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1882

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877.—WHOLE No. 55. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882. NEW SERIES.—VOL. II, No. 3.

BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.

CAPTURE AND OCCUPATION OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

Concentration of the Coast Division and Fleet of Vessels at Annapolis, Md.—Benderson at Fortress Monroe—Perilous Voyage to Hatteras Inlet—A Fort-night of Terrific Gales—Capture of Roanoke Island, New Berne, and Beaufort, After Some Hard Fighting.

[From the personal narrative of Major-General Burnside, read before the Rhode Island Soldiers and Sailors' Historical Society.]

The Soldiers and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island publish in neat pamphlet form the papers relating to events in the war of the rebellion read before the society. These are personal narratives or events described by eye-witnesses, and are published by N. Bangs Williams & Co., of Providence.

As Little Rhody distributed her regiments through the various armies, it fell to the lot of Rhode Island soldiers to participate in many of the most important campaigns of the civil war. One of the earliest and most important in which they were engaged is that described in No. 6, second series of the "Personal Narratives."

General Burnside was appointed brigadier-general on the 6th of August, 1861, and on the 23d of the following October orders were issued for the organization of troops at Annapolis, where they were to embark in a fleet of vessels for operations on the coast of North Carolina. After many vexatious delays, a sufficient number of light-draught vessels were collected in New York harbor, whence they were ordered to rendezvous at Annapolis, and on the 4th of January, '62, orders were promulgated for embarkation.

COMMANDERS SELECTED.

General Burnside selected as commanders of the three brigades into which his command was divided three of his West Point classmates and trusted friends, Generals G. Foster, J. L. Reno, and J. G. Parke. The destination of the expedition was Hatteras Inlet, where operations would be extended to the inland waters of North Carolina.

The troops commenced embarking on the 5th of January, and on the morning of the 8th the last regiment, the Sixth New Hampshire, marched down to the wharf from the Academy grounds and aboard the transport awaiting it.

The scene in the harbor was inspiring. Bands were playing, steam whistles screaming, soldiers cheering, flags waving, and on the following morning the fleet of eighty vessels dropped down the bay with orders to rendezvous at Fortress Monroe, where they all arrived on the night of the 10th.

SECRET ORDERS.

General Burnside alone of all the officers knew the destination of the fleet. Sealed orders were given to the commander of each vessel to be opened at sea. Great anxiety was expressed at Washington to know the destination of the expedition, and such was the unseaworthiness of many vessels of the fleet that disaster was predicted by nautical men. But the secret was jealously guarded. A statesman high in authority approached President Lincoln and almost demanded to know whether the fleet was bound. After exacting a promise of secrecy the President informed him that the expedition was "going to sea." The fleet sailed on the night of the 11th. General Burnside, moved by the criticisms that had been freely indulged in upon the unseaworthiness of the vessels, left his quarters on board the large steamer *George Peabody* and took passage on the propeller *Pickett*, one of the smallest vessels of the fleet.

INTREPIDITY OF BURNSIDE.

The headquarters flag was saluted with a cheer by the men, who highly appreciated this practical evidence of the faith of their commander in the adaptability of the vessels to the work assigned them. Their weakness was well known to the intrepid General, but they were the best that could be procured, and although he could not foresee the storm by which they were overtaken, his orders to proceed were imperative, and it was necessary that the service should be performed even if some of the vessels went to the bottom. A voyage of two nights and a day through a terrible storm, in which the smaller vessels were tossed about, the playthings of the mighty waves which constantly threatened to engulf them, brought the advance vessels of the fleet to Hatteras Inlet, where they were met by a tugboat sent out to pilot them over the bar. The *Pickett* led the way, and bravely fought the waves until she was safely anchored inside the harbor. Vessel after vessel followed in her wake, and during the day most of the fleet were safely riding at anchor inside the bar. The propeller *City of New York*, laden with army supplies, grounded outside the bar and proved a total loss. Her officers and crew clung to the rigging until next day, when they were rescued by surf-boats sent to their assistance. Such of the vessels as were of too heavy draught to pass over the bar anchored under the cape. The only lives lost during the voyage were Colonel Allen and Sergeant Miller, of the Ninth New Jersey, who visited General Burnside from one of the vessels anchored outside. On their return the boat was swamped and they were drowned. The ship *Poconant*, with 100 horses on board, and the gunboat *Zouave* were both sunk after reaching the inlet, but no lives were lost.

A TERRIFIC GALE.

From the 14th until the 20th a terrific gale of wind prevailed. Many vessels

dragged their anchors and grounded on the swash and bar. Collisions were of daily occurrence, causing great damage to the fleet, and at times a general disaster appeared imminent. The coal and water vessels, being unable to cross the bar, put to sea for safety, scarcity of water prevailed, and signals of distress floated from many of the transports. General Burnside says in his narrative:

"On one of these dreary days I for a time gave up all hope, and walked to the bow of the vessel that I might be alone. Soon after, a small, black cloud appeared in the angry gray sky, just above the horizon, and very soon spread so as to cover the entire canopy; and in a few moments after, a most copious fall of rain came to our relief. Signals were given to spread sails to catch the water, and in a short time an abundance was secured for the entire fleet. I was at once cheered up, but very much ashamed of the distrust which I had allowed to get the master of me."

DEEPENING THE CHANNEL.

The General's account of the method of deepening the channel from the inlet into Pamlico Sound is quite interesting. He says:

"We had been led to believe that there were eight feet of water upon the swash, but when we arrived we discovered to our sorrow that there were but six feet; and as most of our vessels, as well as the vessels of the naval fleet which we found at Hatteras Inlet on our arrival, drew more water than that, it was necessary to deepen the channel by some process. The current was very swift upon the swash, which circumstance proved to be much in our favor. Large vessels were used in going ahead, under full steam, on the bar when the tide was running out, and then anchors were carried out by boats in advance, so as to hold the vessels in position. The swift current would wash the sand from under them and allow them to float, after which they were driven further on by steam and anchored again, when the sand would again wash out from under them, and so on the process was continued for days, until a broad channel of over eight feet was made, deep enough to allow the passage of the fleet into the sound."

"On the 26th one of our largest steamers got safely over the swash and anchored in the sound, where some of the gunboats had preceded them. By the 4th of February the entire fleet had anchored and had passed into the sound, and orders were given for the advance on Roanoke Island. Detailed instructions were given for the landing of the troops and the mode of attack."

THE START.

"At an early hour on the morning of the 5th the start was made. The naval vessels, under Commodore Goldsborough, were in advance and on the flanks. The sailing vessels containing troops were taken in tow by steamers. There were in all sixty-five vessels. The fleet presented a most imposing appearance as they started up the sound. The day was most beautiful, and the sail was enjoyed beyond measure by the soldiers, who had been so long penned up in the desolate inlet. At sundown signal was given to come to anchor within ten miles of Roanoke Island. At eight o'clock the next morning the signal to weigh anchor was given, but our progress was very much retarded by a gale that sprung up, so we anchored, but very little in advance of our position of the night before. During that night all lights were carefully concealed. The naval vessels were well out in advance to protect the transports from the inroads of the rebel gunboats."

THE ATTACK.

"On the morning of the 7th the gunboats passed inside the narrow passage known as Roanoke Inlet, and were soon abreast of the lower part of Roanoke Island. Soon after the naval fleet had passed through, the transport fleet began its passage. The rebel gunboats were seen close inshore under the batteries of the island. At half-past ten o'clock a signal gun was fired from one of the forts announcing our approach. At half-past eleven, one of the naval vessels opened fire, which was replied to by the rebels. Signals were given by the commodore of the fleet to begin the action, and by noon the firing became rapid, and soon after the engagement became general. The rebels had driven a line of piles across the main channel to obstruct the progress of our vessels, leaving a narrow space for them to retreat through, and as our naval vessels pressed them they availed themselves of this means of safety. Our guns soon got the range of their batteries, and by most extraordinary skill and rapidity of firing, almost silenced them. I ordered a reconnaissance just before noon, by a small boat, with a view of ascertaining a point of landing. A young negro, who had escaped from the island on our arrival at Hatteras Inlet, had given me most valuable information as to the nature of the shore of the island, from which I had determined that our point of landing would be at Ashby's Harbor, which was nearly midway up the shore. The reconnoitering party was accompanied by this young negro, and all that he had told us proved to be correct, so that I directed the landing to be made there."

"At one o'clock the quarters of the garrison in one of the forts were fired by one of our shells. The rebel gunboats retired up the sound, but still continued a brisk fire as they were followed by our vessels. Orders were given for the troops to land at three o'clock. The ground in the rear of Ashby's Harbor was cleared by shells from the naval vessels, and our large surf-boats were lowered, rapidly filled with troops and towed up in long lines by light-draught vessels until they came near to the shore of the harbor, when each of the surf-boats was cut loose and steered for the shore. There was no obstruction to their landing. In less than

an hour four thousand troops were ashore, and before midnight the entire force was landed, with the exception of one regiment, which was landed on the morning of the 8th."

CAPTURE OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

On the morning of the 8th of February the advance was ordered. Gen. Foster in advance in the centre, Parke on the right, and Reno on the left.

In their front lay a marsh, across which a causeway had been built, at the end of which, a mile and a half from Ashby's Harbor, a fort stood flanked by marshes on either side. Foster pressed on in front, Reno and Parke led their men waist deep in mud around the left and right through almost impenetrable thickets, and the work was covered by a simultaneous assault, when the entire garrison surrounded it. Little Kil came around to our regiment and told us we were in a tight place, but we must cut our way out at all hazards. We did not cut our way out, but at the expense of one hundred and forty men in less than half an hour. Such business as that was not calculated to make us love him; but the first thing we knew he would do such a gallant thing that we would all be in love with him again."

"What's that story about Kilpatrick's cutting down a rebel major?"

"Well, he slashed him, that's certain. It was at that Brandy Station cavalry fight. It was one of the sharpest cavalry fights we had in the Army of the Potomac. I never saw Kilpatrick go at them with such fierceness. In one of the rebel regiments there was a Major Brown, who was at West Point when Kilpatrick was there. They were bitter enemies, and had had several knock-downs while at the academy. At that Brandy Station fight Kilpatrick caught sight of Brown and with drawn sabre made for him. Brown saw him coming, drew his revolver and shot at him, but missed, and then, drawing his sword, moved to meet his old adversary. As they met, the business commenced. Both men fought like very tigers at bay. Brown gave Kilpatrick a slight cut on the arm, but instead of disheartening him it seemed to have made him more tigerish, and he put in a cut which made Brown reel, and then he was hit a slashing cut which killed him. Kilpatrick rode back to his brigade and said: 'That rights a wrong. I have tried to meet him ever since the war commenced.'"

THE ATTACK ON NEW BERNE.

"On the 12th of March, the entire command was anchored off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, and about fourteen miles from New Berne. The approach to the city had been obstructed by piles and sunken vessels. About four miles from New Berne a large fort on the shore had been built, with a heavy armament, and a line of earthworks extended from the fort inland, a distance of some two miles, where it ended in almost impassable ground."

"On the night of the 12th, orders were given for landing, and on the morning of the 13th the troops were put ashore, in very much the same way that they were at Roanoke. By one o'clock the debarkation was finished, and the troops were put in line of march. About this time the rain began to fall, and the road became almost impassable. No ammunition could be carried except what the men could carry themselves. No artillery could be taken except the small howitzers, which were hauled by the troops with drag ropes. This was one of the most disagreeable and difficult marches that I witnessed during the war. We came in contact with the enemy's pickets just before dark, when it was decided to delay the attack until morning. A most dreary bivouac followed that night. Early the next morning, notwithstanding the fog, the disposition for the attack was made. General Foster was ordered to engage the enemy on the right, General Reno to pass around on the extreme left, and General Parke to occupy the centre. We were much nearer to the enemy than we expected, and were soon in contact with them, and met with severe resistance. He asked for reinforcements, but was told that every man had been ordered into action, and that there were no reserves. The contest was sharp but brief. The Fourth Rhode Island broke the enemy's line near where it crossed the railroad, after which the enemy wavered, and a general advance of our whole line placed us in possession of the works. The enemy fled to New Berne, burning the bridge behind them. Our troops rapidly pursued, but the fact that they had to cross the river in boats, prevented them from capturing the main body of the enemy. As it was, large numbers of prisoners and arms fell into our hands."

"In the meantime the naval vessels had worked their way up to the city, and aided in the transportation of the troops across, and New Berne was occupied on the afternoon of the 14th."

REDUCING FORT MASON.

"It still remained for us to reduce Fort Mason. To this work General Parke's brigade was ordered. The country between New Berne and Beaufort was immediately occupied, and a passage by hand-car was made between the two places, all the rolling stock having been run off the road. By the morning of the 11th of April, regular siege operations had been begun by General Parke, and were pressed rapidly forward, and by the 26th of April the garrison at Beaufort had been forced to surrender."

"Thus another victory was to be inscribed upon our banner. The Rhode Island troops bore the most honorable part in this conflict. After that, several small expeditions were sent into the interior of the country, all of which were successful."

"Much to my sorrow, on the 3d of the following July, I was ordered to go to the Peninsula to consult with Gen. McClellan, and after that my duties as commanding officer in North Carolina ended, but a large proportion of the troops of the expedition served under me during the remainder of the war, as members of the gallant Ninth Corps."

"The Burnside expedition has passed into history; its record we can be proud of. No body of troops ever had more difficulties to overcome in the same space of time. Its perils were both by land and water. Defeat never befell it. No gun was lost by it. Its experience was a succession of honorable victories."

It is a mystery what supports "the gaze-at-the-girls-young-man," who can always be found on the street corners.—*Boston Globe*. As a rule it is the solid brick wall of the block.—*New Haven Register*.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

General Kilpatrick's Desperate Encounter with a Rebel Major.

George H. Chase, of Portage, who was a member of the Harris Light Cavalry, a New York regiment, equipped by ex-Senator Harris, and who was, in 1862, one of Gen. Rufus King's orderlies, was in the city a short time since.

"Of course Kilpatrick was popular with his regiment?"

"Most of the time, yes."

"When wasn't he popular?"

"When his needless recklessness put us into positions where we got cut to pieces without any good coming from it. At Orange Court House our brigade—Kilpatrick was a general then—was run into a place where General J. E. B. Stuart's rebel division surrounded it. Little Kil came around to our regiment and told us we were in a tight place, but we must cut our way out at all hazards. We did not cut our way out, but at the expense of one hundred and forty men in less than half an hour. Such business as that was not calculated to make us love him; but the first thing we knew he would do such a gallant thing that we would all be in love with him again."

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TOOK THE GENERAL'S ADVICE.

A member of Company —, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, furnishes the following and vouches for its truth:

While this regiment was encamped near Falmouth, Virginia, it suffered much from want of sufficient quantity—to say nothing of quality—of rations. A member of the company, Jim Blake, while on guard in front of General Hancock's quarters was accosted one morning by the General, hatless, coatless, and bootless, who asked him his regiment and in regard to rations, and if they had enough to eat. The answer was, "No." "Have you half enough?" "Yes, about that much." "Then," says the General, "I wouldn't give a damn for a regiment that couldn't steal the other half."

In the course of an hour or two the General's breakfast, all nice and hot, was set for him under a fly of the tent, but while the cook was looking elsewhere Blake seized and captured the plate of biscuit into his haversack and resumed his march on the beat.

Soon the General came and sat down to the table, but immediately commenced abusing the cook for having no bread on the table.

Cook declared he had placed biscuit upon the table. The General arose, marched out, saw the swollen appearance of Blake's haversack, from which the steam was issuing, and then walked over to the guard headquarters and ordered Blake to be relieved from all duty for three days.

It is needless to say that Blake took up his line of march for his own quarters, where the General's biscuit proved a great treat to himself and his half-fed comrades.

THE PAYMENT OF PENSIONS.

An old soldier residing at Spotswood, N. J., contributes the following interesting article to the *New Brunswick Freeman*:

Some people appear to have an idea that as they are the owners of a little property they are heavily taxed for the huge expense the Government is under for granting and paying pensions to the soldiers of the late war, or their widows and mothers. Not only do they ignore the immense obligations the country owes these persons, but they begrudge them the paltry sum of perhaps twenty-five cents a year, which the late pension act may cause them to pay—but it is doubtful if these croakers and grumblers pay one cent of tax for that purpose, for the reason that our internal-revenue taxes and our tremendous custom-house receipts, with other resources, more than pay our pension bills, interest on the public debt, large portions of the debt itself, and other numerous Government expenses, and still we have a surplus of fifty millions in the Treasury at the end of the year—this was the surplus last year, according to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and no one, we hope, doubts his figures. This fiscal year our resources will increase far beyond our expenses; and suppose it is the reverse, what do these small property-holders grumble about? when they are paying even \$1,000 a year or less towards rewarding those who suffered that the country might live and that these croakers might have a prosperous and happy land to live in? You must excuse the above effusion, but we cannot help it, when we hear men who are intelligent and should know better, talk in this manner—if they cannot afford to pay the small mite they may be called upon for, let them abstain from the use of tobacco and other

luxuries, and devote the amount they so expend towards a suffering class of people, to whom they owe so much. It is very doubtful whether a man could purchase his whiskey and tobacco any cheaper, if the tax, or a part of it, was removed from the same, for there must always be a "quid pro quo." The last quotation was penned before we saw the miserable pun, so you must excuse it.

T. H. L.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

A Noted Fight which has been Entirely Overlooked by Literary Soldiers—An Historical Link.

George A. Ellsworth, General Morgan's telegraph operator, has contributed several interesting chapters to the newspaper library, which, though they can claim no place in literature or even gain recognition as thrilling narrative, are full of interest for small boys and replete with memory food for the daring soldier who participated in the exploits described. Although Mr. Ellsworth writes with that precision which makes assertions as though a well-kept diary were in the back ground, yet his description of Morgan's capture of Boone, at Gallatin, is incomplete if not inaccurate. It is true that Morgan entered the town quietly, having evaded the pickets, proceeded to the hotel, captured Col. Boone, and then took possession of the fair grounds and Boone's regiment which was quartered there. But nowhere does Mr. Ellsworth describe a fight, of decided warmth, which occurred shortly after the surrender of the rebels. Perhaps it is well for us to fill in this missing link of history. When the sun arose that memorable morning and exchanged glances with the dew-jeweled lawns surrounding the town, there seemed to be a glorified beauty of existence which every day did not possess.

The restless drum had not rolled its morning call, when away up the "pike" a dust arose. Women and children gathered in the streets and "whispered with white lips." The dust rose higher, and amid its clouds sunlight leaped in and greeted the gleaming sabre. In a moment more Boone was a prisoner, and the streets, just arising from the quiet of a summer night, rang with iron hoof. The town came down the street—a rude piece of architecture compared with the warrior's horse, but a whiff from the weeds which she had been chewing all night in preference to sweet grasses would make the war horse bow in submission. The boys of the town were delighted. With them, the southern confederacy had gained everything. The cartridge boxes and belts strewn around were tangible evidences that the war had come to a close. Just here, among those tangled munitions of war, occurred the fight which Ellsworth omitted. For some time a drummer boy, belonging to Boone's regiment, had made himself conspicuous in annoying the writer of this article. "Why don't you whale him?" the boys would say. "Just wait," the hero would reply, "Just hold on a while till I get a good chance. He's got a lot of soldiers to back him now, but wait, will you?"

While a party of boys, including the hero, were standing around, watching the process of paroling soldiers, an impudent little scamp said to the hero: "There's your drummer over yonder. Why don't you give it to him?" "I'll catch him one of these days," rejoined the hero, and lucklessly endeavoring to change the subject, he made some remark about going home—that his mother wanted him. "He's afraid to bounce him," said another boy. "Didn't I tell you he wouldn't fight?" The drummer boy approached the tree under which the hero and the party of would-be avengers were standing.

"Now's your time," was whispered.

"Say," exclaimed the hero, advancing, "I told you that I was going to whip you when I caught you out. You've been trying to run over me long enough, and dog-gone if I don't whip you right here. My pa told me not to let you run over me no longer, dog-gone you."

"Pitch into him!" yelled the avengers.

"What d'yer want outen me?" asked the drummer.

"You've got to take that back that you called me."

"Put it to him!" yelled the avengers.

"What d'yer call you?"

"Put it to him!"

"I dun forgot now, but if you have called me anything'll you take it back?"

"Oh, if you're after a fight, here's your chance."

The conflict was desperate. Federal and confederate soldiers gathered around. Within three minutes from the time the engagement began the hero was in bad shape. The drummer climbed all over him. Several persons who were present declare that the hero howled. Perhaps he did, but any way this is the fight that Ellsworth failed to mention.—*East St. Louis Gazette*.

GERMAN SAILORS.

The following, says the *London Post*, is an extract from a letter received from an officer of our English ships in the Pacific: "There is a fine German corvette here. The men are everlastingly drilling, and consequently are in a wonderful state of proficiency both at fighting, exercise, and sail drill. They seem to go in for things more thoroughly than we do. For instance, all their men land once a week for aiming drill, which is simply each man aiming at, say, a rock, and an officer or petty officer comes and looks along his sights to see if he is aiming straight. Then at the guns on board they clear for action in a wonderfully short time and perfectly silent. The same at sail drill, when an officer stands with his watch in his hand and takes time as each order is given, and if it is not done within a certain time they have to do it again. We do a good deal of sail drill and sending up and down masts and yards, but we neglect the most important thing, which is fighting exercise."

SOUTHERN PRISON LIFE

SOME ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS FROM THE DIARY OF "FREE LANCE."

One Death in Every Eleven Minutes—The Ball-and-Chain for Prisoners—The Statements Sustained by the Report of Confederate Surgeons—Heroes Displayed by Prisoners—Aristocracy in the Prison Pen—"Dreams of the Starving."

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE BY FREE LANCE.

IX.

Oct. 5th.—Three detachments and one mess left us last evening on the cars. Nobody knows where they have gone. A man who has been working around the deadhouse says that 130 dead men were carried out of the stockade on the 16th of August, and that 140 were carried out on the 17th or 18th of August. (According to the death roll of Andersonville the greatest number of deaths on any one day was on August 27th, and was 127, or one death for every eleven minutes. There is no reason to believe that all who died there have been accounted for. Where are the names of the men who were shot by the sentries? Not one is given on the death roll. Two hundred and seven men died during one day of August.) More than nine men out of ten who have been sent to the hospital have died there. In almost every case of amputation death results. These amputations are not wholly for the treatment of wounds, as I have supposed, but are resorted to in cases of gangrene. If a man gets the gangrene or any other fatal disorder here, the most sensible thing he can do is to walk over the dead line and get shot, as many do. The outside men say that the bloodhounds can be eluded if the fugitive walks a long distance in the water. The way to do is to travel down a creek; at least, the slaves say so. There is a blacksmith shop outside where many Union prisoners have gone to have iron collars put around their necks, and to be loaded with chains, or to have balls and chains attached to their ankles. These punishments are inflicted for ordinary attempts to escape, or for breaking paroles. None of us regard a parole to the rebels as binding, if a good chance is offered to get away. A small bar of soap now sells at \$5 in greenbacks. Soap is an article we no longer have use for. I have not come in contact with soap since the day I was captured. When I want to think of something pleasant I recall the happy days when we campaigned in West Tennessee. Such a disaster as being captured never occurred to me then. We were gay and light-hearted, and were boundlessly fed; our camps were clean and beautiful; we bathed in the meandering Hatchie, roamed through the green woods as free as schoolboys, and held possession of a land that teemed with fruit and flowers.

(Let the reader may imagine that my descriptions of Andersonville are gross exaggerations, I will make a few extracts from the official reports of confederate surgeons who were on duty there. In a special report dated August 1st, Surgeon L. H. Hopkins attributed the mortality in the stockade to "the large number of prisoners crowded together in a small compass; the entire absence of all vegetables as diet, so necessary as a preventive of scurvy; the want of barracks to shelter the prisoners from sun and rain; the inadequate supply of wood and good water; badly-cooked food; the filthy condition of prisoners and the prison generally; the morbid emanations from the branch or ravine passing through the prison, the condition of which cannot be better explained than by naming it a morass of human excrement and mud." In the middle of August Surgeon Thornburg reported his patients "in a deplorable condition, some of them being without clothing of any kind. In the first, second, and third wards we have no bunks, the patients being compelled to lie on the ground, many of them being without blankets or any covering whatsoever. If there are any beds in Dixie it is to be hoped that they will be procured. We need straw very badly, especially for the fifth ward. We have men in this ward who are a living mass of putrefaction, and cannot possibly be cured of their wounds unless we can make them more comfortable." Some of the surgeons declared that the food furnished would "produce disease among swine." On September 5th Surgeon J. D. Pelot reported as follows: "As officer of the day for the past twenty-four hours I have inspected the hospital and found it in as good condition as the nature of circumstances will allow. A majority of the bunks are still unsupplied with bedding, while in a portion of the division the tents are entirely destitute of either bunks, bedding, or straw, the patients being compelled to lie upon the bare ground. I would earnestly call your attention to the article of diet; the corn bread received from the bakers, being made up without sifting, is wholly unfit for the use of the sick, and often, as in the last twenty-four hours, upon examination the inner portion is found to be perfectly raw. The meat and beef received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day, and for the last three or four days no flour has been issued. The corn bread cannot be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the disease of the bowels, from which a large majority are suffering, and it is therefore thrown away. All their rations received by way of sustenance is two ounces of boiled beef and half a pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical officer will avail nothing. Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the delicacy of medicine. We