

ing? I think not. Have those who caused the death of over twelve thousand Union prisoners at Andersonville, and who made cruelty a study that they might devise new methods of punishment for those in their keeping, ever been punished for their deeds? No. True, Commander Werz, who had charge at Andersonville, was tried and hung for the part he took in the murder of this vast number of helpless men, but was there no punishment for others higher in authority, of whom this man, as he stated under oath, received orders for what he did? No. Why? Was it because of the great forbearance and magnanimity of those in authority, or was it for fear of those who then, as now, flaunt their treason in the faces of the men who fought on the field of battle and starved in rebel prisons that we might have a country? Was the gain worth the blood and treasure it cost? Of what good is any kind of government to a dead man? These are hard questions, and must be answered by the reader according to the light in which he sees them.

To this loathsome and death-breeding prison pen, situated in the state of Georgia, on a hot, sandy plain, surrounded with a high stockade, with no covering but the broad canopy of heaven, Captain Norwood and his unfortunate companions were taken, after their capture at Chickamunga. It was indeed a sore trial to the young officer, as day after day, with parched lips and aching heart, he and his fellow prisoners were marched, closely guarded, to Andersonville, where they arrived on September 28th, following the battle.

What a sight met the eyes of these men on reaching the entrance to this modern Golgotha, where few who entered came out alive! Some of the prisoners, upon beholding the awful scenes within the stockade, refused to enter, and were forced through the gate as a bullock is driven to the slaughter pen. Their jailer was at the entrance to welcome them, which he did with kicks and curses. This wretch in the semblance of a man, seemed to have embodied within him the elements of forty devils incarnate, and exulted with pleasure over the evidences of the pain and suffering of the men, as they passed through the gate into the stockade.

It was morning when they reached the prison, and the dead of the night before had not yet been removed. Lying around the prison in rows like sticks of cord wood, were the nude bodies of men, awaiting the dead cart to convey them outside. It was a sight few would care to look upon, and one which made the heart sick to behold.

Captain Norwood, when he beheld these rows of ghastly corpses, closed his eyes to shut out the horrible scene before him, and groaned at the thought that

the bodies lying there cold in death were once like himself, full of life and ambition, and that they, too, had marched over the same place where he now stood; that they, too, had seen other bodies lying where their lifeless forms now lay, awaiting the dead cart to be conveyed outside the stockade and dumped like so much rubbish into a long trench dug for the purpose.

The new arrivals were marched to the south side of the prison, where their future quarters were to be, passing thousands of men, or rather what had once been such, but were now only breathing and walking skeletons, their eyes sunk far back into their sockets, and their bones, in many cases, sticking through the skin, giving to them the appearance of an army of spirits who had despoiled some grave yard of its bones, and had come to mock them. These unfortunate beings begged piteously for something to eat, and many, when told there was nothing for them, cried like children.

"This, then, is the ending of all the hopes and dreams of the future I had pictured out for myself," thought the ambitious young officer. "Oh, merciful God!" he cried aloud, "will I be able to endure it? Is there no way to escape this awful and cruel fate, this living death, which will surely overtake me here?" Casting his eyes toward the high stockade, he saw the guards marching back and forth on an elevated walk, and then at the artillery trained on the prison, and moaned, "None, none, none; this is the ending."

Days, weeks and months passed away, and still Captain Norwood remained in Andersonville. Did his mother know where he was? And Amy, too, did she know that his life was fast wasting away in a southern prison? These were his thoughts day and night, and as he looked upon his comrades, who, unable longer to battle against the grim monster, one by one were carried out, cold in death, he prayed to God for strength and courage to bear up under his terrible sufferings. While he was still able he concluded to write to his mother, who, he knew, must be heart broken at his, to her, uncertain fate, but he was informed by some of the older inmates that his letter would reach no further than the jailer's office. He wrote, however, trusting to some circumstance whereby he could get the letter to her, and some time after an opportunity occurred which enabled him to get his letter on its way to the north. There was an exchange of prisoners, and to one of the fortunate ones the letter was entrusted, with instructions to mail it at the first post office he reached inside the Federal lines.

Remain yet a little while, poor, heart-sick prisoner, and battle with the pangs of hunger and the great-