

Chapter III
Captivity and terrors of

On the morning of July 7. I awoke to find myself a prisoner of war under the conditions described in the following chapter.

The first thing I saw was Jake and the first thing I smelled was the old hillside navy. The sun was just coming up and its reflection against a hard pine door on the east made it look like it was on fire. Breakfast was in preparation and I smelt spring chicken, I felt like I could do as much justice to spring chicken as a Methodist circuit rider. My mother was a Methodist, and preachers often came to our house. I have run down lots of pullits for the preachers. I had prepared for breakfast, the two young men, Jake and his pardner were on hand and we all sat down together, I had not seen such a feast as that since I left the hoosier home, spring chicken, sweet potatoes, hominy, fresh milk, butter, and old fashioned dried apple pie with lots of spice in it. The old lady was determined that I should be filled, she kept passing things in my direction continually, it was a rule and I tried to appreciate the old lady's

hospitality which was disappearing according
to my capacity to get on the ground with all
the good things. Mean time I had been
deaf to the conversation that was being car-
ried on; I learned that I was to be taken
in charge by the two young men and conveyed
to their command forty miles away. James
says, pap you stay out of Oldport or the
first thing you know the Yankees will drop
on to you and it will be all day with this
neighborhood when their cavalry find you out,
stay on this side of the river. If you pick up any
Yankees hold them down at the forks until some
of us call around. I learned the night before from
the conversation of the old men that the forks was
a general rendezvous for the old Confederate citi-
zens that were doing Confederate service on
their own hook. The young men had saddled
up their horses, and I perceived by their tapping
that they were regular Cavalry men, every thing
ready, we mounted, I behind one of them.
As we rode south that day I perceived we were
in a section of country never yet invaded
by the Federal Army, about four o'clock P.M. we
arrived in the Confederate camp, after dismounting
I was turned over to two young Confederates a
little older than my self, one of them was
stuck up with military importance and seem

to take delight in his power over me as a
guard, the long ride had worried me and a
full realization of my situation had been duly
considered and to say the least of it I was some-
what disheartened, disgusted, hungry, and riled
at the young Cur who was heaping insult
on my already injured temper. These boys
marched me off to a small cabin near a
long shed covered with brush as a protection
against the sun, this cabin was the commis-
sary and the shed was a confederate dining
room, a rude furnace constructed by a long
ditch, with a low stone chimney at one end,
this ditch was covered with flat stone a space
left at intervals to set pots, kettles, and skillets
on. The other military quarters in sight were
rude brush covered affairs scattered promiscuously
through the timber, the horses were picketed around
to the small timber, it was very evident that
Lieutenant Armstrong had nothing to do with
that camp for there was no West Point order
in things around there. I sat down on a
block of wood under the shed and awaited
further events. Soon the two soldiers that had
brought me to camp came to the commissary
cabin and some one there in charge gave them
rations, consisting of corn pone and side meat
about as thin as some we had got out side

of the picket line while at Bridgeport, they brought a skillet and kindled a little fire in the ditch, fried the meat and supper was ready, they dished me out a piece or some corn pone. I did not realize then that I was getting a bountiful feast, after eating our rations the two men left me with the two guards.

No sooner had they gone than the young cur began taunting me again with his numerous uncomplimentary questions, the other lad was very reserved in his manner and I thought I could detect some generosity and humanity in his quiet manner, the other chap kept pushing his hard remarks, I was getting hot under the sting of his abuse and was just on the point of spending a little of my opinion on him when I saw two men approaching, one of them was one of the men that had come to camp with me, the other was a commissioned officer, the young cur stopped his abuse as the men drew near, when they came up I saw the officers rank was Captain, he in a good humored way said, hellow yank, I am glad to see you, he had a good looking face and I felt I could depend on his manhood and I replied that I was glad to see him. I believe you are Captain and I hope you are a gentleman and will do the fair thing by a

prisoner, you are right yank, I will do the fair thing, if I know how - well then Captain, will you remove that young cuss that is guarding me pointing to the young cur that had nearly worn his tongue out on me, he has been abusing me ever since I got into camp. This generous Confederate officer turned on him with a vengeance, how you been abusing this prisoner Sir? no soldier will abuse a prisoner, you are relieved from your duty as a guard over him. I thanked the Captain and asked the other young man to confirm my charge which he did. The Captain then sat down and plying me with many questions all in a very civil way, he finally elicited the fact from me that I was born in Kentucky when he declared it was to bad that I had enlisted in the Northern Army, that most of the Kentuckians were loyal to the South, I said, Captain you are mistaken most of them are in the Northern Army for I have a brother, fifteen cousins, and four uncles in the Union Army all from Kentucky - two of these are in the first Kentucky Cavalry under Frank Woolford, and that regiment can lick a whole brigade of Southern Cavalry, he laughed over my assertion. It was now late in the evening and most of this company had been away on some kind of an expedition,

And came in just before dark. Next morning
 after breakfast I was mounted behind a soldier
 as on the previous day and with two other guards
 we continued our direction South. I will not
 recount the tedious march to Cahaba which
 occupied several days, being handed over from
 one command to an other until we finally reached
 Selma ten miles North of Cahaba on the Alabama
 river. Here I found guarded in the upper
 story of a large building several other Yankus,
 I had not seen a yankee since I left Bridgeport
 and for many days I had been wrapped up in
 the solitude of my own wretchedness, not a
 friendly soul to share my misfortune, the full
^{Southern} moon on a clear night could not have shed
 so friendly a light on my path as a big
 yellow dog from the hoosier state; and the sight
 of these Yankus thrilled me with joy, I felt
 like I had found some long lost friends - there
 was eight of them and I shook hands with every
 one. A Methodist evangelist never shook the hand
 of a sard sinner more warmly than I shook the
 hands of these Yankus, there is nothing more true than
 that old proverb. "Misery likes company." These soldiers
 were all strangers to me, though they were of the
 same division to which I belonged, and in
 swapping experiences with them I found that their
 capture like my own was instances of misplaced

Confidence in the vigilance of the enemy. They had been in the same line of service as my self, that of protecting the line of transportation from Nashville to Atlanta, the soldiers had been captured farther South than Bridgeport and I guess that took lines down that way was hazardous property, one of the soldiers was from a Michigan regiment a man of middle age and of more than ordinary intelligence and was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, I became very intimate and soon very much attached to him, by reason of his kind disposition towards me, he would try to point out the cheerful, and hopeful side of our condition - yet he seemed to have lost this hope for himself, he told me of his home, which was a little humble cottage near lake Michigan, he had a wife and three children in this little home to whom he was tenderly devoted, the thought of these seemed to drive him almost to distraction. He had not been in Cahaba but a few weeks when the constant worry and meager rations had reduced him to a mere skeleton - the end that he seemed to have realized from the first was near at hand, he was never again to greet those loved ones in that little Michigan home, for I saw him borne away on a stretcher to rest beneath the tall pines on the banks of the Alabama.

He had been at Selma but two days when we were ordered down to the river wharf to take a boat for Cahaba, where we arrived about noon, we were marched immediately to the prison headquarters before the august presence of Major Jones the chief official of Cahaba Prison. From my own observation of the mans general make up, my diagnosis was about as follows.

A man fifty five years of age, hair liberally streaked with gray, at that time a smooth shaven face, he wore the regulation Confederate gray which was neat fitting and in keeping with his mild gray eyes, which seemed to look clear into your soul to see if he should pray for you. Though I never was ~~as~~ good judge of human nature before hand as afterwards, if Major Jones had ever borne any body to a throne of grace, it must have been on the point of a bayonet, he was such a man as could sink a ship or cut a throat on the spur of the moment, without consideration or emotion, we were in this mans presence to be duly installed as prisoners of war. Regiment, Company, battery, brigade, division, army corps, age, birth, complexion, weight &c were duly recorded, we were now searched on pretext of having concealed weapons, also if any of us had any greenbacks Mr Jones would act in the capacity of a

Fidelity Savings Bank until we were paroled, or exchanged. Though Jones' fidelity would not do to type too, for I never heard of a depositor getting even one cent on the dollar, some of the soldiers with me handed over small amounts of fractional currency, but I had nothing to turn over I had turned over my liberty at the end of a hot line to the Confederacy and I was not able to deposit any thing as a guarantee of good faith on my part to linger around their any longer than I had to. Every thing was now ready and we were turned over to the guards who marched us off to our future doom. The great heavy door to the main entrance of Cahaba prison swung partly open to admit us into that place of death and starvation, we passed in and the door closed with the click of the heavy latch. I will here drop the curtain over the scenes of future despair in the inner walls of Cahaba prison. To give you a brief history of Cahaba so far as I have been able to secure facts connected with it. Cahaba Dallas County Alabama the first Capitol of the State is situated on the Alabama River ten miles South of Selma and one hundred and twenty five miles above Mobile. Dallas County constitutes a portion of the famous region known

as the Black Belt, this term being applied on account of the numerous colored population that were formally the slaves of the wealthy planters of this section. The soil is very rich and noted for its fertility in the production of the staple product Cotton, this portion of the State had been exempt from the intrusion of the Federal Army and a large portion of the Confederate supplies were drawn from this section. Though long before the war Cahaba had lost her former prestige as a financial and commercial center, the Capitol had long since been removed and even the County seat had fled to Selma, the rail road that once had its terminal in Cahaba had long ago been taken up several miles to the west and rebuilt to Selma. Thus Cahaba at the beginning of the war to use a slang phrase, was a back number. The City where wise legislators once convened - where that high tribunal of justice assembled; where the wealth, commerce, luxury, and Aristocracy of the black belt was met, all had long since forsaken Cahaba. Which at the beginning of the war had become a wayside inn, and in comparison to her former wealth and pride was left a ruin and almost a Sodom and Gomorrah; the

terminal of the former rail road that entered Cahaba ended at what was, during the last three years of the war Cahaba prison; this in former days was a great cotton warehouse whose walls extended (90) one hundred and ninety feet North and South by (120) one hundred and twenty feet east and west, on the North of which was now erected a high stockade (130) one hundred and thirty feet east and west and (80) eighty feet North and South, leaving four foot space on east, west, and South and (60) sixty feet on the North, this served as a cook yard and was used in the day time only; one entrance from the prison opened into the cook yard, through two large heavy doors that were closed at night. One half of the roof was off the old prison, and the remainder very poor and leaky, the stockade was ~~made~~^{built} of small logs set in a deep ditch, on top of this stockade which was sixteen feet high was a three foot walk where guards were on duty, no passing was allowed on the east, west, or South, which was a space of four feet called the dead line, this line extended the same distance on the east, west and North of the cook yard. This same distance for dead line was also deducted from the walls on the in side, where guards also patrolled

on duty. Now I have given the exact dimension and you can figure the exact area of space, for a little over three thousand prisoners; we had less than half the space allotted a like number in any other prison in the South. At night we were packed like sardines in a box; this crowded and unhealthy condition of Cahaba, was the result of a death list of seven hundred and fifty in less than one year. We sustained in proportion to numbers about the same relation to Andersonville that the side show does to the menagerie, we had no brass band or elephant not even the big fat man as a drawing card, but Andersonville could not excel us in feather weights and lining skeletons. The fresh prisoner from the Federal line compared with the unfortunate comrad who had taken Cahaba treatment for six months, was a radical reverse of the patent medicine mans illustration of before and after taking. The lean man here was on the wrong side of the medicine. I had been in Cahaba prison but a few hours when I discovered that I was surrounded by filth, nakedness, hunger, death, desolation and a dead line on four sides. I will not here comment on our daily rations their quantity or quality. I am writing this over my own

signature as a true story and I will give you no occasion to bring into question my integrity, for a Cahaba ration was too small a thing to mention, I will only say that those meager rations were the most desirable thing I discovered in Cahaba. The loose fitting clothes of the hoosier^{boy} were not adapted to the occasion, where loose clothes daily became looser as the yankee inside of them gradually contracted. To many of my comrades our rations meant actual starvation, the large robust yankee that entered Cahaba prison, was a fatal mark for the ravages of hunger, the meager ration could not sustain so much blood and muscle, I was more fortunate in my physical make up, and I soon got my avoirdupois down to par with my rations, feather weights here had the drop on the big champions of physical development.

When I first entered Cahaba, I was astonished to see the seeming indifference of a majority of the prisoners to their horrible surroundings. I was greeted with jesting, slang, mirth, hilarity, and song on every side; I thought surely this assemblage must be the tough and hard element of the Federal Army, their general demeanor and actions was to me something like a dance at a funeral; though, in due

time I found my self living against
 time about on a level with my comrades.
 I observed, that to give way to the natural
 impulse of my feelings would mean absolute
 distraction, living against starvation was
 a herculean task and combined with grief
 and mental worry, the result would soon
 be fatal, yet, I could not get quite enough
 consolation before the foot lights of the Cahaba
 stage to dislodge that great burden of despair
 that haunted me day and night, the weary
 days passed heavily by, I formed many in-
 timate acquaintances and warm attachments
 and know from personal observation that there
 was in Cahaba some of the most sublime and
 grandest types of American manhood.
 I have seen such feeling, sympathy, and
 charity for comrades, exercised behind those des-
 olate walls, than you rarely find in the make
 up of your neighbors. A daily ration in Cahaba
 was valued higher, than a lot on Broadway
 New York; yet, I have often seen it generous-
 ly shared with an unfortunate comrad; this
 kind of charity, dear readers, was directed
 of the "Sounding brass and the tinkling cymbel"
 attachments, that are so frequently found
 beneath the tall spires of monumental grand-
 eur, or at the shrine of modern sanctuaries

where assemble the throng of those to whom the echo from the Son of Man, "peace on earth and good will toward men" is a hollow mockery. The reverberating influence of that sweet spiritual voice has almost died away in the finely frescoed and gilded walls, the cold touch of the world has stolen into the hearts of the richly appareled throng, yet, behind the dark walls of Cahaba amid poverty, wretchedness, hunger and death, was found the grandeur of that sublime nature that had winged its way down through the ages - the spirit of the good Samaritan; the counterpart of which I have seen in Cahaba. I have seen some of those noble men that in outward appearance you would class as rough, and wicked - when perchance you observe them again at the side of a dying ^{convalescing} as tender as a mother - with tears coursing down their cheeks, catching from the husky whisper a last message, that perchance might be borne to a Northern home.

Living against time in Cahaba was taking in every thing that would divert the mind from the realities of wretchedness; through the day we had access to the cook yard, where we could look out on outside freedom - we could see the great heavy doors that shut

it out from us, I could ^{stand} there for hours and
 watch the little warblers that were flying here
 and there in their liberty, and their sweet mel-
 lody seemed to touch some responsive chord in
 the heart of the hoosier boy, in the ragged blue,
 who in the land of the free and the home of
 the brave was behind the dark prison walls.
 Had the serfs of the old world ever bowed
 to a monarch of more cruelty? Yet those that
 helped us build the fame of Americas liberty
 were making us slaves of cruelty and wrong.
 I would build great castles of hope in my
 imaginary dreams, to be shattered by the real-
 ization of my surrounding, away up in the flo-
 ating clouds I could fix victorious armies, in
 the great white clouds bearing down from the
 North, I would depict vividly the mighty
 hostes of the victorious Sherman who was
 marching to the rescue of Cahaba, I could
 almost hear the welcome greeting from my
 starving comrades, swelling into melody.
 Tramp, Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
 Cheer up comrades they will come.
 And beneath the stars flag we shall breathe the air
 again of our forland in our own beloved home.
 But I hear the old familiar call of the sentinals
 from the top of the Stockade. "Twelve O'clock and ^{all} is
 well." I see the port holes through the Stockade.

where stand the grim Cannons, ready for action, and I still hear the vigilant Sentinel calling on the inner walls "Twelve o'clock and all is well". I could listen to Yankee wit and humor until I was full of mirthful emotion, but the solitude of the long weary night, that seemed so long and dark, I can never describe it to you, of the hard mental battles of the night when the sun had gone behind the dead line - when we sought the hard bed of earth to battle with the realities, until the dawn of another day. We knew that each night would swell the death list, as seven eights of the deaths in Cahaba occurred between the setting and rising sun showing conclusively that solitude and mental worry were directly fatal; for when a man despairs of life on an empty stomach in solitude he is very near the dead line. On the hard bare ground without a vestige of covering, (except a remnant of the last clothes Uncle Sam had furnished) I would try in every conceivable way to outflank despair, and get around in the rear of that great aching void in my heart and brain. But there was not a ray of hope in sight and eternity often seemed so near that to turn half over the other way and I

would be on board. In a half waking dream that would seem a vivid reality, I would be back in the Federal line, and hear the old familiar bugle call, Cannoneers dismount, by hand to the front, by detail, load, two three sponge, one two three ram, two three ready, fire! That old familiar thunder, that peculiar concussion of the air, and I am awake to hear the sentinal call, "Post twenty six twelve o'clock and all is well" Again in fleeting dreams I am with those at home, and hold in view the disappointing mirage of the old kitchen table with its tempting food, and again I am awake. Oh! the treacherous vision, the delusion, Oh! the mockery, to a starving boy. And again the terrors of Cahaba surround me. Hope is almost gone, when a beautiful vision dispels the gloom, a gleam of hope steals in over the dead line, I see once more that calm serene face, I hear again those parting words, "God bless and bring my boy back again." It is mother, she is coming this way. Mother you are pale tonight, you have come so far, away down here to Cahaba to see your starving boy, it was only a dream, but I was thinking of mother and I knew, she was praying every night for the starving boy

in the ragged blue, and somehow hope, would climb above despair. A starving boys faith in his mothers prayers was a balm in gilead on which to build new hope, for a mothers prayers will follow you through thick and thin - get over the dead line - bring sunshine, hope, and courage to the heart.

I could write indefinitely of hunger, misery, and death in Cahaba, but we will now view prison life from its most favorable side. It was the outward exhibition of yankee wit that saved many lives, while there is nothing real in the idea, "That you can laugh and grow fat" Though a man can not get to learn to laugh, it takes a genius to make every body laugh, though we had the material in Cahaba out of which laughing philosophers could have been made. We had a variety theater and tribunals of justice, where prisoners was tried and punished for stealing rations; there was the Judge, Jury, attorneys, Sheriff and deputies, to enforce penalties - the theater was not second class in talent by any means, we had glee-clubs, that would render patriotic airs, also instrumental music, the guitar, banjo, and violin, we also had some good stump speakers, that had sparkling wit enough to paint smiles

on the lougest faces, one of these in particular was from the 9th Indiana Cavalry, I shall never forget the first time I heard this humorous fellow make a little talk, he had been in prison but a short time, when one evening he was announced for a speech. I will repeat from memory a portion of his remarks which were about as follows. Fellow comrades of Cahaba, I was appointed by a committee of one, to come out this afternoon and make you a speech, and as I had been previously appointed on this committee, I accepted the invitation. My friends find that wind is the chief diet here, and I trust you will not expect me to use too much of this element in this speech, as I have not had my supper; when this cruel war broke out I was one of the first patriotic hoosiers to respond, for I was told that the south was going to free the niggers and send them up to Indiana, and I came down here to put a stop to it. On my way down here comrades I met General Forest who I found to be a man of force and power and he perswaded me to come farther South and spend the heated term here on the banks of the Alabama. I see here before me among this sea of upturned faces our regiment Chaplain, who I heard preach in the Federal line a few Sundays ago, his text was, 'I go to prepare a place for you,

that where I am then ye may be also; if this is the place that the Chaplain had reference to he certainly has been deceived and like wise Sucked in. I presume the Chaplain can in a Spiritual sense admit that a Cahaba ration, "Is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen?" My friends I do not wish on this occasion to soar off into a sublime flight of oratory, that will cause the shedding of any briny tears; for I am told that salt is fifty dollars a barrel down here, and none of you can afford to weep any thing stronger than a little fresh water over my remarks. I presume most of us have decided to remain here indefinitely - and partake of Major Jones' generous hospitality. I was sent down here on a National errand and when that is attended to, I shall return North, my business however, may detain me much longer than I desire to remain, I volunteered to help save the Union, but I am sorry dear friends that I can do nothing for you, here in Cahaba, I see they are carrying you off daily on a stretcher to be flung out there on the banks of the Alabama. I presume this is what they call lights out in Cahaba, though, dear comrades I would not throw any solemnity around this picture, as some of you already have a solemn dejected appearance, like a last weeks dish rag

that a hungry pup had chewed, I almost wish I had sent a Substitute down in my place, I am not selfish dear Comrades, and I never would have begrudged him the pleasures and luxuries I have enjoyed. Though my dear Comrades don't give up the ship, for this old rotten Confederacy is evaporating like a shallow mud puddle in a July Sun. Vicksburg and Atlanta have gone down with a thud, that is still thudding. Sherman will soon be on the coast, and the Illinois tanner down at Richmond will soon have the Confederate hide in the lime vat, then this cruel war will be over, and Uncle Sam will wipe all tears from our eyes, his oldest daughter the "Goddess of Liberty" shall have a new petticoat with all the old bright stars back on it again, with new stockings and high heeled shoes, - and she will dance us a National jig for victory.

I am going back by Washington on my way home to see the old girl, for she is a dear and near relative of my mother, on my father's side, and that makes her very close kin to the middle of the family. My friends, after my investigation here, if I was a missionary from Heaven, appointed to locate a suitable spot for a h-l on earth, I would immediately send an abbreviated dispatch to the operator

in heaven saying, tell Lord all O.K, have found it, send brimstone by first Angel, no devil needed, got me here. If the audience will kindly sing rally round the flag we will receive the benediction, and repair to supper. Something like the foregoing would flow from this man for an hour at the time, and we had a fine appreciation of his remarkable wit and humor. The speaker had referred to his Chaplain in his speech, and he being among us I heard him preach on several occasions, and the great crowd would quietly wind their way towards the speaker and listen to his discourse with marked respect and attention. The hilarity and boisterous fun making would cease, and the Chaplain would hold the great audience spell bound for an hour or more.

I had now been in Cahaba about five months and was thoroughly initiated into all the degrees of prison life, although only a mere boy I was standing the severe test much better than the majority of the prisoners and I was quick to take advantage of this fact and built some hope on the possibility of some of us getting out of Cahaba prison alive, I felt that I would stand a better chance than the average and if any one got out of Cahaba alive, the hungry boy with the ragged clothes would be one.

of them. Major Jones was exacting in all his regulations and orders, he issued orders that no one should stand in the gang-way leading to the cook yard, this cruel order seemingly was issued for a pretext to shoot men down in cold blood with out any provocation, a comrad coming or going through this gang-way the natural result would often be to stop and exchange words, yet, if a man stoped moving the sentinals order would be to fire. I have seen three men shot in this pass way simply for stopping. Every morning we were counted like sheep as we passed between ~~the~~ two bayonets, leading to the Cook yard; many during the night would become sick and almost chilled to death, but the order must be obeyed and a dozen guards would be deployed in the rear with fixed bayonets, and if the poor prisoner could not drag himself up he would have a bayonet plunged into him. I have seen weak dying Comrads carried to the gang way supported in single file and held up to be counted. Humanity and justice fled before the presence of this ^{man} Jones' tyranny. I will here introduce an important character to my readers. Captain Henderson a Confederate exchange commissioner whose head quarters were at Cahaba, though his duties

Keep him absent most of the time. When ever he would make a trip to Cahaba he would come inside of the prison seemingly on a tour of inspection and on such occasions he would confer with some of the most prominent prisoners, and it finally leaked out that Henderson and Major Jones were not on very good terms, while Henderson only ranked as Captain his authority as exchange Commissioner gave him Authority over Jones and we learned that he and Jones had considerable trouble over the treatment of prisoners. Henderson was a man about thirty five years of age, of pleasant appearance and military bearing, always had a pleasant word for the prisoners. On this occasion he made us a little speech which seemed to shed much light and hope for parole or exchange, he was a very different man from Jones, he had a little blood and sympathy in his heart, his coming was always greeted warmly by the prisoners. Who would crowd around him to hear of any hope of exchange, he had just told us at this time that he had met General Washburn a Federal exchange commissioner near Vicksburg, and the outlook he assured us was flattering, let me here remark that the Federal authorities were acting more from policy than humanity in refusing the South an

exchange of prisoners. The Confederate prisoners held in the North were in good condition to resume hostilities as soon as exchanged, while we would have to be still fed a while to get us in shape for service, most of the soldiers that were released from Southern prisons were paroled. Prisoners released on parole of honor can be exchanged afterwards, a parole is a military obligation not to take up arms until exchanged legally. A violation of this obligation is understood to be death. Yet paroling prisoners is never resorted to in general, conditions sometimes made it necessary, the surrendering of an enemy was often on the terms of parole, or if prisoners were held that might be rescued, parole was resorted to. Commissioned officers were usually paroled, though I never believed that the wise and great Lincoln was in touch with all the facts regarding exchange, for this grand American was surrounded with all the cares of the Nation, his head, heart, and hands were busy in the higher executive branches of his duties. And his subordinates inaugurated a cruel policy of which I believe he was mainly ignorant. The weary days passed slowly by, hunger and death was still thinning our ranks, and parole or exchange came not

The lousier boy was still forlorn in his
ragged blue all tattered and torn.

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