

CHAPTER V.

CONTAINS A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MY SOJOURN IN THE SOUTH WHILE A PRISONER OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY, AND THENCE ON UNTIL I ARRIVED AT BENTON BARRACKS, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, WHERE I REPORTED TO COLONEL B. L. E. BONNEVILLE, U. S. A., ON THE 10TH DAY OF APRIL, 1863.

I HAVE on a previous occasion written a very full account of my stay in the South while a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy, and because of that, and for the reason that it is my desire that my narrative may not appear to be drawn out too much, and become tedious because of its length, I have determined to give only a general account in this place of that period. Besides these, there is one other reason why I should not at this time particularly rehearse the sufferings and trials we underwent, and that is because many suffered to a greater extent by far than I did, and they have had their recorders by the score. The treatment which prisoners of war received during those unhappy times will be taken notice of by the

writers of the history of the war when it comes to be made up. For my part, I would rather erase from my memory, if I could, the sad side of the story, and retain only that by which I was benefited, the traveling, changes of scene, and the acquaintance I made with the manners of the different people with whom I came in contact. And although I may frequently have to say that our men suffered, the wounded from lack of treatment and all from lack of food and exposure, yet I am almost ready to apologize for many of the shortcomings of the enemy in these regards, because in nearly every instance they treated their own forces no better than they did us, and this too for the very good reason that what they had not themselves could not very well be furnished to us.

Early on the morning of the 1st of January, 1863, I was awakened by being trampled upon by some of my mates in misfortune. It was a dismal change from the comparatively happy dreamy sleep I had been in, and which had been superinduced by the excitement and fatigue of the previous days, when I awoke on that New Year's morning. For nearly a week before, the tension on our spirits had been strained, until but little was wanting to break us down. The defeat and capture and that night's confinement in the filthy courtyard constituted the last straw, and a more broken-spirited lot of humanity than we were then it would be difficult to conceive of. It had rained all night, as it invariably did immediately after heavy firing, and now we were wet to the skin and chilled to our bones. Every joint in my body ached, and I was in great pain and torture. As soon as the