodities that, accompanied by a comrade, he resolved upon a critical examination so soon as it became dark enough to pursue his investigations without fear of interruption by the headquarters guard, who occupied the veranda of the mansion and only a rod or two away. As soon as it became dark, therefore, Dunbar and his comrade slowly approached the suspicious shanty, and after smelling around to "make assurance doubly sure" that they were right in their conjectures, they commenced operations by cutting an aperture through the logs and in a comparatively short time it was large enough to admit Dunbar to the interior. Just at this moment a stranger put in an appearance from the corner of the building, and upon being roughly seized, announced himself as the "Kernal's nigger, don't ye know me?" and being recognized was released and invited inside by the sergeant. The invitation was at once accepted, when he was told to feel around overhead until he found a pole, then to mount it and pass down the bacon and hams. The draky followed the instructions to the letter and all hands were soon busy at work "confiscating the subsistence." Dunbar passed the smoked hog to the comrade outside who carried it on a run to his shelter tent, covered it with blankets and returned for more. In this way a large quantity was collected in a short time, but in an unlucky moment, the darkey dropped a ham which struck a box in its descent, thereby causing a thundering noise and arousing the guards. Dunbar jumped to the opening and easily escaped, but the unfortunate darkey leaped from his perch on high and landed in a barrel of soft soap! He floundered around in the barrel several moments before he could extract himself from the slippery stuff, muttering to himself in the meantime, "Oh, de Lor! Oh, de good Lor!" which the guards, endeavoring to open the door in front, could plainly hear. When they finally succeeded in opening the door they found the bird had flown. The matter was duly reported to General Robinson in the morning by the planter, who was exceedingly indignant at his loss, and Lieut. Col. Farnham, of our regiment, who happened to

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be field officer of the day, was ordered to trace up and punish the offenders. This was not hard to do, for the darky had left a trail of soft soap behind him in the grass which led the surprised officer to his own quarters, where he found his servant SICK and lying covered in blankets. Just what Col. Farnham reported to the general is unknown, but he probably had ham for breakfast and "Jack" got a reprimand.

## History of 16 Maine

While encamped here, a sergeant of Company K, and a friend of his, of the Ninety-fourth New York, happened to be in a negro shanty, conversing with the wench in charge, when an orderly, attached to General Robinson's headquarters, came in with a large and choice roast of beef, which he gave to the negress, with the remark, "General Robinson desires you to have this nicely roasted by two o'clock this afternoon." With many courtesies, the wench replied, "I done gone cook it right up, massa," and the orderly departed with his saber dangling at his heels. The sergeant and his companion listened to the conversation with much interest, and immediately left the shanty for camp. "What a bully joke it would be on the general, if we should steal that roast," said the sergeant. The other laughed and swore he would have it for a late dinner, or burst in the attempt. So after reaching camp, he borrowed his lieutenant's saber, with the avowed intention of cleaning it, but he buckled it on, and, about half past one, strode into the wench's presence, and demanded, "Is General Robinson's beef done?" "Lor' bless you, massa, I'se just hooked it out de oben; here 't is," and she presented to the delighted soldier a beautiful loin of beef, cooked to a turn. His mouth watered, but having no time to lose, he gave her a twenty-five cent scrip, thanked her in the general's name, and left the house in quick time. Soon after, the real orderly came into the shanty, and demanded, as his counterfeit had done, "Is the general's beef done?" The negress looked at him in astonishment, and doubtless thinking him an imposter, gruffly replied, "Course its done cooked, an' de ginerals man come an' got it half hour ago, an' carried it away wid him." "The devil he did!" said the surprised orderly. "I'm the gerenal's man, and if any one has stole that beef you'll get hell." "I tells ye de ginerals man hissef come an' took it, an' dat's all I knows." And this explanation was all she would condescend to make. The orderly was obliged to retire, and report the loss to the general, who immediately remarked, "O, the Sixteenth Maine."



WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old, Oh! how soon  
 Life's sweet morning yields to noon.  
 The moon's bright, fervid, earnest light,  
 Be shaded by the solemn night  
 Until like a tale well nigh told,  
 Will be my life, when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth,  
 Will hold for me no voice of mirth.  
 The streams will have an undertone  
 Of sadness, not by right their own.  
 Spring's sweet powers in vain unfold,  
 In rosy charms, when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care  
 To deck with flowers my faded hair.  
 'Twill be no vain desire of mine  
 In rich and costly dress to shine.  
 Bright jewels- brightest gold,  
 Will charm me not, when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be,  
 Old, infirm and bowed like me.  
 Or else their bodies neath the sod,  
 Their spirits dwelling safe with God,  
 The old church bells will long have told,  
 Above the rest, when I am old.

When I am old, I would rather thus bend  
 Sadly o'er each buried friend,  
 Than have them lose the charm of truth  
 That marked the friendship of our youth.  
 'Twould be so sad to have them cold  
 And strange to me, when I am old.

When I am old- how it seems  
 Like the wild lunacy of dreams,  
 To picture in prophetic rhyme  
 That dim far distant shadowy time,  
 So distant that it seems o'er bold  
 To even say, "When I am old."

When I am old, perhaps ere then,  
 I shall be missed from the haunts of men.  
 Perhaps my dwelling will be found  
 Beneath the green and grassy mound?  
 My name enrolled by strangers,  
 Among the dead, when I am old.

E'er I am old, that time is now,  
 Youth rests lightly on my brow.  
 My limbs are strong and firm and free,  
 Life has a thousand charms for me.  
 Charms that long their influence hold,  
 O'er my heart, ere I am old.

*When I am old, O, let me give  
 The life, long learning how to live,  
 I shall meet with willing hearts  
 And summons to depart,  
 On a day long the and day come old  
 By God's sweet peace when I am old.*

## The Soldier's Dirge.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread;  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thoughts, at midnight haunts,  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife,  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn, no screaming file,  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.  
Now shall your glory be forgot,  
While fame her record keeps,  
or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon faithful herald's blazoned stone  
With mournful pride shall tell,  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell.  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Shall mar one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your deathless tomb.

## GEN TILDEN'S FUNERAL.

Rev H. A. Markley Officiates in  
Hallowell, Me.—Business Suspended  
During Services.

HALLOWELL, Me., March 16.—There  
was a notable gathering of military  
men at the Universalist Church this  
afternoon at the funeral of Gen Charles  
W. Tilden, heroic leader of the 16th  
Maine Regiment.

Rev Howard A. Markley officiated.  
Judge Fred Emery Beane, long an intimate  
friend of Gen Tilden, gave an  
eulogistic address. All the places of  
business were closed during the hour  
of the funeral.

The body was taken to Gen Tilden's  
native town of Castine, where the Grand  
Army burial service will be rendered  
by Charles L. Stevens Post, Hancock  
Lodge of Masons will also participate  
in the services, which will be held at the  
Unitarian Church.

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

(When, in 1847, Kentucky sent to  
Mexico and brought back the bodies of  
Kentuckians who had fought in the  
war and buried them with military  
honors in the state cemetery at Frank-  
fort, Theodore O'Hara was asked by the  
governor to write and read a poem in  
honor of the burial of these soldiers  
who had died in a foreign land.)

They were the men with whom  
O'Hara had campaigned, had fought,  
had conquered. They had been his  
friends and comrades, these men who  
were being buried. And the young soldier  
gladly undertook the task of writing  
a poem to commemorate their  
burial. In the office of the Yeoman in  
Frankfort the lines of "The Bivouac  
of the Dead" were penned. When he  
had finished them he walked to a little  
saloon across the street from the state-  
house, where a number of his former  
comrades in arms were wont to gather,  
and there he read for the first time the  
now famous poem:—)

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo.

No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards, with solemn round,

The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance,

Now swells upon the wind;

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind;

No vision of tomorrow's strife

The warrior's dream alarms;

No braying horn nor screaming file—

At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,

Their plumed heads are bowed;

Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,

Is now their martial shroud—

And plenteous funeral tears have washed

The red stains from each brow;

And the proud forms, by battle gashed,

Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,

The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,

The din and shout are past;

Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal

Shall thrill with fierce delight

Those breasts that nevermore may feel

The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flashed with the triumphs yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe,  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or Death."

Full many a norther's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its moldered slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone awaked each sullen height  
That frowned o'er that dread way.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest spoil—  
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield;  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished year hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom  
Can dim one ray of glory's light  
That glows your deathless tomb.



# GEN. A. B. FARNHAM PASSES AWAY HERE

*Brave Soldier, Well Loved Gentleman  
and Public Spirited Citizen Will  
Be Mourned By Thousands---  
His Notable Career.*

In the death of Major General Augustus B. Farnham, adjutant general of the state of Maine, which occurred at the East General hospital Monday at the age of 78 years, after an illness of several weeks, Bangor loses one of its finest men; a brave soldier, a spirited citizen, an able official, a man of whom it may truly be said that to know him was to love him.

Gen. Farnham was one of the first officers of Co. H, Second Maine Regiment, and his record of service in that organization was most honorable. He nearly lost his life on the field, receiving a bullet that he carried with him to his deathbed. At the time he was honored by his fellow citizens in numerous ways. He has been postmaster of Bangor for a quarter of a century, sheriff of Penobscot county, commander of the Maine G. A. R. Loyal Legion, G. A. R. and Knights Templar.

The esteem and love in which he was held by the people of Bangor and Maine was due to his innate nobility of character, his kindly, genial and democratic ways, which made a fast friend of a casual acquaintance. There was about Gen. Farnham the stamp of genuine manhood that was instantly observed by one who met him for the first time, and to his friends was a constant source of pleasure and inspiration.



GEN. A. B. FARNHAM

Although never ostentatious nor self-seeking, he was accorded sincere homage by the people of Bangor, and it is a special tribute to his worth as a man and an officer that his best friends were among the Grand Army men, who felt for him a deep affection. Among the citizens generally, his loss will be mourned as that of a dear friend.

Of his family life, suffice it to say that the same lovable qualities which he manifested in all relations with his fellow men were there found in a still greater degree, and to those in the home circle his passing marks an irreparable loss.

Augustus Bowman Farnham was born in Bangor on March 10, 1839, a son of the late Henry B. and Harriet May Farnham. He attended the public schools and studied civil engineering, having done all the field work for a map of Hancock county. He was later in the office of the late Isaiah Stetson.

At the outbreak of the Civil war, Gen. Farnham went to the front with the Second Maine, the first regiment to leave the state. He left Bangor as first lieutenant of Co. H, of which Capt. Frank A. Garnsey of this city, was second lieutenant. Gen. Farnham was made captain on Sept. 14, 1861, and was commissioned major of the newly organized 16th Maine on Aug. 9, 1862. On Feb. 5, 1863, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel. Gen. Robinson appointed him inspector general and chief of staff of the Second division, Fifth corps, on May 8, 1863. Subsequently, he was selected for the same position on the Third division staff, Fifth corps, by Gen. Crawford. He held this detail until wounded at Five Forks, Va., on April 1, 1865. He was brevetted colonel for "gallant and meritorious conduct" at the battles of Five Forks and Gravelly Run.

Gen. Farnham, while leading the front line of his division in the charge of his fifth corps at the battle of Five Forks, received a bullet in the left lung about one and a half inches from his heart and fell from his horse, which was shot in four places.

Gen. Farnham lay all night on the battle field. The next morning he was found and carried to a house where he remained for a month when a detachment of the 18th under command of Hon. George D. Bisbee of Rumford Falls. Then a lieutenant of Co. C carried him six miles through the woods to the railroad station.

He was taken by rail to Petersburg, Va., thence to City Point and Wash-

ington and placed in Armory Square hospital under charge of Surgeon Bliss. He lay at the point of death for weeks and was finally brought to his home in Bangor where it was months before he recovered sufficiently to attend to business duties.

President Grant appointed Gen. Farnham postmaster of Bangor during his first administration, an office which he held until President Cleveland's election with the return of the Republican party to power. Gen. Farnham was again appointed, holding the office, in all, for over 20 years. He also served two terms as sheriff of Penobscot county. He was for several years a member of the Republican state committee.

Gen. Farnham was a partner in the wholesale grocery firm of J. A. Boardman & Co. until the business was purchased by Thurston & Kingsbury. He was also president of the Kenduskeag National bank. He was appointed inspector general on the staff of Gov. Bodwell but resigned the office within a short time.

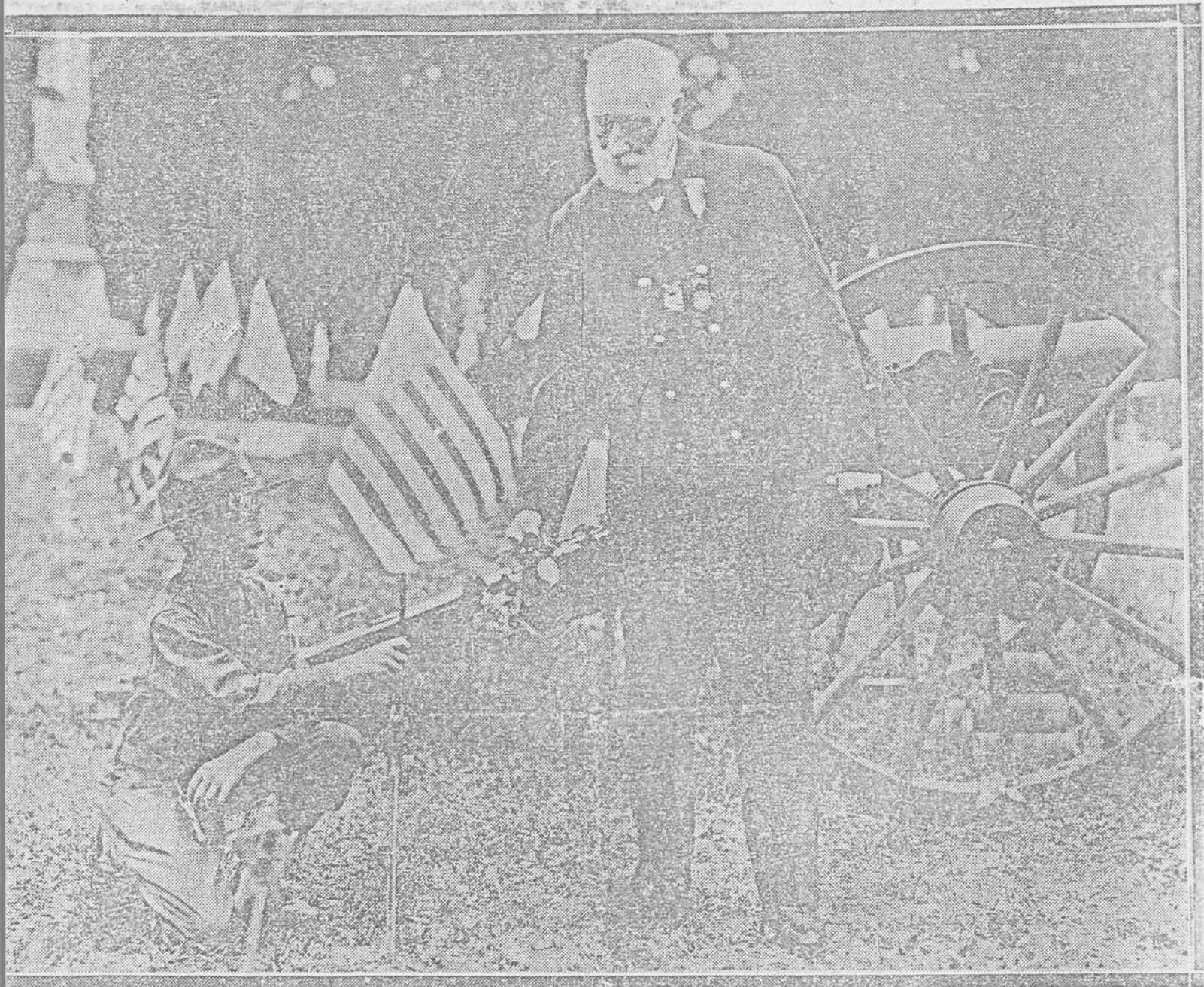
In 1902 he was appointed adjutant general of Maine by Gov. William T. Cobb. He was again appointed by Gov. Hill and by Gov. Fernald, holding the position until May, 1909, when trouble from his old wound caused him to resign. He has since lived in Bangor, spending his summers at his farm at South Orrington.

He was made a Mason during the Civil war and was always greatly interested in the fraternity. He was a member of the various Masonic bodies here and had been at the head of the Maine Commandary, Knights Templar. He was one of the few 33rd degree Masons in Bangor.

Gen. Farnham has been department commander of the Maine Grand Army of the Republic and was a member of Hannibal Hamlin post. He has also been at the head of the Maine Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He was a charter member of the Tarratine club but resigned some years ago. Gen. Farnham was a member of the old Melita club, composed of Knights Templars, which afterward merged with the Madockawando club, of which organization he was a member at the time of his death.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Adella Clark. They had one daughter, Mrs. William Lincoln Smith of Concord, Mass., who survives him. He later married Miss Laura Wood, also of this city, who also survives him, together with their son, Henry A. Farnham.

## Youth Takes Up Loving Task of G. A. R.



❖ "It won't be long now, before there won't be any of us old soldiers left to decorate our comrades' graves on Memorial day," said Maj. H. Towler, commandant of the Minnesota Soldiers' home, the other day. In Minneapolis today there were 3,000 graves of Civil war veterans to be decorated—and only 500 surviving veterans. Who will decorate the graves after the last old veteran has died? Boy Scouts of the Lake Harriet district gave the answer at Lakewood today. In the picture are shown Capt. Edward F. Davies, 87 years old, 2697 Lake of the Isles boulevard, formerly of Company K, Sixteenth Maine infantry, and Henry F. Legas, 12 years old, 2810 West Forty-first street, Boy Scout Patrol No. 6. May 30-1922



## E. F. DAVIES, CIVIL WAR VETERAN, DEAD

*November 20, 1923*  
Private Funeral Rites for Cap-  
tain, Aged 89, to Be Con-  
ducted Tomorrow

Captain Edward F. Davies, aged 89, one of the last surviving officers of the Sixteenth Maine Volunteers in the Civil war and a member of the Minnesota commandery of the Loyal Legion, died today at the home of his son, W. H. Davies, 2697 Lake of the Isles boulevard.

Captain Davies was born at Carroll, Maine. He joined the army Aug. 14, 1862, and served until the close of the war. For bravery as color sergeant at the battle of Fredericksburg he was made a second lieutenant. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Weldon railroad, but made his escape en route to Libby prison. He was wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania.

Private funeral services will be conducted at the home, 2697 Lake of the Isles boulevard, tomorrow at 2 p.m. Interment will be in Lakewood cemetery.

Captain Davies is survived by his son, a daughter, Mrs. William S. Payson of Castine, Maine, and two grandchildren, E. C. Davies and Mrs. Otto H. Sanaker of Minneapolis.