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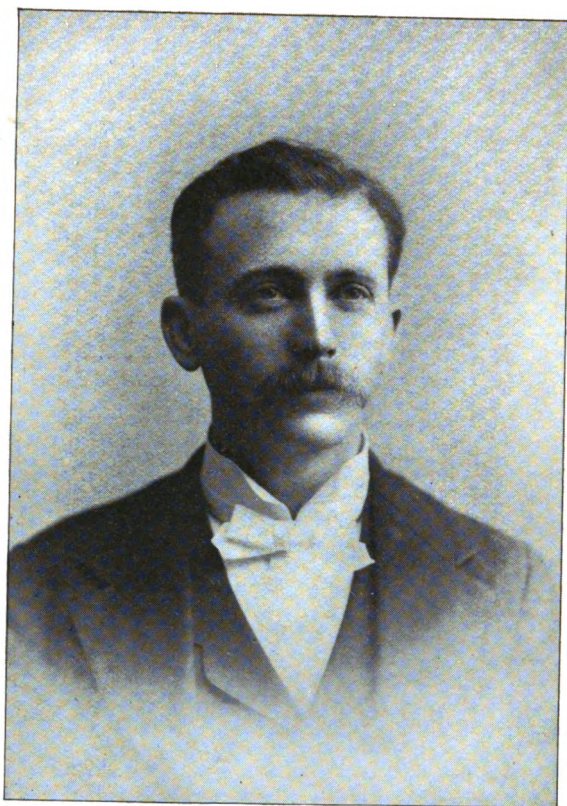
*Mrs. J. H. Thayer*

Alaco boy

The Story of the...

**A**ndrews  
...**R**aïd

Told in Poetry by  
**Rev. John J. Bair**



*YOURS SINCERELY,*

*REV. J. F. BAIR.*

-A-L-900 box.

THE STORY OF  
  
THE ANDREWS RAID

OR

THE MOST DARING ENTERPRISE OF  
THE CIVIL WAR

TOLD IN POETRY

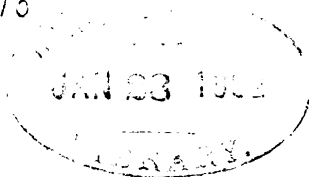
BY

REV. JOHN F. BAIR

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Mr. J. H. Thayer.

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BY REV. JOHN F. BAIR.

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*T*O the sacred memory of those eight heroes who lost their lives in this most daring raid, also to the memory of the five comrades of the raiding party who have died since the war, to the wives and children of all the departed members of the heroic band, and to the nine comrades of the band who still survive, these lines are affectionately dedicated by the author.



## NAMES OF THE ADVENTURERS.

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### (Executed.)

J. J. Andrews, leader..Citizen of Kentucky.  
William Campbell.....Citizen of Kentucky.  
George D. Wilson....Co. B, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
Marion A. Ross.....Co. A, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
Perry G. Shadrack....Co. K, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
Samuel Slavens.....Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
Samuel Robinson.....Co. G, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
John Scott.....Co. K, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.

### (Escaped in October.)

W. W. Brown.....Co. F, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
William J. Knight.....Co. E, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
J. R. Porter.....Co. C, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
Mark Wood.....Co. C, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
J. A. Wilson.....Co. C, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
W. J. Hawkins.....Co. A, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
John Wollam.....Co. C, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
D. A. Dorsey.....Co. H, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.

### (Exchanged in March.)

Jacob Parrot.....Co. K, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
Robert Buffum.....Co. H, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
William Bensinger....Co. G, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
William Reddick.....Co. B, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
E. H. Mason.....Co. K, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.  
William Pittenger.....Co. G, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.



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## Preface.

**T**HE story of "The Andrew's Raid," which was planned by J. J. Andrews, who led twenty-one young men into the heart of the so-called Confederacy, in the month of April, 1862, and captured a locomotive with three cars attached, is no doubt familiar to many. The story has been written in full by at least three of the survivors of the daring raid, viz., D. A. Dorsey, Rev. William Pittenger, author of "Capturing a Locomotive," and John A. Wilson, author of "The Adventures of Alf. Wilson." To these surviving comrades I am much indebted for the aid which their accounts furnished me in preparing this work.

In March, 1897, while a student in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the United States, at Lancaster, Pa., I met Mr. William J. Knight, the Union engineer of the chase. He gave a lecture, in which he told the story of the raid, at the same time illustrating it by means of large oil paintings. I had read much about the raid and of course the lecture given by Mr. Knight was of deep interest to me. I had read many poems of Longfellow, Whittier and other poets, describing daring enterprises. I wondered why none of them had ever written the story of this, the most daring enterprise of our late Civil War. I told Mr. Knight that the story ought to be written in poetry and that I had about made up my mind to undertake it. He urged me to do so. About the middle of March of the same year I began the difficult task, and now after many months of hard labor I present it to the public, feeling sure that it will be read with interest. The story reads like a

romance, but it is true, and as Mr. Knight said in his lecture, "The half of what they suffered has never yet been told." The poem is written in the first person and with the exception of the first and last chapters, it is written as if Comrades Knight, Dorsey, Wilson, and Pittenger were the speakers.

I feel assured that the lines as I have written them will meet with the approval of the surviving comrades of the Union Army and also those who fought for the "Lost Cause." My language may in some parts of the poem seem severe, e. g., where I brand Colonel Foracre as a murderer, but I believe that every native of the South who now claims to be loyal to the "Old Flag," will agree with me that he was nothing else. As to my comparing those men, who so shamefully lashed Comrade Jacob Parrot over his bare back, to demons sent from hell, the language is not too severe. I do not pretend to say that this, my longest poem, is free from error. Several of my shorter poems were severely

criticised when published, but the critics usually were the weakest students in the College and Theological Seminary. Longfellow was severely criticised when he published his *Hiawatha* and I expect the criticisms on this work to be numerous, but as it is I now respectfully present it to the public.

GLENCOE, PA., Feb. 1, 1898.

J. F. B.



## Chapter I.

### INTRODUCTION.

**D**RAVE men have often dared to die  
For home and native land,  
I now will tell the thrilling tale  
Of Andrews and his band;  
How in a noted rebel State,  
During our Civil War,  
They planned and made a daring raid  
And spread destruction far.

'Twas on a Thursday night in March,  
Within a crowded hall,  
I saw the famous Andrews' Raid  
Portrayed upon the wall,  
While comrade Knight, the engineer  
Who ran the engine through,  
Told how the raid was planned and made  
By their small, gallant crew.

He showed us pictures of the raid,  
Oil paintings large and grand,  
The railroad chase, the prison hole,  
And sufferings of their band;  
He told the tale in thrilling tones,  
'Twas grand because 'twas true,  
I will relate in his own words,  
The thrilling tale to you.



*CAPT. W. J. KNIGHT,  
UNION ENGINEER OF "ANDREWS' RAID."  
THIRTY-SIX YEARS LATER,  
1898.*





## Chapter II.

### CAPTAIN MITCHELL'S PLAN.

’T WAS in the spring of sixty-two,  
Upon an April day,  
I stood among the “Boys in blue,”  
And heard the Captain say,  
“Is there a man among this throng,  
By trade an engineer?  
If so, let him step forth at once  
And come right over here.”

At once I answered to his call  
And came to where he stood,  
I felt quite sure that I full well  
An engine understood;  
He took me to a private tent  
And there explained a plan  
A band of men would execute,  
Led by a daring man.

“The man comes from Kentucky State,”  
Said Mitchel, (for 'twas he  
Who held this confidential talk  
Beneath the tent with me),  
“He is a brave and daring man,  
And Andrews is his name,  
Although a native of the South,  
He's Union just the same.”

He told me also that that night,  
In a dark and lonely glen,  
Andrews would meet at twelve o'clock  
The band of chosen men,  
And there would thoroughly explain  
Just what concerned each man,  
Then they would journey South at once  
And execute the plan.



### Chapter III.

SECRET CONSULTATION WITH ANDREWS AT  
MIDNIGHT.

**N**OT many miles from Shelbyville,  
At twelve o'clock that night,  
We met within a silent grove,  
Our army not in sight;  
We formed a circle round about  
Brave Andrews while he spake  
About the daring, dangerous raid  
We were about to make.

“Soldiers,” said he, “to me give heed,  
While I explain to you,  
For you must rightly understand  
Just what each man must do.  
The task indeed is perilous,  
In it great danger lies,  
If you are caught I have no doubt  
You’ll all be hung as spies.”

“To Chattanooga we will go,  
From there we will proceed  
To Marietta and prepare  
To do the daring deed;  
The locomotive and some cars  
We’ll take and speed away,  
The telegraph and bridges then  
Destroy along the way.”

“But listen now, just one word more,  
I wish you all to know  
That you are volunteers, no one  
Will be compelled to go;  
If there be one of you who thinks  
The task too hazardous,  
Go back to camp and tell no one  
What has become of us.”

Just twenty-one of us declared  
We'd follow and obey,  
Whate'er the consequence might be,  
We'd rather go than stay.  
Two of our band returned to camp,  
I never knew just why,  
But we resolved to make the raid,  
We had but once to die.

“The object of this daring raid,”  
Said Andrews, “I’ll explain;  
We’ll cut off all the Reb’s supplies  
By capturing the train  
And burning every bridge along  
The Georgia Railroad route,  
Which is the only means they have  
To send provisions out.”

“Now form your squads and I will give  
You money which you’ll need,  
Then all disperse and to the South,  
At once with haste proceed.”  
He dealt the money freely out,  
Then said in tones quite plain,  
“Good-bye to all,” then we went forth  
Through mud and falling rain.

Just here it may be well to state  
That Captain Mitchel's plan  
Was to move forth upon Huntsville  
The same day that we ran  
To Chattanooga with the train  
And burned the bridges down,  
The day on which we'd take the train  
He planned to take the town.





## Chapter IV.

### ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA.

**W**E journeyed on o'er mountains high,  
The rain in torrents fell,  
We many miles on foot traversed,  
O'er hill, through wood and dell;  
At last we met upon the bank  
Of the River Tennessee,  
There Chattanooga opposite,  
We all could plainly see.

We asked a ferryman at once  
To take us o'er the stream,  
He said, "Indeed of such a thing,  
I ne'er could even dream;"  
We looked at him in great surprise  
And asked the reason why,  
"The reason why," said he, "'tis plain,  
The wind is much too high."

We tried in vain to urge the man  
To sail against the wind,  
But all our efforts were in vain,  
We could not change his mind;  
When our requests all failed to move  
This Rebel ferryman,  
We changed our tactics and pursued  
A more successful plan.

Right in his presence we began  
To laugh and joke and jeer,  
Declaring that Kentuckians  
Would show no sign of fear;  
He could not stand that kind of talk,  
For soon we heard him call,  
“Come on, I’ll take you o’er this stream,  
Or quickly drown you all.”

The trip was short but dangerous,  
But we had one task more,  
For we had heard that we would meet  
A guard upon the shore,  
Who would demand of each a pass  
Before he’d let us through,  
If he’d refuse to let us land  
We knew not what we’d do.

Imagine our delight when we  
Found there no one to stay  
Our progress, but could step ashore  
And journey on our way;  
No doubt because of such a storm  
They took the guard away,  
Thinking no one would dare to cross  
On such a stormy day.

We hurried to the station, then  
We stepped on board the train,  
For Marietta we were bound,  
Would our trip be in vain?  
We reached the place about midnight,  
Stopped at a small hotel,  
We very soon were snug in bed,  
I never slept so well.

The time was short, indeed I thought  
I'd scarcely closed my eyes  
Until I heard a voice ring out,  
"Awake! 'tis time to rise."  
Each man made ready hastily,  
We started through the rain,  
We reached the station just in time  
To catch that fatal train.

We stepped on board, seemed unconcerned  
As any in the crowd,  
The train was full of passengers  
Who talked and laughed quite loud;  
We now drew near to Big Shanty,  
Where we must do our work,  
We grit our teeth, determined that  
Not one his part would shirk.



## Chapter V.

### CAPTURING THE TRAIN.

**W**E reached the place about daylight,  
We heard the brakeman shout,  
“Big Shanty, you can breakfast here!”  
We quickly hurried out.  
The engineer and fireman  
And trainmen generally,  
Poured out and hurried to their lunch  
And left the engine free.

Now was our time to make a dash,  
We could not long delay,  
Andrews whispered, "All right, boys;  
On now and speed away."  
I quickly drew the coupling pin,  
They scrambled quickly on,  
I pulled the throttle open wide,  
Then, quickly we were gone.

As we pulled out I caught a glimpse  
Of the excited throng  
Running about in wild dismay,  
I did not view them long,  
For they were soon lost to our view  
As we were hurled along,  
Once past a curve I saw no more  
Of the excited throng.

Soon afterwards we stopped our train  
And soon removed a rail,  
In order that we might delay  
Those following our trail;  
We also cut the wires down  
Which side beside us ran;  
John Scott climbed quickly up the pole,  
He was an active man.

We cut a piece of wire out  
And placed it in our train,  
So that pursuers all might fail  
To mend the breach again;  
Then we proceeded on our way  
According to our plan,  
Which was to run on schedule time,  
Accordingly we ran.





## Chapter VI.

DELAYED BY EXTRA FREIGHT TRAINS.

**B**UT hindrances, which unforeseen  
Before we made the raid,  
At Kingston met us and we were  
For one full hour delayed;  
We thought we'd meet but one freight train,  
We met no less than three,  
Andrews inquired what the cause  
Of all these trains might be?

Immediately he was informed,  
It made his brave heart thrill,  
That Yankee Mitchel by forced march  
Had come upon Huntsville,  
And therefore all the rolling stock  
Was ordered quickly to  
Atlanta, and that these three trains  
Were hauling the stock through.

Andrews was then asked who he was,  
He answered prompt and plain,  
“An agent under Beauregard,  
I have a powder train;  
We should indeed by all means be  
Now moving on our way,  
I very much indeed regret  
This unlooked-for delay.”

The last freight train at last arrived,  
And Andrews turned about  
And ordered that the switch be turned  
To let our train pull out;  
The switch-tender refused and hung  
His keys upon the wall,  
Declared he would not turn the switch  
Nor let us out at all.

Andrews, impatient, seized the keys  
And soon the switch was turned,  
The old man made a loud protest,  
Which was by Andrews spurned;  
When we had passed to the main track  
Andrews threw down the keys,  
Saying to the fierce old man,  
“I beg your pardon, please.”

“But we cannot afford to wait  
Upon a single man,  
The South would never win the day,  
According to your plan;”  
He spoke these words, then stepped on board  
And we moved on once more,  
We ran from there with greater speed  
Than we had made before.

Another station, Adairsville,  
Was but ten miles away,  
There we would meet another freight,  
We hoped 'twould not delay  
Us for a single moment more,  
For if we'd be too late  
To burn the bridges, stop pursuit,  
We'd surely meet our fate.

A little south of Adairsville  
We made another stop,  
Where two or three more rails were loosed  
And quickly taken up;  
John Scott as usual climbed the pole  
And cut the wire loose,  
A pile of cross ties lying there,  
We took for future use.

Our train arrived at Adairsville  
Before the expected freight,  
But fortunately for us all,  
We had not long to wait,  
For very soon the train arrived,  
Backed in behind our own,  
Obeying orders Andrews gave  
In a commanding tone.

There now remained but one train more,  
Which was a passenger,  
The last train that lay in our way,  
Our progress to deter.  
We waited there five minutes more,  
The train did not appear,  
Andrews said, "We'll go ahead,  
We'll wait no longer here."

We moved but slowly on at first,  
But soon increased our speed,  
I pulled the throttle open wide,  
Urged on my iron steed;  
Thus we ran on into Calhoun  
And there we met the train,  
Which soon was passed and we now free  
Were gliding on again.



## Chapter VII.

### A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

**W**ITHOUT a thought of danger we,  
Not far above Calhoun,  
Stopped to take up another rail  
And cut the wires down;  
While thus engaged we heard a sound,  
A train appeared in sight,  
There was but one thing we could do,  
'Twas to resort to flight.

But from whence came this train you ask,  
We asked that question too;  
How did it pass the broken rails,  
And manage to run through?  
Let us return to Big Shanty  
To where we took the train,  
Perhaps we can more fully then  
The mystery explain.

The engineer and fireman  
And conductor of the train  
Which we had taken from them, were  
Fuller, Murphy, and Cain;  
They had not yet begun to eat  
When we our work began,  
As I have said, we took the train  
And off with it we ran.



Murphy's quick ear soon caught the sound  
Of the escaping steam,  
He looked at Fuller and exclaimed,  
It was almost a scream,  
"Your train is moving, Fuller, see!"  
And Fuller called to Cain,  
"Some one is on our engine and  
Is moving our train!"

They hurried out but were too late,  
The train was under way,  
But these three men resolved at once  
That they would not delay;  
So starting at full speed they ran  
After the flying train,  
As if they hoped to capture it  
And soon return again.

They did not for a moment think  
That we were Union men,  
But that some conscripts from that camp  
Had ran away again;  
They thought they'd surely find their train  
A mile or two away,  
And that they would not be compelled  
To cause a long delay.

About two miles from Big Shanty,  
They found to their dismay,  
Where we had cut the wire off  
And carried part away;  
Some workmen with a handcar were  
Found working near the place,  
They soon engaged the men and car  
And thus began the chase.

Fuller knew well that at Kingston,  
Just thirty miles away,  
Three extra freights would meet our train  
And our project delay;  
With the hand car they doubtless could  
Eight miles an hour make,  
He thought by working hard they might  
The fugitives o'ertake.

While toiling thus the men also  
Engaged in idle talk,  
While thus engaged they realized  
A very sudden shock;  
Each felt a jar and then a jolt  
And then a sudden pitch,  
And soon each man was floundering  
Within a muddy ditch.

They'd reached the place where we had torn  
The first rail from the track,  
And one was landed on his head,  
Another on his back;  
But none were injured seriously,  
And like determined men,  
They placed the hand car on the track  
And hurried on again.

But after traveling nineteen miles,  
They found at Etowah,  
An engine large and powerful,  
Men called it the Yonah;  
They seized this prize and rapidly  
Proceeded on their way  
Toward Kingston, which they hoped to reach  
Before we'd get away.

They pulled their throttle open wide,  
Their engine thundered on,  
But when they reached Kingston at last,  
They found that we had gone;  
But we had scarcely left Kingston,  
Were scarcely out of sight  
Of those freight trains which for an hour  
Had checked our rapid flight.

But Fuller found his pursuit checked  
By the large extra freight,  
He could not pass it nor afford  
To lie there long and wait;  
He left the Yonah, walked around,  
The engine of the freight  
He took and hurried on again,  
But at a slower rate.

Just twenty minutes of a start  
Had we of them from there,  
Although their freight engine for speed,  
Could not with ours compare;  
But being still delayed by trains,  
A passenger and freight,  
Being delayed at Adairsville,  
We left there somewhat late.

But Fuller was somewhat delayed,  
When coming to the place  
Where we had torn the rails away,  
He had to stop the chase  
With that engine, because he had  
No rails nor spikes at hand,  
Immediately they ran on foot  
And left the engine stand.

The freight we passed at Adairsville,  
Soon met them on the way,  
They took that train and hurried back,  
Without a long delay;  
This thoroughly explains the scene  
Witnessed above Calhoun,  
Where we beheld the Rebel train—  
Upon us bearing down.



## Chapter VIII.

### THE EXCITING PURSUIT BY THE ENEMY.

**W**E now return to where we left  
Our small excited crew;  
When we beheld the train there was  
But one thing we could do;  
That was to quickly mount our train  
And seek safety in flight,  
We climbed upon the train at once  
And fled with all our might.



There was one chance, we thought, remained,  
We had removed a rail,  
By which we hoped to stop pursuit,  
We thought it could not fail,  
Until we burned the bridge ahead,  
Which was not far away,  
Andrews believed we yet would be  
Likely to gain the day.

But Alfred Wilson soon declared  
That it was very plain,  
They yet pursued, he saw the smoke  
Of the pursuing train;  
On hearing this we slackened speed  
The truth to ascertain,  
Yes, it was true, we plainly heard  
The whistle of their train.

We next reversed our engine, then  
Our hindmost car cut loose  
And hurled it back upon our foes  
Who now were very close;  
Their engine was reversed also  
When our car came nigh,  
It failed to injure them at all,  
They caught it on the fly.

When we came near a slight up grade,  
We loosed another car  
And hurled it back and thus we hoped  
Their progress to debar;  
But Fuller saw the car in time  
And quickly he reversed  
His engine, and they caught that car  
Just like they did the first.

The Oostenaula bridge we saw  
Was now plainly in sight,  
We did not stop to burn it though,  
But crossed in rapid flight;  
They were so close upon us that  
It filled our hearts with gloom,  
It seemed as if we were at last  
Rushing headlong to doom.

But two hopes yet to us remained,  
One was to wreck their train,  
And if we failed to do that, then  
One course would yet remain,  
'Twas to run far ahead and burn  
A bridge or lift a rail,  
If we could not in that succeed,  
Our whole project must fail.

Accordingly we sped along  
With a full head of steam,  
Our whistle sending forth at times  
A shrill and warning scream;  
We now at intervals threw out  
Some cross-ties on the track,  
In order that they might obstruct  
And keep pursuers back.

Mile after mile we thus traversed  
In that most dreadful chase,  
But this alone could not save us  
Nor win for us the race;  
We now drew near to Dalton where  
We feared that we might find  
A force on hand to aid the band  
Pursuing us behind.

There is a junction at that place,  
Two roads lead out from there,  
Two lines of telegraph also,  
We now had to despair  
Of reaching Chattanooga with  
The engine we possessed,  
We knew that Rebels would be there  
With orders to arrest.

We passed Dalton in safety  
And on again we sped,  
But of those trains pursuing us,  
We were not much ahead;  
Above Dalton we stopped and cut  
The telegraph once more,  
But 'twas no use for they had sent  
A message just before.

We quickly mounted and again  
Spurred on our iron steed,  
Then through a tunnel near the place  
We rushed at lightning speed;  
We tried to build a fire on  
The car which still remained,  
It was a task, the wood was wet  
For all the way it rained.

At last a blaze began to rise  
And soon became more bright,  
About this time we saw ahead  
The covered bridge in sight;  
We stopped the car upon the bridge  
And soon the flames rose high,  
The smoke too floated on the air,  
In volumes toward the sky.

But scarcely had we halted when  
We were compelled to go,  
For we beheld not far behind,  
Our still pursuing foe;  
Reluctantly we left our car,  
Resumed again our flight,  
Our efforts failed, the burning car  
Did not the bridge ignite.

Thus having failed to burn the bridge,  
'Twas useless now to try  
To stop pursuit. 'twas better to  
Abandon all and fly;  
Accordingly we all jumped off,  
The engine I reversed  
And sent it back upon our foes,  
Then quickly we dispersed.

A number of us jumped into  
A river which ran by,  
Holding our pistols o'er our heads  
To keep our powder dry;  
We crossed the stream in safety,  
There ran with me just two,  
We soon were lost from all the rest  
Of our gallant crew.





## Chapter IX.

OUR WHOLE BAND CAPTURED.

**A**LONE were we in a strange land,  
Without an earthly friend  
To shelter us or give us food,  
What was to be our end?  
But we resolved if possible,  
Northward to make our way,  
We did not have the least desire  
In that place long to stay.

Thus for three days we wandered on,  
Hiding as best we could,  
One day we stopped at a farm house  
And asked to buy some food;  
Alas for us! not far away  
Were Rebel cavalry,  
And the old farmer sent his son  
And warned them secretly.

We ate the food which we had bought,  
Then quickly left the place,  
We climbed a hill and there we met  
Some Rebels face to face;  
They were the Rebel cavalry,  
Our race was run at last,  
And we were doomed to be abused  
And into prison cast.

Shortly afterwards they took  
Us to a common still,  
They freely dealt the whisky out  
And bade us take our fill;  
They thought that if they'd make us drunk,  
We'd tell all that we knew  
About the raid and all the men  
Of our gallant crew.

We were securely bound with chains,  
Then rudely dragged away  
To Chattanooga where we were  
The penalty to pay;  
I will not weary you, dear friends,  
With this part of my tale,  
But will describe the horrors of  
That Chattanooga jail.

That prison, a two-story brick,  
Was partly under ground,  
And outside was a high board fence  
Which ran completely round;  
A room which measured thirteen feet  
In length and breadth and height,  
Was crowded full of prisoners  
Who seldom saw daylight.

The entrance to this horrid hole,  
Was through the second floor,  
Which was kept closed both day and night,  
By means of a trap-door;  
They led us to this opening  
And bade us then descend,  
Then shut us in and there three weeks  
We were compelled to spend.

The air was foul, the heat intense,  
I thought I'd suffocate,  
Could they be human who would place  
A man in such a state?  
Alf. Wilson and Mark Wood soon came,  
How did the others fare?  
The place was dark but we soon found  
That every one was there.

A Rebel whom they called "Old Swims,"  
Had charge of this foul den,  
He seemed to think it was too good  
For any Yankee men;  
I learned that only twice a day,  
Would we get food to eat,  
A piece of corn bread very small,  
And a trifling piece of meat.

The food was put into a pail  
And from above let down,  
Thus we received it day by day,  
Oft with a sigh and frown;  
Still not content with starving us,  
They, like a set of toughs,  
Placed heavy chains upon our necks  
And on our hands hand-cuffs.

The Rebels many plans devised  
And many efforts made  
To find who ran the engine through  
This most exciting raid;  
But we determined that no one  
Would dare to tell his name,  
We had but once to meet our death,  
No matter how it came.

Young Parrot, one of our gang,  
They thought they would compel  
To tell them what the rest of us  
Had all refused to tell;  
He was but eighteen years of age,  
He showed no signs of fear,  
But he refused to tell the name  
Of our engineer.

The Rebel fiends enraged at this,  
Placed him upon a stone,  
A blacker crime than theirs I think  
Our land has never known;  
They lashed him o'er his naked back,  
Like demons sent from hell,  
But with all that they could not force  
That noble boy to tell.

When all the efforts of the fiends  
Had proved of no avail,  
They ceased their work and sent him back  
To Chattanooga jail;  
In that condition he was placed,  
His back all bruised and sore,  
About the Union engineer  
They questioned him no more.

The Rebels had determined that  
They'd hang the engineer,  
If they had known that I was he,  
I would not now be here;  
But during our imprisonment,  
They never truly knew  
That I was he who in our raid,  
Had run the engine through.



Some two weeks after our raid,  
Andrews was briefly tried,  
The charges were that of a spy,  
And with the North allied;  
Andrews admitted that he was  
The leader in the raid  
Which our band of gallant men  
So daringly had made.

About this time we heard some news  
Which filled our hearts with joy,  
Although the Rebs. who guarded us,  
It did indeed annoy;  
We heard that Mitchel had advanced  
And was at present near  
To Chattanooga and the Rebs.  
Were all in constant fear.

Leadbetter, who had charge of us,  
Now entertained great fear  
That he might lose his prisoners,  
If Mitchel should come near;  
He quickly ordered that our band  
Be sent to Madison,  
So we were placed in rude box cars,  
The work was quickly done.

Our treatment there was better far,  
Than what we had received,  
For of that foul den and old Swims,  
We were indeed relieved;  
They said we were the bravest Yanks  
That they had ever caught,  
George Wilson told them that we were  
The poorest of the lot.

He told them that if we were lost  
No one would make a fuss,  
That Mitchel sent us out because  
He had no use for us;  
A man who heard these words of George,  
Said to him laughingly,  
“I cannot quite believe that tale,  
I guess that is a lie?”

One day among our visitors,  
A man dressed up in gray,  
Came and conversed with Andrews, then  
Proceeded on his way;  
When once alone we asked Andrews,  
What was the reason why  
That Rebel came and talked with him,  
He said, “That was a spy.”

A Union spy had been with us,  
Had talked with Andrews too,  
We hoped that he'd get safely out  
And to our lines pass through;  
Whether he reached the Union lines  
All safe, we never heard,  
Of him we never heard again,  
No, not a single word.

Three days only were we allowed,  
In that place to remain,  
Then orders came to take us back  
To our den again;  
Back to that filthy hole again,  
The thought was horrible,  
It seemed almost like journeying  
From heaven down to hell.

But Captain Laws, an honest man,  
Made efforts to remove  
Us not into the hole again,  
But to the room above;  
Although the space was just the same,  
We did not now despair,  
For we were now above the ground,  
With plenty of fresh air.

Old Swims objected to this change,  
And made a dreadful fuss,  
Although he had the guards with him,  
He was afraid of us;  
Even though we were handcuffed,  
We often heard him say,  
That evil would be sure to come  
Upon them all some day.

Colonel Cleburne had once asked  
Permission to remove  
Our handcuffs, but the officers  
Would not of it approve;  
But he allowed us to go out,  
Accompanied by a guard,  
And spend an hour or two each day  
Within the small jail yard.

I managed at my first arrest,  
To cunningly deceive  
My pocket searchers, I had slipped  
My knife into my sleeve;  
With it we soon carved out of bone,  
A number of rude keys,  
With which we managed to unlock  
Our old handcuffs with ease.

But we believed the Rebels soon,  
Would hang us every one,  
That to escape a dreadful doom,  
Something must soon be done;  
We planned that when the guards would come  
As usual us to feed,  
To wrest their muskets from them, then  
Run off at rapid speed.

We had our plans completely laid,  
Had fixed the very day,  
When Captain Laws came in and took  
Twelve of our band away;  
I happened to be one of them,  
We were to be arranged  
For trial and they said likely,  
We twelve would be exchanged.

We left nine soldiers and Andrews  
Who was our greatest pride,  
Said he, "I'll meet you boys at last  
On Jordon's other side."  
Then with sad hearts we left him there,  
In that dark, cruel place,  
Not one of us e'er saw again  
His brave and noble face.





## Chapter X.

### A GREAT SORROW.

**T**HE history of those left behind,  
We now will first relate,  
How bravely, like a soldier true,  
Poor Andrews met his fate.  
At once the ten without delay,  
Resolved one thing to do,  
'Twas in the plank just overhead,  
To cut a passage through.

Accordingly the same jack-knife,  
Which had carved out the keys,  
Was used each day to cut the hole,  
Which was not done with ease;  
Just then an incident occurred,  
Which caused more energy  
To be put forth to make the way  
To gain their liberty.

Captain Laws came in one day,  
His face was deadly pale,  
He held a paper in his hand  
Which told the dreadful tale;  
He handed it to Andrews, who  
Glancing at it walked away  
Into his cell, his comrades stood,  
Not knowing what to say.

The explanation Andrews gave,  
While each one held his breath,  
Was, that in one short week he would  
Be led forth to his death;  
The sorrow which it gave to them  
Was indescribable,  
Each bosom of those nine brave men  
With sorrow seemed to swell.

There yet remained one gleam of hope,  
Which I will now relate,  
'Twas to break out of jail and flee  
And thus escape the fate;  
Accordingly they worked away  
Till nearly morning light,  
When Andrews quietly crept out  
And ran with all his might.

Unfortunately for him when  
He jumped into the yard,  
A piece of brick fell to the ground  
And thus alarmed the guard,  
Who started up and with the cry  
Of halt! discharged his gun,  
But Andrews quickly cleared the fence  
And started on a run.

He ran into a wood and there  
Climbed up into a tree,  
Thus all day long he there remained  
In sight of the city;  
A thorough search was made for him,  
But him they failed to see  
For no one in the crowd once thought  
Of searching in the tree.

When night came on he swam across  
The river which was near,  
He traveled on until he saw  
The dawn of morn appear;  
He saw a tree not far away  
And crossed an open field,  
Intending to climb into it  
And lie all day concealed.

Alas for him! he was observed,  
Again compelled to flee,  
He hastened to an island near  
And climbed into a tree;  
A party with some hounds pursued,  
And he compelled to swim,  
Was overtaken by a boat  
And thus they captured him.

The wretched man was taken back  
To that foul prison den,  
They fettered him for fear he might  
Escape from them again;  
A scaffold was prepared for him  
As that dark day drew nigh,  
They were afraid to hang him there  
For fear of sympathy.

Accordingly they transferred him,  
On execution day,  
From Chattanooga southward to  
Atlanta far away;  
His comrades were all taken too,  
They were placed in a room,  
But brave Andrews was led away  
To meet his fatal doom.

The fortitude which he displayed,  
Amazed the Rebel horde,  
All stood in silence and no one  
Was heard to speak a word;  
The rope was placed around his neck,  
His sorrows soon were ended,  
His body was interred near by,  
His brave soul high ascended.

Thus ended that brave, noble man,  
Who planned that daring raid,  
Which was the most exciting one  
That man had ever made;  
The virtues of that noble man  
Are known both near and far,  
He planned the greatest enterprise  
Of our great Civil War.



## Chapter XI.

### A SEVENFOLD MURDER.

**T**HE other twelve were taken to  
A place they called Knoxville,  
Where Captain Fry, a prisoner  
From a town by name Greenville,  
Was placed among our little band  
Whom they would now soon try,  
And if convicted every one  
Would be compelled to die.



We had been there not many days  
Before our trials came,  
The charge preferred against us was  
With every one the same;  
We were accused of being spies,  
And on that charge were tried,  
But we declared we were soldiers,  
Their charges we denied.

One of our band each day was tried,  
Thus seven days passed by,  
There yet remained just five of us  
Whom they had yet to try;  
But something happened to prevent  
The trials of the five,  
And thus it happens that I'm here  
Today preserved alive.

The news was brought that Mitchel had  
Advanced upon the town  
Of Chattanooga, and with shells,  
Was knocking houses down;  
A guard came to our prison soon  
And took us all away,  
Down to Atlanta where we were  
For many weeks to stay.

Our handcuffs there were taken off,  
We thought the worst was o'er,  
There we remained and for a week,  
Our lot with patience bore;  
How little did we think that soon  
The darkest of all crimes  
Would be committed by the Rebs  
Of our modern times.

'Twas on the eighteenth day of June,  
In eighteen sixty-two,  
We noticed that some cavalrymen  
Near to the prison drew;  
They were some Rebel cavalry,  
What could their coming mean?  
A guard around the house was placed,  
Which could be plainly seen.

The jailor came, unlocked our door,  
We stood amazed and still,  
While those who had been tried while we  
Were stationed at Knoxville,  
Were taken outside of our room,  
The door was closed behind,  
What would be done? that was the thought  
Which came into my mind.

Soon our door was opened and  
George Wilson entered first,  
His arms were firmly bound, alas!  
The fiends had done their worst,  
In a low whisper some one asked,  
“What can the matter be?”  
Said he, “We are all to be hanged,  
And that immediately.”

Behind him came the others, tied,  
They thus were led away  
And put to death by murderers,  
On that dark summer day;  
The man who executed them  
Was Colonel Foracre,  
Whom every loyal Southerner  
Will call a murderer.

When on the scaffold, Wilson asked  
Permission to be heard,  
Saying that before he died,  
He wished to say a word;  
Then in prophetic tones he spoke  
Unto that Rebel throng,  
“I bear no grudge, but you are all  
Engaged in a great wrong.

“Although you have condemned me and  
Will hang me as a spy,  
I am a soldier and do not  
Regret at all to die;  
But you will all live to regret  
That you took part at all  
In this rebellion, for your cause  
Is destined sure to fall.

“And you will see the Stars and Stripes  
Float o’er this very place  
Where you today commit a crime  
Which will your name disgrace.”  
Thus Wilson spoke, while the whole throng  
In silence held their breath,  
The trap was sprung which was to hurl  
The seven men to death.

Then followed a disgusting scene,  
Slavens, also Campbell,  
Broke their ropes and fell down to  
The ground, insensible;  
When they recovered they asked to have  
An hour in which to pray,  
Before into eternity,  
They would be hurled away.

They were denied this mild request,  
And soon they both were hurled  
Into the presence of their Judge,  
In that celestial world.  
Thus did those noble heroes die,  
They sleep beneath the sod,  
Their spirits let us hope have gone  
To dwell above with God.

We five who still remained untried,  
Were filled with gloom and fear  
For we had little doubt but that  
Our end was drawing near;  
Few words were spoken, we all sat  
Like men in deep despair,  
Slowly the time passed by, at last  
Some one suggested prayer.

Accordingly we all knelt down,  
And Captain Fry prayed first,  
And while he prayed he sobbed and cried  
As if his heart would burst;  
How earnestly we prayed to God  
Upon that lonely night,  
Beseeching Him to shed upon  
Our hearts some rays of light.





## Chapter XII.

### LIBERTY OR DEATH.

**T**HE other nine of our band  
Were placed with us again,  
So that with them and Captain Fry,  
We numbered now fifteen;  
There we remained not knowing when  
We too would meet our fate,  
But we resolved escape to make  
Before 'twould be too late.

Some thought we still had better wait,  
Perhaps we'd be exchanged,  
But we resolved to risk no more,  
And soon their minds were changed,  
For some one heard the jailer say,  
"Those poor Yanks in that room,  
I feel so sorry for them all,  
For soon they'll meet their doom."

These words were soon conveyed to us,  
No longer did we doubt  
But that we'd all be hanged unless  
We'd manage to break out;  
We planned that when the jailer came  
In with our evening meal,  
To seize him and then quietly  
Upon the guards to steal.

As soon therefore as he came in  
Fry stepped out through the door,  
As if it were a common thing  
He oft had done before;  
Said he, "A pleasant evening, sir!"  
The jailer looked confused,  
But Captain Fry said with a smile,  
As if he were amused,

"We wish this evening to go out  
And take a little walk  
And breathe the pure October air  
And have a quiet talk;  
To stay in that close prison pen  
It will no longer do,  
Give me those keys and make no noise  
Or 'twill be worse for you."

The old man tried to call the guard,  
But Pittenger rushed out  
And placed his hand upon his mouth  
And thus suppressed his shout;  
Then came the rush of prisoners  
Out into the jail-yard,  
I ran ahead at once and seized  
The musket of a guard.

Seven Rebels were on guard,  
Five we at once disarmed,  
The other two ran out and soon  
The neighborhood alarmed;  
Those in the yard now scaled the fence  
And ran with rapid strides  
While bullets from the Rebel's guns  
Fell harmless by their sides.

Captain Fry and nine of us  
Escaped into a wood,  
We halted there, against a tree,  
Panting for breath we stood;  
We did not stand long till some one  
Said in a tone quite low,  
“Well boys it will not do to stay,  
Guess we had better go.”

The hardships which we all passed through,  
To tell I now will try,  
Although I have not much to tell  
Concerning Captain Fry;  
I heard that after thirty days  
Had quietly passed by,  
He managed to get to Nashville,  
And there remained safely.

We nine companions went in squads  
Which we thought would be best,  
Five went Northward, two went Southward,  
And two toward the West.  
Porter and Wollam traveled West,  
They traveled night and day  
Whene'er a wooded country chanced  
To lie right in their way.

They often waded through large streams  
Or floated o'er on logs,  
One night while suffering from cold,  
They saw a nest of hogs;  
They drove the hogs from their warm nest,  
It was in dead of night,  
They took possession of the nest  
And slept till morning light.

They traveled many days without  
E'er having tasted food,  
Some nuts they found upon the trees  
Which tasted very good;  
For one whole week they had no bread  
And were obliged to fast,  
But being almost starved they reached  
The Union lines at last.

Dorsey and Hawkins, the next pair,  
Fared better than the rest,  
I will let Dorsey tell his tale,  
For he can do it best;  
Although we do not here pretend  
To tell just everything,  
Yet in the story Dorsey wrote,  
He tells the following.



## Chapter XIII.

### THE ESCAPE OF DORSEY AND HAWKINS.

**W**E journeyed from the woods into  
An open field and lay

All huddled in a group until

About the break of day;

All night we heard the baying of

Some hounds not far away,

So we concluded not to move

Until the dawn of day.



For many days we traveled on,  
We made a rapid flight,  
We hid by day and traveled in  
The cover of the night;  
We reached a river finally,  
We met some negroes there  
Who ferried us across the stream  
And never asked for fare.

One of their number went and brought  
A lot of splendid food,  
To us you may indeed be sure  
It tasted very good;  
With thankful hearts we left our friends  
Again pursued our way,  
We traveled that entire night  
Until the break of day.

We found a barn with well filled mows,  
We entered it and lay  
Upon the fodder in the mow,  
And there we slept all day;  
As our bed was comfortable,  
We did not go away  
That night, but thought we would remain  
At least another day.

A negro boy, hunting for eggs,  
Came to us where we lay,  
He ran away and we ran too,  
Not caring now to stay;  
We reached the River Hiawassee,  
We found a rude old boat,  
In this rude craft during the night  
We many miles did float.

When daylight came we hid our boat  
And cautiously we crept  
Upon a bed of leaves, by turns,  
Till afternoon we slept.  
At sundown we went to a house  
And asked them for some food,  
They gave to us a good square meal,  
Which tasted very good.

That night we reached the river's mouth,  
We reached the Tennessee,  
We had to leave the river then,  
'Twas for our safety;  
We heard that Bragg's army was near,  
We changed our course of flight,  
We fled into the mountain range  
And traveled all that night.

We climbed a mountain high and steep  
And sat beneath a tree,  
But presently we saw below,  
A band of cavalry;  
We watched their baggage train go by,  
And shuddered oft with fear,  
Because the Rebels were so close,  
We hoped they'd disappear.

When night came on we moved again,  
But very cautiously,  
And when the dawn of day appeared  
No Rebels could we see;  
We laid ourselves down on some leaves,  
While one of us would sleep,  
The other dared not close his eyes,  
But careful watch would keep.

We traveled on for two days more,  
Upon the second day,  
About sundown we heard a noise  
Not very far away;  
We saw some men not far away  
Engaged in chopping wood,  
We went down from the mountain height  
And asked them for some food.

At first they all refused and said,  
That they were Union men,  
They soon found out that we were too,  
They entertained us then;  
This proved to be a station on  
The Underground Railway,  
A skilful man known as Red Fox,  
Conducted us away.

He took us to the next station,  
And thus we were forwarded,  
We hoped those friends who helped us so,  
Would some day be rewarded;  
In safety at last we reached  
Somerset, Kentucky,  
Just thirty-two days after we  
Had gained our liberty.

The most romantic adventures  
Of all, were met by two,  
Alfred Wilson with poor Mark Wood  
Went southward and passed through  
Untold hardships because they feared  
The negroes would betray,  
And would not trust to them for food,  
Or guides upon the way.

Their object was to reach the Gulf  
And join the squadron there,  
And many times starvation seemed  
Them in the face to stare;  
Wilson shall the story tell,  
About himself and Wood,  
Which will, I think by every one,  
Be better understood.



## Chapter XIV.

THE ESCAPE OF WILSON AND WOOD, FROM ATLANTA  
TO THE GULF.

**W**HILE Mark and I were on the fence,  
A bullet struck near by,  
So close to me the splinters cut  
The flesh upon my thigh;  
I dropped upon the ground outside  
And yelled to Mark, "I'm hit!"  
"Get up and run," said he, "and keep  
No more account of it."



In an instant I was on my feet,  
We ran with all our might,  
I placed my hand upon my thigh  
And found to my delight  
That I had only a slight wound  
And splinters made that wound,  
So off we ran while bullets struck  
Quite near us on the ground.

We ran about a mile before  
We reached shelter at all,  
And then the trees were scattered so  
The shelter was but small;  
Like hunted stags eluding hounds,  
With stealth we dodged about,  
Debating which for safety,  
Would be the better route.

We very soon approached a road,  
But soon we heard the sound  
Of galloping horsemen, and we threw  
Ourselves upon the ground;  
They were so near us that we both  
Could very plainly see  
Their movements all, we saw that they  
Were Rebel cavalry.

It was not long until there came  
Some squads of infantry,  
The infantry at once relieved  
The Rebel cavalry;  
The infantry were stationed near  
The place where we both lay,  
We found that if we would escape  
We could not long delay.

We crept across the road into  
An open field near by,  
Then started on a rapid run,  
We almost seemed to fly;  
We entered a thick piece of woods  
And lay down there to rest,  
Then we began to calculate  
Which route would be the best.

We soon concluded to go South  
And join the blocking fleet,  
As we would not upon that route,  
So many Rebels meet;  
For none of them would likely think  
Of Yankees going South  
To join the squadron anchored near  
The Chattahoochee's mouth.

Accordingly we both set out  
As fast as we could travel,  
We spoke no words as we walked on  
As noiselessly as possible;  
We were so lame we scarce could walk,  
And Mark was very sick,  
We traveled leaning each upon  
A good, stout walking stick.

Thus we traveled on that night,  
Both ragged and forlorn,  
Our journey that night took us through  
A field of standing corn;  
We plucked some ears of corn and chewed  
It as we walked along,  
We did not stop at all to ask  
To whom it might belong.

When morning came we hid ourselves  
And lay down sore distressed,  
We were so near exhausted that  
We thought we'd better rest;  
When we awoke 'twas afternoon,  
We found our feet so sore,  
It seemed almost impossible  
To travel any more.

However we both hobbled on,  
Doing the best we could,  
The corn which we had brought along  
Alone served us for food;  
When morning came, alas! poor Mark  
Could scarcely walk at all,  
So dropping on his hands and knees  
He undertook to crawl.

Some distance thus he crawled along,  
Then looking back at me,  
His look I never shall forget,  
He said despairingly,  
“Alf, such a life is but a curse,  
I’m sure I’d rather be  
Dead and lying in my grave,  
Then in such misery!”

I urged him not to give up yet,  
Saying the worst was o’er,  
That we would soon the river reach,  
Where we could use the oar;  
Encouraged thus we struggled on  
And soon had cause to thank  
Our God, for we soon stood upon  
The Chattahoochee’s bank.

Soon we discovered a small skiff  
Chained tightly to a tree,  
With a large stone we broke the lock  
And soon the skiff was free;  
We soon were gliding smoothly down  
The Chattahoochee stream,  
The trials which we had passed through  
Seemed now to us a dream.

When morning came we ran our boat  
Into a small bayou  
And crept into a thicket near,  
Entirely hid from view;  
There we lay down upon some leaves,  
Like sheep lie in their nest,  
But the mosquitoes were so bad,  
We gained but little rest.

Four days and nights we traveled on,  
Having no bread to eat,  
So many times in dreams I saw  
A table spread so neat,  
Covered o'er with rich dainties,  
Biscuit, bread and cheese,  
In fact just everything one needs  
His hunger to appease.

We saw a house upon the bank,  
The prospects now seemed good,  
So we determined to go in  
And ask them for some food;  
They kindly furnished us a meal,  
And 'twas a splendid one,  
And not a single scrap was left  
When Mark and I had done.



Then thanking our generous friends  
We started on our way,  
For we were anxious to move on  
Without a long delay;  
The river now grew very rough,  
It now to us was plain  
That we must leave our boat and walk  
Upon the land again.

We left our boat among the rocks  
And traveled on once more  
Until at last we saw a town  
And knew the worst was o'er;  
Columbus was the town we saw,  
If we could pass it by,  
We then could use the stream again  
And sail in safety.

As we approached the town we heard  
A constant clattering sound,  
Which did not cease during the night,  
We thought we'd look around;  
We soon perceived a gang of men  
Working with all their might,  
When morning came they did not cease,  
They worked both day and night.

A large gunboat was being built  
To send down to the Bay,  
It was intended for to drive  
Our blocking fleet away;  
This boat we afterwards soon learned,  
Upon its first trip South,  
Blew up before it reached our fleet,  
When near Flint River's mouth.

We looked around until we found  
A cracked old leaky boat,  
We entered it and safe once more,  
We down the stream did float;  
We soon espied three splendid boats  
Tied up upon the shore,  
We soon decided that we'd sail  
Our leaky boat no more.

We had just loosened the three boats,  
When down upon us came  
Three men with a large pack of dogs,  
With language rough, profane;  
“We did not stop to bandy words,”  
But shoved the boats into  
The water, so that they could not  
Immediately pursue.

Then jumping into one we rowed  
Directly up the stream,  
As if we'd gone back to the town,  
It did to them so seem;  
We made a circuit round about,  
Then sailed down stream again,  
We soon were out of hearing of  
The curses of those men.

With open river and good boat,  
We thought our chances good  
For making our escape although  
Our stomachs yearned for food;  
We found some pumpkins in a field  
And feasted on the seeds,  
Although 'twas poor it helped somewhat  
To satisfy our needs.

Day after day we traveled on,  
Having but little food,  
One day we stopped and took a nap  
Upon a pile of wood;  
When we awoke somewhat refreshed,  
We saw a comic sight,  
A hundred alligators lay  
About us left and right.

We were so hungry that we could  
Endure the pangs no more,  
We saw a house and left our boat  
Carelessly on the shore;  
They gave us food, we started back  
To take our boat again;  
Alas, it had been stolen by  
Some cruel, sinful men.

We perched ourselves upon a mound  
And there remained that night,  
It rained all night, we were indeed  
Then in a sorry plight;  
We lay there that entire night  
And part of the next day,  
When to our joy we found a boat  
And quickly rowed away.

During the night we caught some fish  
Which we devoured raw,  
A sadder sight than poor Mark Wood,  
I'm sure I never saw;  
His eyes were sunken in his head,  
They had a fearful glare,  
I never shall forget the sight  
Poor Mark presented there.

The river now we plainly saw  
Grew wider every day,  
We soon concluded that we were  
Already in the Bay;  
We saw a cabin on the shore,  
I stopped to get a light  
For my old pipe, when I came back  
I found Mark looking bright.

He'd found some sweet potatoes in  
A negro's small canoe,  
We now had nearly food enough  
To last our journey through;  
Soon afterwards I thought I saw  
Some dead trees far away,  
And thought no doubt they stood upon  
An island in the Bay.

We saw a sand-bar in the way,  
While we were passing through,  
Mark seized a muddy-looking lump  
Which he soon cut in two;  
I saw him put it to his mouth,  
Said I, "You starving Yank,  
What is that muddy lump you've picked  
From off that muddy bank?"

"Taste this," said he, "and you will find  
We're in an oyster bed!"  
I tasted it and found it so,  
'Twas true what he had said;  
I now discovered something else,  
What I thought to be trees  
Were masts of ships, we saw our flag  
There floating in the breeze.



We dropped our paddles in the boat,  
Stood up and screamed and cried,  
Mark wanted to jump overboard  
And swim against the tide;  
But I dissuaded him and we  
Rowed on with all our might,  
The hulls and smokestacks of the ships  
Were now plainly in sight.

We rowed toward the largest ship,  
We heard a loud command,  
“Come to, there, sir!” and presently  
There came a loud demand,  
“Who are you, and how came you here?”  
We answered, “We are men  
Escaped from prison and we want  
To get back home again!”

We were received into the ship  
And well supplied with food,  
And deeply was the captain moved  
While gazing on poor Wood;  
He was indeed a sorry sight,  
Nothing but skin and bone,  
For many nights when fast asleep,  
He'd often start and moan.

We soon returned to home and friends,  
With joy we were received,  
We both had long been mourned as dead,  
Of care they were relieved;  
Thus ended our romantic flight  
From that foul Rebel den,  
What we endured cannot be told  
By either tongue or pen.



## Chapter XV.

### THE ESCAPE OF BROWN AND MYSELF.

**N**OW proceed to tell my tale,  
What trials I passed through;  
At first we had three in our crowd  
Which soon reduced to two;  
Brown, Mason and myself were thrown  
Together in the flight,  
But Mason very sick became  
While in the woods that night.

He soon became so very weak  
He scarce could move a limb,  
We let him lean upon our arms  
And thus we carried him;  
But every day he grew much worse,  
We knew not what to do,  
He bade us leave him there alone  
And beat our own way through.

We took him to a house near by,  
We were kindly received,  
They set some food before us which  
We ate and felt relieved;  
We told them that we had escaped  
From the Atlanta jail  
And now were trying to get North,  
They said we'd surely fail.

Just as we finished our good meal,  
Right in through the front door  
Came three stout men armed with shotguns,  
To capture us once more;  
But we determined that 'twould take  
More force than those three men  
To manage us and take us back  
To that foul den again.

They thus spoke up, "Surrender now,  
We here demand of you,"  
But Brown, who feared no man, replied,  
"We won't; now see if we do."  
At the same time we made a dash  
And through the back door sped,  
We ran toward a piece of woods  
A short distance ahead.

We kept the fence between us and  
The Rebels who rushed out  
Through the front door and leaped upon  
Their horses with a shout;  
The owner of the house ran out,  
A pack of hounds let loose,  
Before we could the woodland reach  
The hounds came up with us.

We saw a place where loose stones lay  
And took a stand for fight,  
Determined that we'd kill the dogs,  
Or put them all to flight;  
We picked up stones, I judge each one,  
About a pound would weigh,  
We threw them at the pack of hounds  
And drove them all away.

But our pursuers now were near,  
We started on a run,  
As we had naught but stones for fight,  
While they each had a gun;  
We got into some brushwood soon,  
But that would not avail,  
Although the hounds dared not come near,  
They still followed our trail.

We soon discovered a small creek  
And waded into it,  
By doing so we managed to  
The dogs and men outwit;  
Soon the expanse of timber hid  
The Rebels from our view,  
How long they kept pursuing us,  
I'm sure we never knew.

East of Atlanta, eighteen miles,  
We reached, on that same day,  
A place they called Stone Mountain, then  
We traveled none by day;  
But every night we traveled on,  
The North Star was our guide,  
And many times we were compelled  
In some safe place to hide.

One time we traveled for six days  
With scarcely any food,  
We were so hungry that we chewed  
At times small bits of wood;  
The seventh day we caught a goose  
Which we devoured raw,  
We had hard work to pick it though,  
The like I never saw.



If any one e'er tried to pull  
The feathers from a goose,  
You know what trouble you have had  
To get the feathers loose;  
Unless you scald the goose 'tis hard  
To pull the feathers out,  
Of course we had no means to scald  
And had to pull without.

Before night came we saw near by  
A drove of pigs half grown,  
We thought 'twould be a prize indeed  
If we could capture one;  
However we determined that  
To get one we would try,  
I took a club and stood behind  
A tree which stood near by.

Then with small bits of apple, Brown  
Coaxed one of them near me,  
I grasped my club with a firm hand  
And leaned against the tree;  
When he came near I darted forth  
And with one fearful blow  
With my stout club upon his head,  
I laid the piggie low.

We found some fire in a field,  
We sat upon a log  
And built a fire there and had  
A feast on roasted hog;  
We carried with us what remained,  
And journeyed on our way  
And for a long time hunger's pangs  
It sufficed to allay.

We crossed the Chattahoochee soon  
And traveled on all day,  
We climbed the mountain and footsore  
Kept traveling on our way;  
While one would sleep the other kept  
A close watch by his side,  
Or as some say we always slept  
With one eye open wide.

Although we knew it not we were,  
From friends not far away,  
By accident we came upon  
Some friends that very day;  
While crossing an old clearing near,  
We came upon a house,  
We both approached it cautiously  
And quiet as a mouse.

We saw two men upon the porch,  
We knew no two men could  
Arrest us if we first obtained  
A good square meal of food;  
We boldly asked them if they'd give  
Something to us to eat,  
The mistress soon prepared for us  
A rich, delightful treat.

While we were eating she remarked,  
"I wish the Yankees would  
Come to our State, I really think  
Their coffee tastes so good!"  
We told her that we thought so too,  
She eyed us closely then  
And said, "I really do believe  
That you are Yankee men!"

We soon found out that they were friends,  
And told them we were Yanks  
And had been members at one time  
Of Captain Mitchel's ranks.  
They entertained us royally,  
We stayed there until night,  
We took a rest, then by their help  
Continued our flight.

This proved to be a branch upon  
The Underground Railway,  
That part they called the Southern branch,  
We did not long delay  
But traveled now more rapidly,  
The worst part now was past,  
In old Kentucky we arrived,  
In Somerset at last.

One month and nine days were consumed  
By us upon the way,  
'Twas in October we broke out,  
Upon the sixteenth day;  
'Twas on November twenty-fifth,  
We came to Somerset,  
Two happier men than Brown and I,  
We never since have met.

Reluctantly we now return  
To the Atlanta pen,  
Where six recaptured of our gang  
Were taken back again.  
William Pittenger shall tell  
The story for he knows  
Just how they fared until exchanged,  
'Tis thus his story goes.



## Chapter XVI.

FROM ATLANTA TO RICHMOND, LIBBY AND CASTLE  
THUNDER—EXCHANGED AT LAST.

**P**OOOR Mason who had fallen sick  
Was placed with us again,  
In that pen we were not allowed  
Much longer to remain;  
They thought the jail no longer safe,  
They ordered us away  
Into the city barracks near,  
Without a long delay.

The weeks rolled by, there we remained  
Until December came,  
Each day in prison all that time  
Was spent about the same;  
At last some joyful news arrived,  
It was a joyful day,  
We were to be sent northward and  
Exchanged without delay.

They put us into old box cars  
And thus we journeyed o'er  
That fatal road o'er which we ran  
About eight months before;  
When we at length came to Lynchburg,  
We lay by for a day,  
We missed connection on the road,  
Which caused the long delay.



While there a drunken Rebel said,  
“If we would grant no more  
Such quarter to the Yanks you’d find  
The war would soon be o’er.”  
“No doubt,” said I, “if such had been  
The rule you’d find it so,  
For we would surely have wiped out  
All Rebels long ago.”

Thence we were taken to Richmond  
And thought we’d be relieved  
Of further prison life, alas,  
We were greatly deceived!  
We soon were marched along the streets,  
How far I could not tell,  
Before a large brick house we stopped,  
The famous Libby hell.

We were soon placed in that foul hole,  
But our stay was short,  
To Castle Thunder we were led,  
A terrible resort.  
Christmas came, still we remained,  
No word of our exchange  
Had yet reached us, we wondered when  
They would for it arrange.

The month of February came,  
They called out our band  
And read our names, they said that list  
Had come from Yankee land;  
This gave us much encouragement,  
At last they had arranged  
That we six men would be among  
The next to be exchanged.

That joyful day it came at last,  
It was a joyful day  
When by exchange they took us from  
That filthy den away;  
'Twas on the seventeenth of March,  
In eighteen sixty-three,  
When we the last of our gang  
Were set at liberty.

We soon arrived at City Point  
And there we were exchanged,  
When we beheld the Stars and Stripes,  
We cheered like men deranged.  
We went on board a vessel, then  
Set sail for Washington,  
And were most cordially received  
By Secretary Stanton.

He then brought out six medals which  
He said we six had won,  
Young Parrot, as he well deserved,  
Was given the first one;  
He gave one hundred dollars to  
Each one of us also,  
And also transportation to  
Our homes in Ohio.



## Chapter XVII.

### CONCLUSION.

**T**HUS Mr. Knight his lecture gave  
Of that small band so bold,  
But of their sufferings, "The half  
Has never yet been told."  
The War is over and once more  
The Blue and Gray unite  
In sounding praises of those boys  
Who died for what was right.

In Chattanooga you may see,  
In a graveyard that's nigh,  
A semi-circle where those eight  
Who lost their lives now lie;  
The gallows is no shame to them,  
Our nation speaks their praise,  
And eulogies of them are sung  
On our memorial days.

A monument of granite stands  
Near where the heroes lie,  
Reared by the Buckeye State for those  
Who did not fear to die;  
A locomotive made of bronze,  
An emblem of the chase,  
Upon the base of granite stands,  
In a conspicuous place.

Nine of this brave and gallant band  
Are living yet today,  
Five of the fourteen who escaped  
Have since been called away;  
We hope that they now dwell with Him  
Who said that wars shall cease,  
No more to suffer grief and pain,  
But dwell in joy and peace.

You scoffers who in ignorance  
Hoot at the G. A. R.,  
Take up your books and read at once  
The history of the War;  
And if you are not bigoted,  
You will be heard to say,  
That those dear brave old Boys in Blue,  
We never can repay.



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