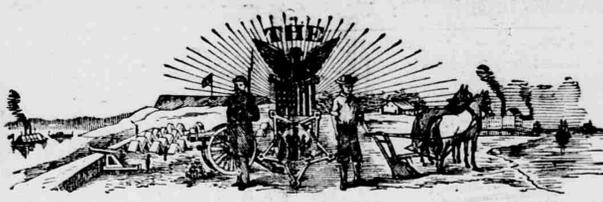


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"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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## Andersonville:

A Story of Rebel Military Prisons.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The wonderful country about Cumberland Gap, and the strategic importance of that place. The great need of food and forage for the garrison sent a battalion of cavalry up Powell's Valley to clear it out and secure its supplies. A rebel command starts down the valley to drive the Union troops out. The two forces meet on top of a hill, and a prompt charge gives the day to the Union men and scatters the rebels in headlong rout. The cavalry battalion occupies the country gained, and protects the forage trains sent out to gather up the supplies and haul them in. This duty lasts until the morning of Jan. 3, 1864. The battalion is attacked by Jones's Brigade of rebels, and after a stubborn, desperate fight is compelled to surrender. The prisoners are taken by rail through a picturesque part of Virginia to Richmond, searched at Libby, and sent to different prisons. First week of prison life. Interior and exterior scenes in Richmond. Stoppage of exchange. The first squad of prisoners leave Richmond for Andersonville. Scenes along the route. Arrival at the famous prison-pen. Something as to southern Georgia. A sterile land. Ingenious construction of shelters against the weather. Gen. Winder and Capt. Wirz take charge of the Prison. The month of March is passed in the pen, with little shelter from the snow, rain, and wind. The prison fills up with additional squads, including the deserters from Castle Lightning in Richmond, with whom the other prisoners have much trouble. Mortality rapidly increases. Crowd inside the stockade constantly increases. Arrival of prisoners and guns from Oolite. Killing of "Poll Parrot." Prisoners plagued by vermin. Trading with guards. The prisoners' minds are bent on exchange or escape. Much time devoted to tunneling. The rainy month of June. The crowd inside the prison rapidly increases, the rations grow worse, and the misery intensifies. Terrible ravages of disease of the digestive organs. Appalling increase in the mortality. Some instances of deaths of the writer's comrades. Raiders grow unbearable. They attempt the murder of Leroy L. Key, who forms a band of Regulators. The latter defeat the Raiders in a terrible battle. The Raider leaders are arrested, and at a court-martial of the prisoners six are sentenced to death. The remainder Wirz insists shall be released from the stockade. The prisoners become infuriated at this, and as the Raiders are let into the big stockade maul them severely.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

**BUILDING THE SCAFFOLD—CAPT. WIRZ THINKS IT IS A RUSE TO FORCE THE STOCKADE—ENTRANCE OF THE DOOMED ONES—THEY REALIZE THEIR FATE. ONE MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE—HIS RECAPTURE—INTENSE EXCITEMENT—WIRZ ORDERS THE GUNS TO OPEN—FORTUNATELY THEY DO NOT. THE SIX ARE HANGED.**

**I T BEGAN TO BE PRETTY** generally understood through the prison that six men had been sentenced to be hanged, though no authoritative announcement of the fact had been made. There was much canvassing as to where they should be executed, and whether an attempt to hang them inside of the stockade would not rouse their friends to make a desperate effort to rescue them, which would precipitate a general engagement of even larger proportions than that of the 3d.

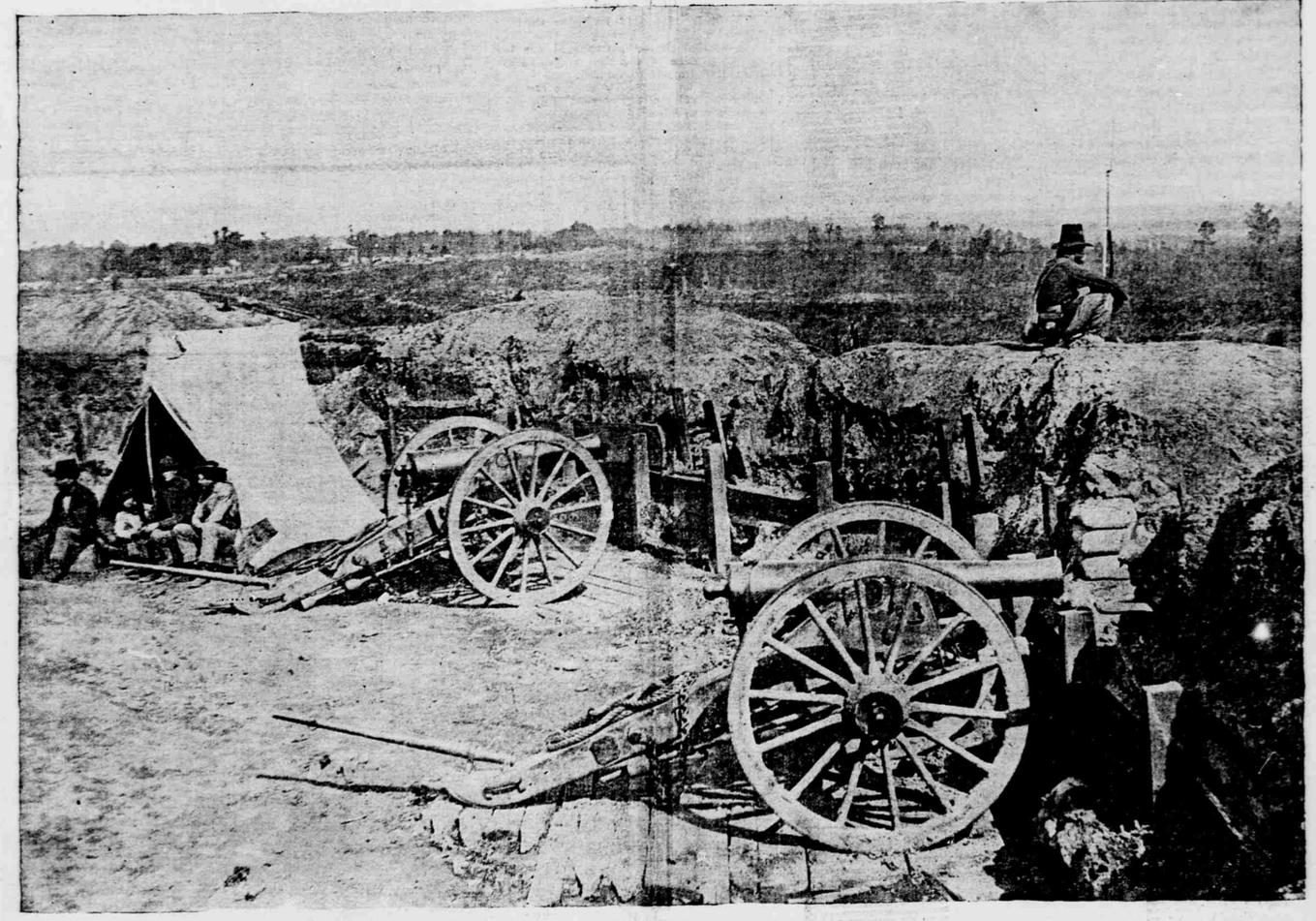
Despite the result of the affairs of that and the succeeding days, the camp was not yet convinced that the Raiders were really conquered, and the Regulators themselves were not thoroughly at ease on that score. Some five thousand or six thousand new prisoners had come in since the first of the month, and it was claimed that the Raiders had received large reinforcements from those.

Key and those immediately about him kept their own counsel in the matter, and suffered no secret of their intentions to look out, until on the morning of the 11th, when it became generally known that the sentences were to be carried into effect that day, and inside the prison.

My first direct information as to this was by a messenger from Key with an order to assemble my company and stand guard over the carpenters who were to erect the scaffold. He informed me that all the Regulators would be held in readiness to come to our relief if we were attacked in force. I had hoped that if the men were to be hanged I would be spared the unpleasant duty of assisting, for, though I believed they richly deserved that punishment, I had much rather someone else administered it upon them.

There was no way out of it, however, that I could see, and so "Egypt" and I got the boys together, and marched down to the designated place, which was an open space near the end of the street running from the South Gate, and kept vacant for the purpose of issuing rations. It was quite near the spot where the Raiders' big tent had stood, and afforded as good a view to the rest of the camp as could be found.

Key had secured the loan of a few beams and rough planks, sufficient to build a rude scaffold with. Our first duty was to care for these as they came in, for such was the need of wood, and plank for tent purposes, that they would scarcely have fallen to the ground before they were spirited away, had we not stood over them all the time with clubs.



"BEHIND OLD EARTHWORKS." A Resting Spell for a Battery During the Campaign.—From a War-time Photograph. The photograph—which is one of the famous Brady collection, and without a name—evidently represents a battery which has taken temporary possession of some old earthworks. There has been a lot of hard service, and the period of brief absence from the immediate presence of the enemy is employed in absolute rest. The cannoners have not even cleaned the mud which clung to the wheels as they rolled up the guns from the road into the bastion.

and set to work. The Raiders gathered around in considerable numbers, sullen and abusive. They cursed us with all their rich vocabulary of foul epithets, vowed that we should never carry out the execution, and swore that they had marked each one for vengeance. We returned the compliments in kind, and occasionally it seemed as if a general collision was imminent; but we succeeded in avoiding this, and by noon the scaffold was finished.

It was a very simple affair. A stout beam was fastened on the top of two posts, about fifteen feet high. At about the height of a man's head a couple of boards stretched across the space between the posts, and met in the center. The ends at the posts laid on cleats; the ends in the center rested upon a couple of boards, standing upright, and each having a piece of rope fastened through a hole in it in such a manner, that a man could snatch it from under the planks serving as the floor of the scaffold, and let the whole thing drop. A rude ladder to ascend by completed the preparations.

As the arrangements neared completion the excitement in and around the prison grew intense. Key came over with the balance of the Regulators and we formed a hollow square around the scaffold, our company making the line on the East Side. There were now 30,000 in the prison. Of these about one-third packed themselves as tightly about our square as they could stand. The remaining 20,000 were wedged together in a solid mass on the North Side. Again I contemplated the wonderful, startling spectacle of a mosaic pavement of human faces covering the whole broad hillside.

Outside, the rebel infantry was standing in the rifle-pits, the artillerymen were in place about their loaded and trained pieces, the No. 4 of each gun holding the lanyard cord in his hand, ready to fire the piece at the instant of command. The small squad of cavalry was drawn up on the hill near the Star Fort, and near it were the masters of the bounds, with their yelping packs.

All the hangers-on of the rebel camp—clerks, teamsters, employes, negroes, hundreds of white and colored women, in all forming a motley crowd of between one and two thousand, were gathered together in a group between the end of the rifle-pits and the Star Fort. They had a good view from there, but a still better one could be had a little farther to the right, and in front of the guns. They kept edging up in that direction, as crowds will, though they knew the danger they would incur if the artillery opened.

The day was broiling hot. The sun shot his perpendicular rays down with blistering fierceness, and the densely packed, motionless crowds made the heat almost insupportable. Key took up his position inside the square to direct matters. With him were Limber Jim, Dick McCullough, and one or two others. Also, Ned

Johnson, Tom Larkin, Serg't Goody, and three others who were to act as hangmen. Each of these six was provided with a white sack, such as the rebels brought in meal in. Two Corporals of my company—"Stag" Harris and Wat Payne—were appointed to pull the stays from under the platform at the signal.

A little after noon the South Gate opened, and Wirz rode in, dressed in a suit of white duck, and mounted on his white horse—a conjunction which had gained for him the appellation of "Death on a Pale Horse." Behind him walked the faithful old priest, wearing his Church's purple insignia of the deepest sorrow, and reading the service for the condemned. The six doomed men followed, walking between double ranks of rebel guards. All came inside the hollow square and halted. Wirz then said:

"Prisoners, I return to you dese men so goot as I got dem. You haf tried dem yourselfs, and found dem guilty. I haf had nothing to do wit it. I wish my hands of efering connected wit dem. Do wit dem as you like, and may Gott haf mercy on you and on dem. Garts, about face! Vorwärts, march!" With this he marched out and left us.

For a moment the condemned looked stunned. They seemed to comprehend for the first time that it was really the determination of the Regulators to hang them. Before they had evidently thought that the talk of hanging was merely bluff. One of them gasped out: "You don't really mean to hang us up there?" Key answered grimly and laconically: "That seems to be about the size of it." At this they burst out in a passionate storm of intercessions and imprecations, which lasted for a minute or so, when it was stopped by one of them saying imperatively:

"All of you stop now, and let the priest talk for us." At this the priest closed the book upon which he had kept his eyes bent since his entrance, and facing the multitude on the North Side began a plea for mercy.

The condemned faced in the same direction, to read their fate in the countenances of those whom he was addressing. This movement brought Curtis—a low-statured, massively-built man—on the right of their line, and about 10 or 15 steps from my company. The whole camp had been as still as death since Wirz's exit. The silence seemed to become even more profound as the priest began his appeal. For a minute every ear was strained to catch what he said. Then, as the nearest of the thousands comprehended what he was saying they raised a shout of "No! no!! NO!!!" "Hang them! hang them!" "Don't let them go! Never!" "Hang the rascals! hang the villains!" "Hang 'em! hang 'em! hang 'em!" This was taken up all over the prison, and tens of thousands throats yelled it in a fearful chorus. Curtis turned from the crowd with desperation convulsing

his features. Tearing off the broad-brimmed hat which he wore, he flung it on the ground with the exclamation: "I'll die this way first!" and, drawing his head down and folding his arms about it, he dashed forward for the center of my company, like a great stone hurled from a catapult.

"Egypt" and I saw where he was going to strike, and ran down the line to help stop him. As he came up we rained blows on his head with our clubs, but so many of us struck at him at once that he broke each other's clubs to pieces, and only knocked him on his knees. He rose with an almost superhuman effort, and plunged into the mass beyond.

The excitement almost became delirium. For an instant I feared that everything was gone to ruin. "Egypt" and I strained every energy to restore our lines before the break could be taken advantage of by the others. Our boys behaved splendidly, standing firm, and in a few seconds the line was restored.

As Curtis broke through, Delaney, a brawny Irishman standing next to him, started to follow. He took one step. At the same instant Limber Jim's long legs took three great strides, and placed him directly in front of Delaney. Jim's right hand held an enormous bowie-knife, and as he raised it above Delaney he hissed out:

"If you dare move another step, I'll open you from one end to the other." Delaney stopped. This checked the others till our lines reformed.

When Wirz saw the commotion he was panic-stricken with fear that the long-dreaded assault on the Stockade had begun. He ran down from the Headquarters steps to the Captain of the battery, shrieking:

"Fire! fire! fire!" The Captain, not being a fool, could see that the rush was not towards the Stockade, but away from it, and he refrained from giving the order. But the spectators who had gotten before the guns, heard Wirz's excited yell, and remembering the consequences to themselves should the artillery be discharged, became frenzied with fear, and screamed, and fell down over and trampled upon each other in endeavoring to get away.

The guards on that side of the Stockade ran down in a panic, and the 10,000 prisoners immediately around us, expecting no less than that the next instant we would be swept with grape and canister, stamped tumultuously. There were quite a number of wells right around us, and all of these were filled full of men that fell into them as the crowd rushed away. Many had legs and arms broken, and I have no doubt that several were killed. It was the stormiest five minutes that I ever saw.

While this was going on two of my company, belonging to the 5th Iowa Cav., were in hot pursuit of Curtis. I had seen them start and shouted to them to come back, as I feared they would be set upon by the Raiders and murdered.

But the din was so overpowering that they could not hear me, and doubtless would not have come back if they had heard.

Curtis ran diagonally down the hill, jumping over the tents and knocking down the men who happened in his way. Arriving at the swamp he plunged in, sinking nearly to his hips in the fetid, filthy ooze. He forged his way through with terrible effort. His pursuers followed his example, and caught up to him just as he emerged on the other side. They struck him on the back of the head with their clubs, and knocked him down.

By this time order had been restored about us. The guns remained silent, and the crowd massed around us again. From where we were we could see the successful end of the chase after Curtis, and could see his captors start back with him. Their success was announced with a roar of applause from the North Side. Both captors and captured were greatly exhausted, and they were coming back very slowly. Key ordered the balance up on the scaffold. They obeyed promptly.

The priest resumed his reading of the service for the condemned. The excitement seemed to make the doomed ones exceedingly thirsty. I never saw men drink such inordinate quantities of water. They called for it continually, gulped down a quart or more at a time, and kept two men going nearly all the time carrying it to them.

When Curtis finally arrived, he sat on the ground for a minute or so to rest, and then, reeking with filth, slowly and painfully climbed the steps. Delaney seemed to think he was suffering as much from fright as anything else, and said to him:

"Come on up, now; show yourself a man, and die game."

Again the priest resumed his reading, but it had no interest to Delaney, who kept calling out directions to Pete Donnelly, who was standing in the crowd, as to dispositions to be made of certain bits of stolen property: to give a watch to this one, a ring to another, and so on. Once the priest stopped and said:

"My son, let the things of this earth go, and turn your attention toward those of heaven."

Delaney paid no attention to this admonition. The whole six then began delivering farewell messages to those in the crowd. Key pulled a watch from his pocket and said: "Two minutes more to talk."

Delaney said cheerfully: "Well, good-by, b'ys; if I've hurted any of yez, I hope ye'll forgive me. Shpake up, now, any of yez that I've hurted, and say ye'll forgive me." We called upon Marion Friend, whose throat Delaney had tried to cut three weeks before while robbing him of \$40, to come forward, but Friend was not in a forgiving mood, and refused with an oath. Key said:

the supports of the planks. Each of the six hanged men a condemned man's hands, pulled a meal sack down over his head, placed the noose around his neck, drew it up tolerably close, and sprang to the ground. The priest began praying aloud.

Key dropped his hand. Payne and Harris snatched the supports out with a single jerk. The planks fell with a clatter. Five of the bodies swung around dizzily in the air. The sixth—that of "Mosby," a large, powerful, raw-boned man, one of the worst in the lot, and who, among other crimes, had killed Limber Jim's brother—broke the rope, and fell with a thud to the ground. Some of the men ran forward, examined the body, and decided that he still lived. The rope was cut off his neck, the meal sack removed, and water thrown in his face until consciousness returned. At the first instant he thought he was in eternity. He gasped out:

"Where am I? Am I in the other world?"

Limber Jim muttered that they would soon show him where he was, and went on grimly fixing up the scaffold anew. "Mosby" soon realized what had happened, and the unrelenting purpose of the Regulator Chiefs. Then he began to beg piteously for his life, saying:

"O, do not put me up there again. God has spared my life once. He meant that you should be merciful to me."

Limber Jim deigned him no reply. When the scaffold was rearranged, and a stout rope had replaced the broken one, he pulled the meal sack once more over "Mosby's" head, who never ceased his pleadings. Then picking up the large man as if he were a baby, he carried him to the scaffold and handed him up to Tom Larkin, who fitted the noose around his neck and sprang down. The supports had not been set with the same delicacy as at first, and Limber Jim had to set his heel and wrench desperately at them before he could force them out. Then "Mosby" passed away without a struggle.

After hanging till life was extinct, the bodies were cut down, the meal sacks pulled off their faces, and the Regulators formed two parallel lines, through which all the prisoners passed and took a look at the bodies. Pete Donnelly and Dick Allen knelt down and wiped the froth off Delaney's lips, and swore vengeance against those who had done him to death.

[To be continued.]

### The Tomb of Arthur.

The tomb of President Arthur stands in the beautiful cemetery at Albany, N. Y.—a granite sarcophagus upon a low pedestal, with an angel in bronze laying a palm leaf upon the lid. There is a bronze statue of President Arthur in a storage warehouse somewhere in the city of New York. It was made by Keyser, the same man who designed the tomb, and was intended for erection in Central Park, New York City, but was rejected by the fastidious members of the Park Commission, who decided that it was not up to the standard as a work of art.

## MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

### MARCHING FOR COLUMBIA

Army in Full Swing Through the Hotbed of Secession.

### CAPTURING A RAILROAD

Sharp Fighting With the Rebels at the Salkahatchie.

### ENEMY EVACUATES ORANGEBURG

Incidents of the Entrance of Sherman into Columbia.

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### CHAPTER XXIII—(continued).

**T**HE RIGHT WING MOVED up the Salkiehatie, the Seventeenth Corps on the right, with orders on reaching Rivers's Bridge to cross over, and the Fifteenth Corps by Hickory Hill to Beaufort's Bridge. Kilpatrick was instructed to march by the way of Barnwell; Corse's Division and the Twentieth Corps to take such roads as would bring them into communication with the Fifteenth Corps about Beaufort's Bridge. All these columns started promptly on the 1st of February. We encountered Wheeler's cavalry, which had obstructed the road by felling trees, but our men picked these up and threw them aside, so that this obstruction hardly delayed us an hour. In person I accompanied the Fifteenth Corps (Gen. Logan) by McPersonville and Hickory Hill, and kept couriers going to and fro to Gen. Slocum with instructions to hurry as much as possible, so as to make a junction of the whole army on the South Carolina Railroad about Blackville. I spent the night of Feb. 1 at Hickory Hill Postoffice, and that of the 2d at Duck Branch Postoffice, 30 miles out from Pocoltallo. On the 3d the Seventeenth Corps was ordered Rivers's Bridge, and the Fifteenth approached Beaufort's Bridge. The Salkiehatie was still over its banks, and presented a most formidable obstacle. The enemy appeared in some force on the opposite bank, had cut away all the bridges which spanned the many deep channels of the swollen river, and the only available passage seemed to be along the narrow causeways which constituted the common roads. At Rivers's Bridge Gens. Mower and Giles A. Smith led their heads of column through this swamp, the water up to their shoulders, crossed over to the pine-land, turned upon the rebel brigade which defended the passage, and routed it in utter disorder. It was in this attack that Gen. Wager Swayne lost his leg, and he had to be conveyed back to Pocoltallo. Still, the loss of life was very small, in proportion to the advantages gained, for the enemy at once abandoned the whole line of the Salkiehatie, and the Fifteenth Corps passed over at Beaufort's Bridge, without opposition.

On the 5th of February I was at Beaufort's Bridge, by which time Gen. A. S. Williams had got up with five brigades of the Twentieth Corps; I also heard of Gen. Kilpatrick's being abreast of us, at Barnwell, and then gave orders for the march straight for the railroad at Midway. I still remained with the Fifteenth Corps, which, on the 6th of February, was five miles from Bamberg. As a matter of course, I expected severe resistance at the railroad, for its loss would sever all the communications of the enemy in Charleston with those in Augusta.

### BUMMERS TAKE A RAILROAD.

Early on the 7th, in the midst of a rain-storm, we reached the railroad, almost unopposed, striking it at several points. Gen. Howard told me a good story concerning this, which will bear repeating: He was with the Seventeenth Corps, marching straight for Midway, and when about five miles distant he began to deploy the leading division, so as to be ready for battle. Sitting on his horse by the roadside, while the deployment was making, he saw a man coming down the road, riding as hard as he could, and as he approached he recognized him as one of his own "foragers," mounted on a white horse, with a rope bridle and a blanket for saddle. As he came near he called out: "Hurry up, General; we have got the railroad!" So, while we, the Generals, were proceeding deliberately to prepare for a serious battle, a parcel of our foragers, in search of plunder, had got ahead and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the rebel Government.

As soon as we struck the railroad, details of men were set to work to tear up the rails, to burn the ties and twist the bars. This was a most important railroad, and I proposed to destroy it.

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