

PRISON LIFE

DURING THE REBELLION.

BEING A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF

THE MISERIES AND SUFFERINGS OF

SIX HUNDRED

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS

Sent from Fort Delaware to Morris' Island to be Punished.

WRITTEN BY

FRITZ FUZZLEBUG,

ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

—♦—

SINGER'S GLEN, VA.:

JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS, PRINTERS.

1869.

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RUEBUSH-ELKINS COMPANY

Dayton, Va.

Prison Life During the Rebellion

By Fritz Fuzzlebug, one of their number. 8vo., wrappers, pp. 48
Singers Glen, Va., 1869. \$1.50.

The book is a Brief Narrative of the Miseries and Suffering of Six Hundred Confederate Prisoners Sent from Fort Delaware to Morris' Island to be Punished.

The author, in bringing before the public the work, has had two objects in view: First to furnish to the public, North. South, East West, a brief and correct narrative of the struggle for constitutional liberty; and, secondly, to refute the common error, so rife in many places, that Confederate prisoners were not ill treated in Federal prisons. Both of these objects will become commonplace in the mind when the book is once carefully read and impartially understood; and the truth of these assertions can be attested by the united evidences of the survivors of the Six Hundred.

Virginia's Leading Bookmen Interested in this Item.

General John E. Roller,
Harrisonburg, Va.,

My dear General:

I have a copy of "Prison Life During the Rebellion", being a brief narrative
* * * written by Fritz Fuzzlebug, one of their number. * * Please tell me about Mr. Fuzzlebug. Is it a real name or a Nom De Plume?

With kind regards,

I am yours sincerely,

LYON G. TYLER.

Hon. Lyon G. Tyler,
Williamsburg, Va.

Dear Sir and Friend:

It is quite a joke on you and the German race that you should think Fritz Fuzzlebug is a German name. If the Kaiser and the army knew such a slam as that on their Nationality they would invade Virginia and take Williamsburg for the first place.

The work you refer to was written and compiled by one Capt. J. J. Dunkle, of 25th Va. He lived at Franklin, Pendleton County, W. Va. He is of German descent—of our Pa., Md. and Va. colonial German Element which furnished a large body of men to the Southern army. It may interest you to know that the 25th Va. was commanded by your kinsman and ours, John Cabell Higginbotham, of W. Va. That familiar kinsman of whom we should be proud.

"Prison Life" is valuable because it contains a true and accurate list of what one, Major Murry has exploited as the Immortal Six Hundred. It is a valuable list and strange to say does not contain the name of Murray at all. It does contain Dunkle's name.

Another distinguished name is that of Major LaMar Fontaine, of Miss., the greatest bragger in the Confederate army. I see he registered as belonging simply to the cavalry—no regiment, which is right for he was a free lance, a true Dugald Dalghetty of the South. How he was captured is a mystery to me. I had the "honor to know him among other" big men of the Confederacy.

With kind regards,

JOHN E. ROLLER.

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PREFACE.

THE author, in bringing before the public the following work, has had two objects in view ; First, to furnish to the public North, South, East and West, a brief and correct narrative of the suffering and miseries of prison-life during the late dreadful struggle for constitutional liberty ; and, Secondly, to refute the common error, so rife in many places, that Confederate prisoners were not ill-treated in Federal prisons. Both of these objects will become commonplace in the mind when the book is once carefully read and impartially understood ; and the truth of these assertions can be attested to by the united evidences of the survivors of the SIX HUNDRED.

CONTENTS.

SECTION I.

Causes which led to the selection of the Six Hundred.

SECTION II.

Selection of the Six Hundred, names, date of capture, command, address, State, &c.

SECTION III.

Voyage to Hilton Head—incidents on the voyage.

SECTION IV.

Sufferings in the Boat.

SECTION V.

Treatment at Morris' Island—situation, description, &c.

SECTION VI.

Voyage to Fort Pulaski—treatment there.

SECTION VII.

Voyage from Fort Pulaski to Hilton Head—treatment there—great sufferings—incidents—amalgamation, &c.

SECTION VIII.

Voyage to Fort Delaware.

SECTION IX.

General remarks.

PRISON-LIFE DURING THE REBELLION.

SECTION I.

Causes that led to the selection of the Six Hundred.

IN the month of July, 1864, Major Gen. Sam. Jones, the Confederate commander at Charleston, by authority from superiors, selected forty Federal prisoners—Generals, Colonels, and Lieut.-Colonels—and confined them in the city of Charleston.

They were confined in the upper part of the town, away from the exploding shells, which were daily hurled into Charleston, from Federal batteries erected on Morris' Island.

The erroneous rumor was soon rife in the *North*, that they were daily exposed to the fire of their own guns, and *under fire*, as it was termed. It is needless to say such was not the case.

The rumor became so prevalent at the North, that the Federal War Department ordered retaliation. Accordingly, Gen. Schoepf proceeded—by orders from the same—to select forty prisoners from those confined at Fort Delaware, among whom were Maj. Gen. Ed. Johnson and Brig. Gen. Jeff. Thompson. The whole were Generals, Colonels, and Lieutenant-Colonels.

They were put aboard a steamer at Fort Delaware, and soon found themselves in the Southern waters. They were very inhumanly treated and indignantly abused. Upon their arrival at Morris' Island, the place of their intended suffering, two small frame huts were erected near battery Wagner for their reception.

The Federals, supposing that the Confederate shells thrown at Wagner, would explode among them. But previous to their landing, Gen. Jones proposed an exchange. The Federals, thinking that the *rebel* officers would be a burden at home, and their own a great desideratum, acceded to the proposal. They were accordingly exchanged.

SECTION II.

Selection of the Six Hundred.

Gen. Jones, having succeeded well this time, resolved to try the experiment again. For this purpose he selected six hundred Fede-

ral prisoners—Colonels, Lieut.-Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants, and confined them in Charleston, beyond the range of Federal shells.

The Federals soon blazed abroad the terrible news, that Federal prisoners were *under fire* in Charleston. The U. S. Government determined on retaliation.

Gen. Schoepf was ordered to dispatch six hundred prisoners to the South for purposes of retaliation. He, in obedience to command, on the 25th of August, 1864, selected from the Confederate prisoners confined at Fort Delaware, six hundred prisoners—Colonels, Lieut.-Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants. The following is a list of the selection :

MARYLANDERS.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Maj. W W Goldsboro,	1st Md. I,	Gettysburg, July 3, '63,	Baltimore.
Capt. W Griffin,	Md. Bat.	Fredericksburg, May 27, '64,	"
" E Diggs,	2d Cav.	Yellow Tavern, "	"
Lt. E G Duley,	1st Cav.	Gettysburg, July 5, '63,	Montgomery.
Lt. G E B Pue,	"	" "	"

VIRGINIANS.

Col. E Rice,	55 Va., I,	Fall. Wat. July 14, '63,	Essex.
Lt. Col. C B Christian,	49 I,	Cold Har. May 30, '64,	Amherst.
" J C Council,	26 I,	Petersburg, May 15, '64,	St. Stevens.
Maj. P V Batts,	44 I,	Drew. Bluff, "	Petersburg.
" T B Branch,	Staff,	" "	"
" W H Hood,	Mil.	Rappahannock, May 18, '64,	Burlin.
" A A Swinder,	7 In.	" "	Sperryville.
" D A Jones,	Staff,	Spottsylvania, May 12, '64,	Harrisonburg.
" L Woodrum,	26 I,	Gaines' June 3, '64,	Union.
Capt. H A Allen,	9 In.	Gettysburg, July 3, '63,	Portsmouth.
" R G Brown,	7 I,	" "	Albemarle.
" J O B Crocker,	9 I,	" "	Norfolk.
" E Carter,	8 I,	" "	Henrico.
" R S Elam,	22 I,	" "	Lynchburg.
" W T Johnson,	8 I,	" "	Henrico.
" G W Nelson,	Staff,	" "	Rockbridge.
" P A Alfriend,	39,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Petersburg.
" T H Board,	58 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Bedford.
" G McD Carrington,	A,	" "	Charlottesville
" W P Carter,	A,	" "	Millwood.
" J R Christian,	3 I,	" "	New Kent.
" E D Camden,	25,	" "	Sutton. W. Va.
" E E DePriest,	23,	" "	Richmond.
" J J Dunkle,	25 I,	" "	Fr'klin, W. Va.
" A Dobins,	42,	" "	Jacksonville.
" W Duff,	50 I,	" "	Jonesville.
" J Dunlap,	27,	" "	Union.
" H C Dickenson,	2 C,	" "	Liberty.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Capt. A M Edgar,	27,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Lewisb'g, W. Va.
" J D Fitzgerald,		" "	Norfolk.
" R E Frayser,	Signal,	" "	New Kent.
" A N Finks,	10 I,	" "	Madison.
" W S Guthrie,	23 I,	" "	Pr. Edward.
" T M Gobble,	48,	" "	Abingdon.
" D C Grayson,	10 I,	" "	Luray.
" R C Gillespie,	45,	" "	Ft. Worth, Tex.
" Bruce Gibson,	6 C,	" "	Upperville, Va.
" J M Hughes,	44 I,	" "	Richmond.
" J M Hillsman,	44 I,	" "	Amelia.
" J W Helm,	42,	" "	Jacksonville.
" L Harman,	12 C,	" "	Staunton.
" T B Horton,	11 I,	" "	King William.
" A R Hume,	21 C,	" "	Abingdon.
" G Hopkins,	10 C,	" "	Hanover.
" J H Johnson,	25 I,	" "	Fr'klin, W. Va.
" F W Kelly,	50,	" "	Tazewell.
" A M King,	50,	" "	Abingdon.
" J A Lipps,	50,	" "	Wise, W. Va.
" J W Mathews,	25,	" "	Beverly, W. Va.
" W S McConnell,	48,	" "	Estellville.
" C D McCoy,	25,	" "	Charlottesville
" R H Miller,	44,	" "	Buckingham.
" W C Nunn,	5 C,	Travilian, June, '64,	Plymouth.
" G W Mercer,	29,	Cold Harbor, "	Rural Retreat.
" I Kuykendall,	7 C,	Wire Bridge, Feb., '64,	Romney.
" J M Lovett,	22 C,	Capon, "	Hampshire.
" C J Lewis,	8 C,	Shepherdstown, "	Charleston.
" W T Mitchel,	6 C,	Yellow Tavern, May, '64,	Pittsylvania.
" T A Moon,	6 C,	" " "	Halifax.
Lieut. W Asbury,	16 C,	Wayne co., Feb., '64,	Wayne co.
" J Arrington,	42 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Campbell co.
" J C Allen,	7 C,	" "	Edinburg,
" E E Andes,	4 I,	" "	Elk Cr., W. Va.
" A R Angel,	42 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Franklin co.
" E L Bell,	10,	" "	Luray.
" M E Bowers,	25,	" "	Fr'klin, W. Va.
" W L Burnard,	37,	" "	Franklin co.
" W W Boggs,	20,	" "	Wh'ling, W. Va.
" J F Carson,	5,	Mortons, Feb., '64,	Augusta co.
" J H Childs,	4 C,	" "	Warrenton.
" I Coles,	6 C,	Brandy, "	Pittsylvania.
" T C Chandler,	47 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Bowling Green
" J Childs,	42,	" "	Richmond.
" H T Colter,	53,	" "	King William.
" C D Chaddock,	33 I,	" "	Luray.
" T P Doyle,	33 I,	" "	Staunton.
" L B Doyle,	5,	" "	Lexington,
" P W Dalton,	42 I,	" "	Taylorsville.
" S M Dent,	5 C,	" "	Alexandria.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Lieut. C R Daricott,	5 A,	Hanover, May, '64,	Hanover.
" A W Edwards,	15 C,	" "	Prince Ann.
" C B Estham,	10 I,	Spottsylvania, "	Harrisonburg.
" J W O Funk,	5,	" "	Winchester.
" Henry Fry,	37 I,	" "	Wh'ling, W. Va.
" J W A Ford,	20 C,	" "	Lewisburg, "
" G W Finley,	56 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Clarksville, Va.
" J W Gillock,	27,	" "	Lexington.
" D W Garrett,	42,	" "	Morgantown.
" J D Graves,	59,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Tazewell.
" J W Gilkeson,	25,	" "	Mint Spring.
" W E Hart,	25 A,	" "	King William.
" C D Hall,	48 I,	" "	Lee.
" C P Harper,	21,	" "	Mecklenburg.
" G H Hawkins,	10,	" "	McGaheysville.
" H L Hoover,	25,	" "	Staunton.
" A G Hadgins,	Navy,	Alb. Landing, "	Richmond.
" H C Howlett,	5 C,	Ches/erfield, "	Petersburg.
" R B Howlett,	5 C,	" "	Cobbs Creek.
" W L Hunter,	43 I,	Aldie,	Waynesboro'.
" N A Haskins,	25 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Buckh'n, W. Va.
" G H Hillsman,	5,	" "	Waynesboro'.
" T J Kirk,	4,	" "	Christiansburg.
" O H P Lewis,	31,	" "	Beverly, W. Va.
" D M Layton,	25,	" "	Mt. Meridian.
" J F Lytton,	5,	" "	Long Glade.
" T S Mitchell,	42,	" "	Martinsville.
" B C Maxwell,	A,	" "	West Hemlock.
" T O Mass,	23 I,	" "	Louisa.
" J O Murray,	12 C,	B. & O. R. R. Oct., '63,	Richmond.
" R D Merchant,	4,	" "	Manassus.
" W H Morgan,	11 I,	Mitford, May, '64.	Carroll co.
" W McGanley,	9 C,	Ashland, July,	Warsaw.
" J W McDowell,	20 I,	Cold Harbor, June,	Greenbrier.
" P B Akers,	11,	" "	Lynchburg.
" J H Allen,	48,	Logan C. H., Dec., '63,	Boone.
" T A Appleberger,	44,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Fluvanna.
" J G Brown,	49,	" "	Front Royal.
" H G Brinkley,	40,	Nansemond, Sept., '63,	Norfolk,
" S D Bland,	18 C,	Pendleton, Jan., '64,	Fr'klin, W. Va.
" F C Barns,	56 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Marysville, Va.
" T J Berry,	25,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Salt L'k, W. Va.
" R C Bryan,	48,	" "	Abingdon, Va.
" R S Bowie,	37 I,	" "	Abingdon.
" G A Burnett,	50,	" "	Blountsv. Tenn.
" B V Cannay,	4,	" "	Elk Creek, Va.
" C J Crisp,	10,	" "	Luray.
" A B Cook,	23,	" "	Louisa.
" G P Chalkley,	14,	" "	Petersburg.
" R C Campbell,	53,	" "	King William.
" A B Cawthorn,	26,	" "	King & Queen.

SECTION II.

9

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Lieut. W B Carder,	4,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Marion.
" G W Davis,	20 C,	Frederick City, July, '64,	Clarksburg.
" W B Goodson,	5 C,	Yellow Tav. "	Danville.
" M M Duff,	37 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Washington.
" J A Danaugh,	10,	" "	Parnassus.
" W A Dawson,	27,	" "	Collaws.
" N D Embry,	11 C,	Mitford, "	Pineville.
" W L Enos,	26 I,	Petersburg, June,	Woods.
" C D Fitzhugh,	1 C,	Sharpsburg, Sept. '62,	Hagerst'n, Md.
" J W Frazier,	1 C,	" "	London, Va.
" C Frates,	3 I,	" "	Petersburg.
" S H Finks,	10,	" "	Madison,
" T Tussie,	25,	" "	Weston, W. Va.
" J W Groove,	23,	" "	Louisa, Va.
" J L Ganaway,	50,	" "	Chatham.
" T M Gravely,	42 I,	" "	Martinsville.
" W S Gilmer,	37,	" "	Lebanon,
" L Green,	5 C,	" "	Petersburg,
" W W George,	A,	Cold Harbor, June,	Princeton.
" S W Garey,	3 I,	Gettysburg, July '63,	Norfolk.
" B H Hutchison,	8,	" "	London.
" H Harden,	19,	" "	Scottsville.
" W N Hendrix,	25,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Fairm't, W. Va.
" J L Hempstead,	25,	" "	Dubuque, Iowa.
" A R Humphreys,	26,	" "	Lewisb'g, W. Va.
" T R Haynes,	24 C,	Gloucester, Oct., '63,	Cobbs, Va.
" R B Hart,	5 C,	Yellow Tavern, May, '64,	Stevensville.
" W J Herrington,	5 A,	" "	Shelby, N. C.
" S J Hutton,	37 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Glade, Va.
" W H Hatcher,	42,	" "	Liberty.
" J J Henritz,	37,	" "	Lebanon.
" G W Harris,	58,	" "	Bedford.
" J S Hicks,	44,	" "	Goochland.
" P Hogan,	4,	" "	Lexington,
" G W Hughes,	44,	" "	Cobham.
" H Hawes,	A,	" "	Richmond.
" S A Johnson,	23 I,	" "	Louisa.
" W C Jones,	50,	" "	Gladesville.
" C P Johnson,	C,	" "	Hampsh. W. Va.
" G F Keiser,	5 I,	" "	Martinsville.
" T J King,	42,	" "	Greenville.
" F King,	A,	" "	King William.
" J S King,	37 I,	" "	Abingdon.
" A P Kelley,	4,	" "	Newbern.
" J W Kratzer,	12 C,	" "	Harrisonburg.
" D Lacey,	23 I,	" "	Prince Edward.
" R W Legg,	50,	" "	Turkey Cane.
" J Long,	10,	" "	Bridgewater.
" J M Lambert,	52,	" "	Greenville.
" W P R Leigh,	5 C,	King & Queen, June,	Gloucester.
" L C Leftwick,	Navy,	At sea, May,	Lynchburg,

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Lieut. G B Lang,	14 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Petersburg.
" R Massie,	A,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Cowersville.
" J W Mauck,	10,	" "	Harrisonburg.
" E A Rosenbale,	37,	" "	Abingdon.
" J T Tucker,	37,	" "	Abingdon.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Col. J A Baker,	3 C,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Wilmington.
" G N Folk,	6 C,	Kinston "	Morganton.
Lt. Col. T S Hargrave,	44 I,	South Bridge, June, '63,	Oxford.
Maj. J K McDonald,	57,	Gains' Mill, "	Fayetteville.
Capt. W J Alexander,	37,	Gettysburg, July,	Wilkesboro'.
" R W Atkinson,	2 C,	" "	Wilson.
" J C Blair,	1 C,	" "	Boone.
" N G Bradford,	26 I,	" "	Lenoio.
" C R Brumley,	20,	" "	Concord.
" S S Bohannon,	28,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Yadkin.
" E McN Blue,	35,	" "	Moore.
" D S Cockerham,	54,	" "	Jonesville.
" A Z Cole,	23,	" "	Rockingham.
" J S Cantwell,	3,	" "	Wilmington.
" J Cowan,	3,	" "	"
" A S Critcher,	37,	" "	Watauga.
" A A Cathy,	34,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Charlotte.
" W B Demar,	31,	Gains' Mill, June, '64,	Chalk.
" W M Dixon,	35,	Spottsylvania, May,	Moore.
" W H Day,	1,	" "	Halifax.
" T D Fowler,	1,	" "	Ballsville.
" J C Gorman,	2 C,	" "	Wilson.
" J S Gilbert,	57 I,	" "	Newton.
" S Hartsfield,	3 C,	" "	Kinston.
" S H Hines,	45 I,	" "	Milton.
" J E Hodges,	32 I,	" "	Norfolk, Va.
" H W Horn,	3,	" "	Fayetteville.
" T L Johnston,	1,	" "	Edenton.
" W H Kitchen,	12,	" "	Scotland.
" J R Kyle,	52,	" "	Fayetteville.
" J J Knox,	7,	" "	Rowan.
" J W Lane,	16,	" "	Hendersonville.
" F C Lewis,	18,	" "	Wilmington.
" J W Moore,	3 C,	Greenville, Dec., '63,	"
" W F Murphy,	51 I,	Burmuda, June, '64,	Clinton.
" W G McKay,	7,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Wilmington.
" S J Parham,	54,	" "	Henderson.
Lieut. W B Allen,	6,	" "	Wake.
" S S Abernathy,	30,	" "	Forestville.
" G W Avant,	35,	Petersburg, June,	Chatham.
" T M Allen,	4,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Fairfield.
" W T Anderson,	5,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Fayetteville.
" J S Bullard,	23,	" "	Tranquility.
" J W Brothers,	67,	" "	Kinston,

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Lieut. B W Birkhead,	22,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Ashboro'.
" R B Carr,	43,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Magnolia.
" D A Coon,	11,	" "	Lincolnton.
" G W Corbett,	18 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Caintuck.
" J H Darden,	3,	" "	Snow Hill.
" H Earp,	24,	" "	Smithville.
" J O Frink,	18,	" "	Carrs.
" J M Gayther,	1,	" "	Plymouth.
" J T Gamble,	14,	" "	Shelby,
" J M Hobson,	2,	" "	Raxville.
" J A Hartfield,	1,	" "	Ballsville.
" T B Henderson,	3 C,	Washington, Dec., '63,	Jacksonville.
" H J Jenkins,	1,	Gates, June, '64,	Marfresboro'
" A N Leatherwood,	29 I,	Clay, February, '64,	Fort Henry.
" J A Latham,	1,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Plymouth.
" C P Mallett,	3	" "	Fayetteville.
" J J McMillan,	1,	" "	Wilmington,
" F McIntosh,	18,	" "	Richmond.
" N S Mosely,	12,	" "	Warrenton.
" G D Mallory,	37,	" "	Buckhorn.
" M McLeod,	26,	" "	Carthage.
" F F Patrick,	32,	" "	Columbia.
" G N Albright,	6,	Rappahannock, Nov., '63,	Melville.
" W B Allison,	62,	Cumberland Gap, Sept., '63,	Sampson.
" H C Andrews,	28,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Orange.
" D S Bullard,	18 I,	" "	Owensville.
" T V Barrow,	3,	" "	Washington.
" C M Burbage,	5,	" "	Raleigh.
" J A Blair,	16,	Falling Waters, July, '63,	Franklin.
" J H Bloodworth,	4 C,	Brandy Station, Oct., '63,	Wilmington.
" J M Burgin,	22 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Marion,
" A H Brown,	30,	Kelly's, November, '63,	Chatham,
" J C C Cowper,	35,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Suffolk.
" J Coggin,	23,	" "	Troy,
" T D Crawford,	Navy,	At Sea, Feb., '64,	Washington.
" W B Chandler,	13 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Yanceyville.
" G S Coll,	45,	" "	Graham.
" J B Coffield,	1,	" "	Tarboro'.
" G M Crypon,	3,	" "	Smithville.
" E A Carver,	1,	" "	Forestville.
" W F Doles,	32,	" "	Wilson.
" A B Davis,	C. S. C.	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Morganton.
" E W Dorsey,	11 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Whitesville.
" J O Elkins,	18,	" "	Whitesville.
" N H Fennett,	61,	Bermuda, "	Leesville.
" F F Floyd,	51,	" "	Whitesville.
" B A Gowan,	51,	" "	Whitesville.
" W C Gordon,	6 C,	Jackson, June, '64,	Morganton.
" H Y Gosh,	6 C,	" "	Hendersonville.
" R A Glenn,	22,	Hanover, May, '64,	New Salem,
" A J Gurgannus,	3 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Onslow.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Lieut. J M Hargett,	1,	" "	Newbern.
" A J Howser,	1,	" "	Lincolnton.
" E S Hart,	23,	" "	Barrack.
" L J Henderson,	3,	" "	Jacksonville.
" G P Higly,	57,	" "	Lumberton.
" J F Heath,	67,	Swift Creek, April,	Newbern,
" J C Hynes,	5 C,	Jack's Shop, Sept., '63,	Clinton.
" W H Ivy,	2 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Jackson.
" W P Johnson,	1 C,	" "	Charlotte.
" W P Jones,	35 I,	" "	Moore.
" J E King,	3,	" "	Onslow.
" Z H Loudermilk,	3,	" "	Randolph.
" C C Lane,	3,	" "	Snow Hill.
" R H Lynn,	8,	" "	Black Rock.
" J B Lindsey,	31,	" "	Wadesboro'.
" G H Lindsay,	54,	" "	Madison.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj. W P Emanuel,	4 C,	Louisa, June, '64,	Charleston.
" M G Zeigler,	C,	" "	Cokesburg.
Capt. Henry Buist,	27 I,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Charleston.
" W L Campbell,	11 I,	" "	Waterboro'.
" P B Martin,	C,	" "	Spartanburg.
" J M Melvany,	3 I,	" "	Charleston.
" D C Moore,	C,	" "	Cokesburg.
" S B Meachum,	5 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Yorkville.
" T Pinkney,	4 C,	" "	Charleston.
Lieut. A W Burt,	7 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Hamburg.
" T M Baughman.	1 I,	Hanover, May, '64,	Florence.
" W W Covington,	23,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Bennetsville.
" H J Clifton,	21,	" "	Timmonville.
" P W Easterling,	5 C,	" "	Charleston.
" S T Anderson,	1 I,	Martinsburg, July, '63,	Chester.
" W S Bissell	2,	Gettysburg, "	Charleston.
" W Epps,	4 C,	Louisa, June, '64,	King Tree.
" D Gordan,	4 C,	" "	King Tree.
" M P Galloway,	23 I,	Petersburg, "	Marboro'.
" J A Garrett,	C	" "	Spartenburg.
" J B Gallman,	5 I,	" "	Unionville.
" J G Hollford,	8,	Cold Harbor, May,	Timmons.
" W E Johnson,	7 C,	" "	Liberty.
" N B Lusk,	12 I,	" "	Cherokee.

GEORGIA.

Maj. D F Bootan,	3 C,	East Tennessee, June, '64,	Rome.
Capt. J P Allen,	55 I,	Cumberland Gap, Sept. '63,	Dawson.
" J B Ashton,	4 C,	" "	Burke.
" Wm Barnes,	55 I,	" "	Atlanta.
" T M Carter,	14,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Jackson.
" J H Connelly,	44,	" "	Griffin.
" H R Dedwyler,	38,	" "	Elbert.
" W J Dumass,	53,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Forsyth.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Capt. J Edmonson,	44,	Spotsylvania, May, '64,	Fayetteville.
" C R Ezell,	4,	do do	Jasper.
" A C Gibson,	4,	do do	Lagrange.
" W J Garham,	Staff,	do do	Hamilton.
" H K Harrison,	7 C,	do do	Chatham.
" F W Hopkins,	7 C,	do do	Thomasville.
" J J Henderson,	61 I,	do do	Irvineville.
" T W Harris,	12,	do do	Oglethorp.
" T W Kent,	48,	Knoxville, Nov. '63,	Wrightsville.
" J L Lemon,	18	do do	Cobb.
" J W Lewis,	31	Spotsylvania, May, '64,	Bainbridge.
" D McDonald,	61	do do	Brooks.
" J R McMichael,	12	do do	Buena Vista.
" R G Miller,	7 C,	Trivillian, June, 64,	Augusta.
" A G McLeod,	57 I,	Gains' Mill, do	Camden.
" W C Knutt,	53,	Knoxville, Nov., '63,	Griffin.
Lieut. W J Boswell,	58,	Cumberland Gap, Sept.,	Canfield.
" S W Branch,	8,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Savannah,
" B L Brown,	59,	do do	Fort Gains.
" J J Boss,	35,	do do	Monroe.
" J L Burney,	49,	do do	Twiggs.
" T J Carr,	43,	Champion, May, '63,	Jefferson.
" R Childs,	4,	Spotsylvania, May, '64,	Clinton.
" N B Durham,	44,	do do	Clarke.
" J D DeLoach,	61,	do do	Tatnal.
" W H DeLoach,	7 C,	do do	Bryan.
" J S Greer,	4 I,	do do	West Point.
" D W Garrett,	11,	do do	Morgan.
" C C Grace,	12,	do do	Perryville.
" W D Ivy,	12,	do do	Millford.
" E Jeffers,	61,	do do	Macon.
" P P Lyon,	18,	Gains' Mill, June, '64,	Canton.
" H J Moses,	57,	do do	Blakely.
" J W Maxwell,	50,	do do	Coffee.
" M M Mosely,	3,	Spotsylvania, May, '64,	Banks.
" J G Morgan,	45 I,	do do	Clinton.
" J G Maddox,	38,	do do	Milton.
" G W Roughten,	49,	do do	Sandersville.
" W W Halbert,	4,	do do	Augusta.
" W R Avant,	61,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Macon.
" J B Bently,	22,	do do	Lincolnton.
" A J Barton.	55,	Cumberland Gap, Sept., '63,	Gainsville.
" W H Chew,	7 C,	Spotsylvania, May, '64,	Augusta.
" W C Cherry,	4 I,	do do	West Point.
" J F Davis,	14,	do do	Amherst.
" J R Fard,	7 C,	do do	Wayne.
" T S Gunn,	57 I,	do do	Houston.
" A M Greer,	12,	do do	Youngsboro.
" F N Graves,	61,	do do	Lumpkins.
" D W Goodwin,	44,	do do	Greensboro.
" D T Harris,	21,	do do	Forsyth.
" R Harvey,	7 C,	do do	Bryan.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE. FLORIDA.	RESIDENCE.
Capt. W B Ballentine,	2 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Pensacola.
" Wm Baily,	4,	do do	Leon.
" G Finley,	1 C,	Missionary, Nov., '63,	Mariana.
" J C Talbott,	5 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Lake City.
Lieut. T S Armistead,	8,	do do	Mariana.
" S Myers,	4,	do do	Apalache.
" A L Bull,	5,	do do	Tallahassee.
" J Collins,	5,	do do	Monticello.
" S M Davis,	4 I,	Missionary, Nov., '63,	Quincy, Ga.
" R N Hall,	4 I,	do do	Appalachicola.

ALABAMA.

Capt. J W Burton,	6 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Montgomery.
" C E Chambers,	12,	do do	Tuskegee.
" J N Chisolm,	9,	do do	Florence.
" R L Campbell,	49,	Port Hudson, do	Vill Springs.
" L S Chitwood,	5,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Clayton.
" J H Ellison,	3,	do do	Mobile.
" J W Fannin,	61,	do do	Tuskegee.
" J D Meadows,	1,	Port Hudson, July, '63,	Florence.
Lieut. A J Armstrong	46,	Champion, May,	Columbia.
" R H Adams,	Staff,	do do	Farnsdale.
" J J Andrews,	Staff,	Florence, November,	Florence.
" W T Bishop,	16 I,	Boxar, June,	Florence.
" J D Bond,	59,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Haynesville.
" D E Bates,	A,	Spottsylvania, May,	Selma.
" J P Breedlove,	4 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Tuskegee.
" H A Chadmore,	10,	do do	Selma.
" W N Cidyard,	4,	do do	Mobile.
" P H Earl,	28,	do do	Jefferson.
" J L Haynes,	14,	do do	Talladego.
" A J Kirkman	4 C,	Alabama, Nov., '63,	Florence.
" E J Mastin,	Staff,	Tennessee, Nov. '63,	Huntsville.
" W H Allen,	49 I,	Port Hudson, July,	Guntersville.
" W P Bass,	15,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Salem.
" W H Biddell,	1 C,	Tennessee, Oct., '63,	Tallahassee.
" A C Foster,	4 I,	Alabama, Nov., '63,	Florence.
" J S Leonard,	C. S. C.,	Waynesboro', Nov., '63,	Tuskegee.

MISSISSIPPI.

Maj. L Fontain,	C,	Port Hudson, July, '63,	Austin, Texas.
" T H Johnson,	1 I,	do do	Fernando, Miss.
Capt. T Boyd,	1 I,	do do	Morrisonville.
" H T Coffee,	48,	do do	N. Orleans, La.
" A J Lewis,	C,	do do	Pt. Gibson, Miss.
" T Q Munce,	12 I,	do do	Natches.
" J L Purgason,	32,	do do	Keenzie.
Lieut. C L Barrett,	C,	do do	Port Gibson.
" J C Carson,	Staff,	Trivillian, May, '64,	Natches.
" W H Frizzell,	12 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Holmes.
" J M Allen,	29 I,	Chickamauga, Sept., '63,	Grenada.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Liet. T M Bassonett,	12,	Chester, July,	Union.
" W L Barton,	2,	Tupelo, May,	Tupelo.
" W M Bullock,	48,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Bovina,
" J R Cason.	17 I,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Holly Springs:
" A H Farrar,	13,	do do	Grenada.
" Tim. Foley,	19,	do do	Vicksburg.
" B L Grant,	2,	do do	Pentateuch.
" R J Howard,	1,	Port Hudson, Sept., '63;	Byhala.
" W T Jeffries,	C,	do do	Port Gibson:
" J W Jones,	1 I,	do do	Smithville.

LOUISIANA.

Lt. Col. P F DeGourney, A,		Port Hudson, July, '63,	New Orleans:
" E S M LeBreton, 4 I,		do do	do
Capt. J G Angell,	5,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	do
" John Elliott,	2	do do	Floyd.
" H E Henderson, Staff,		do do	Alexandria.
" L Jastremski,	10 I,	do do	Aberville.
" J L Lemon,	14,	do do	New Orleans:
" L H Malachée,	7,	do do	do
" W E O'Riley	9,	do do	do
" W A Martin,	7,	do do	Baton Rouge:
" E J Hall,	1 C,	Port Hudson, Sept., '63,	New Orleans:
" W B Kemp,	9 C,	do do	Greensboro'.
Lient. J C Barthelémy, 20 I,		do do	St. James.
" B Edwards,	C,	do do	Covington.
" J D Bowman,	15 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Bastrop.
" J M Burgess,	8,	do do	Holmesville:
" P H Cavanaugh,	1,	do do	Liberty.
" J Fickerson,	14,	do do	New Orleans:
" J B Fitzpatrick,	14,	do do	do
" T E Kelley,	8,	do do	do
" T J Hudson,	9,	do do	do
" D Mahony,	10,	do do	do
" John Martin,	1,	do do	do
" C J Bachelor,	2,	do do	Reed River:
" C A Chisholm,	10,	do do	do
" J R Cottingham,	3,	do do	Columbia:
" A V Duralde,	9,	do do	Baton Rouge:
" R M Fletcher,	2,	do do	Vernon.
" John Kilmartin,	7,	do do	New Orleans:
" S H May,	10,	do do	do

TEXAS.

Lient. W A Collins,	7 I,	Raymond, May, '63,	Coffeeville.
" J E Coll,	5,	Gettysburg, July, '63,	Liberty.
" T J Duvall,	32 C,	Deer Creek, June, '64,	Anderson.
" S G Adamson,	32 C,	do do	Fannin.
" H Coffee,	1 C,	Franklin, April, '63,	Dangerfield,

ARKANSAS.

Col V H Manning	3 I,	Spottsylvania, May, '64,	Hamburg.
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RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.		RESIDENCE.
Maj. W E Stewart,	15 I,	Port Hudson,	July, '63,	Madison.
" M R Wilson,	1,	do	do	Hamburg.
Capt. D Arbuckle,	17,	do	do	Fort Smith.
" J L Brent,	18,	do	do	Lenville,
" D B Coulter,	12,	do	do	Center.
" J K Cracraft,	23,	do	do	Chicott.
" W A Ferring,	2,	do	do	Little Rock.
" A B Israel,	1,	do	do	Powhatan.
" J M J Jones,	C,	do	do	Berryville.
" H L W Johnson,	12 I,	do	do	Arkadelphia.
" J C Patterson,	14,	do	do	Yallsille.
Lieut. D S Bronaugh,	16,	do	do	Liberty.
" P H Benson,	23,	do	do	Jonesboro'.
" J B Baxter,	23,	do	do	Monroe.
" C W Corgill,	10,	do	do	Little Rock.
" G W Carter,	23,	do	do	Arkadelphia.
" J W Greer,	23,	do	do	Helena.
" M Hixon,	16,	do	do	Clarksville.
" W A Hancock,	C,	do	do	Marion.
" C M Allen,	2 C,	do	do	do
" W B Burnett,	10 I,	do	do	do
" M S Bradford,	10 I,	do	do	Liberty.
" O H P Caldwell,	19,	do	do	Magnolia.
" D M Coffman,	C,	do	do	Smithville.
" R Y Dillard,	16 I,	do	do	Nashville.
" W C D Evans,	17,	do	do	Washington.
" T P Peak,	A,	do	do	do

MISSOURI.

Capt. Peter Ake,	2 C,	Helena,	November '63,	Iventon.
" M J Bradford,	10 I,	do	do	Raleigh.
" J G Kelly,	Staff,	do	do	St. Louis.
" S Lowe,	A,	do	do	Independence.
Lieut. A M Bedford,	3 C,	Big Black,	January, '63,	Savannah.
" W Haliburton,	C,	do	do	Dent.
" P G Benton,	8 I,	Helena,	July,	Cassville.
" G C Brand,	2 C,	Holly Springs,	July,	Brownsville.

KENTUCKY.

Col. G W Woolfolk,	C. S. C.	Ohio,	July, '63,	Paducah.
Maj. J B McCreary,	7 C,	do	do	Richmond.
Capt. J B Austin,	2 C,	do	do	Charlotte.
" T E Eastham,	8,	do	do	Lexington.
" T M Hammack,	10,	do	do	Morganfield.
" R D Logan,	C,	do	do	Buskville.
" M D Logan,	3 C,	do	do	Danville.
" C L Minor,	C,	do	do	Waco.
" A A Norris,	C,	do	do	Buskville.
Lieut. W P Crow,	6 C,	do	do	Stanford.
" W T Dunlap,	2,	do	do	Marshall.
" H P Dunlap,	10,	do	do	Paris.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.		RESIDENCE.
Lieut. B S Drake,	2,	Ohio,	July, '63,	Lexington.
" F G Eakins,	12,	do	do	Henderson.
" J A Fox,	7,	do	do	Richmond.
" W A Kendall,	3,	do	do	Denton.
" B Logsdon,	1,	do	do	Fairmount.
" H Moles,	7,	do	do	Alleghany.
" G C Nash,	C,	do	do	Owen.
" S S Atkins,	10,	do	do	West Liberty.
" S P Allensworth,	2,	do	do	Todd.
" M L Aldrich,	3,	do	do	Dallas.
" S M Cowan,	C,	do	do	Somerset.
" A B Chinn,	8,	do	do	Lexington.
" W B Ford,	8,	do	do	Winchester.
" S S Hughes,	6,	do	do	Standford.
" R B Haynes,	3,	do	do	Denton.
" G W Hunter,	8,	do	do	Bardstown.
" W T Leathers,	7 C,	do	do	Lawrenceburg.
" J D Morris,	8 E,	do	do	Winchester.
" B F McNear,	6,	do	do	Owenton.
" J O Meadows,	3,	do	do	Bonham.
" L D Newton,	3,	do	do	Union.
" D N Powitt,	6,	do	do	Perryville.
" C E Richards,	5,	do	do	Warray.

TENNESSEE.

Col. A Fulkerson,	63 I,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Rogersville.
Lt. Col. T N Daugherty,	8 C,	Tennessee, February,	Livingston.
Capt. J H Burk,	2 C,	Lane, July,	Knoxville.
" J W Boyd,	6 C,	Corinth, July,	Jackson.
" H Baker,	3,	Tennessee, July,	Natches.
" W H Craft,	E,	do do	Nashville.
" L P Carson,	35 I,	do do	McMinnville.
" G R Campbell,	C,	do do	Manchester.
" J P Lyttle,	23 I,	do do	Unionville.
" J R McCallum,	63 I,	Petersburg, do	Knoxville.
" W N James,	44,	do do	Carthage.
" S J Johnson,	25,	do do	Sparta.
" Jno. Nicks,	C,	Tennessee, Dec. '63,	Hawkins.
" James H Polk,	1 C,	do do	Ashwood.
" T F Perkins,	11 C,	do do	Franklin.
Lieut. E Boddie,	7 I,	Petersburg, May, '64,	Gallatin.
" W P Callahan,	23 I,	do do	Livingston.
" J W Cash,	4 C,	do do	Livingston.
" M A Douglas,	44 I,	do do	Gallatin.
" H C Fleming,	25,	do do	Spencer.
" T S Goodloe,	44,	do do	Winchester.
" C L Hutcheson,	63,	do do	Georgetown.
" P D Hunter,	8 C,	Cumberland Gap, July, '63,	Nashville.
" J D Jenkins,	14 I,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Clarks ville.
" J Ledford,	25 I,	do do	Livingston.

RANK AND NAME.	ARM.	CAPTURE.	RESIDENCE.
Lieut. J T Lauderdale,	2 C,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Claborne.
" S A Morgan,	25 I,	do do	Sparta.
" W H Anderson,	1 E,	Columbia, Oct., '63,	Murray.
" W H Adams,	51 I,	Ringgold, Nov., '63,	Covington.
" B Arnold,	28,	Huntsville, Feb., '64,	Sparta.
" J G S Arrant,	63,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Zollicoffer.
" W E Allen,	60,	Big Black, May, '63,	Newport.
" T E Bradley,	22,	Chickamauga, Sept.,	Smith.
" R C Bryan,	2 C,	Salem, April,	LaGrange.
" C D Covington,	45 I,	Lebanon, February,	Lebanon.
" H H Cook,	44,	Drury's Bluff, May, '64,	Franklin.
" W N Cameron,	25,	do do	Sparta.
" W C Campbell,	28 I,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Cooksville.
" A J Elzy,	17,	do do	Columbia.
" Z W Ewing,	17,	do do	Lewisburg,
" W B Easley,	48,	Hickman, Jan., '63,	Vernon.
" G R Elliott,	4,	White, do	Alleghany.
" J H Henderson,	31,	Monroe, do	Madisonville.
" J H Hastings,	17,	Petersburg, June, '64,	Shelbyville.
" J M Hooberry,	44,	do do	Nashville.
" J M Henry,	44,	do do	Hartsville.
" T Irwin,	11,	Mission. Ridge, Nov., '63,	Nashville,
" J A Irvine,	8,	Murray, December,	Columbia.
" W C Knox,	4,	Wilson, do	Shelbyville.
" J B Lewis,	1st C,	Union, do	Rutledge.

The selection comprised 600, of whom 6 were Colonels, 6 were Lieutenant Colonels, 16 Majors, 176 Captains, 176 First Lieutenants, 220 Second Lieutenants. All the Southern States were represented. Maryland had 6; Virginia 186; North Carolina 111; South Carolina 24; Georgia 60; Florida 10; Alabama 26; Mississippi 21; Louisiana 30; Texas 5; Arkansas 28; Missouri 8; Kentucky 35; Tennessee 50.

Great care was taken by the Federal officers to select disabled officers. About 100 of the number were officers rendered useless to the service by dangerous or repeated wounds, and the loss of arms or legs.

The Federal authorities supposed that they would be exchanged, and be a burden to the army at home, while they would receive in lieu of them 100 able bodied men ready for active service in the field.

It may be noticed from the list, that great partiality was shown in the selection of officers, by selecting great numbers from Johnson's Division, Morgan's Cavalry, and the Port Hudson capture.

The idea for this course becomes quite apparent, when we consider that all the privates of these commands were captured and

closely confined in *Yankee Pens*. The return of the officers to the Confederate States would only be a burden to the government, as no one would have a command.

SECTION III.

The voyage to Hilton Head—Incidents on the voyage.

In the latter part of August 1864, we were paraded in Fort Delaware, and after having packed our baggage—consisting of old clothes, and worn out blankets—and bidding farewell to our friends, we were marched in order to the wharf.

We took passage in a steam-ship called the “Crescent;” into her small hold or middle deck we were quickly crowded—huddled and jammed together like swine on a hog car. We were too many for the capacity of the boat, yet she was made contain us without inflating her the least.

Imagine our condition; huddled together as close as we could stand; some having room to lie down, while three-fourths had scarcely space upon which to stand. The heat being up to 95° without steam, and of course increasing greatly when the boiler was heated for sailing, great numbers became sea-sick; and then the “stench,” “the filth,” dirt, &c., in this crowd, was almost intolerable.

It is not possible to give on paper a correct account of the sufferings of the voyage. They would have to be realized to be fairly comprehended, and those only who felt them, can have an idea of their horrible magnitude.

The water given us to drink was of an inferior quality, had a disagreeable smell, and a very sickly taste, weakened the stomach, and in many cases produced sickness of fatal consequence. It was given to us in small quantities, and very frequently we suffered for it.

Our provisions were of the roughest quality and very scarce; so scarce, that many suffered the biting pangs of hunger. They were given once a day in small quantities.

Our guard consisted of one hundred Ohio militia, commanded by two Lieutenants. They were just as mean and ruthless as Yankees generally were, exhibiting all that villainy and cowardice so peculiar to Yankee soldiers, and especially militia, who had never been in the front of battle.

They offered many indignant insults to our honor and cause.

Most of them were Ohio fops, having scarcely sense enough to carry them to the table.

The weather was very warm, clear and bright, and no storm or squall disturbed our course. We rounded Cape Hatteras without any difficulty, and if we had been in a comfortable situation, might have enjoyed the voyage to the height of our pleasure.

About three-fourths of us became very sick shortly after leaving Fort Delaware. We contracted sea-sickness by not being familiar with the sea and sea voyages. And as closely confined as we were, the spectacle was horrid—the entire floor covered with sick men—horribly sick, vomited to a fearful extent by the disease, and groaning in a terrific manner—presented a sight too sickening to behold, and too repulsive to endure; and too wretched to describe. Even those of us who were not infected by the sickening malady, were made faint by the loathesome spectacle we were obliged to witness.

We were escorted to the southern waters by a Federal man-of-war, which usually kept close to us, firing a gun over our bow and causing us to heave to, when we got too far in advance.

When we arrived within the lines of the blockading squadron off Charleston, we were deserted by our escort, and left to finish the voyage alone.

The same night in which the escort left us, at or near four o'clock in the morning, when we were near Port Royal light-house, our pilot, having gotten out of his latitude, (whether by mistake or purposely, I am not prepared to say,) grounded on a sand-bar, three hundred yards from the beach, about seventy five yards from the boat. A man could have waded with ease to the beach,—landed on the beach he could have reached Confederate troops by traversing the small island, and crossing a small, narrow, but deep stream, the journey being about three miles, quite practicable, except the river, which could have been crossed by ferrying.

Most of the prisoners were awake at the time of the accident, and those not awake were aroused by the shock. In a few moments, great confusion prevailed.

The crew and sailors being good fellows, were not much alarmed. The Captain appearing anxious that we should escape, used no means to disengage his boat, but sat silently in the cabin.

The prisoners became bold, and quitting their dismal den, rummaged the boat on every side from deck to hold, and from stern to forecabin. The Yankees soon became alarmed at the boldness of their charge, and suffered the prisoners to heap upon them threats, abuses, and curses.

Col. Manning of Arkansas soon drew up terms of capitulation by which the Yankees were to be paroled and taken to the Confederacy. The boat was to be destroyed, the crew released, the prisoners to be boated to where they could wade, and then make their way to the beach, the boats to be conveyed to shore and transported across the island to ferry the stream beyond.

When all things were ready for the surrender, and we were rejoicing in the prospect of soon reaching the land of promise, two gunboats suddenly hove in sight. Imagine our mortification, chagrin, surprise and dismay at this unexpected occurrence. Our exulting cries lowered to wrathful curses. Our paper was cast in the sea. We were urged by our guard to quit the deck and take refuge in the hold. Our bright hopes were blasted, and we were forsaken by hope—seized and chained by despair.

The Captain now for the first time made efforts to disengage his vessel, and after many fruitless endeavors, succeeded; and we were soon plowing the mighty deep, thinking only of how it *might* have been, and how near we were the shore of deliverance from Yankee bondage.

The gunboats approached near enough to ascertain who we were, to enquire into the cause of our detention, our business, and other matters, and proffering aid, if desirable.

We could have escaped, even after the gunboats hove in sight. They were many miles distant, and by no means fast sailers; and added to this, they had to make a circuitous route of many miles, before approaching us.

During these detentions, we could have easily escaped, but all became completely paralyzed on the approach of the gunboats, and tamely submitted to the domination of their brutal masters, who wore the aspect of cannibals.

Nothing else of interest occurred during the voyage, and in a few hours we arrived off Morris' Island. We could distinctly see the batteries, Wagner and Gregg, pouring their incessant showers of shells into Sumpter and Moultrie, and the guns of Moultrie slowly replying.

We could also see the batteries of Cumming's Point throwing their shot into the city of Charleston. That was one of the most inhuman of all Yankee villainies; yet it was practiced without intermission day and night until the city was evacuated. The act was barbarous in the extreme, bombarding a town without first ordering the removal of the noncombatants. But this was only one of the many exhibitions of Yankee barbarity and inhumanity.

We remained at Morris' Island for one day, during which nego-

tiations were entered into by both parties relative to an exchange of prisoners. But no definite conclusion being arrived at, we sailed to Hilton Head, and there commenced a scene of suffering, far surpassing anything hitherto known to us. Indeed, we quieted our anxious minds with the regaling thought that we had reached the climax of our inhuman sufferings, and that the day of relief from heart-rending pain and disease, was about to dawn upon us.

But we were doomed to witness and to realize that of which we had had no previous comprehension. Life was to be a burden almost too intolerable to be borne. Death was to be desired and even hunted for, but the grim monster was not to be found. Hunger, with all its biting pangs and debasing evils, was to seize upon us.

The stomach, that organ of full life and joyous health, was to suffer for a tenant, and the craving appetite was to go unsatiated in the midst of plenty, and its owner to repine in the days of meat and bread, only that the ambition of a barbarous, cowardly, malicious and inhuman foe, might be gratified.

The tongue was to be parched by heat, while nature, so plentiful in water, and so abundant in liquids, was not able to quench, or for a moment slake the burning thirst. She was denied this privilege only that an insolent and haughty foe might wreak their cowardly vengeance on the defenseless, who had, like brave men, and men of honor and integrity, gone forth to the field of strife, and staked their all in the face of muskets, cannons and bayonets.

The mind was left to think of home, and friends, of fireside, and childhood's bright days, and wonder that humanity had gone forever; and that mercy had hid her face in disgust. It was left to dream of water to quench the thirst, of food to satisfy the stomach, of clothes to clothe the body, of fire to warm the shivering limbs and naked body.

SECTION IV.

Sufferings in the boat.

After it was ascertained beyond doubt that no exchange could be effected without concessions on the part of the Federals, they resolved to exhaust the fire of their wrath upon the defenseless prisoners in their hands, in number the six hundred. Their long pent up wrath, united with thier cowardly perfidy, was now put to work.

Every inhuman device was eagerly sought and diligently meditated upon, until finally the plan was matured.

We were soon under sail and anchored in Hilton Head harbor.

We were then driven in the middle deck or hold, the hatchways were closed, the port holes fastened so as to admit neither light nor air—thus we were entirely excluded from light or fresh air.

I have already stated that we were so densely crowded, that there was not space enough to lie down. An idea may be had of our condition in such a mass, and denied light or fresh air.

At this season of the year the climate in the South is excessively hot, so hot, that it can scarcely be borne by Northern or Western persons under ordinary circumstances; much less in our condition—the thermometer being about 96 to 99 degrees.

Added to this immense heat and absence of fresh air, was the heat from the boiler, which was kept heated continually, not for purposes of sailing—for we were at anchor—but to torment and punish us with the powerful heat.

The combination of heat from the atmosphere, and that from the boiler, with the absence of fresh air, made the scene one of horror, dreadful agony, and wretched misery. The mouth and lips became fervid and parched with the intolerable heat. The brain became almost senseless with heat and languidness.

The hands and feet almost ceased to move in obedience to the will; the cheeks became pale, and bore the appearance of the paleness of death; and the whole visage betrayed emotions of the deepest, though hidden, suffering.

The eyes wore a deathly aspect, a lead paleness, that spoke too plainly the sufferings of the brain. The whole frame quivered with languor and restlessness; beneath the suffocating of the heat.

The pulse almost ceased to beat its accustomed tone of healthy life, and the heart scarcely heaved forth its usual *bub dub*, the index of a healthy body, and a soul free from the gnawings of conscience.

But there is no pen or tongue can describe the horrid sufferings, the dreadful misery, and the excruciating torments of that wrathful scene. My heart recoils with a kind of dreaded despair, whenever I recall to memory the scenes of that horrible prison, the Crescent.

Misery was depicted in every countenance, and every visage wore the deepest aspect of woe. Every breath that was heaved forth, betrayed the emotions of a repining spirit, hourly losing its vitality, by the horrible suffering, and rushing it rapidly into eternity. Almost every breath was heaved forth with a groan of horror.

Every groan was one of misery and wretchedness, and told in words too plain for refutation, how the miserable wretch was wasting away his life, and how fearfully the heat was telling upon his vitals.

Every tear was one forced to the eye by the excruciating pain

occasioned by the heat, and almost every word was one of despair and misery.

There were no words of pleasure—none of home—none of consolation; but on every side was heard the word, “O, how hot! O, for fresh air!” “I am suffocating for want of fresh air!”

The words of woe, misery and despair; the sighs of wretchedness; the groans of anguish; the tears of affliction, and the continual wail of sorrow and torment, made the scene too horrid for contemplation, and too sickening to behold.

Those hours or days of anguish are too detestable to be forced upon the memory; and I shudder, when called upon, to narrate the facts. They often haunt me in my dreams, and make vivid to my mind the shrieks of pain, the groans of misery, the cries of despair, and the wailings of agony of the six hundred.

The food given to us during these sufferings was of the roughest quality, and in quantity was not sufficient to allay the gnawing pangs of hunger.

It consisted of pickled pork—having been damaged by shipping and various other causes, until it was unfit for use in the army—and army crackers, which looked as though they had been manufactured for use in the War of 1776.

They were entirely unfit for eating, and would not have been eaten by the dogs of a farmer. They were completely filled with worms, bugs, and other living *creepers*; and yet so great was our hunger, that we ate them with greediness, and thought they were quite palatable.

The conduct of the Federals on this occasion was very severe, cruel, and inhuman. Their words were spoken with fierceness and wrath, and their whole deportment betrayed their determination to afflict and punish us.

We were carefully guarded, though confined to the boat and even to the hold, and the boat anchored several yards from the shore, yet it was thought quite unsafe to leave us without a guard: We were guarded in the boat by the strictest sentinels, and not suffered to overleap our privileges, which were confinement to the hold of the boat, without light or fresh air.

During the night we were guarded with greater exactness, and a small boat made a circuit around us continuously the whole night; And so fearful were they that we would escape, that they suffered but one to leave the hold at a time for natural purposes.

It must be kept in mind that the heat during all this time was almost intolerable, and rendered more oppressive to us by our close confinement and exclusion from light and a free atmosphere; together

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found> what he gets is a bag from the Arabs, which is heated for the sole purpose of punishing the *rebs*.

We suffered very much from the scarcity of water. At first water was given once a day in a barrel. This was exhausted long before the usual return of water the next day, thus giving us several hours each day to suffer for water.

After a few days water was given in smaller quantities and not at regular intervals, thus causing greater suffering. The water had a most unpleasant look, an exceedingly offensive smell, and a disagreeable, disgusting taste, and usually sickened those who used it.

This water was shipped, it was said, from wells on the Island. I am not prepared to say from whence it came, but knew that it was not fresh, but filthy, sickly water, injurious to health and oppressive to the taste, and offensive to the olfactory organs.

In a short time they ceased to bring water from the Island, and then ensued a scene of suffering for water, which surpassed all hitherto known. At one time we had no water for forty hours. O, the intense suffering of those forty hours is beyond description! No pen could convey to the mind an idea of the cruel agony of suffering without water, shut out from light and fresh air in the heat of summer, and confined with a heated steam boiler.

Description might be begged in vain to convey to the senses a faint idea of this horrible scene. The mind, pregnant with ideas of every character could form no conception of the bitter pains of those hours.

The scene would not have been so terrific had we not been refused light and fresh air, and had not been burnt and parched by the excessive heat of the boiler. Men sank, shrank, begged, wept, mourned, lamented, swore, raved, fainted, and sickened under the dreadful blow.

Men of strong and vigorous frames sank down in sickness and misery under the tortures inflicted upon them. Immense drops of perspiration flowed from every pore, and anguish was heard from every tongue, and misery depicted in every countenance.

Men of powerful nerve fainted away like children, under the dire effects of the heat. Death was eagerly sought and wished for by all, being preferable to life combined with this scene of suffering.

Men of the strongest minds and of the greatest firmness wept like babes for the precious earthly gift, *water*. Many bowed on their knees before their cruel tormentors, and begged like children for a single draught of water.

During this time no words were heard but those of sorrow and misery ; no subject was discussed but the one which engrossed every

mind, "*water.*" Water, water, was the continual cry heard on every side and from every mouth.

The mind could not for a moment regale itself upon anything else. The only thought was water, water, water. All the thought of home, friends, loved ones, country, cause, liberty, self, God, or eternity, were driven from the mind, and their place supplanted by the thought of water.

Even in sleep the mind could not rest for dreaming of water and ruminating upon the fine springs, wells, creeks and rivulets with which it had in former days been familiar. No calm repose or undisturbed sleep was left for the mind, but the thought of water, water.

The converse of battle, of home, of friends, of love, of joy, of pleasure, of country, of ease and tranquility, of God and eternity, and of all those things which engage tongue and give exercise to the vocal organs, was unheard, and its place supplied with water, water, water.

Many persons in sound health became pale and sickly, and their parched lips, sallow complexions, and wrinkled faces, betrayed, in unmistakable lines the approach of the destroyer.

After this horrible agony of forty hours, we were gratified with the return of water. The condensing vessels were put to work, and we were supplied with boiling water,—the external heat not being sufficient, we were given boiling water to augment its strength. During the remainder of our stay in the boat we had no other for use but boiling water as it ran from the condenser.

Men were so eager for water, and it was given in such small quantities, that there was no time given it to cool. It was taken boiling hot, and being poured from one vessel to another, grew cold enough in some minutes that it could be drank without burning the mouth when it was drank.

We remained in this condition in the boat for eighteen days, enduring all the suffering and misery above enumerated. Indeed, no suffering could have been more cruel, and nothing could have befallen us than which would have so reduced us.

No agony or pain could have been greater than the agony created by thirst and the dreadful misery of being without light or fresh air.

Many of us became so reduced during these sufferings, that we were unable to leave the boat. About fifty had to be carried away, being unable to walk. Many suffered severely from disease even before we left the boat.

General Foster commanded in the South at the time above alluded to. He possessed as much villainy, cowardice, inhumanity, and Yankee perfidy as almost any other Yankee.

Several things were kept in view while torturing the prisoners. One was to compel the Southern commander to yield to Yankee proposals for an exchange, but he appeared to be inexorable and firm as adamant.

Another was to wreak their long pent up vengeance upon the heads of defenseless prisoners,—a sure mark of villainy and cowardice, and a plain exhibition of inhumanity, and an unmistakable evidence of the perfidy for which Yankees have been so universally known and branded.

Another was to destroy as many *Confeds* as possible, without the loss of a single *Yank*; and various other ideas were kept in view by the cowardly and inhuman *Foster*.

SECTION V.

TREATMEN, ETC., AT MORRIS' ISLAND—SITUATION, INCIDENTS, ETC.

After the suffering in the boat, one more ineffectual application was made for an exchange, but Gen. Jones, the Confederate commander, remained firm to his first decision, which was that no exchange could be effected unless a proportionate share of privates be exchanged with the officers.

Gen. Foster not acceding to this firm proposal of the Rebel commander commenced preparing to execut his cruel threat, namely, placing us under the fire of our own guns.

For this purpose a *pen* was constructed on Morris' Island close to battery Wagner, and in the direct range of our guns at Fort Moultrie, and whenever a shell fell short of Wagner, it would undoubtedly fall among us.

The land there is entirely level, and destitute of grass, rocks or trees, being only an immense plain of white sand, which, being heated by the rays of a Southern sun, makes sufficient heat to cook an egg.

The *prison pen* enclosed near three acres. It was made in a rectangle almost square. A trench of several feet in depth was dug on every side, pine poles several feet in length were then procured and placed perpendicular side by side so close as not to admit the entrance of the smallest animal. This was continued until the entire square was enclosed. The excavated sand was then crowded down by the side of the posts until all was solid and firm.

A small entrance was left at one end so as to admit the prisoners, their attendants, guards, provisions, &c. This was well secured by a large and strong gate, which was kept locked most of the time.

On the outside of the pine poles, about twelve feet from the ground, a parapet was made of plank sufficiently wide and strong enough to permit several sentinels on each side, who prom-naded it day and night, and watched with ever wakeful and vigorous eye, *Jonny Reb*.

On the inside of the enclosure, about thirty feet from the pine poles, stakes were driven in the sand parallel with the wall. All around, from the gate back again a rope was stretched from one to the other, so as to reach all around the sides and the ends.

Inside of the rope was the place allotted to us. We were not permitted to touch the rope upon pain of being instantly shot. Any one endeavoring to cross the rope was shot without hesitancy. The space between the rope and the wall was used for various Yankee purposes. The most general was that of entertaining those who admire and gaze upon suffering humanity, and to heap taunts and reproaches.

The space allotted to us was laid off into wide streets, on each side of which was a row of tents. The tents numbered one hundred and fifty. Allowing four to each tent, they just contained the six hundred. The tents were small army tents, capable of holding two men, but there had to be room found in each for four.

The Pen was situated two hundred and fifty yards from Battery Wagner. Every shell thrown from it caused a gar in our Pen. We were four hundred yards from Battery Gregg, which kept up a regular fire on Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumpter.

We were five hundred yards from Cumming's Point, which kept up day and night, a continuous fire on the town of Charleston. We were seven hundred yards from Fort Sumpter, and frequently had a view of the structureless and shapeless mass of rubbish composing it.

Our situation was twelve hundred yards from Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, which kept up a slow fire upon all the Yankee batteries. It was supposed that the shells from this point would fall among us.

An ironclad was kept on picket near Sullivan's Island and Sumpter, which occasionally fired on Sumpter and Moultrie.

We were carefully guarded in this enclosure by two regiments of *negroes* who wore all the blackness, and exhibited all the cruelty so peculiar to descendants of Africa. These regiments were commanded by white officers, who exercised over them the strictest discipline, and most rigorous dominion.

The white officers were men of very narrow intellect and but limited education—a slight acquaintance with tactics and military

discipline, and utterly devoid of principle, truth and honor, or any of those manly traits which distinguish the white man from the negro. They were almost to a unit New England *offscourings*.

The chief commander was one Hallowell of Philadelphia. He was the most inhuman brute that I ever beheld in the shape of a man. He possessed neither principle, sense, honor, humanity nor shame: was in every particular a perfect sample of Yankee dishonesty, inhumanity, barbarity and cruelty. His eye betrayed such cowardly cruelty, that he could never look a prisoner in the face, and all his words were those of a tyrant.

It was a noted fact concerning all the white officers, that at home, they possessed neither principle, nor honor, nor any of the marks of a gentleman or a Christian.

The privates were *niggers* of the deepest dye, and betrayed all the ignorance, villainy and cruelty peculiar to barbarians. Their conduct toward the prisoners was characterized by great cruelty and inhumanity. They heaped any amount of unprovoked abuse upon us. And it appeared to be their chief glory to abuse and maltreat the prisoners.

They promenaded their walk from one end to the other, casting a vicious and revengeful eye at their defenseless charge, and continually offering some unprovoked offense; and no prisoner dare reply upon pain of instant death.

The abusive phrase, "Look out dare, white man! I's gwine to shoot! my bullet's burnin to go into you!"—was heard almost continually. It soon became quite odious to the ears of a prisoner, and their continual nigger brogue, and filthy nigger songs, and nigger abuse, became unpalatable.

At four o'clock in the morning, at twelve in the day, at sunset, and at nine in the night, two nigger shavers entered the Pen, and commenced a monotonous thumping upon two drums. They usually beat about one hour, giving dreadful offense to the ears of soldiers who had been formerly accustomed to the music of the drum and fife, for this was not music, only a noise.

The prisoners were divided into eight squads or companies and a nigger appointed to attend to each. He was styled the sargent. His business was, first, to form line dress to the right, and then turn eyes to the front; call the roll, and report to the white officer. Secondly: to see who was sick, and give him some abuse for being sick.

Thirdly, to issue the regular rations each day, of *nothing*; to attend to the water casks—to see that every one eat his scanty *resh-un*—fourthly, to oversee the squad detailed to rake up the sand and

smooth it over every morning—fifthly, to enquire who would take the oath, and go North, and abuse those who refused, which was every last man.

Sixthly, to abuse every man in his squad, by calling him a liar, a thief, a coward, a traitor, a rebel, and various other outrageous epithets. No one dare resist this impudence, on pain of being cuffed and taken out to be dealt with in another way.

Seventhly, to steal all they could from their helpless charge, and steal their scanty *reshuns*, after they had been administered to the prisoners.

Eighthly, to search every man's person and baggage, in order to ascertain whether any one had any contraband articles about himself or his baggage.

At the usual drum beats before alluded to, eight niggers came as orderly as a Brigadier General, and commanded, "fall in company," B, or A, or whatever it was. When all the company immediately took their places in rank, the refusal to do so would have procured for the offender, a nigger kick and cuff.

The company, after having gotten their places, were commanded to dress to the right by the side of a big, greasy, thick-lipped negro. After this was done, they were commanded to look steadily to the front, and take the position of a soldier.

Any insubordination on the part of a prisoner, or refusal to comply with *nigger* rules, was punished by *nigger* rule and authority, which was usually a good kicking and severe tousing.

After the line had taken its position, the roll was called by the nigger Sargeant, and then counted carefully over for fear that some one had escaped. The negro then took his place at the right, and all had to remain perfectly silent, awaiting the approach of the white officer, who presently made his appearance, wearing the visage of a villain or murderer.

At his approach, every one had to take the regular *posish* of a soldier, to receive *de wite gemmen wich goverd de culud gemmen*. He finally drew near and took a conspicuous place on the right, after which the colored *gemmen* on our right bowed gracefully in military style, and made his report.

If any thing chanced to be wrong, the *nigger* was fiercely answered by his white master, and this censure always foretold us of a fierce *nigger* reproof; for this always followed.

During the day we were frequently visited by the *culud gemmen*, who came only to call us liars, thieves, rogues, and other cowardly epithets, which could be used in their fiercest sense by brutal and ignorant negroes.

They frequently took care to examine our baggage, tents, clothes, blankets and persons, in order, they said, to ascertain whether we had any contraband articles, or whether there was any traitor who, by clandestine means, procured us such articles. But their real motive was to abuse the prisoners, to pilfer from them small articles, and their money, small papers, pictures, rings, &c.

This was also a means by which they humbled the pride of the prisoners, and poured out their *nigger*, or barbarous fury upon the "Southern nigger killers," as they termed them.

They searched at stated intervals under all the tents, to ascertain whether the prisoners were attempting to tunnel out by underground means, a device resorted to at Johnson's Island, Elmira, Fort Delaware, and other places, to effect an escape.

We were not permitted to collect in crowds of more than three, any where within the Pen, unless a Federal officer was in the crowd. The reason assigned for this inhuman and outrageous violation of the rules of society, Christianity, and military discipline, was, that when uncollected and scattered, we could not devise and mature plans to effect our escape.

So fearful were the cowardly villains that we would try to escape, that the guns of Wagner adjacent to the Pen were kept continually charged with deadly missiles, so that upon the shortest notice, they might be hurled in our midst. Battery Gregg was treated in a similar manner.

In addition to this, two batteries of field artillery were always at hand, and ready for action, and two regiments of negroes, numbering about eight hundred each, and also a battery of small guns in number sixty, was placed at the gate, on the outside wall, charged, and always ready for active service. These were the great precautions used to secure 550 wretched, starving prisoners.

When we collected in crowds of more than three, the nearest sentinel would cry out, "*spere dat crowd*," with all the malice and authority characteristic of the newly emancipated freedmen let loose from bondage and restraint, and now free to eject his nigger ignorance in every direction, and upon any one.

Immediately on receiving this order, the crowd would disperse without saying a word, whatever was the subject of discourse. A refusal to obey *de culud gemmen's* order, was followed by the discharge of a musket and the groans of a wounded prisoner—perhaps one who was lying wrapped in slumber in his tent—the ball missing the offender and finding an allodgment elsewhere.

Firing upon the prisoners was of frequent occurrence. The violation of rules which were petty and unnecessary, was the reason

assigned for the firing. The rules were made simple, that some one would disobey, and thereby be killed—for barbarous as they were, they did not like to shoot without some pretext, however small.

The rules were of such a character, that some one would be certain to disobey; and when a day passed without some insubordination, a new rule was immediately formed, so as to have a pretext for Sambo to shoot some starving prisoner.

And frequently rules were made and not given to the prisoners, and the first intimation to the offender of his offense, or of the existence of such a rule, was a salute from a Yankee ball.

We were not permitted to collect together in our tents. If a sentinel noticed any more than the inmates of a tent collecting together in the same, he would immediately fire into the tent. We were not suffered to talk loud, or halloo, or shout. If any one presumed upon this authority, he was immediately silenced by the *culud gemmen*.

Regarding this rule, there was perfect silence in the Pen—no talking, except in a low tone; no laughing, unless suppressed; no shouting to another at a distance; no enquiries about idle affairs; no noisy army talk, and especially quarreling.

Singing was not tolerated by *Sambo*, it being a violation *ob de wite gemmen's rule*. He punished it by shooting, or shooting at the offender. Thus singing, praying, preaching, and anything like worship was entirely denied these abominable *cusses* of Adam's race, confined in the *pine pole pen*, who had committed such a great national sin.

Fire was not permitted to come within the Pen—indeed it was not desirable except of a rainy or foggy morning when the sea-breeze was very chilling. When the sun shone, the heat was very burdensome, and almost intolerable. The sand frequently got so hot that it was impossible to walk upon it in bare feet.

In the morning, the atmosphere was pleasant, but directly after the rising of the sun, it became very hot and continued so till near midnight. On rainy and foggy mornings, the atmosphere was very chilly and exceedingly disagreeable, and as thinly and poorly clad as the prisoners were, they suffered from the chilly and damp atmosphere, but were in the proper dress for the heat.

The Yankees at no time gave to the prisoners any articles of clothing, bedding, or anything to shelter the person from observation, the chilling blast, or the burning rays of the sun.

At 9 o'clock every prisoner was required to go to bed. After that time no one was allowed to talk only in a whisper. If any one abused this privilege, as it was called, by talking aloud, he was instantly fired upon.

No one could leave his tent only for necessary purposes, and then was frequently fired upon. No one was allowed, during the night, to go out of his own street.

Many of the prisoners contracted severe and fatal diseases from their continued confinement, harsh treatment, and aggravated starving. The various changes of the atmosphere were also conducive to disease; and the insalubrity of the climate had an injurious effect upon those used to a more northern and regular climate and the comforts of home.

In cases of disease we received some medical attention. It was called such, but was in reality worse than none, and had an injurious effect upon the prisoners, and sometimes resulted in fearful consequences.

The medical attendant, styled a surgeon, was one of those vain, villainous, and inhuman northerners whose conduct is offensive to all honest men, and whose very countenance betrays the wicked and deceitful heart within the breast.

The professed *Medicus*—but in reality only a common citizen—would come to the *pen* every morning to examine the sick, as he said, but for no other purpose in reality, than to heap abuses upon them, and argue with them upon the impropriety and unreason of their course in defying the government of the United States.

After having abused the prisoners enough, he would frequently leave some pills, as he called them, which, upon close inspection, proved to be small lumps of dough. These were to be taken in small doses by the sick. These pills would have been very desirable, if they had been given several pounds at a time.

Our rations were given to us three times a day. They were in small quantities, as the following description will show: In the morning after roll-call, two greasy, thick-lipped *niggers* entered each street bearing a box containing *hard bread* or *crackers*, as they were generally called, or better known by the army phrase *hard tuck*.

These crackers were the small army crackers, being about three inches square, and one quarter inch thick. They were baked very hard, as all crackers are, and they had the appearance of having been manufactured for the campaign of 1776. They looked so antique.

They evidently were quite a number of years old from their old and musty appearance. They were covered with a fine quantity of very nice mould, which added greatly to their fine acid taste, and made them quite palatable to those who preferred sour and mouldy crackers.

In short, numbers of them were entirely rotten, and unfit for any use whatever, but the prisoners ate them greedily, and begged *for more*.

They appeared to be somewhat moth eaten, for they were full of large and small indentations, and bore strong evidence of having been accessible to some *rodentia* or gnawing animals, and certainly were visited much and frequently by them.

Some of the *rodentia* had taken up their continual abode in the crackers. They were found in large numbers, and quite corpulent. They were about one quarter inch long and less, and not very thick.

They had a white appearance, and *I believe were called maggots.*

Vast quantities of them and their eggs were contained in a single cracker. An attempt to dislodge them resulted in the complete annihilation of the cracker as a whole, and its entire loss to the owner, which, considering the circumstances, was a matter of no small consequence, but on the contrary, one of very great importance, and no one attempted to rid the cracker of the vermin, knowing the final result, but greedily devoured both.

Taking into consideration the fact that the crackers contained quantities of vermin, rust, mould, &c., and were very sour, and some entirely rotten, made it a scene of starving, even if they had been given in sufficient quantities to allay the pangs of hunger, and to satiate the longing appetite.

It has been stated that the crackers were given in the morning by the two niggers. They conveyed the box to the door of each tent, and cried aloud, *get your hard tack.* They then, with black, filthy hands, threw them into the tent as if throwing them to dogs. Three of these small crackers were given for one day.

This was not sufficient for more than half a meal, and the suffering on the account of the scarcity of food is indescribable. At twelve o'clock the same greasy niggers bore through each street and to each tent door a box of horse or mule meat, rotten, and, of course filthy, full of bugs and worms, and a variety of other filth. They gave the usual shout, *come and get your meat,* and then with black, greasy, filthy hands, they issued the meat *reshuns* to the starving and wretched six hundred. They stated that five ounces of meat were allowed for each prisoner, but he really only got about two ounces, and very frequently not that.

At four o'clock the same niggers came round with a camp kettle full of liquid called soup, though in reality only warm water in which beans or rice had been cooked. They proposed to give us bean or rice soup every day, and they certainly cooked the beans or rice, but when they were cooked, the *niggers* eat the beans and rice, and brought to us the water.

Thus our food consisted of three small crackers three inches square, one quarter inch thick, two ounces of meat, (mule or horse,) and half a pint of warm water imitation of soup. Thus we starved day after day and night after night. The rations were nearly enough for one meal. I usually ate it all at once, that was in the evening, and involuntarily fasted till the next.

Considering the smallness of our daily ration, it is not at all wonderful that we suffered the bitterest and most pinching hunger. The only wonder is, that we did not all starve to death in this horrible place.

But the hungry scenes of those wrathful days are indescribable, and any attempt to picture them in all their horrible magnitude and terrific grandeur, so as to do equal justice to the sufferers and their inhuman oppressors would be totally impossible with tongue or pen.

Yet we may draw inferences from them, and by narrating some of them, we may form some faint idea, and have some very remote conception of their dreadfulness. Try to imagine yourself, gentle

reader, deprived of all the comforts of home and friends, confined in some filthy pen, on some sandy and desolate Island, apart from white society, and knowing yourself to be at the mercy of some cannibals, then you may have a narrow idea of the wretched situation of the six hundred.

Again, imagine yourself abused and taunted by the ruthless foe, fired upon, and not being permitted to return a single retort for all their offences, and yourself poorly fed with but one scant meal a day, and that consisting of mouldy, rotten, wormy bread, and rotten mule meat, and warm water, then you can have some idea of the miseries of the starving six hundred.

Starvation and the bitter pangs of hunger were depicted in every countenance, were seen in every face, exhibited in every look, and heard on every side. Oh, there is no misery so dreadful, no sorrow so deep, no wretchedness so complete, no agony so much to be dreaded, as that of starving in the midst of plenty, only that the wrath of man may be satiated and his hated vengeance glutted. My body recoils and shudders when these agonizing scenes are forced upon my mind.

The prisoners grew familiar with hunger, cold, heat and misery. They submitted to their fate with that cheerfulness which is characteristic of the man whose conscience assures him that his course is right and just. They bore their suffering with great fortitude and manly energy.

The water given us to drink was of an inferior quality, procured from wells dug in the sand upon the beach. It was given in sufficient quantities, the only thing of which we can boast that we had enough. It was hauled inside on wagons, and left for use in tubs and barrels.

The inhabitants of Charleston sent to us by flag of truce a large quantity of provisions snugly boxed and nicely prepared for use. But Sambo must first have his share of them, and the remainder could not be given to us until one of the *white gemmen* was at leisure so he could inspect the distribution. By this time the sweet potatoes, of which there was a large quantity, were all mouldy and unfit for use. The cooked meat and bread was also spoiled. Thus we were deprived of the use of the provisions sent by the generous-hearted inhabitants of Charleston, to their suffering brethren on the dreary and sandy island called Morris'.

Vast numbers of shells were thrown every day from the Federal batteries to various points, and from different batteries. Gregg kept up an incessant fire day and night upon Sumpter and Moultrie. This fire drew a return from Moultrie, which was executed at long intervals, and only when something was to be accomplished by the action.

Wagner frequently threw shells at Moultrie in order to draw her fire, so that, falling short, it might fall amongst us. This was frequently the case, fragments of shells falling among the prisoners, and, indeed, on every side of the pen, yet no man was seriously injured by any explosion. But numbers of the niggers, and several of the *white gemmen*, were seriously wounded, and some were launched into the spirit world.

One shell thrown from Moultrie exploded immediately over us, but most of the fragments missed the pen, and killed a number of negroes composing the guard. Another one fell in Wagner and did not explode for some time afterward, but at the explosion killed a number of the garrison.

The guard were frequently driven from their posts by the Rebel shells, and numbers of them were frequently killed and wounded. Teamsters, and others, traveling about the Island, were frequently killed and wounded, and no day passed without the death of some Federal soldiers.

The gunners at Moultrie were so expert that they could kill Yankees on every side of us, and we be almost secure from danger. Yet it is to be wondered at that none were killed, considering the great amount of shelling done.

The Federals had a gun mounted at Wagner which invariably burst the shell immediately after leaving the gun. They sometimes used this gun to fire directly over our pen, pretending to be firing upon Sumpter, supposing that the fragments would kill some of the prisoners, but in this they failed, but frequently killed some of their sable sons of *Mars*, by experimenting upon Rebels.

It was a grand yet fearful sight to behold the shelling at night. The guns were three-hundred-pounder rifled pieces, and at every discharge produced a concussion which shook the sandy Island like the convulsive throes of an earthquake, and shook the entire frame from head to foot. Next was seen the fiery and death-bearing element springing from the guns with the velocity of a shadow, and by its projectile force soaring aloft into the smooth space above, a long fiery tail resembling that of a comet trailing behind.

It continued its course till being overpowered by the attracting power of the earth, and having lost its projectile energy, it began to descend rapidly. The nearer it approached its destiny the greater its velocity. When nearing the destined place, suddenly with the concussion of a thunderbolt it burst, and the fragments were heard singing the death knell on every side. Soon the groans of some poor wretch was heard who had been wounded, or the death shriek of some miserable creature who had found his eternal all.

Thus day after day and night after night we feasted our longing eyes with the grandeur of these death-bearing scenes, and filled our minds with the horrors attending the same. Our ears were constantly greeted with the roar of artillery, the concussion of shells, the groans of wounded, or the shrieks of the dying.

Oh, the misery of having the ear constantly filled with such doleful sounds, the misery, the horrible misery, the wretched agony of anticipating death at every moment! The battle-field was pleasure compared with this, for its scenes only lasted a few hours and only occurred a few times in a year; but here death from shells was a continual dread. The mind was continually filled with the horrible prospect of instant death, not only now and then, but every moment. Both day and night, there was no one moment that the mind was free from the dreadful thought.

Thus exposed to the continual shelling of the Confederate guns,

and also the Federal guns of Wagner, we lingered on from day to day. Also at the hands of our cruel guards we suffered every indignity and cruel punishment which could be inflicted upon us.

Pinched by the dreadful pains of hunger, we longed for death, and dreaded not to meet the monster. Every day we grew more wretched, and lost more of the traits and character of humans, and by continually abusing and being abused, we grew familiar with sin and wickedness in every shape.

Thus living on three crackers and two ounces of meat and some warm water, abused, fired upon, shelled, cursed, starved, and rendered miserable in every form, we lingered on for forty-five days in this horrible place, ere we were permitted to bid a final, and I hope an everlasting farewell to Morris' Island.

SECTION VI.

Voyage to Fort Pulaski—treatment there, &c.

After suffering the dreadful miseries and unsurpassable wretchedness of Morris' Island for forty-five days, another ineffectual effort was made for our exchange, but Gen. Jones remained firm as adamant, and would not swerve a hair from his first proposition.

The Federals failing in their Morris Island undertaking, determined to ship us to some other point; and preparations were immediately made for that purpose, but many poor and haggard faces that once had been fresh and blooming, looked vacantly upon the scene of our late suffering, and as we departed, heaped many a silent curse upon the miserable, desecrated, and never to be forgotten place.

We were marched in silence to the wharf. There were many faltering steps in that small body trudging toward the wharf, which had been in former days lively and free to act according to the dictates of the will and the wishes of the mind.

We took passage in an old seabeaten and dismasted schooner, which had to be towed by another vessel; and after a short, though somewhat pleasant voyage contrasted with the previous scene of misery and despair, we arrived in safety at Fort Pulaski. Nothing of interest occurred on our voyage, except the attempt of some of the prisoners to escape.

We were taken into custody by the Seventy-fourth N. Y. Volunteers. They were a nice body of fellows, and displayed most of the traits of gentlemen. They treated us with great respect, and offered no insults to our dignity or position. We appeared to enjoy our situation rather better than any we had since we left Fort Delaware.

The regiment was commanded by Col. Brown, a New Yorker of fine talents, and possessing all the characteristics of a gentleman of high honor and unblemished deportment. He used all his influence to make us comfortable, and yet we were very far from enjoying anything like comfort, pleasure or enjoyment.

Our provisions were given to us twice a day. They were in small quantities, yet the quality was good. They consisted of ba-

ker's bread and boilt meat of a good quality. They were issued by the hands of white men—quite a different feature from the Morris Island manner of distributing *reshuns*.

The bread and meat was about half enough to satisfy the cravings of the everlonging appetite—that is, they were just enough for one meal, and half enough for another. Yet this was a very great improvement upon the quantity at Morris' Island, and certainly an exceedingly great improvement upon the quality.

We were confined in the casemates of the fort, there being no preparations made for reception or comfort. The cold brick walls on every side and overhead made the situation more horrible than the Pen of Morris' Island. The damp bricks furnished a very uncomfortable bed, and hurried on the diseases which many of us had previously contracted, and produced the same in many who had, till then, been healthy.

Water was given in sufficient supplies, and other accommodation, were of very indifferent character. No fire was allowed within the casemates, and we suffered much from the chilliness and dampness of the atmosphere, and several died from its chilling effects.

Considering the scene as a whole, it was one full of misery, and fraught with wretchedness. The provisions were of a good quality, yet of a very inferior quantity, and the conduct of the officers and soldiers was very humane. Exclusive of these two improvements upon the character of the Morris Island treatment, the remainder was equally as miserable and horrible as the Morris Island treatment.

We remained at Fort Pulaski for some time, suffering the miseries and torments of Federal inhumanity, barbarity and cruelty. Indeed, the barbarity of these scenes scarcely has a parallel in the annals of human history.

SECTION VII.

Departure from Pulaski—voyage to Hilton Head, and treatment there.

After spending some time in the bleak, dismal, damp and sickly casemates of Pulaski, we were suddenly called together, and two hundred of us were selected from the others, that number being half—for we had dwindled down to four hundred—for some purpose unknown to us—the popular opinion was that we were to be exchanged.

So popular was this opinion, that many strong and robust men, with a magnanimity worthy of imitation, proffered their places to their weakly and sickly fellows, and many offered large sums of Confederate money to the select ones to procure their places, and we really supposed that the star of peace was rising, and that the sun of freedom was about to burst upon us and free us from the dominion of Yankees and negroes.

But we were destined to see and feel greater agonies and more deplorable miseries than any we had ever known, or ever for a moment fancied. We were to change quarters, and be placed again

under the dominion of a fierce, rigid, tyrannical and inhuman foe.

We took passage in a small steamer, and sailed from Pulaski to Hilton Head. Nothing of interest occurred on the voyage, and after a few hours of sailing we arrived at Hilton Head, where we were landed and placed in tents for two days.

At the expiration of this time we were removed to a square enclosure on the beach. This enclosure contained the barracks of the officers and privates, the cookhouses, hospital, guard house and general headquarters.

It contained several acres, and was square. The surface of the earth being entirely sand, there was no herbage of any kind inside. On the side next the beach were erected general headquarters, which consisted of several small, but neatly finished buildings, and elegantly furnished with the necessary furniture and fixings.

On the west side, the barracks for the privates extended from one end to the other, consisting of small but comfortable frame huts, and furnished with the necessary bunks, furniture, &c.

On the north and east sides there extended from one end to the other a high plank wall, hiding from the view the outside scenes, and rendering the inside inaccessible to outside intruders. Also the unoccupied spaces between the buildings on the south and west were filled with the same wall.

There was but one entrance to this *Feudal castle*, which was a large gate on the east, rigidly guarded. Near the centre was the guard house, a commodious and comfortable structure for the convenience of the guard, both black and white. Near the guard house was the *reshun* house into which the meat and bread *reshuns* were conveyed in a small, filthy, dungy, and miserable cart, the bread partaking of the filth of the cart.

To this building crowded every day at noon a promiscuous crowd such as the sun scarcely ever shines upon; niggers dumb as mules; niggers wiser, niggers citizens, niggers soldiers, mulattoes, half whites, oath-takers, white citizens, white soldiers, white women given up to wretchedness and abandoned to misery, nigger women, dirty, mean, filthy, ragged and wretched; this was the crowd.

Near the east side was the building for the reception of a part of this promiscuous and unsightly crowd. It was a long, wide and high building constructed of plank, and in every way made comfortable and delightful to its occupants.

Near the angle formed by the union of the north and west sides we were situated. We were situated in two buildings, surrounded on three sides by sentinels, and on the fourth by the wall of plank on the north side of the enclosure. Our pen enclosed the cooking and *reshun* house for the hospital, but no rations were served up within its portals for the starving two hundred unless they were about to die, when they were carried to the hospital.

We were placed in two similar buildings, one hundred in each. These buildings were built of plank placed one against another, and of course affording light and plenty of fresh air through the openings between the planks. They had been originally erected for the use of military convicts of the *Yankee* army, and had never been de-

signed for the use of white men, but only lawless and miserable negroes, for whom they only served as a place of torment. They would have been cool and pleasant in summer, but in winter admitted all the terrors of the cold and freezing atmosphere.

They were probably seventy or eighty feet long, and were wide enough to admit an aisle of several feet in the centre, with bunks on each side. The bunks were enclosed on every side by upright planks, thus being formed in small squares with bunks one above another. Each door was so fixed as to be locked if necessary. The entrance to the aisles was closed by two large gates kept securely locked every night.

In the daytime twenty persons were allowed to go out at a time. Then when one went in another could go out, so only twenty remained out at once. The roll was called three times a day. We were formed in front of the building, and as each man's name was called he was required to go into the building.

The hospital was situated in the upper story of one of the buildings, and there were crowded together both *yanks* and *rebs*, but no *Confed* could get a place unless almost dead, and generally sure to die after getting there. Of course the hospital was well furnished.

The General commanding the department kept his headquarters here. Thompson, the post commander, was posted here. He was one of those cowardly, villainous, and cannibal Yankees which we so frequently found during our sufferings. He possessed all the cruelty, barbarity and inhumanity which a man or beast could have. A Lieut. Griffin, holding some position, was a very nice fellow, possessing the qualities of a soldier, Christian and gentleman.

Among the guard was but one *nigger*, and he was sensible, rational and humane, having been born and raised in a Christian family in S. Carolina. The remainder of the guard were white, and excepting one, were men of good principles, and treated us with the respect due our rank and situation. We suffered but few indignities from the guard or officers, except Thompson, who heaped insults, meanness, abuses and curses upon us, and did everything in his power to render us miserable and wretched. The negroes, (outsiders), abused and cursed us at a fearful rate.

The negroes and others would come in and commence arguments with us purposely to curse and abuse us. Negroes were hired to come and abuse us. Private citizens, sailors, ministers, doctors and hospital and marine officers did all in their power to abuse and curse us.

We were frequently visited by officers, sailors, marines, soldiers, niggers, citizens, nigger women, northern men, doctors, ministers, northern women, Yankee school-marms, white men married to nigger women, and white women married to niggers. Each one of these classes would try to persuade us at first to take the oath, and be freed from prison. Failing in this, they would try to argue us out of the reasonableness of our cause, and of the wickedness of fighting against the old flag.

Neither of these having the desired effect, they would heap upon us hundreds of anathemas, a multitude of abuses, and plenty of indigni-

ties—tantalize us and call us names, and hope that the government would hang us all.

Ministers, instead of warning us to flee the wrath to come, said, take the oath; how wrong to fight against the old flag. In fact, these were the words used by all, not only ministers, but doctors, soldiers, sailors, women, niggers and all.

We were frequently greeted by the sight of some *May Flower* man, (Puritan), leading round by his side, and *under his wing*, one of the sable daughters of Africa, black, thick-lipped, pitchy huzzy. We thought he had a fine odoriferous scent, and loved to regale his olfactory organs on the smell of Africa or her sable daughters.

On some occasions white women of rare beauty were seen led by the arm of a large, ugly, thick-lipped, greasy buck negro. We frequently thought she had a fine stomach, and could relish almost anything. Sometimes they would kiss their negro sponse in our presence to show us their sincerity, and also to taunt us by such conduct. Sometimes the childred were seen half-and-half. Such were some of the negro scenes, or the result of amalgamation.

We were not obliged to suffer here for water, as we had longed for that indispensable article in the boat. Water was quite abundant here. There was a large well inside the enclosure, to which we could go and satiate the thirsty appetite. These wells were dug in the sand, and were nothing but sea water drained through the sand until partially relieved from the salt it became fit for use.

The next subject of which we will treat will be that of food; for here our treatment in that respect far exceeded in cruelty any we had hitherto experienced. Indeed we had imagined that the cup of human sufferings could not be fuller, and that the soul was susceptible of no greater miseries than those which we had previously felt.

But we were destined to a more cruel and miserable doom than we could have imagined, and to greater sufferings than we had ever before known or felt. The soul can have no conception, the imagination no idea, or the fancy picture no portrait of the miseries we endured.

The mind, the fancy, and all the powers of the soul fail to convey any idea of the wretchedness of the scene. The pen and the tongue lag behind in giving a description of the horrors of those days, and it is impossible upon paper, or in conversation to give any unbiassed mind any idea of the horrid miseries of the place.

For two days after our arrival we were about half fed on pork and baker's bread; at the expiration of these two days we were put upon the regular diet, or the diet of retaliation, as it was called, had better been named the bread of sorrow, tears and affliction.

Our rations were given to us every morning. They consisted of cornmeal alone, without either salt, meat, or vegetables of any kind, dry cornmeal. It might have served a good purpose had it been given in sufficient quantities and been suitable for use, or in any way fit for dogs; but it was neither suitable for use nor the quantity sufficient.

The cornmeal had been ground for two years, as appeared from the brand on the barrels, and in this time had become quite stale, so much so that it was both sour and bitter, and to such a great degree did it

possess these qualities, that to a stomach not wholly given up to hunger and starvation, it would not have been in any ways eatable.

It is not probable that the most voracious of dogs would have eaten it except in cases of extreme hunger and a near approach to starvation. We had to approach a state near to actual starvation before we could relish the sour and bitter cornmeal.

It did not only possess the disagreeable and unrelishable tastes of sourness and bitterness, but those of rottonness, mouldiness, mustiness, and a strong and exceedingly offensive smell, and added to this were great quantities of small worms, with the thousands of eggs, dirt, filth, and other bad qualities.

This old, rotten, dirty, musty, stinking, wormy, and worm-eaten meal furnished food for us during our stay at Hilton Head; and it must be remembered that this meal alone was our diet, without salt, meat, or vegetables—cornmeal alone.

We received, as the Quartermaster stated, according to government rules, half rations, which would have been ten ounces, but we received in reality only six, and sometimes only four, and less, and this had to satiate the appetite for twenty-four hours. It was just bread enough for one meal, if there had been meat, and the bread been a good quality.

But considering the quantity and quality of the meal, it was horrible indeed, to be confined with no other article of food but this, and only six ounces of it to satisfy an appetite for twenty-four hours; and then the sour and bitter taste, with the offensive smell, the rotten, musty, and mouldy quality, and the abundance of worms and their deposits! It was horribly outrageous that humans, in a land of plenty, should be forced by civilized beings, to live on spoilt cornmeal and worms, and their deposits.

We generally preferred our food in the morning, and dispatched it with the greediness of a shark, and involuntarily and necessarily fasted until the next morning. The meal was given raw and unbaked, and no utensils or cooking vessels of any kind were given us in which we might prepare our food, and a reasonable conclusion would be, that prisoners had no cooking vessels.

A very small number of the prisoners, perhaps a dozen, had some money which had been sent to them by their friends. With this they procured small frying pans for themselves, which answered to them the purpose of baking their meal; but the large number who had no money, of course could procure no frying pan, and had no vessel for cooking purposes. Some borrowed from others who had pans and were not using them, but the small number of pans would not supply all the prisoners, and they were not common property. Having been bought by a few, they were, of course, their property. Those who had none, managed, as I have said, to borrow. Those who could not borrow boiled their meal in a cup or mug, or any thing they had or could get. But few of these could be had, and a vast number were left without either a baking or cooking vessel, and were forced to eat their meal like brutes, raw and dry.

Considering the quality and quantity of the meal, and the absence of cooking vessels, it is no wonder we suffered all the horrible agony of

hunger, despair, and wretchedness. Yet we were forced to comply with the strictures of Yankee rule, and the words of the brutish Thompson were law, and he had only to command, and it was done.

For the purpose of cooking our rations we were furnished a small supply of wood. This was green pine or live oak in quality, and the quantity entirely insufficient to cook our scanty rations. When the wood was exhausted we dispatched our meal raw. Dry, raw, rotten, worm-eaten, musty and mouldy cornmeal.

We chopped our wood into small fibres or chips, and built little fires on the sand, resembling those built by children in their innocent play; but this was the best we could do, for if we attempted to build a large fire, our stock for several days would have been exhausted at once.

The weather was exceedingly cold, so freezing cold, that many of the prisoners froze their feet, hands and ears, and some other parts of the body. It must be remembered that the season of the year was mid winter, and though we were in South Carolina, we were upon the beach, and so near the ocean, that we received the benefit of all the chilling winter blasts which constantly pervade the ocean.

The chilling winds here were the fiercest I ever felt, and fiercer than those of Virginia. It must also be kept in mind that the house in which we were confined was so open as to admit large quantities of these chilling and freezing blasts; added to this, numbers had scarcely clothing enough to cover their naked body; some had no hats; others no shoes, and but few had coats or shirts; and scarcely a man had a good suit, and none had a full suit.

In addition to the mid-winter, the freezing air, the cold apartment, and the loss of clothing, but three or four had any blankets sufficient to protect them from the terrors of the cold while they reposed in the arms of slumber, and besides all this, we had not a spark of fire in the house. No fire was allowed in the building, and out of doors our small cooking fires afforded no heat whatever.

It is not at all wonderful that we suffered all the wretchedness of despair, and the anguish of misery, while freezing in a land flowing with milk and honey. The chilling blast, the freezing house, the loss of clothes, the want of blankets, and the absence of fire, made our habitation one of the deepest agony and the most wretched horror. It indeed seemed that we were deserted by God and man, and had been given over to demons and devils to be tormented.

Many men, in order to keep from freezing, trudged the floor at short intervals from morning to night, and from night until morning. This had to be resorted to in many cases to keep from freezing. The feet were cold for many days and nights together.

Disease spread among us at a fearful rate. The dry cornmeal, without meat or vegetables, produced both chronic diarrhœa and scurvy. The scurvy spread among us fearfully—I being the only man who did not have the wretched disease. Several died, others were carried to the hospital, and being poorly cared for, lingered for days together, suffering the excruciating pains of scurvy. Others were rendered cripples or invalids for life by the ravages of scurvy, and scarcely one who had the disease ever fairly recovered, but was in sytem more or less

disorganized by the diarrhoea and dysentery. There being but little medical treatment, and that of the most indifferent quality, and administered by one wholly ignorant of the science, made the scene more horrid.

Chronic diarrhoea spread among us like a contagion, and, seizing many a victim, dragged him to a premature grave; and many lingered long upon the verge of the grave, and finally dropped in.

The extreme cold hurried upon many the fearful diseases of fever, pneumonia, &c., and these sent destruction in our midst, and thinned our ranks with a fearful abruptness. The cold also caused the return of rheumatism to those who had been previously its subjects, and it also initiated many new members into its horrid and undesirable order.

A prisoner had to be nearly dead before he could have a place in a hospital, and after his reception there, was scarcely cared for, but was misused and cruelly treated and insulted in a manner that made a man abhor the hospital more than the rough fare of the camp.

Many prisoners attempted to make their escape, but none succeeded, from the impracticability of crossing the stream. Col. Manning and others succeeded in escaping from the quarters, and getting clear of the guard, but while preparing to cross the stream, were caught by negroes and blood-hounds. They were returned to the prison, and placed in a dungeon.

Many ineffectual efforts were made by different ones, at various places, and on several occasions, to escape the dominion of Yankees; but all these attempts failed, and only procured for the offender some species of humiliating and dire punishment.

About the time of the fall of McAllister, the troops were all withdrawn from Hilton Head except two companies of Infantry and thirty Cavalry. The Infantry were all present at every roll call. The Cavalry guarded the bridge leading from Hilton Head to the main land. On the opposite side of the bridge were the confederate pickets.

Many fleet steamers, men of war, ironclads, &c., were at anchor in the harbor. The mariners and seamen, except small guards, were on shore at the mariners' inn. We intended to avail ourselves of this opportunity to escape, by seizing and overpowering the Infantry at roll call, and proceeding to the Fort to destroy the guns and munitions of war there, and by taking advantage of the seamen and mariners, (we being armed and they not,) to proceed to the fleet, and fire the whole amount of shipping in the harbor, and secure the sailors, soldiers, &c., as prisoners, burn the town and capture the Cavalry by stratagem, and cross in safety to the Confederate lines.

All this might, and, no doubt, would have been accomplished, had not some of the prisoners informed the Yankees of our design. Col. Manning and myself had been entrusted with the planning and executing of the work, and all had gone well up to the very afternoon on which we were to execute our well matured plans, when all were thwarted by the traitorism of some one unworthy to live, and not fit to die.

Frequent rows occurred between the saucy negroes and domineering officers who attempted to force any terms upon us, and to destroy for

ourselves our own self-respect. They heaped curses, indignities, and insults upon us profusely, without any regard to feeling, character, or position.

Our eyes frequently beheld the terrible and sickening sight of white men with black wives, and black men with white ones; black mothers with white children, white mothers with black ones. Seventy polished school-marms came down from New England to teach the contrabands, and in seven or eight months from their ingress they were compelled to return home, (most of them), and procure cradles and nurses to foster their *niggie babies*.

It is a physiological fact that negroes mature earlier than whites, and that men become virile or mature earlier in warm countries than in cold ones. This may in some measure account for the misfortune of these ladies; supposing the same laws to govern virility in the sunny climes of the South, as in the bleak and dreary wilds of New England, and thus too far trusted the youth of the negroes.

Before closing this section I would again advert to the suffering occasioned by the deficiency of food, though there is no mortal tongue that can do justice to the subject, or no writer who can faithfully and vividly portray the wretchedness of the scene, yet there may be some inference drawn from a slight attempt at description, enough to give a faint glimmer of the inexpressible and horrid suffering of the miserable *rebs*.

On first taking up our residence at the convict houses rats abounded in great quantities, but they soon disappeared, being caught and rapaciously devoured by the starving prisoners. It was thought a streak of the finest fortune to be so lucky as to procure a small rat. Though horrible to the thoughts of men in good society, and decidedly offensive to the taste, they made a savory meal, and as much desired as a dainty meal at home.

Rats were not desired because they were so palatable, but merely to quench the pangs of hunger. Cats played around the prison on our first going there, but they were soon slain, and eaten with the same avidity as if they were fine beef. They were not eaten because they were good, but only to satiate the craving appetite.

Dogs were greedily devoured by the starving mass. The Yankees, in passing through the prison yard from the kitchen to the hospital, sometimes dropped a piece of bread or a crust, which was immediately dirtied, soiled, and unfit for dogs, but it was seized and eaten by the starving prisoner.

The Federals kept a tub at the kitchen, in which they poured their dirty water, cooking scraps, greasy, filthy dishwater, and other filth of the kitchen. Prisoners frequented it often, drank the filthy water, and hooked out the small fragments they found in it, and ate them with great pleasure. Bones and other fragments thrown from the kitchen to the dogs were eaten by the prisoners.

Oh! the horrid misery of suffering day after day from the pangs of hunger and misery! thinking, wishing, talking, hoping, wondering, and dreaming about something to eat! No heart can conceive the misery of such a scene, only those which have experienced it.

My whole frame recoils, and a thrill of misery runs through me when my mind forces upon me the recollection of those horrid miseries. I dread to think of, or for a moment contemplate the dire misery and dreadful agony of the scene. I shudder to dream of those fierce moments, when, from morning till night and from night till morning I only thought of something to stop the craving appetite and free me from the dominion of starvation, and the dreadful anguish of continued hunger.

What has been said of us at Hilton Head may be said of those who were left at Fort Pulaski. They remained in the Fort, and fed upon the same rations of cornmeal, the same quantity and quality, suffered the same cold air, and all the pain, sorrow, anguish and torment we did, which has no parallel in the history of the rebellion or of any war on the American Continent.

SECTION VIII.

DEPARTURE FROM HILTON HEAD—VOYAGE TO FORT DELAWARE.

After we had endured the horrible miseries and fierce agonies of the dreadful, horrid, and inhuman scene at Hilton Head for sixty days, it was suddenly announced that we were to be exchanged; and having learned this to be a fact, we caused the old prison, the domicile of our dreadful agony, to ring with shouts of joy.

We were paraded and marched to headquarters, where we were asked where we wanted to go, to Richmond or to New York. To go to Richmond was to be exchanged; to go to New York required a renunciation of our principles, and a subscribing to the amnesty or allegiance oath of the United States, and, strange to say, three traitors were found among us who preferred the fame of a Benedict Arnold to that of a Brutus of Rome.

After knowing our wishes they marched to the wharf, and crowded us into the hold of the Illinois, a steamship of vast dimensions, and capable of receiving many persons. The prisoners confined at Pulaski, after having gone through the same ordeal, joined us in the same boat.

We were to have been exchanged at Charleston, but the fall of that place prevented the consummation; so we sailed at once for Fortress Monroe. Some preparations had been made for the weakest and sickliest of the prisoners, and this number was more than half.

Several died on the voyage, and much sickness prevailed on account of the roughness of the sea. The weather was very disagreeable, and we suffered greatly from the fierce winds, cold weather, and the rocking of the boat. The sea was very rough, winds very high, and thus made the voyage unpleasant.

After three days we arrived at Fortress Monroe, and anchored in Hampton Roads between Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps. Here we remained for two days in great suspense, hoping we would be exchanged, and regaling our minds with the healthy hope that we would soon get home, or at least upon our own native shore.

At the expiration of two days we set sail for the mouth of the

James, but grounded opposite Old Point Comfort. We remained here till morning, and having become unbarred by the rising tide, continued our course, but steered up the Elizabeth river to Norfolk.

We remained at Norfolk one day and night to take in coal and water, during which time Capt. Harris attempted to effect his escape but failed. The boat being re-fraited with coal and water, sailed down the river, entered the Roads and anchored. She remained here over night.

We now regaled our credulous minds with the happy thought that next morning we would go to *dirie*, but imagine our pain and dejection, mortification and misery, to see the boat turn her head and steam off towards the ocean, and as we passed the picket boat the cry was, who are you, what is your freight, where are you bound? The answer was, The Illinois, loaded with prisoners, bound to Fort Delaware.

Oh! the misery, the horror, wretchedness, despair, agony and woe depicted in every countenance on the reception of this startling and appalling information! Doomed again to the torments of prison, the miseries of oppression, and the horrid agony of suffering. We had fed our hopes upon the cheering and regaling thought that we would soon be free from all the horrors, miseries and wretchedness of prison life.

But alas, we were doomed, for many long months, to enjoy the abuse and meanness of Yankees, and all the horrid torments of prison. The stroke was too great for some of the weakest of the prisoners, who immediately expired upon the reception of the news.

After some days sailing, we arrived safely at Fort Delaware, and were again housed in our old rooms, in the same prison, from which we had gone some months ago. But oh, how changed were our faces, our countenances, and our whole frame. We exhibited the appearance of having been treated with extreme cruelty and excessive horror. Our comrades scarcely knew us, so changed were our features, and so haggard were our countenances. Our number, too, was changed from what it had been, for we now only numbered one-third we had at first. Many of us had diseases from which we never recovered. Some died in a short time, some lived longer, and some linger invalids still.

SECTION IX.

GENERAL REMARKS.

When we consider the sufferings and misery of the six hundred, we are led to wonder how any of them survived the horrors of the scene, the sufferings, abuse, and torment of the voyage down South; the suffering for eighteen days in the boat, for want of water and fresh air.

The suffering, torments, and abuse of forty-five days at Morris' Island for want of every thing that was good, right, just, honorable or comfortable. The horrors of Fort Pulaski, and the wretched and inexpressible agony of Hilton Head for more than sixty days, suffering all the horrors of hunger, pain, cold, and torment.

There is no human heart can conceive the miseries of the last scene, and no one who did not experience them would believe them if they were portrayed in a plain manner, which is impossible to do. No

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 pen or tongue can give more than a glimpse of the fearful and horrid magnitude, and the extent of suffering experienced by the six hundred at Hilton Head, or the remnant of them.

The prisoners frequently tried to escape while we lay in the boat the 18 days. Col. Wolfalk of Kentucky and Capt. Ellison of Ala., escaped. Several other attempts were made, but unsuccessful. At Morris' Island some ineffectual attempts were again made. While going to Pulaski and at Pulaski attempts were again made, but to no purpose.

Col. manning and others attempted to escape at Hilton Head, but failed. They were hunted by negroes and blood hounds. The whole number would have escaped from there on one occasion if it had not been for traitors, which has been related.

Large numbers of the prisoners suffered greatly at every point, from disease contracted from our extreme sufferings. They were such as diarrhœa, rheumatism, pneumonia, fever, &c. These diseases hurried many poor fellows off to a premature grave.

I attempted to keep a correct list of those who died; but from various circumstances, could not; and as I cannot give all the names, I will withhold those known to have died.

Five of the number took the oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam, and were thus freed from the aching pains and fierce agonies of prison, but they had suffered almost all before they swallowed the *pup*, as it was called. I am in possession of the names, but forbear their publication.

Some of the prisoners being cripples, and sick men, were sent from Hilton Head after the sufferings in the Boat, to Beaufort, where they remained during our stay in the South. Their suffering were very great, but inferior to ours, and they were not under fire at Morris' Island. They no doubt suffered all the meanness Yankees could heap upon them.

They, or a part of them were finally exchanged. Some of the general class of prisoners were exchanged, but the number is unknown to the writer, but did not exceed 25, a small per cent. of the whole.

The following is a correct list of those not under fire at Morris' Island, though at Beaufort they suffered all the miseries possible, as well as we who were at Morris' Island. Some few of them were exchanged, some died, and others were returned to Fort Delaware:

E. Rice, A. A. Swindler, E. Carter, E. D. Camden, R. S. Elam, J. D. Fitzgerald, G. Hopkins, W. T. Johnson, C. D. Chaddock, C. K. Darricott, N. A. Haskins, G. P. Chalkley, L. C. Leftwich, G. B. Long—Virginians. R. W. Atkinson, A. S. Critcher, A. A. Cathy, J. C. Gorham, J. H. Gibbert, E. W. Dorsey, R. A. Glenn—North Carolinians. A. W. Burt, J. M. Baughman—South Carolinians. J. S. Greer—Georgian. J. Collins—Florida. J. D. Meadows, W. N. Cidyrd. W. H. Biddell—Alabama. L. Fontaine, A. H. Farrar—Mississippi. W. E. O'Riley, J. Martin, S. H. May—Louisiana. W. A. Ferring, H. L. W. Johnson, J. W. Greer, W. B. Burnett, M. S. Bradford—Arkansas. J. M. Cask—Tennessee.

That portion of the prisoners who remained at Fort Pulaski suffered equally as much for food, from cold, sickness, pain, and other causes, as those did who were at Hilton Head. In every respect their sufferings were about equal.

Arriving at Fort Delaware ended all the miseries of the Southern prison related in this book, which can be attested to by the united evidence of the survivors of these miserable outrages.

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