

St. Paul Men Who Suffered in Rebel Prisons.

There is always an element of sadness noticeable in every gathering of old soldiers, and especially in this late day when the ranks are so greatly depleted. Every year the procession on Memorial day grows smaller because so many of the veterans have answered the last roll call and have passed to the reward of those who bravely and heroically defended their country and their homes. Even those who are permitted to remain on earth and pay honor to their dead comrades walk with a slower and feebler step than they did when, nearly half a century ago, they carried arms and freedom into the South.

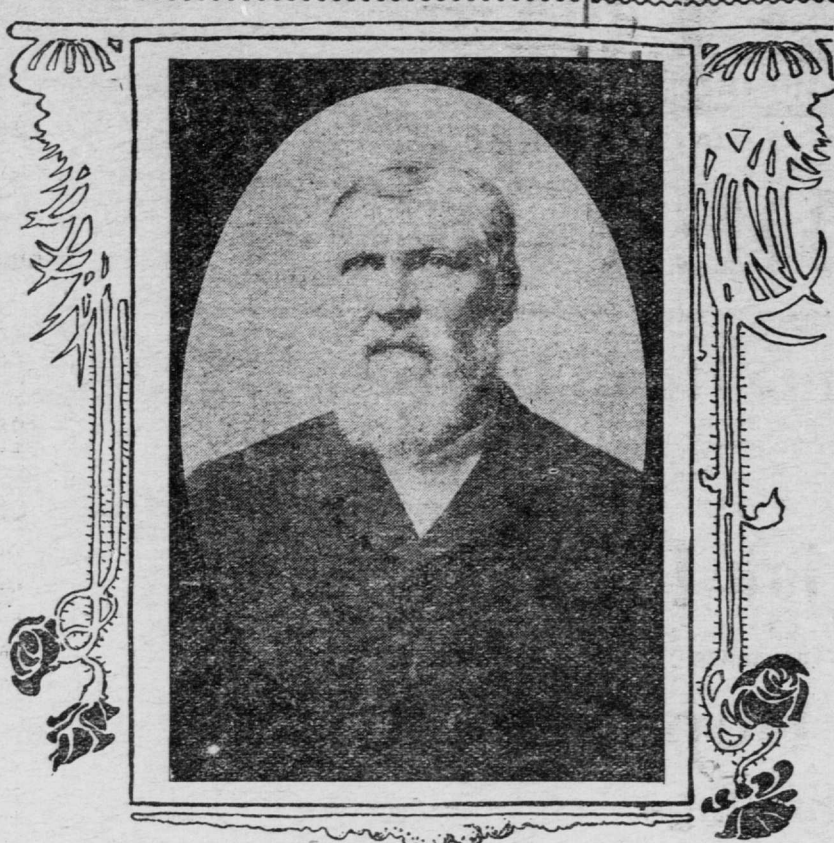
At a meeting, such as the annual reunion of the ex-prisoners of war, which will be held in Minneapolis next Wednesday, the element of pathos is greater even than it is at the usual meetings of the old veterans, for the ranks of the ex-prisoners have suffered a greater proportionate reduction than the other branches of the old soldiers' associations. Many of the men were wounded or ill when captured, and if they were able to withstand the rigorous life in a rebel prison, they left with health so greatly shattered that they were not able to survive forty years of life. Many of those who were in good physical condition when captured left the prison in a broken down state of health and have succumbed to their ill years ago. Those who have survived are few, and the ordinary ravages of time and disease are constantly removing them to another land.

The Minnesota Association of Union Ex-Prisoners of War is the only organization of its kind in the state, and is a branch of the national organization which has societies in almost every state in the Union. It was organized many years ago for the purpose of forming a means by which the old soldiers who

a long time for a man to be confined and especially in a prison where the men were denied even the necessities of life. Mr. Doran enlisted at the breaking out of the war, but shortly after going to the South was stricken with pneumonia and for several days was at the point of death. In 1862 he was discharged because the surgeons believed his lungs to be diseased and that he was unfit for military service. It was with sorrow that Mr. Doran received his discharge for he was anxious to take part in the great struggle which was going on. He realized that the fight was to be a great one, and was to settle forever a mighty problem, and the same patriotic spirit that led him to enlist also caused him to desire to continue in the conflict until it was definitely settled. But the decision of the regimental surgeon was final and he accepted his discharge in as good grace as it was possible for him to command.

When he received his discharge he did not go North, however, as it happened that his brother was ill near Oxford, Miss., and he secured permission to go and nurse him. Before the brother became sufficiently convalescent to be removed the maneuvers of the rebel army compelled a change in the position of the Union forces and Mr. Doran was left with his brother and another soldier who was also on the sick list. The next day the rebels were on the ground and the men were captured. The soldier and the sick man were left where they were found, but Mr. Doran was sent to Jackson, where he was confined in the prison.

Escaped and Was Recaptured. He remained in Jackson about six weeks and then a favorable opportunity to escape presented itself and he left the rebel prison. He started out into the wilderness, heading toward the South, hoping to reach the Union forces sta-



PETER DALY.

confined there for three and a half months and then taken to Salisbury, N. C. He remained in the Salisbury prison just one year, when he was removed to Wilmington. He was confined in the prison at Wilmington, when Gen. Butler attacked the Rebels at Fort Fisher. While the fort was nearly twenty miles from the prison, yet the sound of the cannonading could plainly be heard, and the scow-load of gunpowder which was exploded near the shore shook the walls of the building, used for confining prisoners, so that "it seemed as though the ceiling would fall on our heads."

After being kept in Wilmington one month he was removed to Florence, S. C., where he was paroled after one

I say that the jolting of travel increased my pain very much and when I arrived at Raleigh I was in a state bordering on delirium. The hospital was in the old fair buildings at Raleigh. Those who have seen Union army hospitals, with their comfortable quarters, clean beds and linen and sumptuous fare, should not for a moment suppose that this so-called hospital at Raleigh bore any resemblance thereto.

Equipment of Poorest Kind.

The only equipment of it was rough coats with coarse ticks stuffed with straw and a cheap blanket for covering a table or two, a few rough chairs, and a room where the surgeons kept their meager supplies. The building was like a barn, with bare floors, and was set up on posts probably three or three and one-half feet from the ground. On the evening of our arrival a rebel surgeon named Heywood, a kindly faced and pleasant spoken man, for I shall always remember him with gratitude, came in and examined the new arrivals. When he came to my cot, after looking at my arm, he said:

of railroad service. We were put in an old wooden shed in the rear of the Columbia city jail, the main structure being occupied principally by naval officers captured at Charleston. Here we remained until October. I do not remember the day of the month, when some of us, that is, cripples and the sick, were started in box cars for Richmond to be paroled. While we rejoiced greatly to leave Columbia, that journey to Richmond was one of terrible torment. We were, I think, six days on the road, and so many men were packed in a car, which was guarded by two soldiers with fixed bayonets, that by no possibility of arrangement could we for one moment stretch our bodies out at length on the car floor. The result was excruciating pains in the knees. On arrival at Richmond we were confined in Libby prison, awaiting the parole boat. In about two weeks the welcome opening of the door for us arrived, we marched to the boat and in due time arrived at City Point.

C. C. Andrews Tells His Story. Gen. C. C. Andrews, chief fire warden

thousand inhabitants, a cultured community and the seat of a popular young ladies' seminary. It was also the home of one of Georgia's distinguished Union leaders, the Hon. Joshua Hill. Our prison, which was situated away from the village, had been a cotton factory and its boilers still remained in the basement. The first floor was vacant. The west half of the second floor was occupied by Union commissioned officers, the east half by Union citizen prisoners. The third floor was occupied principally by Gen. Prentiss and the officers captured with him at Shiloh. To make room for our party the citizen prisoners were moved down to the first floor. Space of about six feet in width by eight in length was allotted for two prisoners.

The civilian prisoners had allowed their floor to become filthy. It abounded with dirt and vermin; therefore the first thing we had to do was, by using shovels, brooms, soap and water, to purify our respective portions of the floor. The first few nights we slept on the floor, but afterwards we were provided with narrow double bed frames filled with clean straw. Having finished our little job of "polishing" and wishing to possess a pair of shoes, I, after repeated inquiries, ascertained that among the Shiloh prisoners there was an officer who possessed a pair of blacking and a brush. I sought him out and he very readily and kindly loaned them to me. That officer, then a captain in the Twelfth Iowa infantry, is, I am happy to say, a companion present with us—my near and esteemed neighbor and fellow-citizen, Maj. Edward W. Van Duzee.

Allowed to Buy Books.

The very first day I was in this rebel prison, I obtained permission to send to the village book store for a copy of Shakespeare and was successful in procuring one, complete, in octavo size. It was permitted, the same day, to go out accompanied by a guard, to a neighboring house, to borrow a chair. The occupants were in ordinary circumstances and the mistress of the family, like many others in the neighborhood, prepared and sold warm meals to such of our prisoners as had money to pay for them. I was treated by her in a polite manner, and a plain wooden chair was loaned to me, which I was permitted to retain during my stay in the prison. I was the only one on my floor who had a chair. Frequently after I had retired at night, Gen. Crittenden came and borrowed it to take into the hospital, where a few others enjoyed a same of cards, Shakespeare and a chair in a rebel prison they were luxuries indeed.

Our subsistence was furnished to us cooked. We had two meals a day; the first at about 3 o'clock and the second at about 3 in the afternoon. We had fresh boiled beef a few times a week, but not every day. On other days we had boiled bacon; corn "dodgers" formed the principal bread, though wheat flour bread was furnished as well. There were no vegetables, no tea nor coffee. A few rations of boiled rice were served towards the last of our stay. The cooking was done by negro women in a small camp just outside of the prison fence and was exceedingly poor. As a matter of fact, the subsistence was generally spoiled by being merely half cooked, and it was then, and is now, that the fault was from lack of administrative ability rather than from wilful intention. The wheat flour of which the so-called



CAPT. C. W. FISHER.

had suffered together in prisons and because of that suffering and affliction were bound more closely than are those who fought side by side might have a formal tie which should keep them associated in the after years of their lives. The present association numbers about 125 men, scattered all over the state. Maj. George N. Lamphere, secretary of the soldiers' home board, is the commander, and Capt. Charles W. Fisher, of the adjutant general's office, is adjutant and quartermaster.

Twenty-Four in St. Paul. The association has twenty-four members in St. Paul. Many of these men are among the most prominent citizens of the city, but all of them are entitled to honor and recognition by the people,

tioned on the gulf. For several days he wandered on, dodging the habitations of man as much as possible in a vain endeavor to reach the friendly forces which he knew were on the gulf. After weeks of hiding and skulking he reached the gulf, only to meet a rebel guard and once more to be captured.

Perhaps the most bitter part of his experience while trying to escape was to learn that while he was wandering around in the swamps and timber south of Jackson that the prisoners who were confined in prison at that place had been exchanged and permitted to return to their homes in the North. The fact that he had missed this opportunity while trying to effect his own escape proved a bitter pang to him when he was recap-



C. J. HUMASON.

month's weary waiting, and shortly afterward returned to his home in the North, having been a prisoner of the enemy over twenty-six months, or from Dec. 26, 1862, until March 4, 1865.

G. N. Lamphere's Experience.

George N. Lamphere, private, Company B, Sixteenth Connecticut, now secretary soldiers' home board and commander of the Minnesota Association Union ex-Prisoners of War, was captured at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864. He tells of his prison experience as follows: My active service ceased with the capture of Plymouth by the enemy, but I was fated to undergo an experience many times more trying and dangerous. A mine ball was lodged in my elbow. The surgeon of my regiment, assisted by two of the enemy's surgeons, operated on my wound on the day of the surrender. The first thing that was done by the surgeon was to insert his forefinger in the hole that the bullet had made and explore around therein with the pur-

burning pain. "This never once let up until my arm was amputated, on the 22d of May at Raleigh. As the inflammation extended upward, mortification commenced and followed in its wake, and when the remedy of amputation was finally resorted to, which was undoubtedly delayed because there was no one at hand capable of saving my arm off, was black from above the elbow downwards, and it was necessary to cut the arm off within five inches of the shoulder in order to get sound flesh and skin to lap with. By this time, with insufficient and improper food and nourishment, and the waste of never-ceasing pain, which prevented rest and sleep, I had become reduced to a skeleton, and was so weak that when I was lifted to a sitting position, I would faint. After we had laid there at Plymouth about thirty days, the rebels put us on a barge and towed us to Weiden, where we were transferred to a railroad train and carried to Raleigh, where they had a hospital and surgeons. We arrived there on the first day of May. It is easy to believe me when

JOHN GUNTHER.

"Well, my boy, you have a bad arm; I will have to come around tomorrow morning and amputate it." I understood enough of my situation to know that amputation was my only salvation, and thanked him. He came with an assistant the next morning. They laid me on a table, and as they administered ether I thought of home and my mother. I did not believe that I had strength enough to rally from the operation, and so bade good-by to earth, breathing a prayer to God to receive my spirit. I was mistaken, for in due time I recovered consciousness, and never have I felt so much relief. This terrible burning pain had disappeared, and in place of it there was only the sharp, but not very weakening, pain of the cut. I was put back on the cot, and from that time began to sleep. I slept

of the state and at one time colonel of the Third Minnesota regiment which surrendered at Murfreesborough, tells of the experience of a commissioned officer in rebel prisons. The following is taken from a paper prepared and read by Gen. Andrews before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Legion of Honor.

The second day after leaving Knoxville and when about a hundred miles south-east of Atlanta, the train pulled up; and from various indications it seemed we had reached our destination. I think it was a little after noon. The weather was clear but intensely hot and oppressive. On the left side of the railroad and quite near, was a large three-story brick



Geo. N. LANPHERE. Moorhead, Minn.

day and night for a week or more, making up for lost time. I was, however, excessively weak, and could not move myself at all, and when moved faintly. Our fare was not calculated to give us strength very fast, and therefore I gained but slowly. But I had strong hope, and was determined to live. I think it was nine days after the amputation that I first got on my feet, and from that time my recovery was faster, and I might say was assured, except that there was imminent danger of gangrene or erysipelas setting in, there being some patients in the same room with these dreadfully fatal diseases, and there was little precaution taken to prevent their contact with the healthy subjects. The rebels were destitute of lint, bandages and medical supplies of all kinds. The same bandages were used a week, the nurses in dressing the wounds simply rinsing them out in cold water, and once a week were dressed. But my arm escaped gangrene and erysipelas and healed nicely. Once or twice maggots got under the adhesive plaster strips that bound the flaps and gave me a good deal of annoyance in the cut, but I was able to get them out and was very careful to keep the flaps after that.

After a while those who had not died, and I regret to say that many did die, and some of these were only slightly wounded and had been our men, and they died because they lost heart, were put on board a train for some prison further south. We afterwards learned that Andersonville was our intended destination. By some break in the railroad arrangements we were stopped at Salisbury and put in the prison there, but only for a day or two, and then again boarded the train. This time we got as far as Columbia, S. C., where we heard that we were stopped also because of some difficulty or obstacle in the matter

building, surrounded with an unpainted board fence about twelve feet high. Every window was full of Union prisoners, who greeted us with various loud, good-humored expressions. The scene, however, was anything but pleasant, yet in obedience to orders we alighted and were soon inside the prison yard, which was about an acre in extent. We had ar-

J. J. HINE.

bread was made was apparently of good quality; but it was baked in spiders in thin round cakes about three-quarters of an inch thick, and so heavily soiled by the little better than so much dough. The beef was boiled but a very short time, but being served without salt or other seasoning was not particularly appetizing.

A little flour was stirred into the water in which it was boiled, and that, without being salted, was served as soup. The fresh meat was usually cooked soon after the animal had been slaughtered and the natural animal or slaughter-house taste or odor was strong both in meat and soup. In respect to the bacon, while some of it was good, there was much that was of a lively character. However, the most palatable food which I found was a sandwich made with a bit of corn bread and a slice of fat bacon. I used to save a portion of corn bread and bacon to make such a sandwich to eat early in the morning, with my Shakspeare open before me, and seated with scores of fellow prisoners on a narrow bank of earth in the shade of the high prison fence.

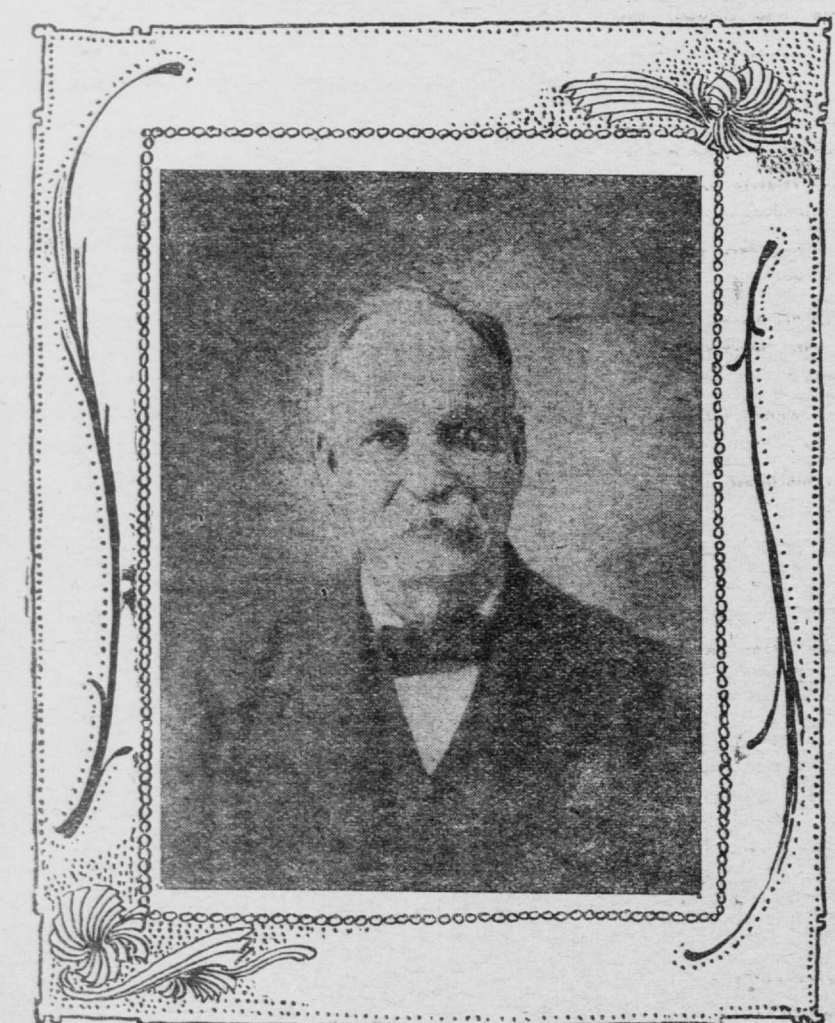
Delicacies of Prison Mess.

The mess to which I belonged numbered about eight. There was a small table around which we stood to eat. Our plates and water cups were of tin and we took turns in "washing the dishes" and putting things to rights. During the last weeks we were there we had, at our own expense, the luxury of sweet potato coffee. It was found that sweet potatoes sliced and roasted the same as coffee, would, when boiled, make a beverage having the color and something of the taste of coffee. Not a few of the prisoners, and especially those on the third floor, were well supplied with money, and purchased their meals from private houses in the vicinity at the expense sometimes of \$2 a day per person. Baskets of fried chickens, hot rolls and other luxuries, fresh and savory, thus prepared to order, were carried to our room daily. Many watermelons and peaches were purchased and consumed in the prison.

Trip in a Cattle Train.

We were sent from Madison to Richmond in order to complete the arrangements for our parole. The trip was made to Columbia, S. C., in cattle cars, the

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DAVID KRIBS.

if for no other reason, simply because they are members of an association which testifies that they have been confined in a Confederate prison.

Some of these men have interesting experiences to tell of the times when they were prisoners, while the experiences of many of them are similar to the usual story of all men who have been so unfortunate as to have been captured by the rebels. All of them suffered in an untold degree and their observation on prison life is but the retelling of the stories printed in any history of Andersonville, Libby or any of the Southern prisons.

Frank B. Doran, formerly mayor of St. Paul, has the distinction, if it may be called a distinction, of having been a prisoner of war longer than any man in the United States. Twenty-six months is

tured and confined in the military prison in Mobile, Ala.

He was kept in Mobile but one month, and in company with a group of Rebel deserters was sent north to Richmond, Va. When they reached the Rebel capital he was not confined in the regular war prison, but was left at Castle Thunder. He remained there for over four months trying vainly to obtain his freedom, but he was not a military man, but a civilian. He exerted every influence he could command to aid in securing his release, but all to no avail. Then he learned that he was held because he was suspected of being a spy. When this fact was made known to him he realized that it was a hopeless task to secure a release, and that he must either escape or abide the pleasure of the Confederate government. He was removed to Libby prison and



WARREN HEWITT MEAD.