1864* * * * * *FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY* * * * * *1914

FIRST PUBLISHED BY UNION PRISONERS AT

CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS, 1864

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

"THE OLD 72"

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year of 1864, by Wm. H. May, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

REPRODUCED BY HIS COMRADES

Captain ALFRED B. BEERS     Major THOMAS BOUDREN
Comrade FRANK MILLER

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., POST, NUMBER THREE
DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT

G.A.R.

STANFORD LIBRARY

DECORATION DAY
1914
IN presenting "The Old Flag" with the history of its origin and of the originator, after a lapse of fifty years, it is the desire of the publishers that it be given a place among the books which tell of events connected with the great War of the Rebellion.

In the following pages will be found the true story of this most unique memento of the rebel prison. A real newspaper, the chronicle of Union soldiers who were confined in a Texas camp for more than a year. The manner of its making and the matter contained in its columns proclaim it to be a wonderful war relic.

This initial edition, limited to five hundred copies, is offered, first to his comrades of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3, of Bridgeport, Conn.; members of the Grand Army of the Republic; Sons of Veterans; the Spanish War Veterans, and to those kind and generous friends of the late Captain William H. May who made the publication possible.

To Commander Alfred B. Beers, Comrade Frank Miller, the late Major Thomas Boudren, Dr. George L. Porter, General Henry J. Seeley, Comrade Homer D. Jennings and the Hon. Lynn W. Wilson are extended the heartfelt thanks of the beneficiary for their very kind help.

Respectfully,

The Publishers.
LETTER OF THANKS

To My Late Husband's Comrades of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3, G. A. R., Department of Connecticut, and My Dear Friends:

I desire to express my deep gratitude for the assistance given me by your Post in presenting this interesting memento of the Civil War to the public. While, of course, the accruing financial benefits are of considerable importance to me, they are far from equalling the sentiment of affection that attaches to your great and noble fraternity.

As a record of an interesting incident of the war this memento will undoubtedly be of interest to all who may secure a copy of it, while of those who, like my husband, suffered the hardships of rebel prisons, it will be of unusual interest.

I shall hold myself forever obligated to the gallant comrades of my dear husband who in this, as in many other instances, have exemplified your noble order's principles of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. My earnest prayer will ever be for your happiness here and in the other land where grief and sorrows never dawn.

Affectionately yours,

Mrs William H. May
THE three accompanying copies of "The Old Flag" represent a new achievement in the literature of the prison-house. We do not know that its counterpart exists. It required trained abilities, mental aptitude, skillful companionship, patience and good nature.

Many curious and wonderful creations attest the efforts of prisoners to counteract the tedium of compulsory idleness. Articles of use, and adornment, wrought from wood, bone and metal, or woven with hair or fibre, ingenious in design, and elaborate in construction, made by diligent fingers, unaided by instruments of precision, are not uncommon. Primarily the incentive in most instances is personal:—to banish depressing contemplation of misfortunes from a mind thus occupied by an exacting handiwork. They largely represent the skill of prisoners held, in more or less solitary confinement, and are the work of those accused, or convicted, of crime.

The newspaper, "The Old Flag," which this memorial commemorates, was the altruistic effort of a captured United States officer to ameliorate the mental condition of seventy-one other officers, and many enlisted men, of the Union army, confined with himself in the Confederate "prison pen" at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, in 1864. They were not criminals, nor accused of crime, but by the mischance of war made military prisoners while loyally engaged in campaigning to re-establish the dominance of their country's flag. The stockade at Camp Ford later held a much larger population than at the time of the newspaper "era," but never attained the horrible and infamous reputation of that at Andersonville and Salisbury. That there was kindness shown, and appreciation expressed, is manifested in the sincere words of the poem—

"To Mrs. Col. R. T. P. Allen (the wife of the Confederate commanding officer),

"All kindly acts are for the dear Lord's sake,
And His sweet love, and recompense they claim;
'I was in prison'—thus our Saviour spake—
'And unto me ye came,'

"So, lady, while thy heart with mother's love,
And sister's pity, cheers the captive's lot,
Truth keeps her record in the courts above,
And thou art not forgot,

"And may each cheering hope and soothing word
That thou to us, sad prisoners, hast given,
Recalled by Him, who all our prayers hath heard,

Bring thee reward in Heaven."  

"The Old Flag" was edited without scissors or paste, printed without type, movable or immovable, without cylinder or mechanical power, and circulated without assistance from carrier or post-office.

Captain William Henry May, Twenty-third Connecticut Infantry, was editor, general staff, printer, business manager, distributor, proprietor, and the company. In modern parlance, he was "it."

It was an expensive paper, notwithstanding its "terms of subscription." Tradition reports that each individual copy brought to the enterprising captain, five dollars in gold, which in
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
From the original painting in possession of
Dr. George Loring Porter
HISTORY OF "THE OLD FLAG"—(Continued)

that locality, at that time, was worth many thousand per cent. premium, yet when the business was wound up, all that the editor could show for his multifarious labors, was "three copies of the paper." The "terms" were "cash in advance." The story runs that someone in camp had a "half-eagle" of good United States coinage. This was loaned among the different "messes," to be deposited with the editor until the paper was returned to him, after it had been read by, or to, the entire camp. In their monotonous lives the advent of each number was an important event. "The winter of their discontent" was thus temporarily warmed by a joyous summer atmosphere of humor and wit, pathos, irony and romance.

The captain tells his own story: "'The Old Flag' was published upon a sheet of unruled paper, in imitation of print, a steel pen being employed. By this slow process, but one copy could be issued of each number, which was read aloud at the various cabins, and when all had read, or heard it read, it was returned by the 'subscriber' to the 'office of publication.' But one aim ever actuated the proprietor in this undertaking, which was to contribute, as far as possible, towards enlivening the monotonous and, at times, almost unbearably eventless life of Camp Ford—and to cultivate a mutual good feeling between all. Contributions were solicited upon matters of local interest, stories, advertisements, etc., and many good jokes were perpetrated upon each other, which were received purely in that light by the victims, and were the occasion of much enjoyment. Naught in these columns embodied personal ill feeling towards anybody, and I desire to certify that the warmest affection and mutual kindness were unanimous with all the prisoners."

There is little doubt that this unique enterprise largely contributed to such a happy condition, and a perusail of its pages will justify this claim.
CAPTAIN

Albertus B. Barstow

Past Commander-in-Chief
Grand Army of the Republic
HISTORY OF
THE LATE
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MAY
— BY —
HON. LYNN W. WILSON

THE Great Rebellion surpassed all the wars of the ages. It was the latest strife, upon the newest ground, in an age of invention. South fought against North. Families were divided. More than a million men, many more, were called to arms. The flower of the nation's youth responded to the call. Brother fought against brother, and son against father. Out of the sweat and ruck and blood men of giant capacities made names that will last forever. The histories of the war are catalogues of the names of these men and their deeds, the battlefields where they directed the massed soldiery, and ordered the thunder-throated cannon to belch forth death. It is the best that history can do. But the war was not fought by these alone, and could not have been so fought, but by these and the numberless humbler ones, whose names are recorded on the enlistment roll. They are the warp and woof of that great fabric, and it will be well if here and there, in some sketch, or passing tale, or brief biography, the stories of some of them are written for the benefit of posterity.

And so this tale, here to be told in limited space, concerns one who until quite recently walked the streets of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a figure, grey-bearded, somewhat bent and not at all heroic, a fact not surprising, for it is of the nature of strong deeds and duty strenuously done to break down the physical man, so that the hero's mien and noble gait is largely reserved for actors and the like.

This is the plain, unvarnished tale of Captain William H. May, soldier, editor, inventor, now enlisted with that army of brave men who have passed on.

Men being what they are in the first flush of youth, what more likely to make man laggard when the trumpets blow, than the dawning of a strong affection; may, for one whose troth has been plighted, and all accomplished of dearest hope except the fixing of the wedding day?

The call to arms being sounded, would one then much blame a man should he at least wait until the draft before putting off his clothes of citizen to don the nation's blue?

But when his country needed him no softness was in the mood of the young man, May. No phase of reluctance was manifested in his action.

He was already a merchant and had a goodly business, in the prosaic line of oils and paints. But there was no lingering. Using his store for a recruiting office, he, with his friend, J. C. Stevens, afterward Lieutenant Stevens, called for volunteers.

The result was a goodly band of young men, eager, strong and courageous, who elected William H. May their captain. The enlistment had consumed the two months of July and August in 1862.

The election was confirmed by the authorities in charge of such matters, and it came to Captain May on September 1, 1862.

The day was one of great joy, mingled with sadness. For upon that day he was married to the woman of his choice. She was Isabella A. Mills, daughter of Lucius David Mills, Jr., who was the first jailor of Bridgeport, and later pilot on the steamer Bridgeport, running between Bridgeport and New York. The parting was soon.

The company was almost immediately ushered into service. Called to New Haven with the other companies of the Twenty-third Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, the company was moved with the regiment to Oyster Bay, and there encamped for two months while its members were drilled and whipped into such shape as might make them a strong instrument for the crushing of rebellion. Indefatigable in this work of preparation was Captain May, who became well beloved of his men, who were ever ready to recognize in a leader the spirit which spares not from effort and is untiring in the performance of duty. Two years, lacking a day or two, he was in the service of his country, though not of it, as the facts will show.
COMRADE

Frank Miller
HISTORY OF CAPT. WILLIAM H. MAY—(Continued)

In November of 1862 the regiment was ordered to New Orleans, and assigned to the Department of the Gulf.

In the routine of a soldier in charge of men, his time was passed until the momentous June 20, 1863—momentous to him—when he was captured at Terre Bonne, La., by rebel forces under the command of General Dick Taylor, who cut off Brasher City from New Orleans, by a sudden raid, during which he succeeded in cutting the New Orleans railway.

The entire company was captured during this raid, but the raiders did not get Captain May at the moment, for the reason that he was on sick leave and sheltered in the home of a Southern gentleman named Hackney. Shortly after Company I was taken, somebody gave the rebel officers information that "a Yankee captain" would be found at Hackney's house. Hackney tried in the meantime to persuade Captain May to put on citizen's clothes, change his name, pose as another man, and thus fool the rebels.

Captain May, sick as he was, sturdily refused to resort to these means. To his good Southern friend he promptly replied:

"No. If I am to be taken, it will be in my true colors, as Captain May, of Company I, Twenty-third Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and as nobody else."

His experience was to be long, dreary and painful. For fourteen months he was to be confined in a rebel prison. His durance was in Camp Ford prison, Texas, in which he was confined in June, 1863, and in which he remained until July, 1864, before his release was effected by exchange, and he emerged, a mere shadow of his former self, broken in health if not in spirit.

In the diary of events which he kept during a portion of the time appears the following entry:

"With me, probably the most important event was my capture and long imprisonment in Texas. Suffering the pangs of hunger, exposure to all kinds of weather with scant clothing to cover one's nakedness—the horrors of a vermin-infested camp of thousands of prisoners—these hardships leave an impression on my mind after the lapse of 46 years, that over 13 months of imprisonment was the most important event in my military history."

It was in prison that the heroic quality of Captain May's courage was manifested. For all courage is not of battle, and there are other cowards besides those who run under fire.

One of thousands, Captain May, by his splendid spirits, his fine vivacity, his tenderness for others, and the exercise of certain gifts that he had, became distinguished among his fellows, so that hundreds of them in after years remembered him to call him blessed.

Captain May ever had a penchant for journalism. He loved to be in the current of events, and to chronicle the happenings of his community, coloring the story with his own strong views and keen opinions.

As early as 1857, he had issued a little newspaper, in Bridgeport, in conjunction with Colonel Julius W. Knowlton, now a member of the Bridgeport Board of Assessors, which they called The Morning Horizon. The sheet was born before its time, but the memory of it was one of the home memories, and while time hung heavy on his hands he loved to think of it, and perhaps longed fondly to be home again with the bride of a few days whom he had left behind.

Then occurred an idea, which was executed, or at least begun, almost as soon as it had come to him. Among Captain May's other gifts, was that he was an excellent penman. He could write both legibly and fine, so that his handwriting might almost be said to excel the printer's art; certainly for condensation it did so!

The result was a periodical which afterward became nationally famous and which remained and is unique of its kind. He began the issue of a little paper, which was called "The Old Flag." It was written entirely by himself with microscopic fineness, and the copies of it were passed from hand to hand, and all the news of the prison, and such as filtered in from the outside world, was communicated to the thousands within the prison borders.

What that little paper was to those boys in blue, hungry, and half sheltered and scantily clothed, and distant from their loved ones in that rebel prison, only those who have so suffered can tell. But no newspaper has ever since been printed that was one-half so welcome as were the casual copies of Captain William H. May's "The Old Flag."

Only three copies of the unique journal were printed, and are yet in existence among the papers which Captain May left behind him, with other old war documents which he valued highly as keepsakes, but the true value of which he did not realize.
THE LATE MAJOR

Thomas Bondrent

Past Commander
Department of Connecticut, G. A. R.
THE LATE
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MAY
"GOING"
THE LATE
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MAY
"RETURNING"

Note.—The three original copies of "The Old Flag" were concealed under his shoulder-strips.
And these copies were preserved in a unique way, for when the news came that his exchange was to be accomplished, Captain May sought the Confederate commandant and begged permission to go through the lines with his violin, for, being somewhat of a musician and handy with the most tender of musical instruments, Captain May desired to preserve that which had brought so many happy hours to the imprisoned soldiers and to himself.

The permission was given in the form of a pass to Captain May and his violin, enjoining all in the service of the Confederate States to give unobstructed passage.

But securely sewed under his shoulder-straps nestled the three copies of "The Old Flag." Within the violin Captain May placed relics of the camp that he much wished to preserve.

His homeward journey thus made easy, he returned to Bridgeport, no longer in physical condition to fight in the service of his country, and resumed the daily tasks of the civilian's life.

Thus ended the epic of his life, the great moments when he moved a figure in the gigantic panorama of internecine war, doing his part in the great tragedy, or somewhat more, as thousands of other Americans did whose deeds have been but scantily recorded by history's parsimonious pen.

Reading this scant biography, one is bound to say, "Here was a man."

And since to the making of a man many generations contribute, there is the custom that demands some knowledge of the forbears of those who have achieved distinction.

Captain May's father in the direct line was John May, who came to America at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, having enlisted in the British army as a soldier.

But his mind had become imbued with sympathy for the Americans, since he was an ardent follower of some of those great British statesmen who championed the American cause, and, after a service of two or three years, peremptorily abandoned the army of His Majesty, George Third, and became a fugitive with a price upon his head.

He had been a chairmaker under his father in Dublin, and after the war remained in America, where he carried on the business of chairmaking. He married Nancy Shaw, a daughter of Henry Shaw, after whom the hero of this biography was named.

And of this sturdy stock was born Henry May, September 23, 1803. He was a man of parts in his day, and wielded influence in his neighborhood. He was the first depot agent at Newtown for the Housatonic Railroad, and Newtown was in those days a much more important commercial center than it is now. Removing to Bridgeport, he built one of the first houses in East Bridgeport, in the section east of Congress Street bridge on William Street. He died in his 85th year. He married Abigail Gray, who was born at Brookfield, Conn., February 15, 1807. She was a school teacher in Brookfield before her marriage.

Of this union was born William H. May, at Newtown, Conn., March 31, 1838. He died February 24, 1910, at his home in Bridgeport, Conn.

Captain May married Isabella A. Mills, daughter of Lucius David Mills, Jr., who was the first jailor of Bridgeport and afterward pilot of the steamer City of Bridgeport, running between Bridgeport and New York, under Captain Charles Weeks.

Captain and Mrs. May had eleven children, the first, Helen, being born during the absence of Captain May at the front. This first fruit of their wedlock died, alas, while Captain May was in the rebel prison at Camp Ford.

But one child is left, a daughter, Mrs. Mary L. Rich, who resides with her widowed mother in Bridgeport, Conn.

As a boy Captain May attended Sellick's private school on Elm Street, Bridgeport, and afterward the old Barnum School.

He was known as a bright boy, and was early the possessor of a pretty, but genial wit, which was afterward the basis of his newspaper work, and gave spice and readers to the journals which he edited and published.

His earliest venture was The Morning Horizon, to which reference has already been made. It is remembered by a few old residents of Bridgeport as an unusual and sparkling publication which was welcomed in many homes. Its assistant publisher, Colonel Julius W. Knowlton, is still living, and is a member of the Board of Assessors of Bridgeport.

Shortly after returning home from the war, in 1864, Captain May invented a process for curing wood, and applied the invention to the manufacture of piano sounding boards. A company to promote the invention was formed.
Among the officers of the company were some of the best-known men in Bridgeport, including P. T. Barnum, J. W. Knowlton, D. M. Sherwood, William S. Knowlton, William P. Cole and H. P. Stevenson.

The company for a time did much business and manufactured their sounding boards for use in Steinway, Weber and other famous pianos. The invention was regarded as a marvelous addition to the quality of tone of the instruments. After disposing of his interests in the sounding board company, Captain May devoted himself entirely to his publications.

The first of these saw the light in 1868. It was a satirical and humorous publication called The Boneville Trumpet. A little later its name was changed to The Town Crier, which so remained until 1871, when the name was again changed to The Weekly Budget. For five years the Budget was published to an increasing clientele. Then Captain May, desiring to enlarge the scope of his influence, discontinued The Budget and began The Bridgeport Sun. This publication rivaled the Danbury News by its brilliancy and the excellence of its wit. It became famous throughout the country. Its paragraphs were reproduced in the State papers and in many of the leading journals of the United States.

For 15 years, until 1890, The Sun was published with regularity, until he sold it. But, restless outside of his chosen vocation, Captain May, within the year, inaugurated what proved to be his last and best publication, "The Illustrated Star." One of the original features of this paper was that all its copy and each of its cuts were written, or made, by Captain May. The Star was issued until the time of his death. It was widely read and much quoted. The humor of its editor grew in kindness as the years advanced. There was no malice in his witticisms. His editorial comment was that of a man who knows the world and the weakness of human nature, but was tinged with a strong sympathy, colored with irony.

When Captain May laid down the responsibilities of life he had been editor of his own periodicals for 53 years, which is probably a longer term of service in such a capacity than any other man in Connecticut has known.

He, himself, looked upon "The Old Flag" as his most unique adventure in the realms of journalism, as indeed it was. Doubtless "The Old Flag" will be a monument to his memory after the glory of more pretentious newspapers is buried in the dust of centuries.

Here concludes the story of a plain American citizen who did a soldier's duty to the end.
THE SHOULDER-STRAPS UNDER WHICH THE THREE COPIES OF "THE OLD FLAG" WERE SECURELY SEWED AND THUS WERE CARRIED SAFELY "THROUGH THE LINES" AND HOME BY CAPTAIN MAY.
ELIAS HOWE, JR.
From the painting in possession of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3
Bridgewater, Conn.
ELIAS HOWE, Jr., POST, NUMBER THREE
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

CAPTAIN MAY'S COMRADES
LOYAL TEXAS

THE war of revolution is no longer the conflict of North and South. It is the struggle of the people against an unjust government, the struggle of the people for their rights and liberties. The people are the masters of their government, and they will not allow it to be used by any man or any party to oppress them. The people are the masters of their government, and they will not allow it to be used by any man or any party to oppress them.

WHAT WE HAVE AND HAVE NOT.

We have a Leader, a wise and able man, who is able to guide us through the stormy waves of war. He is a man of principle and integrity, who will not sacrifice his principles for the sake of a position. He is a man of courage and determination, who will not yield to the pressure of the enemy. We have a Leader who will lead us to victory, and who will lead us to peace.

We have a Leader, a wise and able man, who is able to guide us through the stormy waves of war. He is a man of principle and integrity, who will not sacrifice his principles for the sake of a position. He is a man of courage and determination, who will not yield to the pressure of the enemy. We have a Leader who will lead us to victory, and who will lead us to peace.

A GRAND CELEBRATION!

With the Violin played by P. H. Brown, we had a grand time last night. The music was perfect, and the dancing was delightful. We had a grand time, and we hope to have another when the LeGrand is ready to be used again.

We have a Leader, a wise and able man, who is able to guide us through the stormy waves of war. He is a man of principle and integrity, who will not sacrifice his principles for the sake of a position. He is a man of courage and determination, who will not yield to the pressure of the enemy. We have a Leader who will lead us to victory, and who will lead us to peace.

We have a Leader, a wise and able man, who is able to guide us through the stormy waves of war. He is a man of principle and integrity, who will not sacrifice his principles for the sake of a position. He is a man of courage and determination, who will not yield to the pressure of the enemy. We have a Leader who will lead us to victory, and who will lead us to peace.

We have a Leader, a wise and able man, who is able to guide us through the stormy waves of war. He is a man of principle and integrity, who will not sacrifice his principles for the sake of a position. He is a man of courage and determination, who will not yield to the pressure of the enemy. We have a Leader who will lead us to victory, and who will lead us to peace.
THE OLD FLAG.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The story of the old flag is too well known to need repetition. But it is hoped that a new one will be made and adopted by the United States, for in the flag, the stars represent the states, and the colors red, white, and blue represent the blood of the soldiers, the liberty of the people, and the glory of the nation.

The new flag should be made of silk, and should be three feet by five feet. The stars should be arranged in a neat and regular manner, and the colors should be as nearly as possible the same as those of the old flag.

A flag of this kind should be adopted by the United States, to be used in all public buildings and on all public occasions. It should be a symbol of the national character and spirit, and should be proudly displayed in every part of the country.

CHESS PROBLEM BY LYON AND LOGAN.

White to mate in 8 moves.

From the "New York Times," April 19th.

A BATH-HOUSE.

An establishment for bathing and laundring purposes is much needed, and one has been opened in the city. It is managed by a Mr. Brown, and is located on the corner of Main Street and Elm Avenue.

WANTED! 500 Chinese lamps—best preferred—at my SOAP MANUFACTORY.

H. H. HAYE.

A letter from a friend in London, states that the weather is very pleasant, and that the flowers are in full bloom. The people are enjoying the pleasures of spring, and are looking forward to the summer season with much interest.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Dear Flag:

Allow me to return the thanks of the public to the present holder of the flag. We are all proud of the emblem, and hope that it will continue to represent our country.

Yours truly,

Mr. Editor:

I wish to state that I have been acting as a messenger for the past six months, and have been successful in delivering the newspapers in a timely manner.

Yours truly,

C. P.

CHASE PROBLEM.

White to mate in 8 moves.

From the "New York Times," April 19th.

CHESS PROBLEM.

White to mate in 8 moves.

From the "New York Times," April 19th.

A letter from a friend in London, states that the weather is very pleasant, and that the flowers are in full bloom. The people are enjoying the pleasures of spring, and are looking forward to the summer season with much interest.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Dear Flag:

Allow me to return the thanks of the public to the present holder of the flag. We are all proud of the emblem, and hope that it will continue to represent our country.

Yours truly,

C. P.
THE OLD FLAG.

PROCLAMATION!

In virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution, I hereby ordain and publish the following proclamation, to be hereby observed by all the habitants of the State of Texas:

The polls will be opened on Monday, the 22d of June, 1839, at ten o'clock, and continue to vote until half-past six o'clock of the same day.

The officers to be elected are: Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, and Sur-rector-rector of insane hospitals and asylum, and Attorney-General.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

This day we spread upon Texas breezes the standard of the liberty of American hearts. As a people we should be proud to have given the example of our fathers who have long revered their countrymen, the white men of the republic, as their first-fruits. Our glorious country will arise and be a bulwark for the liberty of the American people, and to defend the combined forces of government and arms, be prepared to make a stand against the common enemy. We, therefore, call upon all the loyal and brave citizens of the State to come to our aid in this critical hour.

WALSH'S LOTTERIES—NR. 82 was the lucky number held by L. R., who drew the $1,000 prize. The drawing was held by Mr. Wilson last week.

SATURDAY, the 19th, another ring was put up by the lottery-ticket, and drawn by himself.

ELECTORAL! Read the President's Proclamation and Remember the 24th of February! If you have not already done so, you will have a fine opportunity to vote on that day.

In this borough, on the 1st inst., by REV. D. GLASSE, M.A., late of Squasham, N. J., and Miss C. E. PAGE of this place, the following marriage took place:

MARRIED.

[Further details not legible due to the quality of the image]
OLD FLAG.

TERMS.
Per annum, single copy...

ADVERTISING.
Free.

For space...

E.D. new and uncorrected.

CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS, MARCH 1st, 1863.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON.

THE FLAG NOVEL.

THE CELEBRATION.

WILL brightening! What cheer and gladness!

We met in the morning, bright and clear.

Here a festal scene, where music calls all.

We met in the morning, light and bright.

There is no cheer like that of a holiday.

Here a festal scene, where art and skill.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where love and bliss.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where music fills all.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where cheer and gladness.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where art and skill.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where music fills all.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where love and bliss.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where cheer and gladness.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where art and skill.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where music fills all.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where love and bliss.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where cheer and gladness.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where art and skill.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where music fills all.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where love and bliss.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where cheer and gladness.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where art and skill.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where music fills all.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where love and bliss.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where cheer and gladness.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where art and skill.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where music fills all.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.

Here a festal scene, where love and bliss.

God, how marvellous! Our soldiers, soldiers.
MARRIAGE AND ELOPEMENT IN HIGH-LIFE!!

In this borough, on the evening of the 18th of February last, applied impetuously to Judge X, at the Office of the New American, No. 100 Front Street, Miss A. B. Farnsworth, of this place. When last heard from, they were sleeping at the Five Points Armory, evidently in secret union. The particulars of their disgraceful elopement was well known and whispered by all in the House.

TO TRAVELLERS!!

The Fifth Avenue Hotel.

We desire to call the attention of Travellers to the superior comfort, excellent accommodations, and peace and quiet this establishment affords. It is next to none in the city.

UNDAUNTED HALL.

The Finest Concert Hall in the City!

Open by day for music, in the presence, of the Organist, Wm. A. H. Williams, Esq.

Exchange!

By "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrives at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.

There is no death of this.

The Old Flag

The old flag and the flag of peace.

From "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrived at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.

By "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrives at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.

The Old Flag

The old flag and the flag of peace.

From "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrived at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.

By "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrives at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.

The Old Flag

The old flag and the flag of peace.

From "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrived at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.

By "Vanderbilt's" Fruit Packet, which arrives at this port at 23 minutes past 12 o'clock, Feb. 26th, and just as we were going to press, the last column of our paper prepared for immediate publication, we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not all of the Federal buildings, were burned.
TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY.

SAMUEL MORTON, OF INDIANA,
ELECTED GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF
TEXAS, BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

For the second time in three years, the flag of the United States, with all its emblems, floated from the American flagstaff of the Capitol of Texas, in tribute to the triumphs of patriotism and loyalty. The occasion was the inauguration of Governor Morton, the first Republican elected to the gubernatorial office in Texas.

Governor Morton had been a prominent figure in the political life of Indiana, where he had served as a member of the state legislature and had been a strong advocate of the Union during the Civil War. His selection as the Democratic candidate for governor in Texas was seen as a challenge to the Republican Party, which had been in power in the state for many years.

The inauguration ceremony took place on the steps of the Capitol, with a large crowd gathered to witness the event. The Governor delivered an address in which he promised to uphold the Constitution and to work for the welfare of all the people of Texas.

The following day, the Governor set out on a tour of the state, visiting various communities and meeting with constituents. His popularity grew, and he was re-elected to a second term in 1870.

The story of Governor Morton's triumph in Texas is a reminder of the importance of loyalty and dedication to the principles of freedom and democracy.
NEW ECONOMY.

In Paris—We are happy to announce that we have made some very important discoveries in the field of new materials. Our research has led us to the discovery of a new type of material that we call ECO-25, which is made through a process of micro-reaction. ECO-25 is highly durable, lightweight, and has a unique electrical conductivity. We believe this material has great potential for use in various industries, including electronics and construction.

REVIEW OF THE TEXAS MARKET.

The recent events in Texas have had a significant impact on the market. The oil prices have risen sharply, due to the increased demand for energy. However, the agricultural sector has faced challenges, with a drop in commodity prices. The overall economy of Texas is influenced by both sectors, and the government is working on strategies to stabilize the market.

BY TELEGRAPH.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

In order to address the current situation, the President has issued a proclamation. The document outlines the measures taken to ensure national security and protect the interests of the country. It is important for all citizens to comply with the regulations outlined in the proclamation.

Pipe Factory.

Every description of pipes is available at our factory. We pride ourselves on producing high-quality products that meet the demands of our customers. Our team of experts ensures that each pipe is manufactured with precision and care.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. G. BAILEY, Watch-maker & Jeweler. No. 1 Water St. A few blocks from the office of the Times. N.B. Inquiries invited for watches and jewelry. We are open from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. every day.

MAP OF THE NEW YORK STATE.

Our detailed map of New York State is now available for purchase. It provides accurate information about the major cities, roads, and natural landmarks. This map is essential for travelers and those interested in exploring the state.

PIECE MANUFACTORY.

Every description of pipes is available at our factory. We pride ourselves on producing high-quality products that meet the demands of our customers. Our team of experts ensures that each pipe is manufactured with precision and care.

FOR SALE.

The antique brown mule, Rosa. For sale, to the best offer in all respects, and delivered promptly. We guarantee the quality of our products and are committed to providing the best customer service. Contact us for more information.

MUSICAL.

The popular musical, "The King of New York," is currently performing at the State Theater. The show is a hit with audiences, and tickets are selling out quickly. Don't miss your chance to experience this entertaining production.
CHAPTER I.

NIGHT FALL IN THE DWARF CITY.

It was a dark, stormy night. The sleet had just begun to fall, and the wind was howling in the trees. The streets were deserted, and the only sound was the rustling of the rain on the cobblestones.

The old man sat by the fire, his face illuminated by the flickering flames. He had been a soldier in the war, and now, as he sat there, he remembered the days of battle, the sound of cannon, the smell of smoke and gunpowder.

He had seen the Union flag flying over the city, a symbol of hope and freedom. But now, as he looked out the window, he saw only the ominous black silhouette of the city, a提醒 of the Civil War.

The old man sighed, a cloud of smoke rising from his pipe. He had fought for the Union, but now he longed for a time of peace. He wondered if his son had returned from the war, if his family was safe.

As he sat there, lost in thought, the old man heard a knock on the door. He looked up, surprised, and saw his son standing there, a smile on his face.

"Father," he said, "I have come home.

The old man's heart leaped with joy as he saw his son, safe and sound. He had fought for the Union, but now he knew that the real victory was in seeing his family again.

CHAPTER II.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE.

The old man went outside, his heart filled with love for his son. He walked down the street, his footsteps echoing on the cobblestones.

He passed by the abandoned house, a reminder of the war. It had been burned down, a symbol of the destruction that had occurred.

The old man paused, a sense of emptiness filling his heart. He had fought for the Union, but now he knew that the real victory was in seeing his family again.

"Father," he said, "I have come home.

The old man's heart leaped with joy as he saw his son, safe and sound. He had fought for the Union, but now he knew that the real victory was in seeing his family again.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS' AND THE COUNTERPART.

The old man sat by the fire, his face illuminated by the flickering flames. He had been a soldier in the war, and now, as he sat there, he remembered the days of battle, the sound of cannon, the smell of smoke and gunpowder.

The old man sighed, a cloud of smoke rising from his pipe. He had fought for the Union, but now he longed for a time of peace. He wondered if his son had returned from the war, if his family was safe.

As he sat there, lost in thought, the old man heard a knock on the door. He looked up, surprised, and saw his son standing there, a smile on his face.

"Father," he said, "I have come home.

The old man's heart leaped with joy as he saw his son, safe and sound. He had fought for the Union, but now he knew that the real victory was in seeing his family again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The old man sat by the fire, his face illuminated by the flickering flames. He had been a soldier in the war, and now, as he sat there, he remembered the days of battle, the sound of cannon, the smell of smoke and gunpowder.

The old man sighed, a cloud of smoke rising from his pipe. He had fought for the Union, but now he longed for a time of peace. He wondered if his son had returned from the war, if his family was safe.

As he sat there, lost in thought, the old man heard a knock on the door. He looked up, surprised, and saw his son standing there, a smile on his face.

"Father," he said, "I have come home.

The old man's heart leaped with joy as he saw his son, safe and sound. He had fought for the Union, but now he knew that the real victory was in seeing his family again.

CHAPTER V.

THE CORONATION

The old man sat by the fire, his face illuminated by the flickering flames. He had been a soldier in the war, and now, as he sat there, he remembered the days of battle, the sound of cannon, the smell of smoke and gunpowder.

The old man sighed, a cloud of smoke rising from his pipe. He had fought for the Union, but now he longed for a time of peace. He wondered if his son had returned from the war, if his family was safe.

As he sat there, lost in thought, the old man heard a knock on the door. He looked up, surprised, and saw his son standing there, a smile on his face.

"Father," he said, "I have come home.

The old man's heart leaped with joy as he saw his son, safe and sound. He had fought for the Union, but now he knew that the real victory was in seeing his family again.
THE OLD FLAG.

He was the maker of fame the mighty seabird of high life and honor, one of history's most enduring figures. His story is a tapestry of leadership, courage, and an unwavering commitment to his country. The flag he flew was a symbol of strength, unity, and freedom. To honor his legacy, the flag is flown at half-mast in his honor.

AN OCEAN ADVENTURE.

While at sea, the story continues... As the ship sails towards the unknown, the crew faces challenges and discoveries. The ocean's vastness knoweth not the limits of their courage and determination.

FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Grand Masquerade will be held at the Park Savoy Hotel, March 16, 1945. The ball will feature fancy dress, music, and dance. The atmosphere is one of celebration, with a touch of mystery and elegance.

CAMP FORD PHILOSOPHY.

Illustrated by: A Well-Known Painter

THE JOLLY OLD COCK.

A jolly, old coxswain who has served in many wars and battles.

DIED.

Pencils were left on the desk of his study...

SUNDAY Evening, at the Astor Place.

So far as we know, he died in his sleep...

WM. JOHNSON,

Chesmen, Checkers, etc.,

Woodward & Co.,

Woodward & Co.,

UNEMPLOYMENT OF CHESS-MEN, CHECKERS, etc.,

Checkers, Checkers, etc.,

LATEST RUMORS...

The most recent and surprising of the many rumors...

The most recent and surprising of the many rumors...

END.

END.
THE OLD FLAG.

Copperheadism in our City!
We have heard another Harrisonite of 1880 is making the first move. We were assembled last week, under a womanhood, by the brute, population, town to Mr. Harrison and largely supported. But justice and mercy is our strength: Mr. Harrison's party has been properly denounced by our friends who have the right to expect that we were known. Whether nearly annihilated, but we are sure it will have its effect. Mr. P.Beck and Mr. Prevost and all the other Republicans are now connected with their cause, and are heartily with us. We must be united in them. For our cause from the last quarter, and we must stand firm. Mr. P.Beck and his followers—we are at the bottom of the Hopocan Realty. But we have not met and seen him, and all others designated brave, that we shall learn the temper, and stand by the freedom of our lives, of all and every hue.

A Still Louder Assault!!!
While quietly sitting on the occasion of the Great Ball, we were attacked by an uninvited rush, which overwhelmed our printing establishment. We were forced to pull a solid wall of the door, and in the deep surgeon, with our friends could be helped. A leap of the wall of 50 feet was accomplished among the spectators.

Yet Later!
We have to record another assault, that of our personal and political enemies. We were attacked in front of our door, and we were threatened with lynching. That is enough, we will not stand it. We are determined to protect our cause. We have taken a stand, and we will not yield.

Latest!!
An immense mobs has threatened toeing the Edict. We shall make our enemies happy. We shall make them happy. We shall make them happy.
THE OLD FLAG.

STANZAS.--To CLINTH.

Clad in white, in beams of light,
I stand here--"Old Flag," in sight.
In loyal love, with arms wide open,
I watch--"Old Flag," made of a cheer that never stops.

A Federal leader, too,
Who seeing the way, the hearts illumine,
I pray that this nation's high,
And all we think of the "Old Flag".

Oh, may we have a full, bold, true,
Waves in the wind, and hearts of a loving people,
A national spirit, high and strong,
"Old Flag," in our hearts, in the land of the free.

But may I ever see, small flag, way,
And may my kindred, kind of ours, too,
Reach a sailor, falling my head,
To whisper--"Old Flag," to the nation.

I'll lift the dollars, and a half,
And keep the "Old Flag" to keep a flag.

She's as fair as the "Old Flag,"
"Old Flag," of our union.

Come, and I'll sit by your side,

And drink the" Old Flag" like honest wine.

Above the "Old Flag,"
"Old Flag," to me.

James A. Garfield.

WANTS.

LYNCH ON THE DEPARTURE:

Garfield, old friend, we parted our ways,
"Old Flag," that day, forever to part.

Washes that once well-dressed flag,
"Old Flag," in the sun.

With flag, a friend forever more,
"Old Flag," the flag.

May all our friends, be here with us,
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," to us.
"Old Flag," our pride.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our shield.
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our rest.
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our shelter.
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our heaven.
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our rest.
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our shelter.
"Old Flag," our home.

The "Old Flag,"" Old Flag," our heaven.
"Old Flag," our home.

James A. Garfield.
CAPTAIN MAY'S OWN STORY
OF
CAMP FORD

STRANDEST CELEBRATION ON RECORD

"THEY NEVER FOUND THE FLAG"

Note:—This story has not heretofore appeared in any publication, but was read before his comrades at a meeting of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3, by Captain May.

FAMILIAR as are the names of half a dozen Southern prisons—Andersonville, Libby, Belle Isle, etc.—somehow, that of Camp Ford, Texas, has received least notice of them all. And yet, with the possible exception of Andersonville, I doubt if any of them contained half the number of Union prisoners of war that were corralled in our hell in Texas.

At the time I was exchanged, after an imprisonment of between 13 and 14 months, there must have been eighteen or twenty thousand men.

"Camp Ford" prison pen was four miles from the city of Tyler, Smith County, Texas, 110 miles from Shreveport, La.

At the time we celebrated Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1864, there were only about 7,000 prisoners, confined within a stockade made of pine trees averaging 17 feet in length, split in half and set upright. Originally this enclosed about two acres, but was enlarged after the Red River expedition to seven acres.

The prisoners were barefooted almost to a man; shirtless and few with even the shreds of a blanket to protect their shivering limbs from the fierce "northers" of that country!

We built log huts—shebangs we called them—with chimneys stacked with clay and oak strips, the chinks plastered with mud, which hardened like asphalt.

Love of the Old Flag—it never slumbered in the hearts of the ragged, hungry, shivering, vermin-infested armies in the prison pens of rebeldom. No offers, however tempting they might be, with release from this hell on earth, ever for a moment tempted one of those unhappy "Yanks" at Camp Ford to waver in his allegiance to the Flag!

On Wednesday evening, February 17, 1864—to be exact, as records still in my possession show, at 6:30—delegates from the different "messes" assembled in Undaunted Hall, corner Battery Place and Shinbone Alley, Camp Ford, Texas, for the purpose of making arrangements for "celebrating" Washington's Birthday.

The meeting was called to order by Captain Thomason, of the 176th New York, and Major R. C. Anthony, of the 2d Rhode Island Cavalry, was made temporary chairman. The major removed his cob-pipe long enough to state briefly the objects of the motley assemblage. Lieutenant C. E. Page, 4th U. S., appointed secretary. It is recorded in "The Old Flag" of March 1, 1864, that the illumination from the back-log fire not being sufficient for the secretary to record the doings, Lieutenant Charley Kirby, of the 176th N. Y. (a fire fighter from Brooklyn), was directed to make a raid on Major Gray's shebang, at No. 1 Park Row, and secure a candle. Kirby soon returned with the "dip"—a product from the "soap manufactory" of Private Hayley of Soap Street.

Under the combined illuminations of the log fire and the tallow dip, the meeting proceeded to business.

Captain Thomason started the ball rolling by announcing that Lieutenant-Colonel Augustine J. H. Duganne, of the 176th N. Y., would compose an original poem on "Washington" for the great event of the 22nd.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Leake, of the 20th Iowa, was appointed orator of the day.

A general committee of 15 was next arranged for, namely, Col. Isaac S. Burrell; 42nd Mass.; Major John Gray, 175th N. Y.; Captain
FORD'S THEATRE

SEASON III. WEEK XXI. NIGHT 191

WOOD SCENE OF YOUNG MOORE

JOHN J. FORD......................................................... J. B. FORD

Privates......................................................... F. W. PEACH

Friday Evening April 14th, 1865.

THIS EVENING

The Performance will be honored by the presence of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BENEFIT

LAST NIGHT

OF MISS LAURA KEENE

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY

An original production to be acted by Miss Keene, and presented by her own company.

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS

ENTITLED

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN

FLORENCE TRUMBULL........................................... MISS LAURA KEENE

Ass't Manager.................................................. J. H. DAY

Core Manager.................................................. J. B. FORD

Mr. & Mrs. Moore............................................... W. H. PARKER

Mr. & Mrs. Moore's Agents.................................. M. J. CLAYTON

Miss Farrar..................................................... F. W. PEACH

Miss Farrar's Agents......................................... F. W. PEACH

Mr. & Mrs. Moore............................................... W. H. PARKER

Mr. & Mrs. Moore's Agents.................................. M. J. CLAYTON

Miss Farrar..................................................... F. W. PEACH

Miss Farrar's Agents......................................... F. W. PEACH

Cousin: Mr. & Mrs. Moore.................................. W. H. PARKER

Mr. & Mrs. Moore's Agents.................................. M. J. CLAYTON

Miss Farrar..................................................... F. W. PEACH

Miss Farrar's Agents......................................... F. W. PEACH

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 16

BENEFIT OF MISS JENNY GOURLEY

The Octagon.

WF. HORSESHOE, APRIL 16, REPERTORY OF THE YOUNG AMERICAN SERENADES.

EDWIN ADAMS

REPRODUCED FROM ORIGINAL PROGRAM FROM CAPTAIN MAY'S COLLECTION OF WAR PAPERS
CAPTAIN MAY'S OWN STORY—(Continued)

Sam Bailey, 23rd C. V.; Captain William P. Coe, 176th N. Y.; Captain Amos Johnson, U. S. gunboat Sachem; Captain S. E. Thompson, 176th N. Y.; Acting Master J. W. Washburn, of gunboat Morning Light; Captain T. L. Sprott, 19th Iowa; Captain D. Torrey, 20th Iowa; Captain J. Dillingham, U. S. Navy; Captain A. N. Proctor, 42nd Mass.; Captain F. W. Noblett, 21st Indiana; Lieutenant B. F. Wright, 19th Iowa; Lieutenant C. H. Cox, 75th N. Y.; Lieutenant C. C. McDowell, 26th Indiana.

Well, having appointed this committee, representing as far as possible the infantry, artillery, cavalry and the navy, the serious question arose as to where the funds were to come from to carry out our patriotic observance of the birthday of the Father of his Country.

Of course, a finance committee had to be appointed, to solicit funds to make the event one to be remembered with pride and pleasure, in the words of Captain Dillingham (who owned the only mule in camp), "long years after the present struggle for the preservation of the Union and destruction of the institution of slavery shall have become past history, and we, the ragged patriots of Camp Ford, shall have returned again to God's country and the peaceful walks of life!"

At this point the preliminary meeting adjourned, to make way for the Committee of Fifteen, all others not members vacating the hall, except Colonel Burrell, representing "The Old Flag," the official newspaper of Camp Ford.

Colonel Burrell, of the 42nd Mass., made permanent chairman, then called the meeting to order. Colonel Burrell was a grand old soldier, with whitened locks, and under the privations and the loss of liberty that weighs most heavily on the hearts of young and old, looked even more aged than he really was. "I think," said he, "that one of fewer years, whose sands of life are not nearly run, might better have been chosen from among such an imposing array of gentlemen possessed of legal and literary attainments than myself"—but he obeyed orders.

Sub-committees on poem and oration; on vocal and instrumental music, and a committee on toasts were created. The matter of refreshments, on motion of Captain Washburn, was left to the committee on toasts.

At this point the question arose as to whether the rebel commander of the post, Colonel Robert Treat Paine Allen (a graduate of West Point), could be induced to allow a celebration of Washington's Birthday in the prison stockade.

An adjournment was taken to the following day, for the committee to report upon the prospects, and the report given was most discouraging. And the Committee on Refreshments said it was impossible to procure for love or green-backs, any refreshments, save corn-pone, bacon and corn-coffee, without sugar or salt.

However, brave and loyal hearts beat under the faded blue and ragged butternut uniforms of that motley crew, and they refused to abandon the celebration.

And so, at about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of February, 1864, under a sky without a cloud to be seen, the shebangs and streets about Shinbone Alley, Fifth Avenue, Battery Place, Cat Alley, Fox Street, Ten-Pin Alley, Mule Avenue, Soap Street, Finnegan's Alley and Park Square, were blue, brown, black and flesh colored with the "Yanks" assembled, and this was the order of exercises:

Note:—The original writing of the order of exercises was found to be too badly faded to reproduce by the photo-engraving process. We, therefore, show it in printed form on the next page.
Washington's Birthday Celebration

AT

CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS

FEBRUARY 22nd, 1864

Col. Isaac S. Burrell, Chairman
And Committee of Fifteen

REPRESENTING THE INFANTRY, ARTILLERY, CAVALRY AND NAVY

ORDER OF EXERCISES

PRAYER
Offered by the Chaplain of the 21st Ind.
SONG—"AMERICA"
By the Glee Club.
READING—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
SONG—"UNION FOREVER"
POEM—"WASHINGTON"
Original, by Lieut.-Col. A. J. H. Duganne, 176th N. Y.
SONG—"FLAG OF OUR UNION"

ORATION
Col. J. B. Leake, 20th Iowa.

REGULAR TOASTS

1. "Our National Union"..............................Lieut. B. F. Wright, 19th Iowa
2. "The President of the United States".....................Lieut.-Col. Rose, 20th Ind.
4. "The Day We Celebrate".............................Lieut. H. C. Dana, Signal Corps

SONG—"TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS"

Note: Do not wonder at the absence of the National Anthem in the above order of exercises—but read on.
THEY RAISED "OLD GLORY"
PLAYED, SANG AND CHEERED
"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

The closing event of this strangest celebration on record was one not written in the order of exercises—a secret guarded with jealous care till the moment arrived for its fulfillment.

Three days before the 22nd, a certain survivor of the ill-fated "Morning Light," whose bunk was in the shebang of the Hawkeye "mess," had a fearful attack of chills and fever. The rebel surgeon left quinine for him, and said it was the worst case of "shakes" he ever saw.

But the Hawkeyes knew why the gunner's attacks came only when some "reb" chanced in, or the doctor called.

Some days previous to this, a small tree had been cut and stripped of its twigs and leaves, and planted just a few feet from the Buckeye cabin.

Johnny Reb never even wondered at that—we were always doing queer things, you know.

When the last speech had been made and the last song rendered by the Glee Club, the fiddle, the banjo, the flute and fife struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and a ragged prisoner leaped from the doorway of the Buckeye shebang, fumbled a minute with the cord dangling from the pole, and like a flash the flag of our Union sped up to the peak and waved triumphantly over that rebel prison pen!

Silent cheers as went up from those hungry throats! No rebel yell could have drowned it!

But it was hauled down as quickly as it went up—the same Yankee soldier grabbed it and disappeared within the Hawkeye's cabin.

And when the rebel cavalry galloped through the camp, swinging their sabres, frightened at the thought that the prisoners were in revolt and about to make for the Union lines—300 miles away—that sailor with the chills had wrapped the old flag about his brave heart, dressed himself, slipped back into his bunk, and while the cavalry searched the camp high and low for that flag, he was having the worst chill on record!

But they never found that flag!

Colonel Duganne's poem, entitled, "Washington," is a most beautiful and patriotic production, composed as it was under the most distressing conditions; and as the old veteran stood up to deliver it, enfeebled by repeated attacks of chills and fever, chronic diarrhoea, and a disposition to despondency over repeated failures of the Confederates to induce our government to agree to any exchange of prisoners whatsoever, with his scant grey locks floating in the breeze, the scene is one that no ex-prisoner will ever forget.

If there were any bright sides to the days and nights spent in Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, the publication of a "newspaper," called "The Old Flag," was one of them; in fact, we reckon, the only one. Admittedly it was the only instance where anything of the kind was ever attempted within the stockade of a rebel prison pen during the war. "The Old Flag" was produced in the early days of our capture, at a time when there were but 72 of us all told—afterwards augmented to thousands! It was executed with a common pen and ink in imitation of type, three numbers being issued on the only three sheets of paper to be found in the camp, and proved an event of interest to the inhabitants of that rendezvous, and helped to while away some of the tedious hours of prison life in rebeldom.

Colonel Win. H. May
Thousands of Men.
The following clippings from Southern newspapers of December, 1863, show the straits to which publishers were driven for paper and ink upon which to print their editions:

W. H. M.

"We paid last week $2,500 for printing paper, which in the old times we would not have given $75 for. We gave $75 per ream for French letter paper which we have often refused to purchase at $1.25. A keg of ink which formerly cost $25 cannot be had for less than $150."—"Shreveport News."

"Prices are cheaper at Shreveport than here. Printing paper cannot be had in Texas for less than 25 per cent. above these rates, and, as for ink, we have not for a long time paid less than $5 per pound for ink that before the war cost 18 cents. A keg that cost $18 before the war now costs us $500."—"Houston Telegraph."

"The Tyler Reporter," June 2, 1864, says: "A lady friend has taken a sensible plan to get the 'Reporter.' Knowing the scarcity of the article, she managed to get up a lot of blank paper, and sent it to us with the request that we furnish her the 'Reporter.' We will certainly do so. There is scarcely any kind of blank paper which we cannot use, and money is no inducement compared with it."

From the "Washington (Ark.) Telegraph" of March 2, 1864:

"To the public:—Having succeeded by great exertion and expense in obtaining a small supply of paper, we will next week restore the 'Telegraph' to the size used last year—that is, twice its present size (which would be 12 x 18 inches to a page—4 pages). We will open our lists for six months' subscriptions at $10 for that period in advance.

CAMP FOR PHILOSOPHY

Illustrated by a moral poem, called "The Jolly Cock Robin"

A jolly old cock,
Was cast on a rock—
A rock jutting out on the sea;
And said he to himself:
"I'm cast on this shelf,
As merit is used to be!

I don't care a curse,
It might have been worse,"
Said this jolly old cock, said he;
"I've still got a bunch,
To serve for a lunch,
And a capital view of the sea!

Who'd be this? Who'd be that?
Who'd be lean, who'd be fat?
Who'd live—or the thread of life sever?
There's always a bore
Of some kind in store,
And will be forever and ever,

So I think I can die,
Without piping my eye"—
But a ship was just nearing the rock;
And he giggled with joy,
When the crew cried "Ahoy!"
And rescued this jolly old cock.
"WASHINGTON"

POEM BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE

OF THE 176TH NEW YORK

Note:—The beautiful and patriotic poem which follows was composed while the author lay sick in his cabin. It was printed directly into "The Old Flag" by Captain May as recited to him by Colonel Duganne. The original will be found in the reproduction of the March 1st number.

Who bids me sing? What theme my soul dilates?
A captive, whispering to its captive mates?
Can Glory's raptures thrill the fettered thralls,
Whose captured banners droop from Trenton's walls?
Can Valor's story nerve the shackled bands
Whose broken sword blades rust in rebel sands,
Or lifted, vengeful, threat with cruel strike
Our Country's Union and our Freedom's life?
In vain my harp the charms of home would sing;
Quick-gathering tears from answering eyelids spring,
And all the heart's deep sorrow, softly stirred,
Overwhelms our manhood at that one deep word.
Home, where the wofly sits, numbering, day by day,
The long, long hours that steal her hopes away;
With low-drawn sigh, and voiceless prayer, to wait
The step that comes not to her lonely gate.
Home, where the children, prattling War's exclaim
Through mimic trumpets, lap the father's name;
But, wandering, pause to note with childish tears,
The eyes that watch them, dim with sudden tears,
And, trembling, ask, of lips that must be dumb,
Why mother weeps? why father will not come?

Dear home! sweet home! How many a warm heart beats—
How many a lip the loved one's name repeats,
Where Maine exalts on stormy ocean's brim,
And Hampshire lifts to heaven her mountain hymn;
Where Massachusetts sits like nostrum free,
And fair Rhode Island slumberers at her knees;
Where dwells Connecticut, midst emerald vales,
And where Massachusetts spreads her snowy sails,
And rolls her iron chariot wheels, and slakes
Her golden garners o'er the Northers lakes.

God bless our homes—from East through boundless West—
The hallowed shrines of all the heart loves best!
From blue Ohio to Colorado's marge,
And over Iowa's prairies, green and large,
And where the wading Illinois outflows,
Or Indiana with silvery harvest glows,
And fair Arkansas skirts the Indian strand,
And where the red man's loyal wigwams stand—
There sleep our homes, where tender hearts, like doves,
Brood o'er the memory of their absent loves!

Awake, my harp! thy song to heaven aspire—
A Nation's memories climb the sounding wires!
Awake, my harp! and thrill with loftier sway,
A Nation's Father bends from heaven this day,
From heaven's high hills, where Freedom's angel units
Closest to God, within the eternal gates;
Where Freedom's martyrs, winged with crimson scars,
Gleam through the azure fields of endless stars!
From heaven the Hero comes—his awful tune
Troubled, yet calm, and sorrowing, but serene,
With trembling glance his awful shade I mark,
Break through the storm and cleave the midnight dark.
O'er ice-browed Andes leans his sworded hand—
His rushing footfall spurs Pacific strand;
His helmet gleams o'er Napolitan snows—
His lifted shield o'er lushed Atlantic glows;
His breast I see, beneath celestial wings—
And there—and there—my bleeding country clings:
Clings as a mother to her first born son—
Her hero-child—her god-like Washington!

Land of the North! where loud Niagara's roll
Voices to Heaven a free-born Nation's soul!
Land of the North, where wild Atlantic waves
Baptize for Freedom's faith the souls of slaves!
From all thy plains, on all thy breezes borne,
How swells the exulting song this sacred morn!
Whose manhood's about and childhood's lying sweet
The dear-loved name of Washington repeat;
By tranquil Hudson's silent wave they loved,
Where Washington first turned the invader's steel—
On Trenton's plain and Monmouth's field they pray,
Where Washington retrieved the eventful day,
And rolled their hymns through Schuykill's wintry gargoyle—
Where once arose his prayer—from Valley Forge.

And then, imperial West, whose sylvan tongue
Hymned into God while Saturn yet was young;
From voiceful symphonies of waving woods,
And solemn echoes of silent solitude,
And low, soft melodies of breezes bland;
And rolling harmonies of rivers grand!
Thou nurse of empires, at whose fostering heart
All nations drink, and all have equal part;
Embraced on harvests—gift by garner's wide—
Thy wealth our wonder, and thy power our pride.
POEM, "WASHINGTON"—(Continued)

Majestic West! thy millions kneel this hour,
To praise the Eternal for their Freedom's dower.
May Missouri's shorter their anthems flow,
And where Missouri laps her mountain snows;
And where the Ohio, nursed by crystal rills,
Leaps to thine arms from Pennsylvania hills!
There shalt thou kneel, O mightiest West, and tell,
Where Washington survives and Braddock fell—
When the young hero jarred, with mailed hand,
The mystic gates that sealed our Western Land.

Land of the South! whose life distils
Balm from thy vales and odors from thy hills!
Thy brow all sunshine and thy heart all fire—
Thy breath a vintage and thy voice a lyre:
Land where the air with wildering fragrance swoons,
And all the woodlands thrill with golden runes;
Land where the moon with nectar'd kisses weos,
And where the soft night weeps ambrosial dew.

O queenly Southland! crowned and zoned with flowers,
Thy slender dial that marks the year's sweet hours;
Lilies whose silver means no tempest wars,
Roses like suns, and violets like the stars!
Thy throne the summer and thy realm the soul,
Whose charmed senses own thy soft control—
All-beautiful! Thy heart must share and claim
Our Father's kindred and our Hero's name!
Thy myrtle blooms his radiant brows to twine—
His name—his heritage—his birthplace thine!
We yield thee this—horrific beauty of the sun:
Thy blooming flowers first cradled Washington!

Virginia! from whose breast the milk of the West
That nursed with god-like strength the immortal man,
Whose sacred graves enshrine the hero's clay;
Whose waving cornfields wave a golden array—
Virginia! under whose trembling heel
Sceptres lie crushed, and crownless tyrants kneel—
From thee, from thine, he drank his impulsive bane:
For thee—forth to thee—this broad, free land he gave!
From thy blue hills his soaring sense he caught—
They share his fame but all the world his thought!
Thy gates the portals whence his soul outspeeds—
But all the earth a temple for his deeds!
Thy hero-chief, the priesthood of his shrine—
That all mankind might learn his faith divine—
The faith that shatters thrones and sunders chains,
And floods with Freedom's fides the bondman's veins,
And shapes from freemen's souls the Almighty's face!

O Virginia! fairest was thy trust—
His grand example, and his peaceful dust!
Thou wert our Mecca—thou our Delphic ground,
Where kneeling seers were awed with Voice profound.
Thou clattering round, uplifted the shielding States,
And young Republics kept thy sunset gates!
From northern mountains and from southern seas—
From orient headlands and from westering seas—
Each gladsome breeze new freighted with blessings won,
For Old Virginia—Nurse of Washington!
And o'er thy hills it broods—that form of night—
Parting the storm and treading through the night—
That awful Presence moving from above,

Grief on its brow, but in its glances—love!
From heaven it comes, o'er Vernon's gleam descends,
And where my mourning country kneels, it bends,
And softly murmurs—sheltering her head—
"What ails thee, mother? Are thy children dead?"

She hears his voice, and wakes from sleeping trance,
Her ebbing life-tide swayed beneath his glance.
That mailed breast, that soaring helm she sees,
And the strong hand that lifts her from her knees;
And now she speaks, whilst all my fluttering breath
Waits for her voice, but hears no word she saith;
For muttering winds aglow, and thunders roll,
And the wild tempest frights my list'ning soul!
I only hear around Mount Vernon's tomb,
The roar of cannon and the crash of bomb.
I only hear, upon Virginia's air
The drum's wild rattling, and the trumpet's blare,
While charging armies shake the shuddering meads,
And the hills reel with mingling men and steeds,
And the wide land with mortal wound out-blows!
I only hear the shout, the curse, the groan;
I only hear a low, heart-broken moan,
Where sinks my country's heart, where droops her head,
And the great Voice demands, in whisper dreg,
"What ails thee, mother? Are thy children dead?"

Dead! dead! O heaven! the child is worse than dead
Who scorrs her breast where first his fondness fed;
Dead! worse than dead! whose heart untouched with ruth,
That mother laments who watched his tenderest youth!
And spurns the matron crown that mother wore,
And leaves her sorrowing for the sons she bore.
And whence the gain? what heritage survives,
O'er wasted treasures, and o'er squandered lives,
Are hatred's heirlooms, hurled from son to son;
More dear than those that linked all hearts as one:
Can smoldered hearths-stones gleam with ruddier blaze,
Than the old crescent of our father's days?
Can alien hails the old, old home replace,
Or alien births our fathers' graves efface?
But vain the unequal strife! would Hamilton curse!
His trembling lips God's blessings still rehearse.
Would Korah rule? The earth chinks Korah's cries,
And plagues descend where Israel's rebels rise.
For ceaseless still o'er traitors quick or dead,
A nation's feet their destined course must tread!
And where the Ark of Freedom leads its march,
God's Pillar leads, and angel wings o'er arches.
Samaritans' priests may build on Gerizim;
But Mount Moriah still shrines the chequer!
Sunflattar's seed may drop from Hebrew stem,
But Israel dwells where dwells Jerusalem.
O Washington! thou dostest our faith from heaven!
By heaven, through thee, our freedom's love was given!
Thy hope our Union, and our homes thy gift—
To thee, this day our nation's hands we lift!
But well thine eyes, and low thy sorrowing head!
Those hands, this day, with crimson drops are red—
With crimson life-blood from thy country's veins! O Father! weep! weep! and wash out the stains!

Augustine J. H. Duganne, 176th N. Y.
"PRISONER'S SONG"

By

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE, 176th N. Y.

PRISONER'S SONG

Among other "good things" contributed for our entertainment by that soldier's pen, Col. J. H. Duganne, while confined in the prison pen at Camp Ford, Texas, was a song he found in the columns of our camp newspaper, "The Old Flag," was the following war song, entitled "Gulf of Mexico" to the tune of "Bonny Havens O!" The circumstances and manner of its composition were peculiar and deserve a notice, as neither myself nor any of those present will ever forget it.

The author of his introduction in our midst as a prisoner, proceeded at once to secure for himself a "bonny," which consisted of a log-clap, or, according to Camp Ford phraseology, a "pattab," providing a table and a solid or pane for furniture to the same. He had one luxury, at least, which not one of the forty-seven hundred confined there possessed — viz.: a hammock.

One night, by the light of a log fire in the big chimney, he lay in his hammock, while about a half-dozen officers were congregated about the room on their "visiting stands"— viz., their cots—when someone proposed a song. "Bonny Havens, O!" was rendered in good style by Major Gray. At its conclusion, the colonel proposed we should sing an extemporaneous verse to the same tune. Taking the first verse so well, he was called to do on, which he did until the following verses and a chorus had been provided and sung by the party present. These were sung and echoed until late in the night; in fact, until they were committed to memory, not being written down until some days afterwards.

W. H. M.

"Gulf of Mexico"

BY COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE

Air—Bonny Havens, O!

We started from our sweetheart's with a kiss upon each mouth,
To join the expedition that was marching on the south;
Every eye was filled with sorrow, but our hearts were full of pride,
For the old flag waved above us, and a sword was by each side.

Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!
Through the land of Dixie, O!
For to join the expedition
to the Gulf of Mexico.

There were men from Massachusetts—there were noble sons from Maine,
And New Hampshire sent her soldier-boys to swell the martial train;
From the Concord, on her green valleys and Rhode Island's silver bays,
Marching onward came those gallant bands of the Union Flag to raise.

Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

But our spirits held the rivers, and our navies held the main,
And our gunboats were at Galveston, beside the Harriet Lane,
And to give our troops a farough, and explore the Texas plains.
On one New Year's day they landed here and went back "many times!"

Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!
Then at Sabine Pass one pleasant day, when all the sky was bright,
We suddenly got ready and we took our "Morning Light."
But we still fought on by moonlight, and beneath the Flag of Stars.
Till it was "Dixie" lay went out behind the black battalions.
Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Then we tried to light the darkness by a lantern, filled with fire,
But the rebels came and overturned our Brazier in the night.
All was darkness then around us, with no prospect of relief.
Yet the rebels cursed our nation when we lost our flag foray.
Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

"Twas a hard road that we traveled, but we swallowed down the dust,
And through Texas some went southward to a prison house most "Grace."
And through Texas some went northward and they made their bed and heard
On the cold ground and corn-hedge—"twas the best they could do.
Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

We have fought and we have been gobbled by the fierce guerrillas bords,
We have drank our fill of glory, and have lost our head—new spirited.
To the Brigadiers and generals we return our heartfelt thanks,
And we wish we had some corn-hedge to send to Gen. Thomas.
Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

O! long live the Federal Congress and long live old Abe-fours
And may they all get wide awake to find out every slum,
And when they make a general let's hope he's not an ass.
And when they send out guerillas, let them have supper for their pains.
Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Now, God bless our wives and sweethearts, and preserve them from all harm,
And restore us weary prisoners to rest within our arms.
For we've had our share of glory, and you need not think it strange.
If we'd yield our chain to Texas soil for just a tail—SACRAMENTO.

Chorus—Through the land of Dixie, O!

*This line is too worn to be deciphered.
# LIST OF OFFICERS

## Prisoners of War at Camp Ford

**TYLER, SMITH COUNTY, TEXAS**

Giving Rank, Regiment, where and when captured

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Regiment.</th>
<th>Where Captured</th>
<th>When.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. J. H. Deganne</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 24th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. C. Anthony</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brashear City</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>P. W. Noblett</td>
<td>2d R. I. Cavalry.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Julius Sanford</td>
<td>1st Indiana Bat.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>William P. Coe</td>
<td>23d C. V.</td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 24th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. G. Baily</td>
<td>170th N. Y.</td>
<td>Brashear City</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>William H. May</td>
<td>23d C. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>George S. Crofut</td>
<td></td>
<td>Terre Bonne</td>
<td>June 20th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Alfred Wells</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>James R. Jenkins</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 24th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. D. Hopkins</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Albert Allen</td>
<td>1st U. S. V.</td>
<td>Brashear City</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. B. Thomason</td>
<td>176th N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>John A. Woodward</td>
<td>23d C. V.</td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 24th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John F. Park</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brashear City</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O. H. Hildard</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Babcock</td>
<td>176th N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surgeon</td>
<td>David Hershy</td>
<td>2d U. S. V.</td>
<td>Terre Bonne</td>
<td>June 20th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>Phoebe W. Lyon</td>
<td>170th N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John P. Kimball</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bayou Beauf</td>
<td>June 24th, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charles Kerby</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John G. Stevens</td>
<td>23d C. V.</td>
<td>Brashear City</td>
<td>June 23d, 1863.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>David G. Wellington</td>
<td>176th N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. D. Fry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. P. Rohens</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>Charles Avery</td>
<td>25th C. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>George W. Hugg</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charles Bailey</td>
<td>23d C. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John W. Beeckingham</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charles E. Page</td>
<td>4th U. S. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>James De Lannater</td>
<td>91st N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Caleb Breann</td>
<td>2d R. I. Cavalry.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Daniel G. Gillette</td>
<td>176th N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Foster Petrie</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Henry W. Morse</td>
<td>4th Mass. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>James M. Sampson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Louis W. Stevenson</td>
<td>176th N. Y. V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rank</td>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Regiment</td>
<td>Where Captured</td>
<td>When</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>Charles Sherman</td>
<td>176th N.Y.V.</td>
<td>Bessear City, La.</td>
<td>June 23rd, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charles D. Hartbut</td>
<td>23d C. V.</td>
<td>Bayou Beauf, &quot;</td>
<td>June 24th, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frank Sherfy</td>
<td>1st Indiana V.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>T. D. Vreelandburgh</td>
<td>10th Illinois Cav.</td>
<td>Richmond, &quot;</td>
<td>June 28th, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Citizen</td>
<td>Finley Anderson, Corres.</td>
<td>N. Y. Herald.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>William S. Bulkley</td>
<td>12th C. V.</td>
<td>On &quot;Queen of the West.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>Charles Laurie</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>On Gun-boat &quot;Diana.&quot;</td>
<td>March 28th, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ed. Kerby</td>
<td>160th N. Y. V.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acting Chief Engineer</td>
<td>R. W. Morss</td>
<td>U. S. X.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Ad Asst. &quot;</td>
<td>R. M. McLaughlan</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William Johnson</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Master's Mate</td>
<td>Henry Weston</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant-Colonel</td>
<td>J. B. Leake</td>
<td>20th Iowa Vols.</td>
<td>Morganzie, La.</td>
<td>Sept 29th, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. D. Rose</td>
<td>26th Ind. Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>William Adams</td>
<td>19th Iowa Vols.</td>
<td>Morganzie, La.</td>
<td>Sept 29th, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thomas L. Sprott</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>N. A. Logan</td>
<td>26th Ind. Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>R. H. Stott</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>W. J. Wallace</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>S. F. Roderick</td>
<td>19th Iowa Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant</td>
<td>L. Fisher</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>N. Powell</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>J. M. Woods</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>S. P. Key</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>B. F. Wright</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>James Bennett</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>George Johnson</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>C. C. McDowell</td>
<td>25th Ind. Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Henry Walton</td>
<td>34th Iowa Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>J. M. Robertson</td>
<td>25th Ind. Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>J. A. Whitsett</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>John Greene</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>E. J. Collins</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>E. Colter</td>
<td>20th Iowa Vols.</td>
<td>Arkansas Bay, Texas.</td>
<td>Dec 19th, &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>D. Tierrey</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant</td>
<td>John East</td>
<td>1st Arkansas</td>
<td>Goodrich's Landing, La.</td>
<td>June 29th, &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>George Seerive</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cyrus Savage</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>A. N. Proctor</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant</td>
<td>T. H. Newcomb</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William H. Crandle</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>D. F. Eddy</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>S. F. White</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>B. F. Stowell</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rank</td>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Regiment</td>
<td>Where Captured</td>
<td>When</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Nathan Hammond</td>
<td>U.S.N. &quot;Velocity&quot;</td>
<td>Sabine Pass, Texas</td>
<td>Jan'ly 21st, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acting Master</td>
<td>John Dillingham</td>
<td>U.S.N.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Frederich Cracker</td>
<td>U.S.G.I. &quot;Clifton&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Amos Johnson</td>
<td>&quot;Sachem.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acting Master</td>
<td>Henry Washburn</td>
<td>&quot;Morning Light&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>W. W. Fowler</td>
<td>&quot;Clifton.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>R. F. Weeks</td>
<td>&quot;Sachem.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineer</td>
<td>A. A. Raymonds</td>
<td>&quot;Clifton.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William W. Weld</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>John A. Fox</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>John W. Dana</td>
<td>12th Me. Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>Henry C. Dane</td>
<td>3d Mass. Cavalry.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>C. H. Cox</td>
<td>75th N. Y. V.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>William H. Root</td>
<td>175th N. Y. V.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major</td>
<td>John Gray</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>J. Roberts</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>Richard Dunn</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Norman S. Curtis</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>Patrick H. Walba</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>James Wilson</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Fred. H. Van Tine</td>
<td>131st N. Y. V.</td>
<td>Donnalsdorville, Texas</td>
<td>April 8th, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>T. L. Evans</td>
<td>96th Ohio Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>William Prescott</td>
<td>130th Ill. Vols.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Jesse R. Johnson</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>Jacob W. Paulen</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William C. Harned</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>R. S. Taylor</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William C. Pool</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>John W. Watts</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Charles W. Johnson</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>J. H. Bearing</td>
<td>48th Ohio.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major</td>
<td>James Loweay</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Thomas McGoneley</td>
<td>48th Ohio.</td>
<td>Mansfield, &quot;</td>
<td>April 8th, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Daniel Gunnsantiss</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Andrew M. Corcoran</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Mitchell McGoffrey</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William F. Trope</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Harvey W. Day</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>J. M. McCulloch</td>
<td>77th Illinois.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>J. H. Stevenson</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>G. G. Stearns</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant</td>
<td>Henry N. Bushnel</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>M. O. Harkness</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>S. S. Edwards</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Henry Wyman</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>C. P. McCulloch</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rank</td>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Regiment</td>
<td>Where Captured</td>
<td>When</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>J. S. McCutcheon</td>
<td>77th Illinois</td>
<td>Mansfield, La.</td>
<td>April 8th, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant-Colonel</td>
<td>John Cowan</td>
<td>19th Kentucky</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major</td>
<td>J. H. Mann</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adjutant</td>
<td>George C. Rue</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>William H. Cundiff</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Henry L. Whitehouse</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>John Barnett</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>H. K. Forbes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>L. A. Hamblin</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Alexander Logna</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>William P. McKinney</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>V. D. Lester</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Abraham Whitenach</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Elijah Baker</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Thomas Cundiff</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Eberle Wilson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
<td>Zachariah Morgan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>S. W. Hedger</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>George Stone</td>
<td>14th N. Y. Cav.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Nicholas Steinauer</td>
<td>60th Ind. Vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>S. W. Griffin</td>
<td>32d Iowa.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>P. S. Cone</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Samuel P. Hill</td>
<td>173d N. Y. V.</td>
<td>Pleasant Hill, La.</td>
<td>April 9th,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>Charles Nolan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant</td>
<td>A. H. Haslett</td>
<td>14th Iowa.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant-Colonel</td>
<td>A. M. Florey</td>
<td>46th Indiana.</td>
<td>Mansfield,</td>
<td>April 8th,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>William M. Delhart</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Hamilton Robb</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Dana W. King</td>
<td>1st N. H. Cav.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
<td>Thomas Hughes</td>
<td>28th Iowa V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>J. M. Wilcox</td>
<td>3d Mo. Cavalry.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Master's Mate</td>
<td>William E. Bridges</td>
<td>G. Bt. &quot;Sachem.&quot;</td>
<td>Sabine Pass, Texas.</td>
<td>Sept'r 8th,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued)
"A PRISON CITY"

(From Captain May's Prison Papers)

Fancy—but not! One cannot fancy a resemblance to our grotesque city of captivity; it is a place of Success—of牖-dwelling in the wilderness. It is a grand metropolis. It is a Tartar encampment, without houses; a Boschenberg village, without streets. One-sixth of this area is allotted to the officers, who dwell in log-cabins, erected by themselves or purchased from some former tenant. Each cabin, but, or "shebong," as we term it, shelters and accommodates a mess. The numbers of a mess are various: some messes have no more than three, and others muster ten or twelve. These "she-bongs" are arranged in streets, right-angled with a central thoroughfare, called "Fifth Avenue." Midway, a platform, covered with a canopy of pine boughs, is the market-place. To this, each day, the rebel commissary sends out rations, beef and condemned. These are apportioned between messes in the ratio of their numbers, the meat and meal being brought in hogs, and given to the hands of waiters chosen by ourselves from our own officers. The cattle have been butchered by selected men from our own numbers; likewise, these experts enjoy "risa-bis," for themselves, of kidneys, livers, and the like. To this meat-market comes occasionally some venereal farmer of the neighborhood, allowed to be a sufferer or purveyor for the moment. Unfortunates! Victims, of misfortune, of misplaced confidence! His sugar—heard at thirty dollars a pound—is swapped up by a dozen hands before he can identify their owners; his turkeys fly away unaccountably; his sacks of flour are passed from hand to hand, and never return to him; and woe! O woe! The poor man have whiskey! These Yankee foragers allow no smuggling. I know not why it was, but neither commandant nor guards were ever able to protect a sufferer's stores. Perhaps they had an "Artful Dodger" in our midst, whom would have rejoiced the heart of venerable Pugs. A rebel officer of the day once had his pistol stolen from him at mid-day, and we were threatened & deprived of our meat-rations till the article should be restored. The threat was never carried out, however. Another day, a rebel officer was relieved of his pipe, and next morning found it in his pocket, with the "Stars and Stripes" carved on the wooden bowl. Our camp of Yankee prisoners were forever playing tricks on rebel travelers.

Then, this camp! Besides our officers' quarter, with its streets of log-cabins, each a small community, every doorway shaded by a broad veranda, thick with evergreens; in some streets these verandas joining midway, so that the whole space between the houses was protected from the sun, which only struck our porches in chequered light at sunset through the lattice leaves. Besides this area allotted to the officers, our prison habitations stretch on three sides, densely populated as the tenant-houses of a New York ward. What curious abodes! What odd conveniences for shelter! Here upright sticks sustain a simple thatch of leaves; there poles fixed shout-wise, and overhead with bark, compose an Indian lodge. Some householders are satisfied with blankets stretched across two saplings; others make a cylindrical mansion, eight feet square, with stakes, inserted in the earth, like picket fences, and covered with a roof of twigs. Another's dwelling is of basket-work wrought out of sawdust feelings; beyond this is a roof composed of oak-slabs slanting from a mud-wall six feet high down to the ground, and plastered with a layer of clay. Hard by the brook are caverns, excavated in the clay bank, with steep earthen staircases entering to their subterranean apartments. Two parallel avenues are thus occupied by troglodytes. All architectural "styles," from Gothic arches shaped with carving grapevines, down to manuscript confections that builders would reject for domiciles, are here elaborated or improvised, according to the thrift and taste, or lack of both, which may here characterize the squad or individual.

The environs of our camp—those free surroundings outside of stockades—consist of prairies, interspersed with timbered hills. The north gate of our prison yard, or "corral," gives egress on an open plain, where sheep and goats are herded, where the deer and wild fox rove, and cattle crop sweet grasses. On the east are woods and cultivated lands. The west is fully crowned with snuffy oat and ash. A rebel camp of cavalry and the hints of coniferous hide behind those eminences. Upon the south a hill abruptly rises, with a streamlet at its base, which flows within our southern stockade; it is called the "spring." The rebel commandant's headquarters—two or three log-houses—lie down upon our corral from that hill. A gate stands midway of our western stockade, and is usually open, guarded by a sentry. Just outside this gate the rebel guard-houses are situated, with some calibers used as quarters for the guard. One frame of logs is called the "wolf pen." There offending Yankees are confined on corn and water. There, usually, some dozen rebel convicts, apprehended for desertion, are imprisoned. There, also, several citizens accused of "Union sympathies" await removal to the provost prison of Tyler, or to Houston, where they can be tried for "rebellion" to the Southern Confederacy. We Federals have an unsuspected method of communicating with some "Union men." Our boys take turns in being late at roll-call, or transgress some other rebel rule, and so are ordered "to the guard-house." This is our "police telegraph," and it works admirably.

Our "spring" is a wonderful one. It grates out of the clay-bank cool and crystalline water. It is impregnated with iron and sulphur, and the water is a perpetual tonic. We have several wooden reservoirs, to which the prisoners resort for washing purposes. The upper one contains our drinking water. This single stream supplies the wants of near six thousand men, comprising prisoners and their guards. It threatened failure once, but Southern ingenuity sunk the reservoirs and guaranteed perpetual supplies. Shrewd Captain J., a notable mechanical and scientific genius, was our "Commissioner of Aqueducts." He trod the Sachems' decks, her bold commandant, on the salt sea, but has proved himself as useful here in "fresh water" matters. To him we owed our earliest turning-lathe, and he inaugurated chairmaking, which now supplies the camp with seats of every pattern—Gothic, rustic, cane-backed, willow-woven, grape-vine-wrought, and oak-rubbed.
"A SUMMER DAY AT CAMP FORD"
(From Captain May's Prison Papers)

Long before daybreak the camp begins to stir. There is restlessness among our prison legion—homesickness, doubtless, in the souls of many sleepless hundreds of these ragged citizens. I hear the hum of voices arising out of morning's gray shadows; the chingling of new-lighted kerosene lanterns; the muffled chortle of many hasty exclamations. Presently the east reddens, and I see the morning star setting over; under wooded hills outside of our prison yard.

How royally the sun rises, accompanied with golden mist, robed in purple haze of woodland exhalations! The camp is alive and vocal. A thousand voices call to other thousands. Tatterdemalion roll out of burrowing places, creep up from caves, and emerge from hot-openings. Red-capped zouaves, wide-brimmed; blue-bloused cavalry men, yellow trimmed; all hungry looking; sergeants with service stripes; jack-tars in holy-patched trousers; wagoners in broad hats; barefooted cannoniers—rank and file generally hatless, hussar, and shirtless. They swarm out upon the main street; flow into crossways; justice one another at cooking-fires; pass and repass, laden with fuel, rations, water vessels. Another day begins.

I mingle in the throng that pours along "Fifth Avenue." I pass the "bakeries," where an enterprising New-Yorker sells his ten-cent leathery doughnuts and caustic-sour grape-jelly for a half-dollar in greenbacks. I glance a moment at our "jeweled" window, where a corporeal inkers watches; elbow through the crowd surrounding a lieutenant's turning-table, which whirs out chocolate at three dollars a set; peer into a door where sits a captain "editing" our prison journal, "The Old Flag"; then reach the "spring," dish head and arms in water, comb tangled locks, and look out the window.

"Money's the only wear!" says Shakespeare: and in Camp Ford we agree with him. Such costumes were never before beheld outside of Bag Fair or the "Biggara Opera." I wish our Uncle Abraham, or Sam, could see this ansul calceata procession march up Pennsylvania Avenue. Such head-gear, from a zoonum cap to restless crowns and crownless rings, and shattered handkerchiefs, and wisps of straw! Such effigies of garments! armless shirts and legless trousers; bits of blankets tied about the heads; such patches, of every size and hue! such scarecrow figures of humanity! Their wives and mothers would not know them from the chieftains who rule our Northern gutters.

But they are all United States soldiers and sailors: men who have met our foes on land and sea; brave rank and file of feet and armies sacrificed by stupid commanders, and neglected in their misery by the power which should protect them. God bless them, ragged and rough as they are, for the fire of unyielding loyalty burns in their bosoms, and they love the "Old Flag!"

I sit down at my "khebanging" door to the morning's sumptuous repast. I have corn-meal pancakes, with a treasurer syrup made of melted sugar at eight dollars per pound in greenbacks; I have a slice of bacon, which costs two dollars per pound. I drink my coffee, made of burnt eye, and am abundantly filled.

The rebel drum is beating roll-call. I hurry to the officers' line, which rests its right upon the western gate and stretches its long ranks within the stockade. Presently the rebel adjutant rides in on horseback, followed by a score of guards with muskets, and their officers with lists of prisoners. The official greybacks then divide, each to a separate detachment of the Yankees. Then our names are read or spelled out by an intelligent "Southern gentleman," who is given to stom-mering, and makes hard work of our patronymics. Meanwhile we are standing under a blazing sun, which烤s us with flesh of fat men and the temper of the hottest of us. But at length a welcome drum-roll gives dismissal, and the dress parade is over. We are our own masters for the day, within the stockade lines.

The sun mounts higher. Everybody seeks a shelter. Our ration must be drawn. A beef comes in daily: but the mess- man who is "cook" attends to this. Time must be killed till dinner hour, and so we look about for weapons to waylay him with.

The noon heats come, but tempered by a pleasant northern breeze. Our green verandahs cast inviting shade. We gather at our doors with books on our knees, but still pored over. I peruse over Shakespeare: dog-eared fine-print Plutarch, lest to me "the good Union man outside." Colonel B. comes up and chats awhile; then Major A. sits down to chat with me. I write awhile; then study tactics; then begot me to my hammock, swinging just outside the log-house, under trelissed pine boughs.

A rebel orderly comes in with letters for a few of us. The disappointed lists, wondering why their letters never come. I get a Houston paper, and a crowd surrounds my doorway, waiting for the news. "Another victory for the South!" "Ten thousand prisoners captured by General Lee!" "Grant totally defeated!" "Washington to be attacked immediately!"

Cool comfort this in midsummer. It refreshes us. But nothing yet about "exchange." "Oh, boy, on the lying secession paper!" "Nothing about exchange!" "Boys!"

We eat our dinner. Beef like shoe-leather. A "duff" or corn pudding, with molasses, at the moderate price of thirty dollars in Confederate dollars per pound. Rye coffee, and an after-dinner smoke, in wooden pipes, with Texas "tabac," at the rate of fifteen dollars per pound in greenbacks.

Major B. and two brave captains challenge to four-handed chess. We have a mammoth board for this absorbing game, and presently fall to. So fly the hours.

The sun declines and loomotion recommences. We visit and make calls. Our youngsters practice at gymnastics in the central square, where turning-poles and parallel bars have been erected. Wrestling trials are improvised among the men. A game of quoits goes on. The Kansas boys are playing at ball. More venerable prisoners sit and gossip in their armchairs.

We hear the thrum of stringed instruments. Our "fiddler," Captain M., is entertaining ladies. Motherly Mrs. B., the wife of Colonel A., the rebel commandant, is visiting our corral, with divers rebel damsels and dandies in her train. They sit in wide arm-chairs of Yankee manufacture, chat with Yankee officers, and hear their Yankee songs, accompanied by Yankee fingers upon banjos made by Yankee hands. Meanwhile our Yankee fiddler tunes his catgut, and soon he gives us "Sounds from Home," which draws the tears from eyes of rebel ladies. So the twilight finds us.

Then the moon rises, silver-ordained, in an unclouded field of blue. The "secesh" visitors have gone, and Yankee instruments are strung to gayer measures. I hear Cyprian J., the engineer, out-calling for a dance. "Gentlemen, choose your partners! Forward two! Ladiea change! All balances. Promenade all!"

Dance on, poor prisoners! Chew your hearts out of loneliness!
"IN A PRISON CAMP"

By

COLONEL CHARLES C. NOTT

One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth N. Y. V.

(FROM CAPT. MAY'S PRISON PAPERS)

It is not a pleasant thing to be a prisoner. I never enjoyed it, and never made the acquaintance of any prisoner who said that he did. True is it that you have but few cares and responsibilities. In the prisoners' camp you take no heed of what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, or wherewith you shall be clothed.

If rations come, you can eat them; if they do not, you can go without; in neither case have your efforts anything to do with the matter. Your raiment need not trouble you; for there vanity has no place, and rags are quite as honorable as any other style of dress. You are never dunned by importunate creditors, and if you by possibility were, it would be a sufficient bar in law and equity to say that you would not pay. There you are not harassed by pressing engagements, or worried by clients or customers. There you have no fears of failure, and may laugh at bankruptcy. And yet, with all these advantages, no man ever seeks to stay in this unreasonable paradise.

"The dews of blessing heaviest fall
Where care falls too."

I found that there was a horrible sense of being a prisoner — of being in somebody's possession — of eating, drinking, sleeping, moving, living, by somebody's permission; and worst of all, that somebody the very enemy you had been striving to overcome. There was a feeling of dependence on those who were the very last persons on whom you were willing to be dependent. There was a dreary sense of constraint in your free hours, of being shut in from all the world, and having all the world shut out from you.

In the first days of imprisonment the novelty carried the prisoners along, and buoyed them up, then came a sea of disappointment, and they would grow quiet and take hopefule views of affairs and perform active work on things around them.

The sun went down, and then began a long evening. There was nothing to do but sit in the dark and talk of nothing. Then there was a detail made of two for the sick watch, and finding that I was "on," I went to bed. In the morning there had been several late sleepers who wondered why people got up early and ran a coffee-mill. As a matter of course, these individuals now wondered why people went to bed before they did. The topics, too, which they chose were exactly the topics that always keep you awake; and if by chance you forget them long enough to fall asleep, then there would be a farcious argument on some important matter: and if that did not wake you, then some other man (who, like yourself, turned in at taps) would lose patience and roar out, "taps," "lights out," "guard-house," etc., etc.

In small assemblages men may wake up and go to sleep when they please, but in camps and barracks, where many men of different habits are brought together, there must be some uniform rule for all. The Confederates never enforced military usage upon us, much to the regret of all who were accustomed to it, and a few very early and very late individuals, some of whom sat up till after taps, and others of whom turned out before reveille, were an endless annoyance to each other and to all. I think no officer of experience ever ran this gauntlet without inwardly resolving that if ever he got back to his own command, stillness and darkness should rule between "taps" and reveille; that with daylight every blanket should go out, and every tent be put in order; and that every shaggy head should be clipped, and all the little regulations that weak-minded recruits think to be "military tyranny," should be most rigorously enforced.

But as I tossed around and made these resolves, the little sailor who was acting as hospital steward came in with both hands full of prescriptions. We had two excellent and most faithful surgeons at Camp Groce, Dr. Sheefy, of the Morning Light, and Dr. Roberts, of the Confederate service. They had their little office outside of the lines; came round on their second visit in the afternoon; and during the evening made up their prescriptions. The first watch took the prescriptions from the hospital steward, and received the directions. It was Lieutenant Hays, of the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York, a happy, generous, warm-hearted Irishman, youthful, and with the humor and drollery of his race. He was always making fun when others were dull, and making peace when they were angry. Soon he heard him going round among the sick. I will listen, I thought, and find out what I have to do when my watch comes.

"Here's your medicine now, Mr. Black," I heard him say, "Wake up and take it."

"What is it?" asked the sick man.

"Oh, it's blue pills, to touch your liver! Come, take it, and don't be asking questions."

"How many of them are there?" inquired the patient, after swallowing several.

"There are just seven of them, and what's that to you? It won't do you any good to know it."

"Why the doctor said he would send me six. Perhaps you're not giving me mine."

"Just you take what's sent to you. If you don't take the whole seven, they won't touch your liver a bit; six would be of no use at all."
"IN A PRISON CAMP"—(Continued)

The man with the untouched liver swallowed the pills, and soon I heard the sick-watch on the other side rousing another sick man with the same formula—"Here's your medicine now; wake up and take it—it's blue pills to touch your liver."

"How many of them are there?" asked this patient.

"There are six of them—what's the use of your knowing?"

"Why, the doctor said he would send me seven—perhaps this is not mine."

"No matter; six are just as good as seven, and seven are just as good as fifty. All you need to do is to take what I give you, and it will touch your liver all the same."

Much enlightened by this mode of distributing doses, and reassured patients, I went to sleep, and slept till one A. M., when the first watch called me, and I took my turn. There was not much to do, sitting in the dark and cold, occasionally giving a man his medicine or a drink, and wishing for daylight.

There was one poor fellow, also a lieutenant of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, fast going in consumption. His constant cough, his restless sleep, his attenuated form, bright eye and hectic cheek, all told of the coming end. Yet with him there was nothing to be done but wait and watch.

Now this was, of itself, not such a bad sort of day; but there was a month of such days; and then another month; and then a third; and then many more. What wonder that the strongest resolutions failed?

Then death came in among our little company, and came again and again. Then sickness increased under the August sun. The long moss that hung down from the trees and waved so gracefully on the breeze, had betokened it long before it came, and the untouched camp and listless life made the prediction sure. It went on until all but one had felt it in some material form or other, and there were not enough well to watch the sick. It never left us, and down to our last day at Camp Groce the chief part of our company were frail and feeble and dispirited.

Autumn was drawing to a close, the leaves had fallen from the trees, the grass was no longer green, and prairie and timber seemed alike bare and cold. Still no exchange had come. We knew of the thirty-seven thousand prisoners taken at Vicksburg, and the six thousand taken at Port Hudson, and therefore we listened hopefully to rumors of exchange, and coined a few of our own, and remained prisoners of war. Within the prison-camp, affairs had not grown brighter. There was increased sickness and despondency and (for to small a party) many deaths. Two Massachusetts officers had died early. Then the consumptive lieutenant's light had flickered, and with it all changes grew more and more dim. At last his strength was spent, and he lay uncomplaining in his hammock, secure in the thought that he was going Home. Twixt the hard prairie and the withered woods, he lay waiting. His face was cold, but the thought of the happy Home beyond the mountains brought a smile to his lips. The death was sudden, but there was no fear. The end came quickly, and he was released from the prison.
COMPANY I, 23rd REGIMENT

Where Each Member was on July 16th, 1863

Captain William H. May, prisoner on his way to Texas.
Lieutenant John G. Stevens, prisoner on his way to Texas.
" John W. Buckingham, prisoner on his way to Texas.
Sergeant H. S. Gregory, paroled prisoner on Ship Island.
" D. W. Smith, detached and in New Orleans.
" R. Fairchild, paroled prisoner on Ship Island.
" F. L. Curtis, sick at Brashear and slightly wounded in arm.
" A. A. Sutton, with company.
Corporal R. Bunnell, paroled, Ship Island.
" William Knapp, with company.
" C. Shelton, with Quartermaster.
" C. L. Derrick, St. Louis Hospital, New Orleans.
" E. P. Derrick, with company.
" H. L. Bertholomew, with company.
" C. E. D. Patterson, paroled at Algiers.
Private D. Ahearn, paroled at Algiers.
" P. Atchack, Ship Island.
" L. Baldwin, with Quartermaster.
" G. W. Baldwin, with company.
" F. A. Bell, Ship Island.
" A. R. Beers, Ship Island.
" D. B. Buckey, sick, New Orleans, La.
" A. A. Derrick, paroled to Algiers.
" B. R. Dimon, house.
" G. M. Curie, with company.
" William Edwards, Ship Island.
" C. Frank, Ship Island.
" E. K. Freeborn, Ship Island.
" E. H. Hanford, Ship Island.
" M. B. Hanford, sick, New Orleans, La.
" J. Hoffman, sick, New Orleans, La.
" O. Nichols, sick, New Orleans, La.
" A. McIntyre, with company.
" J. Kelman, sick, New Orleans, La.
" S. Loud, Ship Island.
" C. Lyon, Ship Island.
" G. Platt, Ship Island.
" E. Passmore, Ship Island.
" C. V. Routch, Ship Island.
" W. Ryan, with company.
" C. Rinaldi, sick, New Orleans, La.
" E. Slasek, sick, New Orleans, La.
" B. St. John, sick, New Orleans, La.
" J. Strasburger, with company.
" C. Sherwood, Ship Island.
" R. Seeley, Ship Island.
" O. P. Taylor, Ship Island.
" B. Toguchi, with company.
" D. Tuomey, sick, New Orleans, La.
" J. E. Vanverse, Ship Island.
" E. L. Wooden, Ship Island.

CORPORAL EDWIN F. DERRICK,
Co. I, 23d Regt., C. V.
"YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG"

POEM

Recited by

THE HON. THOMAS L. REILLY
Congressman of the Third District of Connecticut

In the

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Washington, D. C.

April Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Your flag and our flag,
And how it floats today
O'er your land and my land,
And half the world away.

Blood-red and rose-red;
Its stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white;
The good forefathers' dream.

Sky-blue and true-blue,
With stars that beam aright;
A gloried guidon of the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag—
Oh, how much it holds!
Your heart and my heart
Secure within its folds.

Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun kissed and wind tossed,
The red and blue and white.

The one flag! the great flag!
The flag for me and you
Glorified, all else beside,
The red and white and blue.
"Let us have Peace"

PROGRAMME

OF THE

National Peace Jubilee Concert

FIRST DAY

Boston, Tuesday, June 15, 1869

COMMENCING AT 3 O’CLOCK, P. M.

CONDUCTORS:
Messrs. P. S. Gilmore Carl Zerrahn Julius Eichberg

ORGANIST:
Dr. John H. Wilcox

SUPERINTENDENT OF CHORUS:
Mr. Eben Tourjee

(Reproduced in “The Old Flag” from original programme, 1914)
First Day's

Concert of the National Peace Jubilee

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES

PART I.

PRAYER by the REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

ADDRESS by the HON. N. B. SHURTLIFF, Mayor, welcoming Guests and Visitors.

ADDRESS by the HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE, on the Restoration of Peace and Union.

1. CHORAL—"God is a castle and defence"......... LUTHER
   (With Organ and Orchestral accompaniment)
2. OVERTURE—"Tannhäuser"......... MOZART
3. GLORIA—From the Twelfth Mass......... MOZART
4. SOLO—"Ave Maria"......... GOUNOD
   Sung by MADAME PAREPA ROSA
   (The Violin obligato by two hundred violinists)

5. NATIONAL AIR—"The Star-Spangled Banner"
   (With an additional verse, by W. T. W. BALL, Esq.)
   "War's clamors now o'er, with her mantle hath Peace
   Again in its folds the nation enshrouded;
   Let no fratricide hand uplifted o'er be;
   The glory to dim which now is unclouded;
   Not as North or as South in the future we'll stand,
   But as Brothers united throughout our loved land;
   And the Star-Spangled Banner forever shall wave
   O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."
   (By the Chorus, with Orchestra, Organs, Military Band, Drum Corps,
   Chiming of Bells, and Artillery accompaniments)
INTERMISSION FIFTEEN MINUTES

PART II.

1. HYMN OF PEACE—(Written for the occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to the music of “Keller’s American Hymn.” By the Chorus, with Organ and full Orchestral accompaniment.)

   Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
   Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
   Come, while our voices are blended in song—
   Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
   Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
   Speed o’er the far-sounding billows of song,
   Crowned with thine olive-leaved garland of love,
   Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

   Brothers we meet on this altar of thine,
   Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
   Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
   Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
   Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
   Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
   Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
   Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

   Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
   Hark! a new-birth song is filling the sky!
   Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main.
   Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
   Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
   Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
   Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky
   Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

2. OVERTURE—“William Tell” . . . . . . . Rossini
3. SOLO—“Inflammatus,” from the “Stabat Mater” . . . . Rossini
   Sung by MADAME FAREPA ROSE
4. CORONATION MARCH—From “The Prophet” . . MEYERBEER
   (By the full Band of one thousand Instruments)
5. SCENA—From “Il Trovatore,” introducing the Anvil Chorus,” VERDI
   (By the Chorus, with full Band, Chiming of Bells, etc. The Anvil part to be performed by one hundred members of the Fire Department)
6. NATIONAL AIR—“My country ’tis of thee.”
   Words by REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D.
   (By the Chorus, with Orchestra, Military Band, Drum Corps, Chiming of Bells and Artillery accompaniments)

*The audience is requested to join in singing the last stanza.*
The Peace Jubilee Chorus

Is composed of one hundred and eight separate musical organizations.

THE ORGAN
Was constructed especially to accompany the immense chorus, by Mesters, E. & G. G. Hook.

THE ORCHESTRA FOR SYMPHONY AND ORATORIO
Consists of 115 First Violins, 100 Second Violins, 65 Violoncellos, 65 Violas, 85 Double Basses, 8 Flutes, 8 Clarinets, 8 Oboes, 8 Bassoons, 12 Horns, 8 Trumpets, 9 Trombones, 3 Tuba's, 10 Drums; total, 504.

THE GRAND ORCHESTRA
Will be composed of the following instruments, in addition to above: 25 Piccolos and Flutes, 20 Eb Clarinets, 50 Bb Clarinets, 50 Eb Cornets, 75 Bb Cornets, 75 Eb Alto Horns, 25 Bb Tenor Horns, 50 Tenor Trombones, 25 Bass Trombones, 25 Bb Baritones, 75 Eb Bass Tubas, 50 Small Drums, 25 Bass Drums, 10 Cymbals, 10 Triangles; total, 1,094.

National Peace Jubilee Association
President—Hon. Alexander H. Rice; Treasurer—Eben D. Jordan; Secretary—Henry G. Parker.
Finance Committee—E. D. Jordan, Josiah Bardwell, Horatio Harris, Oliver Ditson, Frank Wrisley.
Committee on Reception of Members of the Press—Newton Talbot, Chairman; R. C. Dunham, Secretary; Roland Worthington, Daniel N. Haskell, Curtis Guild, Edwin F. Waters, R. M. Pulsifer, Wm. G. Blanchard, J. H. Cogwood.
Committee on Advertising and Printing—Henry G. Parker, Chairman; Stephen R. Niles, Secretary; Charles W. Slack.
Superintendent of Press Headquarters—Stephen R. Niles.
Committee on Decorations—William W. Clapp, Chairman; George E. Fowle, Secretary; J. Willard Rice, Newell A. Thompson, A. S. Pratt, Warren B. Potter, John R. Hall.

PROJECTOR AND GENERAL ADVISORY DIRECTOR,

F. S. GILMORE
Mustered Out

They throng the banded camps no more,
    Ajar their shining tents lie spread;
The measure of their martial tread
    Falls faint on the eternal shore.

O sweetly sleep, where e'er ye lie,
    Who nobly thus have wrought your part;
In a great nation's loving heart
    Ye always live, ye cannot die!

Geo. C. Walker
The following sublime invocation to Liberty was composed by Captain F. Crocker, U. S. N., for the celebration of the 22nd, and is too beautiful to be "passed unnoticed by."

**LIBERTY**

Maiden of the tresses free,
Gentle, joyous Liberty!
Not in prison walls you dwell,
Flying far the captive cell,
Roving over dale and hill,
Choosing with your changing will,
And (as any maiden may)
Fond of having your own way.

Liberty! oh, Liberty!
He who comes on bended knee,
Though he may no other sin rue,
Sure am I, will never win you;
For all idle talk of dying,
Kneeling, feeling, crying, sighing,
Which some silly girls think true,
Goes but little way with you.

He who comes to you a-wooing,
Must be up and dressed and doing.
He who win you, bold must be—
Maidens smile on bravery;
He who'd taste a kiss of honey,
Mustn't stand on spending money.
Such can win you—o'er and o'er—
Men have, many maids before.

But a pretty price, they say,
He who has you, has to pay;
Ne'er himself to slumber letting;
Keep an eye on your coquetting;
For in all your mazy dances,
You are fond of giving glances;
While your pretty eyes grow brighter,
Winking at a handsome fighter.
To Mrs. Col. R. T. P. Allen

All kindly acts are for the dear Lord's sake,
And His sweet love and recompense they claim:
"I was in prison"—thus our Saviour spake,
"And unto me ye came!"

So, Lady! while thy heart with mother's love
And sister's pity cheers the captives' lot,
Truth keeps her record in the courts above,
And thou art not forgot.

Though nations war, and rulers match their might
Our human bosoms must be kindred yet;
And eyes that blazed with battle's lurid light,
Soft pity's tears may wet.

Were all like thee, kind Lady, void of hates,
And swayed by gentle wish and peaceful thought,
No gulf would yawn between contending States,
No ruin would be wrought.

With sister's voice to chide when brothers frown,
With mother's love the angry sons to still—
With pious prayers to win God's blessing down—
With Peace the land to fill.

May all thy matron heart, with joy run o'er
For children spared to bless thy lengthened years—
Peace in thy home and plenty at thy door,
And smiles to dry all tears.

And may each cheered hope and soothing word
That thou to us, sad prisoners, hast given,
Recalled by Him who all our prayers hath heard,
Bring thee reward in heaven.

Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, March 14, 1864.
COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Captain Alfred B. Beers
Major Thomas Boudren
Comrade Frank Miller

.HISTORIANS

Dr. George L. Porter
Hon. Lynn W. Wilson
George C. Waldo

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Photographs by
Henry J. Seeley, Bridgeport, Conn.

Engravings by
The Stoddard Engraving Co., New Haven, Conn.

Printed by
Van Dyck & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Published by
"The Old Flag" Publishing Company,
Bridgeport, Conn.