In practical value this paper, coming weekly, is worth ten times its cost to soldiers, or soldiers' heirs. Subscribe now, or get up a club, before premium offers are withdrawn. Only $1 a year.

National Tribune.

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

The new book described on the back of the Club-raiser's Blank (see Supplement), this week, is worth its weight in gold to every Survivor, or Survivor's Heir, of the Civil War.

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897.—WITH SUPPLEMENT. VOL. XVII—NO. 11—WHOLE NO. 854.

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. Need of food and forage for the garrison sends a battalion of cavalry up Powell's Valley to secure its supplies. A rebel command starts down the valley. The two forces meet and the rebels are routed.

The cavalry battalion occupies the country gained, and protects the forage trains sent out to gather up the supplies. On 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 to Richmond. Interior and exterior scenes in Richmond. Stoppage of exchange.

The first squad of prisoners leave for Andersonville. 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. Prisoners plagued by vermin. Trading with guards.

The prisoners' minds are bent on exchange or escape. Much time devoted to tunnel-digging. The crowd inside the prison rapidly increases, rations grow worse, the misery intensifies, and there is an appalling increase in the mortality.

Plundering prisoners, known as Raiders, 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 Raiders hanged amid intense excitement. The executions are followed by organization of a strong police force among the prisoners.

The author interpolates in his narrative a transcript of the evidence at the Wirz trial of Prof. Joseph Jones, a Surgeon of high rank in the rebel army, who visited Andersonville to make a scientific study of the conditions of disease there.

The horrors of August. The Providential Spring. The food, its meagerness and inferior quality. The escape, race with bloodhounds and recapture of the author and a companion. Fall of Atlanta. Announcement of a general exchange.

The author, with others, leaves for Savannah. They are disappointed to find they are not to be exchanged, but confined in the Savannah prison-pen. The prisoners are taken to Millen, and receive better treatment.

The narrative of the attempts to escape of Serg't Leroy L. Key is told by himself. After the hanging of the Raider leaders he obtained a parole and worked in the cook-house. An important condition of the parole was violated by Wirz himself. Key and others then manage to pass the guards, but are caught several days later by citizens, and put in jail at Hamilton, Ga. They are taken to Macon, and thence to Savannah, being paroled on Nov. 24, 1864.

Sherman's advance frightens the rebels into taking the prisoners from Millen. They arrive at Blackshear, and soon exchange is announced, and the rebel officials explain that all must sign the parole.

CHAPTER LXV—(*continued*).

THE OPINION THAT I THEN held and expressed was that if a boy felt that he was hopelessly sick, and that he could not live if he remained in prison, he was justified in taking the non-combatant's oath. In the absence of our own Surgeons he would have to decide for himself whether he was sick enough to be warranted in resorting to this means of saving his life. If he was in as good health as the majority of us were, with a reasonable prospect of surviving some weeks longer, there was no excuse for taking the oath, for in that few weeks we might be exchanged, be recaptured, or make our escape. I think this was the general opinion of the prisoners.

While the rebel was talking about our signing the parole there flashed upon all of us at the same moment a suspicion that this was a trap to delude us into signing the Non-Combatant's Oath. Instantly there went up a general shout:

"Read the parole to us."

The rebel was handed a blank parole by a companion, and he read over the printed condition at the top, which was that those signing agreed not to bear arms against the Confederacy in the field or in garrison, not to man any works, assist in any expedition, do any sort of guard duty, serve in any military constabulary, or perform any kind of military service until properly exchanged.

For a minute this was satisfactory; then their ingrained distrust of anything a rebel said or did returned, and they shouted:

"No, no; let some of us read it; let 'Illinoy' read it."

The rebel looked around in a puzzled manner.

"Who is 'Illinoy?' Where is he?" he asked.

I saluted and said: "That's a nickname they give me."

"Very well," said he, "get up on this stump and read this parole to these fools that won't believe me."

I mounted the stump, took the blank from his hand, and read it over slowly, giving as much emphasis as possible to the all-important clause at the end—"until properly exchanged." I then said:

"Boys, this seems all right to me," and they answered, with almost one voice:

"Yes, that's all right. We'll sign that."

I was never so proud of the American soldier boy as at that moment. They all felt that signing that paper was to give them freedom and life. They knew too well from sad experience what the alternative was. Many felt that unless released another week would see them in their graves. All knew that every day's stay in rebel hands greatly lessened their chances of life. Yet in all that thousand there was not one voice in favor of yielding a tittle of honor to save life. They would secure their freedom honorably, or die faithfully.

Remember, that this was a miscellaneous crowd of boys, gathered from all sections of the country, and from many of whom no exalted conceptions of duty and honor were expected. I wish someone would point out to me, on the brightest pages of knightly record, some deed of fealty and truth that equals the simple fidelity of these unknown heroes. I do not think that one of them felt that he was doing anything especially meritorious. He only obeyed the natural promptings of his loyal heart.

The business of signing the paroles was then begun in earnest. We were separated into squads according to the first letters of our names, all those whose name began with A being placed in one squad, those beginning with B in another, and so on. Blank paroles for each letter were spread out on boxes and planks at different places, and the signing went on under the superintendence of a rebel Sergeant and one of the prisoners. The squad of M's selected me to superintend the signing for us, and I stood by to direct the boys and sign for the very few who could not write.

After this was done we fell into ranks again, called the roll of the signers, and carefully compared the number of men with the number of signatures, so that nobody should pass unparoled. The oath was then administered to us, and two days' rations of cornmeal and fresh beef were issued.

This formality removed the last lingering doubt that we had of the exchange being a reality, and we gave way to the happiest emotions. We cheered ourselves hoarse, and the fellows still inside followed our example, as they expected that they would share our good fortune in a day or two.

Our next performance was to set to work, cook our two days' rations at once and eat them. This was not very difficult, as the whole supply for two days would hardly make one square meal. That done, many boys went to the guard line and threw their blankets, clothing, cooking utensils, etc., to their comrades who were still inside. No one thought they would have any further use for such things.

"To-morrow, at this time, thank Heaven," said a boy near me, as he tossed his blanket and overcoat back to someone inside, "we'll be in God's country, and then I wouldn't touch them old rags with a 10-foot pole."

One of the boys in the M squad was a Maine infantryman, who had been with me in the Pemberton Building, in Richmond, and had fashioned himself a little square pan out of a tin plate of a tobacco-press, such as I have described in an earlier chapter. He had carried it with him ever since, and it was his sole vessel for all purposes—for cooking, carrying water, drawing rations, etc.

He had cherished it as if it were a farm or a good situation. But now, as he turned away from signing his name to the parole, he looked at his faithful servant for a minute in undisguised contempt; on the eve of restoration to happier, better things, it was a reminder of all the petty, inglorious, contemptible trials and sorrows he had endured; he actually loathed it for its remembrances, and flinging it upon the ground he crushed it out of all shape and usefulness with his feet, trampling upon it as he would like to trample upon everything connected with his prison life.

Months afterward I had to lend this man my little can to cook his rations in.

Andrews and I flung the bright new tin pans we had stolen at Millen inside the line, to be scrambled for. It was hard to tell who were the most surprised at their appearance—the rebels or our own boys—for few had any idea that there were such things in the whole Confederacy, and certainly none looked for them in the possession of two such poverty-stricken specimens as we were. We thought it best to retain possession of our little can, spoon, chess-board, blanket, and overcoat.

As we marched down and boarded the train, the rebels confirmed their previous action by taking all the guards from around us. Only some eight or ten were sent to the train, and these quartered themselves in the caboose, and paid us no further attention.

The train rolled away amid cheering by ourselves and those we left behind.

One thousand happier boys than we never started on a journey. *We were going home.* That was enough to wreathe the skies with glory, and fill the world with sweetness and light.

The wintry sun had something of geniality and warmth, the landscape lost some of its repulsiveness, the dreary palmettos had less of that hideousness which made us regard them as very fitting emblems of treason.

We even began to feel a little good-humored contempt for our hateful little brats of guards, and to reflect how much vicious education and surroundings were to be held responsible for their misdeeds.

We laughed and sang as we rolled along toward Savannah—going back much faster than we came. We retold old stories, and repeated old jokes, that had become wearisome months and months ago, but were now freshened up and given their olden pith by the joyousness of the occasion. We revived and talked over old schemes gotten up in the earlier days of prison life, of what "we would do when we got out," but almost forgotten since, in the general uncertainty of ever getting out. We exchanged addresses, and promised faithfully to write to each other and tell how we found everything at home.

So the afternoon and night passed. We were too excited to sleep, and passed the hours watching the scenery, recalling the objects we had passed on the way to Blackshear, and guessing how near we were to Savannah.

Though we were running along within 15 or 20 miles of the coast, with all our guards asleep in the caboose, no one thought of escape. We could step off the cars and walk over to the seashore as easily as a man steps out of his door and walks to a neighboring town; but why should we? Were we not going directly to our vessels in the harbor of Savannah, and was it not better to do this, than to take the chances of escaping, and encounter the difficulties of reaching our blockaders? We thought so, and we staid on the cars.

A cold, gray Winter morning was just breaking as we reached Savannah. Our train ran down in the city, and then whistled sharply and ran back a mile or so; it repeated this manuver two or three times, the evident design being to keep us on the cars until the people were ready to receive us. Finally our engine ran with all the speed she was capable of, and as the train dashed into thestreet we found ourselves between two heavy lines of guards with bayonets fixed.

The whole sickening reality was made apparent by one glance at the guard line. Our parole was a mockery, its only object being to get us to Savannah as easily as possible, and to prevent benefit from our recapture to any of Sherman's Raiders, who might make a dash for the railroad while we were in transit. There had been no intention of exchanging us. There was no exchange going on at Savannah.

After all, I do not think we felt the disappointment as keenly as the first time we were brought to Savannah. Imprisonment had stupefied us; we were duller and more hopeless.

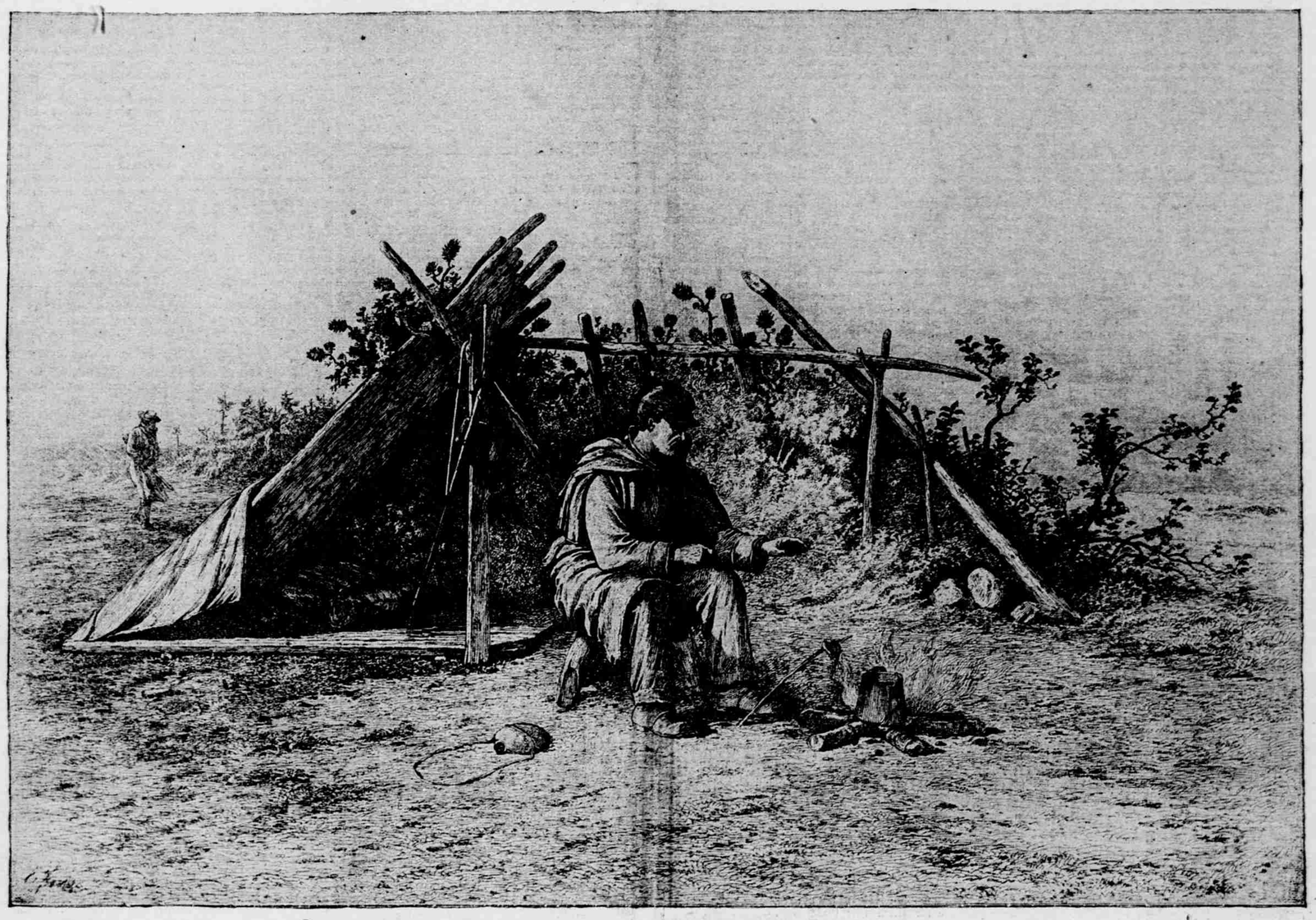
Ordered down out of the cars, we were formed in line in the street.

Said a rebel officer:

"Now, any of you fellahs that ah too sick to go to Chahlston, step fohwahd one pace."

We looked at each other an instant, and then the whole line stepped forward. We all felt too sick to go to Charleston, or to do anything else in the world.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next issue of "Andersonville" the author tells graphically of the siege of Charleston, and of the prisoners being almost under fire of the guns of their friends. Experiences at Florence are next recounted.



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From the original drawing by Edwin Forbes.

CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.

A Picket's Lonely Dinner.

Edwin Forbes, incomparably the greatest of all the "artists in the field" during the war, has caught with skillful pencil a scene which will wake vivid memories in the heart of every veteran. Words of explanation are needless for him. With Memory's eyes he can see it all: the cold, gray sky of a sunless December day; the chill, dreary, comfortless landscape; the cheerless pines and rusty-leaved oaks; the brown weeds; the rude shelter to break the force of the wind; the shivering comrade with gun at "secure arms" plodding across the cheerless heath; the picket's rough, service-worn garments; his air and pose as he sits and watches the cooking of his meager dinner, and thinks—thinks busily and incessantly. He recalls that this is Christmas, and where he was last Christmas; wonders where he will be next Christmas? What will the army do next? Then his thoughts wander off to "God's country," and the brightest spot in it—the dear old home. He imagines them all sitting down to an old-fashioned, generous dinner—one that his mother could cook better than any other woman on earth. If he could only get back there and have one more of her dinners he would be willing to go through a half-dozen battles. Then he munches his mite of toasted sidemeat and his crackers, and tries to make himself believe they taste like her roast turkey and "salt-rising" bread. He doesn't succeed.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A SPECIMEN CONVERSATION WITH AN AVERAGE NATIVE GEORGIAN—WE LEARN THAT SHERMAN IS HEADING FOR SAVANNAH—THE RESERVES GET A LITTLE SETTLING DOWN.

As the train left the northern suburbs of Savannah we came upon a scene of busy activity, strongly contrasting with the somnolent lethargy that seemed to be the normal condition of the city and its inhabitants. Long lines of earthworks were being constructed, gangs of negroes were felling trees, building forts and batteries, making abatis, and toiling with numbers of huge guns which were being moved out and placed in position.

As we had had no new prisoners nor any papers for some weeks—the papers being doubtless designedly kept away from us—we were at a loss to know what this meant. We could not understand this erection of fortifications on that side, because, knowing as we did how well the flanks of the city were protected by the Savannah and Ogeeche Rivers, we could not see how a force from the coast—whence we supposed an attack must come—could hope to reach the city's rear, especially as we had just come up on the right flank of the city, and saw no sign of our folks in that direction.

Our train stopped for a few minutes at the edge of this line of works, and an old citizen who had been surveying the scene with senile interest tottered over to our car to take a look at us. He was a type of the old man of the South of the scanty middle class, the small farmer. Long white hair and beard, spectacles with great round, staring glasses, a broad-brimmed hat of ante-Revolutionary pattern, clothes that had apparently descended to him from some ancestor who had come over with Oglethrope, and a two-handed staff with a head of buckhorn, upon which he leaned as old peasants do in plays, formed such an image as recalled to me the picture of the old man in the illustrations in "The Dairyman's Daughter." He was as garrulous as a magpie, and as opinionated as a Southern white always is.

Halting in front of our car, he steadied himself by planting his staff, clasping it with both lean and skinny hands, and leaning forward upon it, his jaws then addressed themselves to motion thus:

"Boys, who mout these be that ye got?"

One of the Guards—"O, these is some Yanks that we've bin hivin' down at Camp Sumter."

"Yes?" (with an upward inflection of the voice, followed by a close scrutiny of us through the goggle-eyed glasses,) "Wall, they're a powerful ornary lookin' lot, I'll declah."

It will be seen that the old gentleman's perceptive powers were much more highly developed than his politeness.

"Well, they ain't what ye mout call purty, that's a fack," said the guard.

"So yer Yanks, air ye?" said the venerable Goober-grabber (the nickname in the South for Georgians), directing his conversation to me. "Wall, I'm powerful glad to see ye, an' 'specially whar ye can't do no harm; I've wanted to see some Yankees ever sence the beginnin' of the wah, but hev never had no chance. Whah did ye cum from?"

I seemed called upon to answer, and said:

"I came from Illinois; most of the boys in this car are from Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Iowa."

"'Deed! All Westerners, air ye? Wall, do ye know I alluz liked the Westerners a heap sight better than them blue-bellied New England Yankees."

No discussion with a rebel ever proceeded very far without his making an assertion like this. It was a favorite declaration of theirs, but its absurdity was comical, when one remembered that the majority of them could not for their lives tell the names of the New England States, and could no more distinguish a Downeaster from an Illinoisan than they could tell a Saxon from a Bavarian.

One day, while I was holding a conversation similar to the above with an old man on guard, another guard, who had been stationed near a squad made up of Germans, that talked altogether in the language of the Fatherland, broke in—

"Out there by post numbah foahteen, where I wuz yesterday, there's a lot of Yanks who jest jabbered away all the hull time, and I hope I may never see the back of my neck ef I could understand ary word they said. Are them the regular blue-belly kind?"

The old gentleman entered upon the next stage of the invariable routine of discussion with a rebel:

"Wall, what air you'uns down heah, a-fightin' we'uns foh?"

As I had answered this question several hundred times, I had found the most extinguishing reply to be to ask in return:

"What are you'uns coming up into our country to fight we'uns for?"

Disdaining to notice this return in kind, the old man passed on to the next stage:

"What are you'uns takin' ouah niggahs away from us foh?"

Now, if negroes had been as cheap as oreoide watches, it is doubtful whether the speaker had ever had money enough in his possession at one time to buy one, and yet he talked of taking away "ouah niggahs," as if they were as

(Continued on third page)

MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

RETIRED FROM SERVICE

Sheridan Takes Command as Sherman's Successor.

CAREER OF GREAT HONOR

Arthur's Tribute in Recognition of Valuable Works Performed.

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL LETTERS

Discussion of the March to the Sea and Other Movements.

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CHAPTER XXVI—(*continued*).

IT IS BUT JUST THAT I should account for the other most zealous and friendly officers who had served as Aids-de-Camp near me during my command of the Army.

Col. James C. McCoy was a First Lieutenant in the 46th Ohio and Adjutant of his regiment at the time I made up my brigade at Paducah, Ky., March, 1862. I selected him as one of my two Aids. He was a brave, patient officer, always ready for work of any kind, was with me throughout the war and afterward, until failing health compelled him to seek relief in Florida. At the close of the war, on the disbandment of the volunteer army, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the 4th Art., to enable him legally to continue as a staff-officer, and in fact he remained with me, sharing my fortunes, rising from First Lieutenant to Colonel, until his death, in New York City, May 29, 1875.

Col. L. M. Dayton was also an officer of volunteers, joined me as Aid-de-Camp before the battle of Shiloh, and continued with me throughout the war, much of the time acting as Adjutant-General. Nearly all my records of that period are in his handwriting. Soon after the close of the war he married a most accomplished and wealthy lady of Cincinnati, and resigned Dec. 31, 1870.

Col. J. C. Audenried was a graduate of West Point, class of 1861, served with the Army of the Potomac, and on the staff of Gen. Sumner until his death, March 31, 1863; soon after which he was sent with dispatches to Gen. Grant at Vicksburg. In July, 1863, Gen. Grant sent him with dispatches to me at Jackson, Miss. Impressed by his handsome appearance and soldierly demeanor, I soon after offered him a place on my staff, which he accepted, and he remained with me until his death, in Washington, June 3, 1880. A more honorable, chivalrous and courteus gentleman never lived than Col. J. C. Audenried.

The vacancy created by the death of Col. McCoy was filled, at my invitation, by Lieut.-Col. Alexander McDowell McCook, of the 10th Inf., one of the most loyal and enthusiastic of the Army officers who had promptly, in 1861, joined the volunteers. This officer had been in continuous service from 1852, had filled every commission from Second Lieutenant up to a corps commander, which by the military usage of the world is recognized by the rank of Lieutenant-General; yet, on the "reduction" of 1866, he was thrown back to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel, and continued with the same cheerfulness and hearty zeal which had characterized his whole life. He remained with me until his promotion to the Colonelcy of the 6th Inf., Dec. 15, 1880.

In like manner the vacancy made by Col. McCook was filled by Lieut.-Col. Richard Irving Dodge, 23d Inf., then serving at a cantonment on the Upper Canadian—an officer who had performed cheerfully and well a full measure of frontier service, was a capital sportsman, and of a perfect war record. He also remained with me until his promotion as Colonel of the 11th Inf., Jan. 26, 1882.

As I have heretofore recorded, at the time I succeeded Gen. Grant in the command of the Army, March 5, 1869, I offered to provide for three of his then six Aids-de-Camp, viz, Cols. Horace Porter, Fred T. Dent and Cyrus B. Comstock. The two former never officiated a day near me as Aids-de-Camp, but remained at the White House with President Grant until their resignation, Jan. 1, 1873. Col. Comstock did serve in my office until his resignation, May 3, 1870, to resume his appropriate functions in the Engineer Corps. He is an officer of great ability and of perfect integrity.

Col. W. D. Whipple, of the Adju-

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Further installments of interesting and historically valuable letters, commenting on the incidents treated in "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," will appear in succeeding issues. They are an essential part of this great history.