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, by Daniel Avery Langworthy**

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A Prisoner of War
and
His Escape

—
Daniel Avery Langworthy



DANIEL AVERY LANGWORTHY

**Reminiscences
of
A Prisoner of War
and
His Escape**

By

Daniel Avery Langworthy

Late Captain 85th N. Y. Vol. Infantry

With Illustrations

**Byron Printing Company
Minneapolis, Minn.
1915**

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND AND COMRADE

[Pg 7]

ELL TORRANCE
PAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

ILLUSTRATIONS

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Preface

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Soon after my escape from captivity and my arrival at the home of my father-in-law, at Elmira, New York, where my good wife was, my sister Sarah, who was older than myself, and her husband, came to see me. She sat down by my side and said: "Now Daniel, tell me all about it. How you were captured, how treated while a prisoner of war, how you made your escape and worked your way from Columbia, South Carolina, to Elmira." She held me to a strict account until she had the full story. I then told her that if after that I should be asked about it I would refer them to her (she would have given a good narrative), but unfortunately she is not living now.

I have never been much inclined to talk about my prison life, nor had thought of writing about it until recently when some of my comrades, who had been talking with me about it, suggested and **strongly urged** that I write it out. The result of which is these reminiscences. Doubtless I could have told this story better fifty years ago, for, as I did not keep a diary or any memorandum, it is entirely from memory, yet the events made a fixed impression on my mind and I believe that what I have herein narrated is correct. I was born January 3rd, 1832.

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DANIEL AVERY LANGWORTHY.

Minneapolis, Minn.
April 3rd, 1915.

Narrative

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Before the Civil War I was a young physician in New York city, had been brought up a strong Whig and fully believed that slavery was entirely wrong. After the beginning of the war I felt it my duty to go and help and thought that the privates, the men who carried and used rifles were what was wanted; hence I went to Elmira, New York, and enlisted on September 10th, 1861, in the Eighty-fifth New York Regiment, which regiment was being recruited in Allegany County in the locality where my father lived, so that I might be with my former associates. Late in the fall of 1861 the regiment was moved to Washington, D. C., remaining there during the winter. Early in the following spring we went on the Peninsula campaign under General McClellan, our regiment being in General Wessel's brigade. On April 9th, 1862, I was commissioned first lieutenant. On October 17th, 1862, captain.

At the close of the campaign as we came off the Peninsula, General Wessell's brigade was left at Fortress Monroe, where it remained for a time, and was then ordered to Newburn, North Carolina, and from there to Plymouth, North Carolina. In July, 1863, two other officers, some enlisted men and myself were detailed and sent to Elmira, New York, on conscript duty. While in Elmira I was married. In March, 1864, we were ordered to return to our command. We did so, arriving at Plymouth, North Carolina, about April 1st. On April 20th the entire post was captured after a siege of four days.

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After our capture we were started toward Richmond and marched in that direction for two days; then laid over for one day. Although nothing had been said, we inferred that there must be something wrong at Richmond, indeed we afterward learned that General Grant had started on his wilderness campaign, and orders had been issued from Richmond not to bring any more prisoners there.

The next morning we started south and tramped in that direction until we came to a railroad, where we were loaded into cattle or box cars (I being on the first train). We continued our southern journey, passing through Wilmington and Charleston to Savannah, then going west through Macon, we arrived at Andersonville, Georgia, in the afternoon. We were then taken out of the cars and sat down on the ground.

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Andersonville contained only a few scattered houses. We could plainly see where our men were encamped, some distance away, with nothing to protect them from the heat of the sun and apparently with only a scant supply of water. Soon after our arrival a well-mounted and soldierly-looking officer came riding toward us. He was met by the officer in command of our guard, who saluted and inquired: "Is this Captain Wirtz?" "Yes," was the reply. "Captain Wirtz, I have some prisoners here for you," said the officer in charge of us. "About how many?" inquired Captain Wirtz, "and what are they?" "About eight hundred. Seventy-five officers and about seven hundred and twenty-five men," was the answer. "Well," said Captain Wirtz, "I suppose I must take the men, but I **cannot** take the officers."

The captain of our guard was an imperious man; he straightened himself up and said: "Captain Wirtz, I am ordered to turn these prisoners over to you." "I **cannot** take the officers," repeated Captain Wirtz. "I have no place for them. God knows my place is bad enough for the men!" "Captain Wirtz," insisted the captain of our guard, "I shall turn all these prisoners over to you." "Do what you d—n please," said Wirtz. "Turn them loose if you want to, but I tell you I will not take the officers." He then turned his horse and rode away.

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We all realized that we had witnessed an important scene—and it was. It established a precedent. So far as I know, no officers were confined at Andersonville. Had they been, the majority of them, like our men, would have died there. Of my company forty-eight good, healthy, robust young men went into Andersonville that day and the remains of thirty of them are there now; while of the officers of our regiment who were captured, all lived to return North. While that was the only time I ever saw Captain Wirtz, that event, and what I learned afterward, gave me a strong impression that the authorities at Richmond, and especially Winder, were responsible for the treatment of the prisoners at Libby, Belle Island, Andersonville, etc. Apparently Captain Wirtz was a well-drilled European soldier, who of course was trained to obey orders; but in this case he had so much respect for the rank of the officers that he rebelled and established a precedent which most certainly was a God-send to the officers.

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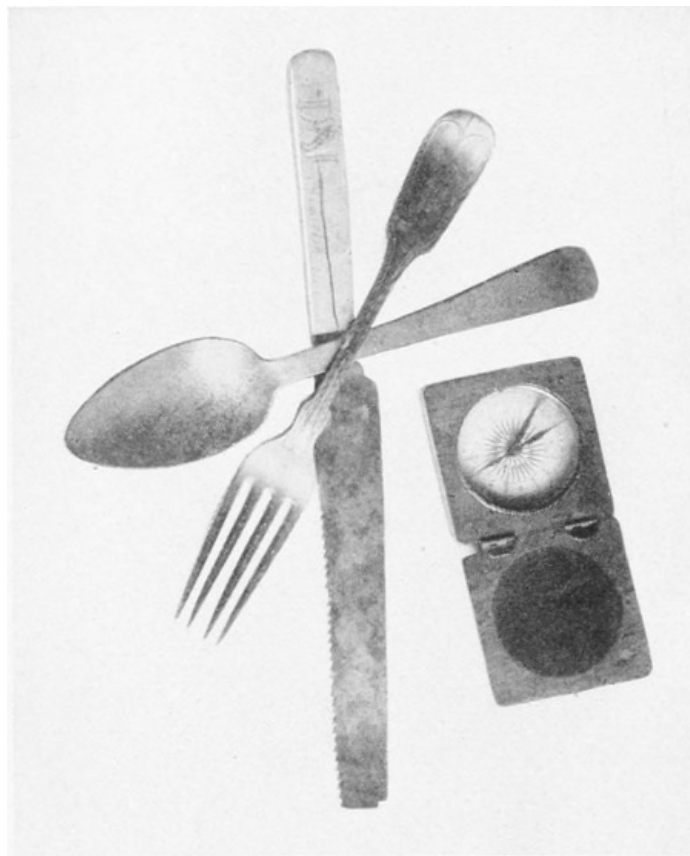
Soon after he left we were ordered into line and the officers were commanded to step out (to the left). We understood well what that meant. It was a trying time for the officers, for we realized full well where our men were going. I think we had about the same idea of Andersonville then that we have now. The men were marched away.

After the men were gone we were marched across the railroad onto a knoll with a beautiful grove, in which was a vacant church, and told to make ourselves comfortable there for the night. Of course there was a guard around us, but we were allowed to go out into the grove. Going down the knoll we found a very large and most excellent spring of fine water, which came bubbling up out of the white sand. We said: "What a lovely and perfect place for a camp. Why wasn't our boys' camp here instead of over there on that hill? Here is water, shade and everything." The answer was: "It is too good a place for the Yankees."

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The next morning we entered the cars and started back east. As Captain Wirtz would not take us, something must be done with us. The first town of importance we came to was Macon. We stopped there and were turned over to the general officer in command at that point. As there had not been any prisoners kept there, no arrangements for us had been made. We were taken out into a nice park, furnished with plenty of tents and were told to make ourselves comfortable; very fair rations were issued to us each day and plenty of them. We were allowed to go to the guard line and buy anything we wished if we had the wherewith to pay for it. In fact, we were treated kindly and had no complaint to make. By talking over the guard line at this camp, I purchased of a colored woman, a good table knife, fork and spoon, which I kept and found to be very useful; getting hold of a three-cornered file, I made a saw of the back of the knife, thinking it might be of use in an emergency. After a few days, when we were getting rested, I would hear: "What is it we hear about Libby, Belle Island and Andersonville? *We* certainly have no reason to complain."

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**COMPASS THAT GUIDED US BY NIGHT AND DAY
AND KNIFE, FORK AND SPOON PURCHASED FROM
COLORED WOMAN AT MACON, GEORGIA**

During my prison life I met comrades who had been, I think, in most of the places where our men were confined and they all practically told the same story; that when they were turned over to the local authorities they were well treated, but that when they came under the Richmond or Winder care it was as different as it well could be.

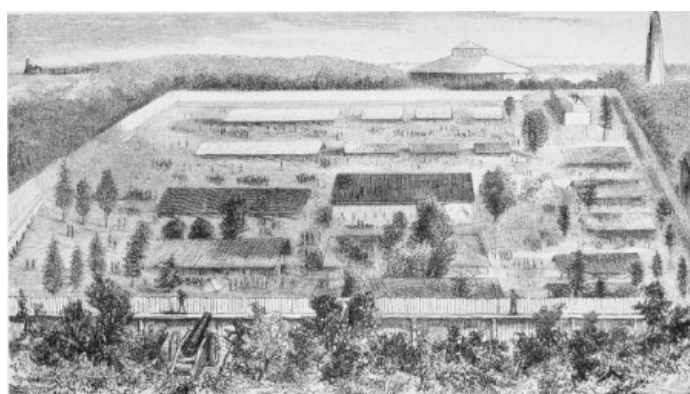
Apparently it was well understood that no soldier was to be in a condition, when exchanged or when he got North, to re-enter the service.

After we had been in Macon for perhaps a couple of weeks, I noticed one day two officers riding around in another part of the park. I recognized one of them, and asked our captain of the guard: "Who is that officer with Colonel So-and-So?" He replied: "That is Colonel So-and-So of Richmond of President Davis' staff." I asked no more questions, but thought it significant that he was there.

Two or three days later a hundred or so of colored men were at work in that part of the park building a stockade enclosing about three acres. The stockade was a tight board fence twelve feet high, with a walk on the outside near the top and a railing outside of it for the guard, where they could see everything. On the inside, about forty feet from the stockade, was a picket fence called "the dead line." That is, if anyone approached it, he was to be shot.

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After the enclosure was completed, one morning we noticed a crowd of men being marched inside the stockade. They were prisoners from Libby. Soon after we followed them. With these prisoners came Lieutenant Davis of Baltimore, who had charge of the prison. He apparently had his orders from Richmond and obeyed them strictly. It was a very great change for us. Our rations, treatment and everything else were so radically different. A small brook ran through one end of the enclosure, fortunately inside the dead line. We dug a spring there and from it got all the water we had.



CAMP OGLETHORPE, MACON, GEORGIA

One day one of our comrades was walking down the path to the spring with his canteen to get some water, when one of the guards who was on the stockade shot him dead. So far as we knew, there was nothing done about it except that his remains were taken outside. The guard remained on his post until time to be relieved.

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There was one of our number who had been a prisoner so long and had become so reduced in health that he feared he could not endure much longer. While talking about it with his associates he was asked if he had anything he could sell to get some money to buy some food. He said he had nothing but his watch. He was advised to sell that. Lieutenant Davis came in every morning with a guard to count us. The next morning when they came in, this prisoner approached the lieutenant and said: "Lieutenant Davis, can I presume to ask a favor of you?" "What is it?" was the curt question. "I have been in prison for a long time and have become so reduced in health that I fear I cannot hold out much longer. The only thing I have left to dispose of is my watch. Could I ask you to take it out and sell it for me that I might buy something with the money to help me?" "All right," said the lieutenant, and put the watch in his pocket. The comrade further said: "Lieutenant, please remember to sell that watch for \$200. If you cannot get that much or more, bring it back to me," and he gave his name. "All right," said the lieutenant.

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Each morning after that when they came in this prisoner would stand around near the lieutenant, but nothing was said until one morning he said: "Lieutenant, were you able to sell my watch?" "No, I was not," replied the lieutenant. "Then, will you kindly bring it in to me when you come in tomorrow morning?" he requested. "What's your name?" asked Lieutenant Davis. The prisoner gave his name. "Oh, yes, I have done sold your watch already for \$5," said the lieutenant. "You must be mistaken, lieutenant," exclaimed the prisoner, "for you must remember that I told you if you could not sell it for \$200 or more, to kindly bring it back to me." "You tell me I lie, do you?" exclaimed the lieutenant—and turning to his guard, said: "Bring him along; I will show him." The prisoner was taken just outside the gate, where we could see him, and bucked and gagged and sat there on the ground in the hot Georgia sun the most of that summer day.

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After we were in the stockade the main topic of conversation was: "Was it possible to get out of there?" The first thing tried was tunnelling, which required great effort and caution. We had nothing to dig with except our hands and pocket knives. Then, the fresh dirt must not be seen, nor the openings of the tunnels. While we worked entirely in the night, our work must not be discovered by the guards, and several tunnels were under way. One or two of them were nearly to the stockade when, one morning, they came in as usual to count us. We were lined up at one end with the guard around us, and were ready to march through between two guards and be counted, when Lieutenant Davis pulled the ramrod out of the rifle of one of the guards and went around and pushed it into all of the tunnels, showing us that he knew of them. He then gave us a strong talk, saying we would hereafter be watched carefully, and if there was any further attempt made toward tunnelling it would be met with severe punishment. That was the end of the tunnelling. But the question was: "How did he get onto it?" After a little we learned that the day before when the guard went out they took with them one of our prisoners who had enlisted from Kentucky or Tennessee—I have forgotten which. Fortunately for him he did not come back.

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Then the question was: "What next?" In talking things over with those who had been in prison the longest and had the most varied experiences, they all said it was not so difficult to get out of prison or away from those who had charge of you, as it was to care for yourself after you were at liberty; that the entire South was thoroughly organized, not only to prevent the escape of Yankee prisoners, but also to arrest deserters from their own service, and all others, both white and colored, who wished to evade the service or to get to the North. An officer was detailed for each locality who must have a pack of good dogs and a posse of men always ready and every person was under strict orders to report to said officer any strangers, stragglers, suspicious persons or any unusual circumstances they might know of. Fresh tracks were looked after and these officers and men were returned to the front if their work was not satisfactory. They were wide-awake.

Several of our number had been recaptured. They all said the dogs were the worst part of the outfit, that you might possibly evade the others, but that when the dogs got on your trail they were sure to find you.

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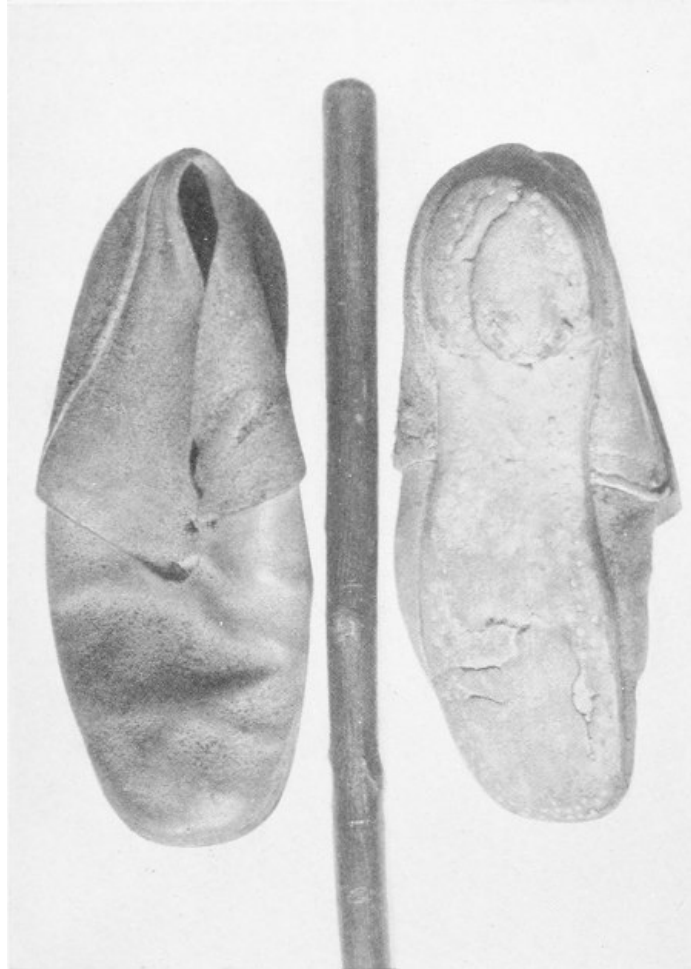
The next question was: "What to do with the dogs?" The only remedy suggested was to have something to put on our feet which would be so offensive to their sensitive noses that it would upset them. After thinking it over I decided that if the opportunity presented itself, I would try turpentine. There was an officer there at Macon whose duties frequently called him inside our prison. I was pretty well acquainted with him, and sold him my watch. One day I asked him if I could presume to ask a favor of him. "What is it?" he said. "Would you kindly get me a half pint of good spirits of turpentine?" I asked. "What do you want of turpentine?" he asked. "You know the Libby prisoners are here," I replied, "and you may know they brought many bugs with them; turpentine is said to be good to fight those bugs with." "I will see," he said.

The next time I saw him he handed me a bottle of turpentine. I thanked him and paid him for it. He then said: "Captain, I want to say something which may be entirely unnecessary, but I feel that I must." "What is it?" I asked. "It is that what I have done shall be known to no one but you and me, for if it should be known that I had brought something in to you it would mean—" and he drew his hand across his throat. I replied: "You may be assured no one shall know anything about it. Some of my comrades may know that I have the turpentine, but where or how or through whom I got it they will have no idea." He then said: "Captain, I do not wish to be inquisitive or to ask any questions about your affairs, but if at any time you have an idea you can

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get out of this place, if you will tell me what night, I will tell you where on the river you can find a boat with oars, blankets and food." I thanked him most heartily and told him I was fully confirmed in my previous impression that he was a noble, generous, first-class gentleman. He then said: "Captain, you do not have much to read do you?" "Nothing," I said. "Perhaps you would enjoy looking this over." He handed me a pamphlet and left. On opening it I saw it was about Macon, its location and maps showing the river and roads and where they went, etc.

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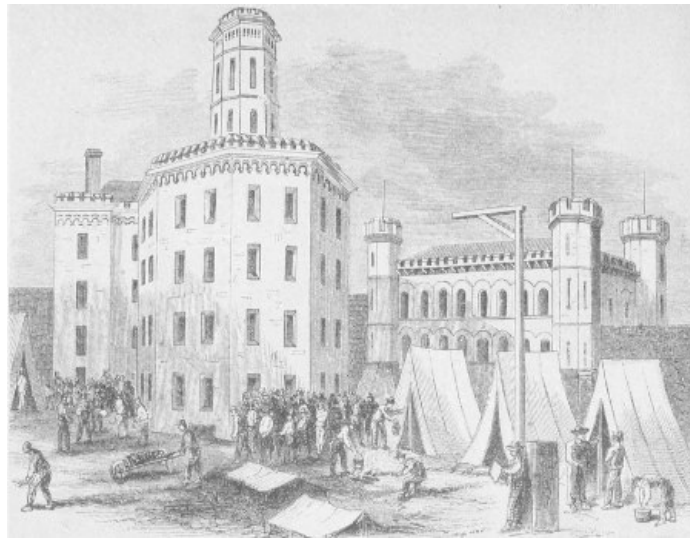
**SHOES WORN AND HICKORY STICK USED BY CAPT. LANGWORTHY
ON HIS TRIP NORTH AND STILL IN HIS POSSESSION**

I kept the turpentine very carefully hoping that some time I might be able to escape and might possibly need it.

While in Macon my boots gave out and I purchased a pair of plain rough darkey shoes, paying \$60 in Confederate money for them, and kept them in reserve for use in case I should be so fortunate as to get outside. One of our number, who was a major in the regular army, started a secret society, which I joined, and which soon grew to hundreds. The object of the organization was for mutual help. It was organized as a regiment, with companies, etc. The major was the colonel.

One day in July a detail was ordered to be ready to move at a certain hour the next morning. They were ready, but waited for an hour or more. The major and many of our new order were in the detail, including myself. While waiting, several of our organization exchanged places and thereby got in so that when we marched out our society was well represented. We were put on board a train of box cars and started east, arriving at Savannah about nightfall. We were unloaded and were there in the yards an hour or two. While waiting, the major said to us: "I have learned that we are going North, I think to Charleston. When we get about so far from here we will be only about twelve miles from our men at such a place on the coast. I will be sure to get in the front car and will detail officers to be in command of each of the other cars. They will detail men to look after the guard in their cars. At the proper time I will swing a lantern out of the side door of the front car and swing it around as a signal for you to overcome the guards in your cars. Take their guns and care for them and when the train stops jump out and overcome the guards on the top of the cars, and we will then go back and overcome those in the rear car and then march for the little station on the coast."

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JAIL YARD, CHARLESTON, S. C.

There were four or five guards in each car and about the same number on the top and one group commanding the rear car. We all sat on the floor, including the guards. I was in command of one of the cars and watched very sharply for the light, but it did not show up. The major had learned that there was suspicion of something being done and did not think it best to take the risk. We all knew apparently when we approached where we should see the light, and as it did not show up the men soon began to tumble out of the side doors. Upwards of one hundred of them got out of the cars in a comparatively short time. The guards on top fired at them. I do not know whether any of our boys were hit or not, but within a few days after our arrival at Charleston all of them, except four or five, were with us, showing the efficiency of the organization for the recapture of escaped prisoners.

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After the men began to tumble off, we stopped at the first telegraph station and a message was sent. The officers in that locality turned out promptly with their men and dogs, came up the railroad until they found a fresh trail, which one crew took, the rest going on until they were after them all.

We arrived at Charleston the next morning, being the first prisoners who had been brought there. We were brought there in the hope that we might help to protect the city from the continuous cannonading of our troops on Morris Island, which had driven the people from the lower part of the city. We, of course, were put in that part, first in the jail yard and from there to the workhouse, a large building in the same block used as a jail for the colored people. From there we went to Roper's Hospital in the same block, where we were given comfortable quarters. Those three buildings and the medical college occupied the block. The back yard of the hospital joined the back yard of the jail.

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We put in our time evenings watching the shells from Morris Island; would see a bright light as they started at the horizon and as they went up and up until apparently nearly over our heads and would then come seemingly straight down and usually explode before they struck. Apparently the men on the island knew when we came and where we were, for while the cannonading was regular each night, never a shell or a piece of one came to our quarters, but plenty of harm was done in the city all the time.

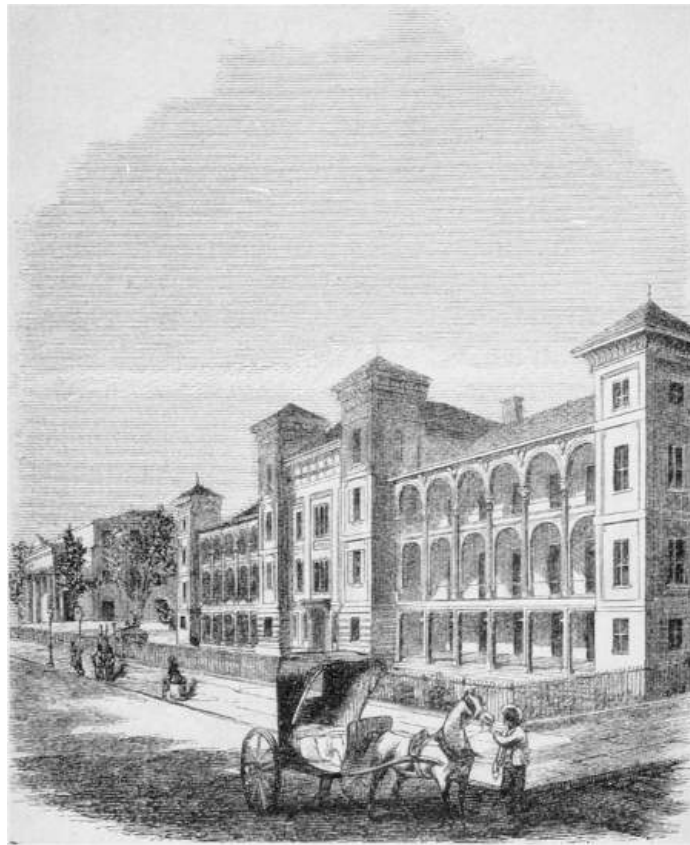
After we had been there for quite a while, one day one of our comrades coming in, said to me: "I have a letter for you. I was in the back yard sitting on the ground when something dropped down by my side, apparently coming from the jail yard. I looked and there was a small stone with this tied to it." It was a small scrap of paper addressed to me, from one of my sergeants, saying that he, his brother and others of Company "E" were in the jail yard. That aroused me some. I went to the gate and asked the officer in charge of the guard if he would kindly send me, under guard, to go around to the jail yard. He said: "Why do you wish to go to the jail yard?" I told him some men of my company who had been in Andersonville since last April were there and that I wished very much to see them. After a little he told me to come again in a half hour. I did so, and accompanied by the guard, was sent to the jail yard, and of the first prisoners I met I inquired where the Eighty-fifth New York boys were and was told they had been removed that morning to the race course outside of the city. "Had they all gone?" I inquired. They thought they had. I told them I was very sorry as men of my company were with them. While we were talking, one of them said: "Why, there are two of the Eighty-fifth boys over there sitting on the ground." I went to them. Each had a raw Irish potato in his hand scraping it and eating it raw for the scurvy. I looked them over carefully, but could not recognize them. I said: "Boys, are you from the Eighty-fifth New York?" They looked up and said: "How are you, captain?" and jumped up, embraced me and said: "Captain, didn't you know us?" "I am sorry to say I did not," I replied. "Why, we are So-and-So of Company 'F,'" they said, which was by the side of my company. They were men whom I had known for nearly three years, yet were so changed that I could not recognize them.

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I left much disappointed at not finding my men, and thought about it continually. The general in command of the Confederate forces at Charleston was a Roman Catholic, hence his church people, and especially the Sisters of Charity, had free access to the hospitals, prisons, etc., and

did much good work.



ROPER HOSPITAL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

A few days later I noticed some sisters in our building. I went to one of them and said: "Sister, have you been out to the race course?" "Yes," she said, "We have just come from there." "How are they?" I asked. "Very, very bad," she replied. "Sister, can't you tell me something more about them?" I continued. "That is about all," she said. "You poor men have suffered enough, but not what they have; they are very bad." "Sister," I continued, "there are some of my men there whom I have not seen since they went to Andersonville prison last April. I would like to learn all I can about them." "They are very bad," she said, "that is about all. We tried to minister to one poor fellow this morning. In giving him a bath we scraped quantities of maggots from under his arms and other parts of his body. They are very, very bad." "Sister," I persisted, "if they had some money would it be of any help to them?" "Yes, it would. They could not get with it what you would think they should, but they could get something and that would be a help to them." "Will you be going there again soon?" I asked. "Yes, we will go there every few days," she replied. "Could I ask you to take some money to one of my men?" "I would be pleased to do so," she said. "Is he a non-commissioned officer?" "Yes, a sergeant," I replied. "I will be here awhile longer," she said. "Write him a letter, tell him how much you send and what he is to do with it, put the money in the letter and seal it. On the envelope write his name in full, rank, company, regiment, brigade, corps, etc., your name, your lieutenant's name, your colonel's name and the commander of the brigade and corps—in fact write the envelope all over and I will try to find him." I did not ask any more questions, but thought her directions strange. I went and did as she told me to do and gave her the letter. A few days later I saw some sisters in the building, and going to them saw her to whom I had given my letter a few days before, and spoke to her. "Yes, captain," she said, "I was going to look you up. We just came from the race course. I feel quite sure I found your man and gave him your letter. While you did as I told you, wrote the envelope all over, you did not put too much on it." "How was that, sister?" I asked. "Well, when we got there inside the race course, they all came around us, hoping we would do something for them," she said. "I asked for Mr. Jones. Nearly all the men there were named Jones. I did not tell them any more, but began asking questions. A few less were George Jones, a few less George Washington Jones, a few less were sergeants and in Company 'E,' and in the Eighty-fifth New York, etc., until I got down to one man and am quite sure he was the right one." I thanked her and told her how greatly I was obliged to her, and said: "Sister, I certainly have no reason to doubt what you say, but cannot understand it." "How so?" she asked. "I know those men thoroughly," I said, "and know them not only to be good soldiers, but truly honest, truthful, upright, manly men." "That's all right, captain," she said, "but as I told you before, you have not suffered and passed through what they have. I believe that if you or I had been through with what they have we would not be one whit different from what they are and in my heart I cannot blame them." I said: "All right, sister, I am fully assured that you are a noble, genuine, upright Christian lady."

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She found the right man. While the sergeant did not live to get to his home, his brother and some of the others did, and told me that he got the letter and the money and that it was a great help.

We remained in Charleston until the yellow fever was so bad that it was difficult to keep a guard to guard us, as they were on duty most of the time and were more exposed to the hot sunshine

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and yellow fever than we were. In the latter part of September we were moved to Columbia, South Carolina, to higher ground and supposed to be exempt from the fever. Arriving there in the afternoon we remained one night in the city near the station. The next day we were moved across the Saluda river and camped on an open field. The second day we were there we noticed the assembling of quite a force of colored men at a house not far away and we suspected that it might mean the building of a stockade around us. Some one said: "If we are going to try to get away from here it would be well to do so before we are fenced in." I said: "We have a large moon now, which makes it very light at night. This morning it set at about 2:30, tomorrow morning it will be an hour later, hence we must plan to get away tomorrow morning after the moon has gone down."

After talking it over, two of my friends, Captain Aldrich and Lieutenant Tewilliger, both of the Eighty-fifth, and myself, decided we would make an effort to escape. We each got a blanket and a little food and waited. In the afternoon one of my lieutenants said to me: "Are you going to make a break tonight?" "I am thinking of trying," I replied. "Don't you think you are taking a great risk?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "but is it not a greater one to remain here?" "That may be true," he answered. I concluded that he thought so too, for later he made his escape but was recaptured.

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We, of course, looked the ground over carefully. Three sides of our camp were clear fields, the other was near the woods, but at the edge of the woods was a high tree fence, which we could not get through without making a noise which would attract the attention of the guards. Near one corner was a vacant schoolhouse, which was used by the reserve guard. A little distance from this schoolhouse and near the guard line was quite a knoll. We decided that would do, that if we could get over the knoll we would be out of sight. In the latter part of the night we went in that direction and as near the guard line as we thought it prudent and sat down under a small tree. While there two other comrades, Captain Starr and Lieutenant Hastings, both from New York state, came along, looked us over and inquired what we were waiting for. They also sat down.

It was much cooler than at Charleston, so much so that the guards built fires on the guard line. The guards were changed at 3 o'clock. The man whose place was on the beat which we wished to cross did his duty faithfully. There had been a fire at one end of his beat, but it did not entice him. He was walking his beat steadily.

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As the moon was nearing the horizon, one of the comrades said: "If you start when that man is near this end of the beat as you are crossing the guard line he will be at the other end of his beat, he will have turned around and will see you for there is a fire on both sides." We said: "Yes, but we think we will try it. We will go abreast so if he shoots he must fire through one before he hits the next." When the moon was well down and the guard neared our end of his beat, we started, going carefully. We were crossing his beat when he arrived at the other end, he did what he had not done before, he stopped with his back towards us, took his gun from his shoulder, stooped over and began to look after the fire. We thought then, as we did several other times, that we were favored by our Heavenly Father.

We went over the knoll and stopped to get our bearings. Soon I saw two men coming over the knoll, and said: "Boys, they are coming for us; we will not run." But as they got near us we saw that it was Captain Starr and Lieutenant Hastings. When they saw the guard stop with his back toward us they of course came, so we were five instead of three. We worked our way through to the woods, got a quiet place and stayed there through the day where we could hear the calls at the camp. That morning I cut a hickory walking stick, which I used on the trip, and have it yet.

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It was fortunate for us that Lieutenant Hastings joined us. He had escaped once and had been captured by a posse with dogs, had changed his clothing and now wore a Confederate uniform, which we thought would permit him to pass for a Confederate. He was a bright young attorney and after the close of the war was attorney general for the state of New York.

After dark we started. We took a northwesterly course, being guided by the north star, and kept in the woods. About 10 o'clock we heard dogs, and said: "Hastings, what is that?" He replied: "A pack of hounds, and they are on our trail." I said: "Turn up your soles," took out the bottle of turpentine which I had kept so carefully for months, put some on the bottoms of all of our shoes, turned a square corner and we all ran as fast as we could in another direction. After a little we saw we were coming to the edge of the woods, where there was a road and beyond an open field. Just then Hastings said: "The dogs have struck the turpentine—hear them—they are not barking, but whining; they are whipping them to make them follow the trail, hear them howl, but they won't do it—the turpentine is too strong for them."

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We rushed ahead and as we were crossing the road we heard a horse coming down the road on a good gallop. Soon a man on a horse came up. He evidently was one of the party who came around on a venture to see if he could head off whoever it was that they were after. He, of course, had his rifle and could have followed us, and shot or captured us, but there were five of us and he did not know that we were unarmed, so he began to call loudly and whistle for the dogs. Had they responded and come with the other men while we were in sight with the bright moonlight, they certainly would have caught us. We ran as fast as we could. In the field we came to a fair-sized stream, rushed into it, waded down it for awhile, then crossed over, sat down on the bank and rubbed garlic, a strong wild onion, on our feet to change the scent, changed our course again and pushed on. We were now out of sight and got away this time, it being our first night out.

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We had many exciting and varied experiences. We traveled only in the night and if possible kept

in the woods, and went in a northwesterly course, guided by the north star. If we could not see that star and were uncertain as to our course I had a pocket compass which I carried through the war; we would form a ring that the light might not be seen, strike a light, look at the compass, get our bearings and proceed.

We kept aloof, if possible, from all human beings, preferring to suffer material privations to taking chances. Our food was what we might pick up in the woods, which was very little. We could easily approach a corn field every night. The corn was ripe, hence hard to eat raw, but much better than nothing. Before daylight in the morning we would look for a quiet place in the woods and lie down, but seemingly nearly every morning before we had slept long something would occur to seriously disturb us. Some one out shooting or chopping wood, or doing various other things. One night about midnight we came to the edge of the woods, and as the woods did not run in the right direction, and there were no houses in sight and a road which ran in the direction we were going we decided that we would follow it, being careful to keep on the sides and not leave any tracks, until we could reach another stretch of woods. We did so and as we were going quietly along we noticed a light in a house which, like all the houses in the South, stood well back from the road. On looking around we found one or two other lights and discovered that we were in a small town, but apparently half way or more through it, so went on and got to the woods once more.

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Several days after our escape, early in the morning, as usual, we got a place in the woods, lay down and after a short sleep were eating our corn, when one said: "This is pretty tough grub for all the time. We are in the woods apparently out of sight of every one, we have matches, why can't we make a hole in the ground, start a little fire, put our corn around it, over it, all about it, let it toast, roast or burn? It will be much better than it is now." We did so, and were watching the fire when we saw a woman with a plain gray cotton dress, hanging from the shoulders like a night dress, coming toward us. Presuming that she was a colored woman, we said: "Hastings, go and make friends with that Auntie or we will be in trouble." He started. As he approached her, he said: "Good morning, Auntie," then saw that she was white. "I know who you uns is. They cotched two of you uns here yesterday and took them back to Columbia," she said. "Yes, my good lady, I am an escaped prisoner of war," said Hastings. He then went on talking with her to the best of his ability. They were soon joined by her three daughters, who were about twelve, fourteen and sixteen years old, and dressed like their mother. He learned that she was a widow, owned a large plantation, which we were on, that she and her daughters were out looking about the place and saw the smoke and were coming to see what it was. We, of course, put out the fire. She had two sons, young men, who had been in the army since the beginning of the war. Before the war she was in good financial condition, had plenty of slaves, but they had run away long before, so that she and her daughters were left alone, and were obliged to work the plantation enough to give them something to live on. Hastings asked if her sons were both living. "Yes, fortunately they are and neither of them has been wounded," she replied. "Have they ever been made prisoners?" Hastings inquired. "Yes, they were both captured last spring," she said. "Where in the North were they confined?" he asked. She told him. "How were they treated?" "Finely," they said. "Have they been exchanged?" he questioned. "Yes," was the reply. "I suppose," continued Hastings, "that after their exchange they were allowed to come home." "Yes," said the woman, "and I was glad that they were captured for it was the first time I have seen them since the beginning of the war. They looked fine and said they were well-treated while prisoners and had no reason to complain."

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"My good lady," said Hastings, "I am very glad to know that they were well-treated and that you had a good visit with them. We have been prisoners of war from six months to one and a half years each. We have nothing to say about how your government has treated us, perhaps it did as well by us as it could. A few days ago we made our escape when the guards did not see us and they probably do not know it now. We are making every effort to get home to our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. If you will recall how you felt about your sons you will understand how they feel. I know that you are required to report to the officer in charge in this locality that you have seen strangers here, but if you have, as I believe you have, a true mother's heart and any regard for us, for God's sake don't do it until tomorrow, for as you can readily see, we must stay here until after dark tonight. To do otherwise would be the greatest folly; so we are in your hands. If you wish to send us back to Columbia all that is necessary is to report us today. We shall be here all day," and so he continued to the best of his ability, and he was a good pleader. After a little, the youngest daughter began to rub her eyes and shed tears, and said: "Mister, we won't tell on you uns, will we mar?" and soon was joined by the other two, all weeping and saying: "Mister, we won't tell on you uns, will we mar?" but the good lady said nothing, and the plea continued, helped by the appeal of the daughters, until the woman said: "Mister, we will not tell on you uns today." He replied: "My good lady, I am very glad that you took time to deliberate before you decided what to do, for I feel assured that you mean and will do just what you say, but if you have no objections will you and your daughters hold up your right hands." They did so and he administered to them, I presume, as strong an oath as he ever did that they would not in any way let it be known that they had seen us until the next day. He then said: "Am I the first Yankee you have met?" "Yes, the first," she said. "I am the poorest looking of our number," said Hastings. "Come and let me introduce you to the others." He brought them and we were formally introduced and they soon left. We soon heard some dogs barking. We said: "Hastings, how about that?" He said: "There are several of them, but I do not think they are on a trail." But the barking continued until one of our number went up a tree. After he got well up in the tree he saw in an open field adjoining the woods, over toward the river, a man with a bunch of dogs. Apparently he was out to give them exercise, and as they did not get scent of us or cross our trail they did not trouble us; but the two incidents gave us plenty of anxiety for that day. After dark we were

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moving.

One night as we were traveling in the woods, Captain Aldrich said to me: "I have kept a correct diary since we started, giving our names, telling when and how we got out and each day since, but I have lost it tonight." I replied: "I am sorry for your loss, but we will not go back to look for it. It may be found, but if it is we will hope we will be far enough away so that they will not find us." The diary probably was found and returned to Columbia, for one morning when they came in to count the prisoners, the officer in charge said: "Men, I suppose you all know that five of your number"—giving our names—"got out from here on the morning of October 3rd. They did nicely for a while, got to such a place, were discovered and a posse sent after them. They were ordered to surrender, but did not and all were shot dead." That, of course, was a warning to all the others not to take similar risks.

Not long after I reached my home in New York City, one of the lieutenants of the Eighty-fifth was exchanged. As he was passing through the city, he thought he would come to the house and see if he could learn anything about me. He did so, and was much surprised to find me there, and told me what had been told them about our escape and execution.

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In the latter part of one night, when we were well up on the Blue Ridge mountains, we had trouble in making our way in the direction which we wished to keep, and came to a mountain road which led the right way. We decided to try it for a while and, as we always did when on or near a highway, one of us went ahead. This time I was ahead. As I came to a small gully and was about to step onto the bridge which was across it, I heard a call from the other side: "Corporal of the Guard, Post No. 3," which gave me a shock. I threw up my hands and hurried back, and reported what I had heard. We went up into the mountains and looked for a suitable place to hide. After a reasonable time in the morning, we said: "Hastings, we are in a tight place. You must go and investigate for we cannot move from here without some knowledge of our surroundings." He started, but did not go far before he saw a small clearing and a shack. He watched it, and saw a colored woman and some colored children. He watched until he felt sure there was no one else there, then went toward the house. As he came up the woman, speaking first, said: "Mister, this a very bad place for you uns; there is a company of guerrillas here. I am expecting one of them up here for his washing." Turning to a boy she said: "Tom, you go to that knoll and keep a sharp watch. If you see anyone coming you tell me quick." Then she turned to Hastings and was ready to talk with him. He told her who he was and about us. She gave him something to eat and other food she had for him to bring to us, and said we were in a tight place, that she was not well posted, but that her husband was a free man, hence could go about the country and was pretty well posted, that he would be home by and by, and she would have him see what he could do for us. She said for us all to come to the house after dark when her husband would be there and she would have something more for us to eat. Hastings returned and reported. We waited until after dark, then went to the house. The husband was there—quite a bright-looking man. We were fed. He said we were in a tight place, but that he would take us past the guerrillas and start us on beyond. We started out, he and I going ahead. Soon we came to a few houses, went around and past them, went through a gate into a back yard. Passing through that we went near the back of a large log stable in which were lights. We could see between the logs. It was full of horses and men caring for them. Captain Aldrich came up, took hold of my right arm and said: "Are not those the guerrillas?" I said: "Be quiet." As he held onto my arm I could feel his heart beat. But our guide took us through all right to the other side and away from the guerrillas. We came to a road leading up into the mountains. Our guide said: "You want to go the way this road runs. You had better stay in the woods until morning, then go up the mountain the way this road goes. When you come to four corners, a signboard and a schoolhouse there is the line between North and South Carolina. Keep straight ahead, but about two miles beyond the schoolhouse are some soldiers beside the road. Do not let them see you, but go well around them.

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They stop everybody that comes along. Get back to the road and go ahead until you come to a house and a blacksmith shop. Stop and see that man. He will take care of you." "Who is he?" we asked. "He is a first-class Union man," he replied. "I was over there this summer. He is all right." We thanked him most heartily and he left us and we went into the woods for the night. The next day we worked our way up the mountain, arriving at the schoolhouse about dark. It was raining. We decided to go a piece by the road, so started on. I went ahead. None of us thought about the guards who were by the side of the road. As I was nearing a narrow pass I saw a light shining across the road. Like a flash it came to me. I threw up my hands and hurried back. We went well around them, which was quite a job in the dark and the rain and the thick brush; but we got back to the road, kept on until we came to the blacksmith shop. It was about 10 o'clock and there was no light in the house. We had a talk and decided that we were in a tight place and that Hastings might go to the house as a Confederate soldier and see what he could learn. He went and rapped on the door. A man came to the door. Hastings told him he was a soldier with a leave of absence who had lost his way and asked if he could come in for a short time. While talking he asked the man how he was getting on. He said not at all well. "Why not?" asked Hastings, "you have a nice place here." "Yes," was the answer, "but they do not treat me well." "How is that?" Hastings inquired. "Colonel So-and-So was here the other day," said the man, "and took all of my horses, cattle and grain he could find." "Did he do the same by your neighbors?" asked Hastings. "No one else," said the man. "How so?" asked Hastings. "He said I was too much of a Union man," was the reply. Hastings then said: "We have talked long enough. I am not a Confederate soldier, but a Union officer, an escaped prisoner of war." "Why didn't you tell me that before?" asked the man. "Come, wife, get up and give this poor fellow something to eat." There was a bed in the room, an open fireplace with a fire in it. "I am not alone," said Hastings. "I have four comrades outside." "Outside in this hard rain? Go bring them in, quick," said the man. When we came in he was

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pulling a jug out from under the bed. Pouring something out of it, he said: "You are all wet, cold and hungry; here is some good apple jack which I made. Drink some of it, it will do you good. Have any of you got a bottle?" I had a small one which I had carried through the service, usually having it filled with brandy to use when some of my men gave out. He filled it. We were fed and he told us what to do; to go down the road and avoid all the houses which we would have to pass, some we must go well around, not leaving a track, others to go right past. At the last house near the bridge there would be a light, but to go right ahead. A poor man was dying there. When we crossed the river he told us to turn to the left, go about two miles, take the first road to the right, go to the first house, which was a blacksmith shop, and wait until morning. He said we need not be afraid, as there were no white people there; they had all left. "In the morning," he said, "when you see the first darkey, whistle and he will come to you. Tell him who you are and to take care of you through the day, and at night to take you to the high sheriff." "What do we want of the sheriff?" we asked. "He is just the man you want," was the reply. "He will take care of you, and if necessary will ride all day to find out something for you. He is allowed to be at home because he is a sheriff, but there isn't a better Union man." We went on, got through to the other shop all right, were cared for, put into the woods for the day. At night we started on with two colored men, who would take us to the sheriff. Neither of the men had been there, but the older one, who acted as our guide, thought he could find the way. We had not gone far when he stopped at a servant's house back of a plantation house, saying he wanted to go in there. He soon returned, saying they wanted us to come in. We hesitated, and he said it was all right; all were colored people except one minister and he was all right. We finally went in. The minister was a young-looking man who was allowed to remain at home because he was a clergyman. We endeavored to be respectful to him. He asked us: "What is the news?" Captain Starr replied: "We can't tell you. I have been a prisoner for a year and a half and we are not allowed to see the papers. You tell us the news." "I don't read the papers," was the reply. "I suppose you confine yourself to clerical reading," said Starr. "No, I never look at it," replied the man. "What do you read?" asked Starr. "Books," said the minister. The good man evidently did not know what "clerical" meant; but so far as we knew he was true to us and did not give us away.

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After our guide had procured some information as to his route, we left. When outside he said to his comrade: "You go ahead and carefully look around a certain place two miles ahead; it is a bad place." He did so, met us and reported. We came to some woods and the guide said: "There is a path going through these woods leading to the road which goes to the sheriff. If we can find it, it will save us several miles." They hunted up and down the edge of the woods until they found the path. We then went through the woods, struck the road and went on until we came in sight of the sheriff's house, rather late in the evening. The dogs around the house were barking. The guide said: "You stop here while I go call him out and have the dogs taken in." He went forward and called out. A man appeared on the front porch and asked who was there. "A friend," was the reply. "Will you take the dogs in so that I can come in?" The dogs were called in. He went to the porch and soon came for us.

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THE OTHER FIVE ESCAPED OFFICERS

We were received most kindly. The sheriff asked many questions and said: "I will be very glad to

care for you as well as I can until I can find a way for you to go on," but added that it would not be safe for us to remain at the house; that we should eat then and he would take us to a place in the woods for the night; that we should come in before daylight in the morning, eat and return and the same at night. He said: "There is a terrible state of affairs here so near the border, so much worse than it is in the North. My neighbors, some of them, are Confederates and others good Union men. They do not mind going out and shooting each other. Some of the Union men who do not wish to abandon everything and go north, but will not enter the Southern army, stay in the woods in the mountains. Some of them have been there for two years. You see my boy there," pointing to a boy six or eight years old. "We have endeavored to bring him up to be a good religious, strictly honest and truthful boy, yet if anyone should come here tomorrow and ask him if there had been any strangers here, no matter what they did to him they could not get a word out of him. Isn't that a terrible way to bring up children?" We were taken to the woods. After two or three days one afternoon we saw some men coming toward us through the woods. We supposed they were after us, but as they came nearer we saw that one of them was the sheriff. He had five other prisoners who had escaped from Columbia. All officers, of course. Three of them were from the 101st and 103rd Pennsylvania regiments, which were in our brigade. So our force was doubled.

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After three or four days the sheriff told us: "I have arranged for you to go ahead in the morning. A good guide, who has been several times to the Union lines, will go with you and a few who wish to go north. Which of you officers is in command?" he asked. "No one," we answered. "Is that the way you do? What is your military rule when you meet in this way? Who is in command?" "The ranking officer," we told him. "Who is your ranking officer?" he inquired. "Captain Langworthy," they replied. "Then Captain Langworthy is in command," he said, "and all of you, of course, will obey orders. I sincerely hope you will not have any trouble, but you all know there is no telling what you may run into and you cannot be too well prepared. You leave here in the morning, go to such a place in the mountains, which you will reach about night, where some other parties will join you."

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We left in the morning. There was the guide and three or four other men and one colored man. The guide had a rifle, one of the others a revolver, which was all the arms we had. I went ahead with the guide. We got on nicely most of the day. Near night, while in the woods walking by the side of a small stream a volley of rifle shots from the other side of the stream startled us. We rushed up the mountainside. When a little way up we looked ourselves over and found we were all there except one of the refugees. We never knew whether he was shot or went in some other direction. I looked across the little valley and saw a small village on the other side and a company of Confederate soldiers marching down the street with their rifles on their shoulders. By and by the guide said to me: "You all get behind that large rock. I think there are but two men near us. Joe and I will get behind this and see if we cannot bluff them." They got behind the rock, showing their arms, and as the two men came in sight, halted them. "What do you want?" they asked. "Who are you?" was the reply. Our guide told them they could never find out, for if they came any nearer they would be shot dead; that being only two men it would be worse than foolish to follow us.

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After a little more parleying we started on. It was getting dark and began to rain hard. We went over a ridge of the mountains, down the other side and across a small stream, when the guide said to me: "There is no use in our trying to go ahead now; we cannot see anything to tell in what direction we are going and are just as apt to go into trouble as away from it. They will not attempt to follow us tonight; dogs could not follow our trail through this rain. We had better stay here until we can see where we go. What do you want me to do?" "Get us out of this muss and to the Union lines," I replied. "We must have been given away." "Yes," he said, "we have been given away, but how shall we get out of this muss?" "By a way they would not expect us to," I said. "They doubtless know that we have started for the Union lines, hence will have every pass over the mountains guarded. We want to go where no one would be expected to go, over the highest, roughest and worst peak of the Allegheny Mountains." "That is easy," he replied. "That is Mount Pisga. We can see that when we can see anything." "All right for Pisga then," I said.

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We remained where we were until it began to grow light, then started for Pisga, climbing up its side, much of the time over and around rocks, arriving at the peak a little before night. We went down the other side a short distance and stopped for the night. Down the mountain we could see a valley, with houses and clearings, etc. It was still raining as it had been doing all the day. We ten prisoners were bunched by ourselves and the others in another group, a little way from us. Before lying down I went over where the others were. They had gotten some dry pieces of wood and were whittling as if about to start a fire. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "We are very wet and cold," they said; "it would be so nice to have a little fire." "Yes," I said, "but what would it do to you? You can see those lights down there; they can see one here better than we can see those in the valley. They know no one lives here. A light here would bring them to investigate, perhaps before morning, and they would be sure to get us. Would it pay? Now, you must understand fully that there shall not be any light made here. The first one who even strikes a match is a dead man." The guide said: "That's all right, Captain. You may be sure we will not do anything of the kind. We should have known better."

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In the morning we went on and got along fairly well up and down the ridges of the mountains until one afternoon the guide said: "Now we are all right; while we are not at the Union lines, we are near enough to be safe. The people here are all right. Down below here are some friends of mine, a man and his wife, who will help us." We all felt gay and skipped along much like school

boys, arriving at the friend's house about nightfall. "You wait out here," said the guide, "and I will go in and tell them who we are." He soon returned and said there was something wrong, as there was no one in the house, that they had just left, as supper was on the table and partially eaten. Near the house was a slashing. We told him to go there and look for his friends, announcing who he was. He did so and returned with the wife. She said there was a bad company of guerrillas there who were making much trouble and had killed several people. We suggested that the guide and the wife try again to find the husband, which they did and brought him in. He said we were in a bad fix, but he would try to help us on the next morning. We were fed and decided to stay outside. We established a guard and lay down in the yard. In the morning we started out with this gentleman as a guide, going carefully through the woods. We had not gone very far before our guide was called by name by someone in the woods who said: "Where are you going?" "A piece with some friends," he replied. "You are taking a very great risk," he was told. At one place the guide said: "See that large plantation over there and those men digging a grave—the man who lived there was shot by the guerrillas yesterday."

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We kept on till, late in the afternoon, we came to a road. The guide said: "I will leave you here. You go up this road a little ways and you will come to a cross road and a store. That is about forty-five miles from my home. Go straight past the store until you come to the river, then cross in a row boat. If there is not one there, swing your handkerchiefs or something and they will come."

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The road was lined on both sides with trees and plenty of brush. The guide and I went ahead. Someone spoke to us. Looking toward the side of the road we saw two soldiers sitting on the ground holding their horses. We supposed they belonged to the guerrillas. Our comrades came up, we talked a little and went on to the river, where we got a boat. I asked one of the oarsmen where their ferry boat was. He said: "This is it." "I mean one that will take a team or horses or cattle," I said. "The only way they can take horses across is to go in the boat themselves, lead their horses and let them swim. We used to have such a ferry, but they took it away," he said. "How far up or down the river is there such a ferry?" I inquired. "I do not think there is one within twenty-five miles." That information of course relieved our anxiety somewhat. It was about the middle of November. I inquired if they had heard from the election in the North. They said they had and I asked who was elected president. "Abraham Lincoln," was the reply. We hurried, although we were yet in the Confederacy.

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When we got across it was dark and we were all very tired. Most of our company stopped at the first houses. I started up the road with my four comrades. They said: "How far are you going?" "I don't know," I replied. "We are all very tired, yet I think we do not want to take any chances which we can avoid. If the two guerrillas with some of their associates come over to look after us, either with or without their horses, they will look in the houses. I do not care to be in the first house they search." "All right," they said, "go ahead."

After going about a mile we came to a good looking house and decided to see if we could get something to eat. We rapped at the door and inquired if we could get something to eat if we would pay for it and were told to come in. While at the table I asked how far it was to the Union lines. "Fifteen miles straight up the road which comes from the river," was the reply. "How will we know when we get there?" I inquired. "Go ahead until you come to a flour mill with a large water wheel," was the reply. "That is practically there. The guards are beyond, but so near that no one will go to the mill who is afraid of the guard. The man who owns the mill is a bachelor and sleeps there, a good Union man. Call him up, he will care for you and in the morning will show you the guards."

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We started on. The moon was shining brightly. Soon one or two who were ahead were rolling a small animal around which was lying in the road and apparently dead. Captain Aldrich came up and said, "He is not dead. If you think he is feel of him, it is a possum. We came to him suddenly and he is playing possum. Go on a little ways and then look at him." We did so and he soon raised his head, looked around and scooted out of sight.

As we went on Aldrich lagged behind. We waited for him and I said, "Aldrich, you are very tired. I know that you are a strict teetotaler, take a little medicine, some of this apple jack to brace you up." He said, "No, go ahead, I will keep in sight." We went on slowly, he well behind. By and by I heard a call, "Cap-t-a-i-n, Cap-t-a-i-n." We stopped. He came up and said, "Captain, where is that bottle?" I took it out, unscrewed the cover and said, "Now drink enough to brace you up. It will not hurt you if you drink it all." He took some and it helped him and we got to the flour mill. We were kindly received and in the morning were shown where the pickets were.

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We went to the pickets and when they were relieved went with them to their camp at Strawberry Plains in East Tennessee. This was on Sunday. In the afternoon the rest of our crew came in. After dress parade we ten were furnished horses and escort and taken to a railroad station, the Quarter Master giving us transportation. While waiting for the train and talking with the officers there, we were asked if we had any money. Some had a little, others none. Those of us who had none were at once given \$50 or \$60 each and were told that when we drew our pay we could send the amounts to the men who had supplied us.

As we were changing cars one day, passing by a station, I saw a man who looked familiar. I went to him and asked when he came down from God's country. He said he had been there some time. "What is your business?" I asked. "An express agent," he told me. "Oh, yes," I said, "you used to be in Elmira, New York. That is where I used to see you. Who else is there down here from Elmira?" I inquired. "I do not know of anyone," he said, "except Major Diven; he is a paymaster at

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Louisville." "Where does he stop?" I asked. "At the Galt House," the man told me. "He has been recently married and he and his bride are at the Galt House."

We went on and were told we would arrive at Louisville at one o'clock the next morning, where we had planned to take a steamer to Cincinnati. Major Diven was a son of General Diven, who lived in Elmira, New York, near where my father-in-law lived. The two families were intimate and when I was married, the Divens, including the Major, were present.

My comrades asked me where I was going to stop when we got to Louisville. I said the Galt House. "Aren't you very tony? Do you suppose they will take us?" they asked. "That is where I am going," I said.

We arrived on time and went to the hotel, where we registered and were told they were very sorry but there had not been a vacant room in the house since eight o'clock the night before; the best they could do would be to give us cots in the parlor where several others were assigned. We took the cots and were soon asleep. In the morning, after breakfast, I went to the office and inquired if Major Diven was around yet and was told the major and his family had left about a week before and had taken a house. "Where is his office?" I inquired. They told me and I asked at what time in the morning he would be in his office. They thought at nine o'clock. I went to look for my comrades and found them in the waiting room. "Our boat does not leave until four o'clock this afternoon," I said. "We have the day to put in here. Come and take a little walk with me." "Where are you going?" they inquired. "To draw my pay," I told them. "To draw your pay!" they laughed. "There is a United States paymaster here," I said. "Why should we not draw our pay?"

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But, while they had nothing to do, I could not persuade one to go with me. So I went away alone and found a colored man sweeping out the office. I inquired if Major Diven was in and was told that he was not, but would be soon and would I come in. I picked up the morning paper from the steps and went in. Soon the Major came. I said, "Major, I am an officer in the United States service, an escaped prisoner of war; I came to draw some pay." "What is your name, rank, regiment and where and when were you captured?" he asked. I told him. He said, "I suppose you know there is an order forbidding us to pay officers or men if they are away from their command?" "Yes," I said, "but how about prisoners of war and especially those who have made their escape? What provision is there for them?" "There certainly should be some," he replied, "but I must first talk it over with Colonel —, my superior. Did you tell me your name was D. A. Langworthy, Captain of Company 'E', 85th New York?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "Did you marry Belle Cooke last year?" he continued. "Yes," I said. "Why, I was at your wedding!" he exclaimed. "I will certainly pay you if I have to furnish the money myself, but let me go first and talk with the Colonel." "One minute first, Major," I said. "There are nine others with me, we are all alike, two of them are in the 85th and three others in our brigade." He left and soon returned saying he was told he could give us all one month's pay. I told him that would do nicely and I would go for the others. "Wait a minute," he said, "so that I can have your papers ready for you to sign. When were you paid last?" he inquired. "You will please say nothing about it, for I will take the liberty of paying you for six months." So my check was for something over \$900.00.

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AS THEY APPEARED AFTER REACHING THE UNION LINES

(From left to right)

LIEUT. J. E. TERWILLIGER, 85TH N. Y.

CAPT. C. S. ALDRICH, 85TH N. Y.

CAPT. D. A. LANGWORTHY, 85TH N. Y.

LIEUT. G. S. HASTINGS, 24TH N. Y. BATT.

CAPT. GEORGE H. STARR, 104TH N. Y.

I went for the others, they all got some pay and of course all felt better. We arrived at Cincinnati at about five o'clock in the morning. I was somewhat at home there, for in previous years I had been there for some time each year looking after my father's lumber interests. My chums were inquiring for the Quarter Master to get their transportation. I told them I should not trouble about the Quarter Master. "Why not?" they asked. "His office probably will not be open before nine o'clock," I said. "If I can get the six o'clock express at the little Miami station it will make about one day's difference in my getting home and I am getting in a hurry." "How about your railroad fare?" they inquired. "I will pay it and take the chance of getting it back," I said.

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I got the train and went the rest of the way alone. When, in the latter part of March, 1864, I was returned to the front from detail duty in the North, I left my wife at my home in New York City. While in prison I learned that she had returned to her father in Elmira, New York. So of course I made for Elmira. Arrived there in the latter part of the night. I started to walk to father Cooke's. While I was in prison my wife had an illness which troubled her head and started her hair coming out. Hoping to save it, she had it cut short and the night before had put it up in curl papers. It chanced that she and one of her sisters were sleeping in a front chamber with the front window open and she was awake and heard someone coming. She recognized my step and shook her sister, saying, "Nell, Nell, get out of here quick, the Doctor is coming!" "There is no Doctor coming for you," said Nell. "I tell you he is. I know his step. Can't you hear it. There—he has opened the gate!" and she pushed her sister out of bed and told her to go.

I rapped on the door, was admitted and embraced by Father Cooke, who opened the stair door and said, "Belle." "Yes, father, I know who it is," she replied. "Send him up." When I entered the room she was sitting up in bed taking the curl papers out of her hair. That was the 20th of November. I had been six weeks on the trip.

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That day or the next I noticed several wagons going past loaded with fresh meat, bread, vegetables and other articles of food. I inquired where all that food was going and was told, "To your old camp." "Have they got recruits there now?" I asked. "No," was the reply, "Confederate prisoners." It looked to me as though they were well cared for.

I certainly was well done up. For the first two weeks I did not do much but eat and sleep. It seemed as though I would never get filled up and rested. I would eat breakfast and, before I knew it, be asleep. After I had been there a week or more, one evening my wife's two sisters, young ladies, said, "Father, are you going to the hall this evening to hear the lecture?" "No," he said, "I had not intended to and do not know as I care to." "It will be a fine lecture," they told him, "Doctor so-and-so of New York City. We would like to go but have no one to escort us." I said, "Girls, why don't you invite me?" "We would be delighted to have you go, but fear you would go to sleep," they said. I promised to try to keep awake and we went.

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While waiting for the lecture to begin I felt weary, leaned forward, put my forehead on the back of the seat in front and the next thing I knew they shook me up and said it was time to go home.

When I arrived in Elmira I of course reported to Washington that I had escaped, giving my whereabouts. After two or three weeks I received an order to proceed to Annapolis, Maryland, where the exchanged prisoners were received and cared for. After being there a few days I received an order to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Will W. Clark of the 85th New York, at Roanoke Island, North Carolina, who was there with a few of the 85th who were not at Plymouth at the time of the capture.

On arriving there on December 23rd, I found awaiting me Special Order Number 439 by which I was mustered out and discharged by reason of the expiration of my time of service; but which I suppose meant that I did not have any command. I then returned to my home in New York City and the war fortunately was soon over.

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So far as I know Captain George H. Starr of Yonkers, New York, and myself are the only persons living of the ten who reached home together.

After arriving at our homes, and after the war had ended we all contributed to a financial remembrance to the "high sheriff" and endeavored to express to him our very great obligation for his remarkable kindness and efficient help to us when we were all in such a critical plight, near the boundary which divided the north from the south during our flight for freedom.

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