PRISON LIFE IN TEXAS.

Capture, Imprisonment and Escape of J. N. Howard, Co. "E," 32 Iowa Volunteers.

CHAPTER II.

I must go back a little. As we were going to Mansfield we had to pass over the first days battle field (this is called in history the battle of five fork road.) The wounded had been cared for and the dead were being buried. This was a sad sight (it seemed to be the home of the dead.) They were being carried together and were laid in rows of about twelve in a row, a hole was dug very shallow they were then laid in and covered up, or partly so. Some times there would be an arm, foot or hand protruding.

On Monday about three or four o'clock we were taken from the court house and put in line of march, but before starting they issued some corn bread, baked beans and a piece of beef as large as a mans hand. This was very salt but as it was the first they had given me since my capture I was very hungry. I had had one drink of water but I wanted another drink just then. It was not to be had although there was plenty close at hand. It was very warm that day but as night was coming on it would not be so hot, we knew we were going some place but where was none of our business. I was very thirsty after eating the salt bill. At sundown we started on our march. After we were well on our way we learned it was seven miles before we came to water. I thought this was a very unfriendly act but what can't be cured must be endured I thought, hence we plodded ahead as best we could and finally came to a stream of water. We had to wade across the stream but that just suited us for there we got a drink. I had a half gallon cup in my hand and as I passed through the creek I dipped it up full and drank it down. I filled it again and took it with me, I drank that in a short time. We went in camp very soon after crossing the stream. That night they issued rations to us for the next day and we had to bake it that night as our rations consisted of corn meal. I think we got a small piece of meat, our allowance was so small that it did not stop hunger. I stayed up that night to bake my bread and that of my mess-mate, Oliver Codner. As he was sick I let him sleep.

We started on the march next morning for Tyler Prison, 50 miles from that place. We went 25 miles that day, hungry and tired. We went in camp where I baked our very small allowance, eat a small piece of bread and lay down and dreamed that night of home and friends. I thought of being at home setting at my fathers table with bushels of hot buscuits and butter. When I awoke it was all a dream and I as hungry as ever. Twenty-five miles farther to the prison, that must be made that day. We started early in the morning. About ten o'clock I saw a piece of bacon in a rebels haversack. I asked him to let me have a piece of that meat and to my surprise he gave me a quarter of a pound of it. I thanked him and cut it in nine pieces and divided with nine boys just as hungry as I was. We ate it right away. I got an ear of corn that day which we ate as well; in fact we were getting so we could eat most anything that we could find. Sometimes during the day while passing a field where there was a negro planting corn I would ask him what he was doing. He said he was planting corn for us white folks to eat. I thought "is it possible that we will have to stay with these fellows as long as that?" but the fact was we did eat their corn that year and corn planted one year from that time found us still there with no indication of being released.

Late in the afternoon they told us that it was two miles farther to the prison. We were anxious to get where we could lay down and rest. We looked a head and saw that we had to climb a long steep hill. My mess-mate said that he could not climb the hill, and I was afraid to let him attempt to fall out and be shamefully handled by the rebs as they had in some cases tied a rope to the pommell of the saddle and run with them until they could run no longer and they killed one of them outright. I told Oliver that if he could not walk I would carry him to the top of the hill but he made it all right, as I supported him by holding one arm. Going down on the other side it was not so tedious walking. We soon came to a small stream of water and there we made a halt long enough to rest. We were then within a half mile of the prison pen. We reached the place in a short time and I said: "my God what a place, boys is this hell, no it isn't hell, it lacks fire and brimstone." In fact I was completely bewildered. The sun seemed to set in the east. I had seen the sun set all my life in the west but here we were, and no mistake, close to the place of dispair. We could look inside as the pen was made of timbers split in halves then set vertically in the ground seven feet high, close together. After a close inspection we were turned on the inside

My readers, I would like to picture this out to you as we saw it then. I have read of others trying to explain the appearance of those prison pens but the half has not been told. As near as I can think as I looked at the wretched inmates I could only think of the damned, cast out. There they were in this wise. Some had cloths on; some had a pair of pants and no shirt; some had a shirt and no pants; some had pants with one leg; some had what had been pants but now minus both legs; some a part of a coat: some had sleaves on and some did not; some had shoes on and some did not; some had a hat on and some had none. I tell you they were a motley crowd. Some of those boys had been there for a whole year with no indication of ever getting out. Those had made shanties to live in but there was none for us, so we had to live out doors.

We were very hungry as we had had but little to eat since we were captured, but there was nothing for us that night. As we lay down to rest it commenced to fall very hard and we were completely soaked in a very short time. We couldn't lay on the ground as the water was running everywhere. The way we managed to rest was to stand with our backs together and lock our arms and lean on one another. We remained in that position until we were so tired that we could stand no longer. For rest and change of position we went strolling around camp, it still pouring down rain. After a long time I found a pile of boxes one on top of another. While setting there I was wondering what was in the boxes. I noticed that the bottom box was a little wider than the top box and I found that I could just squeeze my hand in between the two. I put my hand in as far as I could and found there was meat in the box. I first thought I would get some of it out if I could, so I worked at it for some time when finally I got hold of a piece and brought it to the top, I was hungry enough to eat it as it was but just then I thought better of it. "Now if I take that piece of meat I will take it from the rest of the boys and they are just af hungry as I am." I let it fall back.

It stopped raining about midnight but we were cold and wet and so tired sleepy and hungry. Thus we spent the night, the sun arose next morning bright and clear. We dried our clothes as best we could.

At nine o'clock we drew a pint of corn meal to the man and a small piece of meat. We made us some bread as quickly as possible and eat our small allowance, then we lay down and slept for a while. After we had rested we began to look around to see what was in sight. Here we found many comrads that had been there for months—some for a year. Some of those who had been there so long belonged to the first Iowa cavelry. They were all good boys and took some interest in us, but they could do nothing for us as they were in the same delimma as ourselves only they had a shanty to live in and we were out doors.

I will give some of their names as they are worthy, that they may appear in history. They are as follows: John Dod, Edward Hide, Henry Huston who was a cousin to lawyer Huston of Hillsboro, William Johnson and Mr. Robins. I will make mention of those boys hereafter that they may know, if still living, that favors shown to me in time of need, are not forgotten but are still appreciated by me. (Mr. Thomas, of Forest Grove, was in the same regimant and is well acquainted with all of them). Well, we found that we were without any supplies at all—without wood to bake our bread but that evening we were guarded out side and were allowed to carry in some wood and brush for the purpose of making a shade to keep the sun off. We went back in side where we baked the remainder of the meal. It was done in this wise: there was 9 of us in the squad and we drew our rations together and baked at once in the same oven. After it was baked it was layed out on a board and cut in nine pieces then one would turn his back, another would call off in this way, "who's is this, who's is this?" until all were served. As the name was called each man would walk up and take his piece of bread. The meat was served the same way, if there was any given for frequently there was none. This rule of dividing rations was adopted all over the camp and at mealtime the worde "who's is this" would be heard all around.

Night came on and, as before, it commenced to rain directly after dark. We spent the night as before only we had the brush to lay on to keep us out of the mud. There were a few blankets that we were allowed to carry with us from the battle field. These we spread over us and let it rain thanking our stars that we were so fortunate as to have a bed to lay on. Now my readers, if you want to know how we felt, the first time it rains real hard about bed time if you are a little sick and very hungry just take your blanket if you have one and go out doors and lay down on a pile of brush covered with one blanket and stay there until morning How do you think you would feel in the morning? This was the case with us for the first two months. It rained nearly every day or night. When we would get our clothes dry it was only to get them wet again. In a very short time there was many of the boys taken sick. Then they would get discouraged and die in a short time. The most prevalent diseases were scurvy and diarrhoea. With the latter disease they would die very quick. With scurvy they woutd linger along for weeks and sometimes months and then die.

We had what was called a hospital, this was on the outside of the prison. It was built in this way. We set posts in the ground eight feet apart there was three rows of these posts, the middle row was highest. There was timbers put on top then rafters, and then boards or shakes as they are sometimes called, were made. These were placed on for the roof then brush was put around for the walls. Bunks were made by driving stakes in the ground and poles placed in shape of a bed then leaves or pine boughs placed on top. Here the poor sick boys would lay for a short time then die. Sometimes they would recover but most always die, very seldom were they brought back in camp but rather they were carried to the graveyard which was in plain sight of all of the prisoners it being on an elevated spot.

There were acts of cruelty frequently perpetrated by our captors. Sometimes without a shade of an excuse they would fire on an inuocent prisoner for which act the rebel would get a furlough and sent home. After we had been there for about a week one of the boys was walking innocently along paying no attention to anyone when the gaurd drew his gun and shot him down. He was shot in the head but not killed and was taken to the hospital. I never heard whether he recoverel or not. Sometimes they would order one of the boys to halt mark time, this was done with the gun pointed at him and of course they would be sure to obey knowing if they didnt they would be shot. They would keep them marking time until they were satisfied, then they would be ordered to their quarters. For this they would laugh at them, making sport at the expense of the helpless prisoners.

Now the rebels were not all so heartless. Some of them seemed to sympaihize with us and would defend us in words. One day we were being guarded out after wood. A citizen came along where we was gathering fagots. He drew his gun to shoot one of the boys, swearing that he was one of the damned Yankies that had killed his son. It seemed that his boy was in the battle where we were captured. The guard defended our boy and ordered the man to behave himself and told him if he wanted to kill Yankies to go to the front and do his work honestly. The man obeyed and went on his way. He was hauling beef to the army to pay his taxes as beef was a legal tender in the Southern confederacy.

In July a Mr. Reed, captain of a company of the fourth Arkansas, made his escape by bribing a guard. He made it all right until he came within ten miles of the union line when he was recaptured and brought back. He was put under guard until morning when he was brought out to answer to the crime. They wanted to know if he would stay in the prison if they put him back, and not put them to further trouble. To this he said that he would improve the first opportunity to get awy that offered. For this reply they sent him to Tyler three miles away and put him in the dungeon. He was kept there a week, then he was brought back and put in the guardhouse then his sentence was announced which was to stand on a stump in front of the prison gate in view of the prisoners, four hours on and two off for ten days. This was right in the hot sun, no shade and the weather was as hot as it could well get. He suffered his ten days and was then turned inside of the prison with the rest of us. He was taken sick and lay there for a long time. We thought he would die but he finally recovered. He bribed another guard by giving him a blanket and a few small trinkets and started for God's country once more.

That time he made it through and was taken sick in the Ozark mountains and came near dying. Word was sent to Littlerock, Ark., where his regiment was stationed. The regiment went after him, got in a fight and a number of his men were killed but he was free at last to be promoted to Lieutenant Colenel. I will speak of him further on.

It seemed that we were destined to stay there as we could hear nothing definite of the union army only through the rebels and that was always discouraging. They would tell how Lee was driving Grant out of the country, how Price was rading the Mississippi valley and how Forest had captured fort Pillow and slew all there was there. This was all the truth they told us. One great trouble was to get something to eat as what we got was not enough to satisfy our longings. To remedy this there was only one alternative that was to dispose of a relic that I thought a great deal of—that was a small gold watch that I had in need to send to "the girl I left behind me" It was a task to consent in my mind whether to sell it or not but I got so very hungry that I sold it for $30. I could get rye flour for 50 cents a quart. I layed in a supply of that, you see there was nine of us and I thought it my duty to divide as long as I had anything left. With this flour we would make what we called gravy but you would call it paste. The rebels would sometimes bring in sweet potatoes or turnips or something of that kind to sell. If they happened to drop a turnip top or leaf of any kind it would be picked up and eaten.

Sometimes our boys would play a trick on some of the officers. They would come in the prison to trade for buttons—they seemed to think lots of Uncle Sam's buttons. They would come in with their fine coat all buttoned up before with our buttons, there would be from four to six behind. Well, the boys would gather around talking trade to them they would most always make a sale or a trade in some way and while their attention was drawn in front one of our boys would very cautiously slip up behind and cut the buttons off his fine coat, then bring them to the front and offer, them for sale or trade which was very easily accomplished. This could only be called a Yankee trick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOG'S WORK HERE.

Soon after our landing in Rotterdam one sentence in a letter which was sent home to America was made forcible with exclamation points and consisted of these words "Dogs work here!!!" As we continued our travels we found that dogs work everywhere in Europe, with slight variations in the manner of harnessing and the heaviness of their burdens. In Rotterdam the dog was between the shafts, while his master walked at one side. The cart and the cargo was always large; one load we saw consisted of step-ladders, the ends of which projected far over poor doggie's back, who toiled mantully along, with never a whisk of tail or look for more fortunate dogs who were free and ran where they liked. Still, the lot of the working dog in Rotterdam is superior to that of his brother in Carlsbad (Austria), for Rotterdam is level, while Carlsbad has hills to try the strength and the lungs. However, even this seeming drawback has its good side; for, in order to get to the top of a hill at all, the master must lend a hand, pushing behind while the dog pulls in front. Up one ascent, so steep that even horses found it difficult, dogs toiled and panted, dragging heavy loads, lying down for a moment's rest if a stop was made, but quickly ready to start again, never rebellious, always willing and patient. It would seem that their good spirit is appreciated, for we never saw a dog ill-treated, and their shaggy sides were rounded as though they were well fed. The hard work they do appears to have somewhat deadened their natural instincts, but one day we saw evidences that fidelity and watchfulness were still alive. A young man lay asleep on a doorstep, while at his side stood a dog in harness. The traces were to short to admit of his laying down; the sun hot, and the poor animal panted; but, though a fountain ran near by, he never moved; he waited, with eyes fixed on his master's face, until he should awake and give word to move. In Lucerne, the working the dog community takes things more easily. They are principally engaged in drawing the milk carts, and usually go in pairs. The stops are frequent, and the waits, while the shining tin pails are filled with milk, are long. Sometimes the dogs lie down and snatch forty winks, but usually they watch the passing show with interest barking, wagging their tails and showing in their way that they, too, could enjoy life if they had an opportunity. If they could only understand our speech, one would feel like advising them to rise up in a body and emigrate to America.

A Windmill Story.

One of the older members of the Cincinatti bar was once pleading a case before Judge Sage, and talked incessantly for two hours. Suddenly and unexpectedly the long-winded man stopped short and coughed. "I would like a glass of water," said he to the court attendant, and the man disappeared to get it for him. For a moment there was a long drawn sigh from the listeners and then Judge Sage leaned forward to the friend who tells the story and whispered: "Why don't you tell your friend, Alfred, that it is against the law to run a windmill with water?"—N. Y. Post.

The old way of delivering messages by post-boys compared with the modern telephone, illustrates the old tedious methods of "breaking" colds compared with their almost instantaneous cure by One Minute Cough Cure. W. E. Brock.

An Uncanny Bathtub.

"I wanted a bath in a North Carolina hotel," remarked Commercial Traveler Antrim on the occasion of his last visit to his house here. "I rang for the bellboy—there was but one—and when he arrived I asked him if they had a bathtub about the house.

"'Yes, sah; nice ones, sah,' he said.

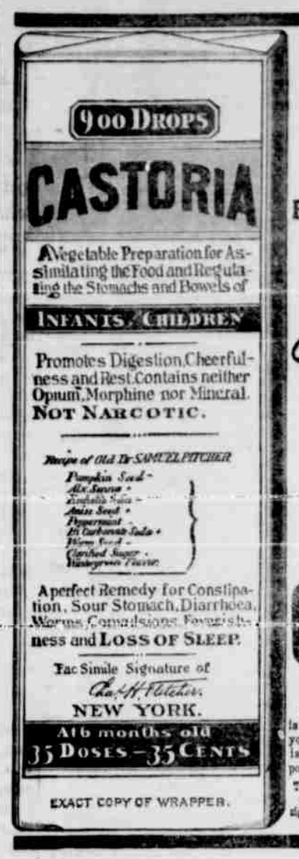
"'Bring me one.'

"In a few minutes the boy returned, bringing on his shoulder a coffin, with silver plated handles and a lid all complete.

"'What does that mean?' I asked indignantly.

"'Dat's de bathtub, sah. De landlord used to be in de undertakin business, sah, and had some coffins when he took dis hotel. His son is a tinner, sah, an jess lined de coffins wid tin. Try it, boss. You'll find it bery nice.'

"Conquering my repugnance, I opened the lid and found the coffin lined with tin, as stated, and I took the bath, but I didn't feel just right about it."—Hardware.



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Dated at Hillsboro, Or., this Nov. 9, 1896.

Notice to Stockholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO the stockholders of the Washington County Speed and Driving Association, that the Board of Directors has levied Assessment No. 3 on the capital stock thereof, the same being twenty (20) per cent of the face value. Stockholders are requested to call on the secretary and pay their assessments at once.

GEO. R. BAILEY, Secretary. E. J. LYONS, President.

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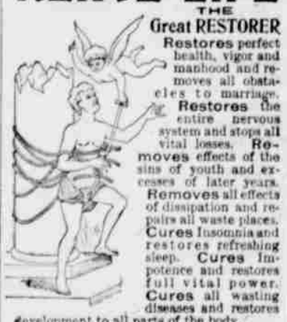

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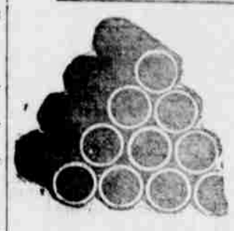

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